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*The sailors' magazine and
seamen's friend*

American Seamen's Friend Society

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND
THE LIFE BOAT,
150
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1883.

*"The ocean hath no danger
For those whose prayers are made
To Him who in a manger
A helpless Babe was laid,—
Who born to tribulation
And every human ill,
Yet, Lord of His creation
The wildest waves can still."
Godfrey Thring.*

VOL. LV.

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PREFACE.

“But the present is its best day, as yet.” So lately said a wise friend of the Seamen’s Cause, as he reviewed its progress in the recent years,—and these pages of the FIFTY-FIFTH Volume of the SAILORS’ MAGAZINE bear witness to the fact.

But they as well attest the urgent call for continuing and patient effort that the spiritual empire of the sea be fully lodged within the hands of Him who trod the Galilean waves as if they were a floor.

Under the promise and the inspiration of the truth that has been cited, the volume is given to the future, with gratitude to God, and in the firm faith that its records will avail yet further to help the Divine Master to “His own.”

For Him and for His Cause, we thank all those who in the closing year have aided or have welcomed its efficiency,—and we bespeak their favoring prayers, and labor, in the time to come.

DECEMBER, 1883.

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Vol. 55,

JANUARY, 1883.

No. 1.

CRUELTY ON BOARD SHIP—SUFFERING ON WESTERN WATERS.

Our readers will recall repeated intimation in the pages of the *MAGAZINE* during the year just closed, of a purpose on our part, to speak at needful length upon the subject of cruelty to seamen on ship-board, practiced by their officers. This intention has in no sense been lost sight of, but we have been quite willing to permit the accumulation of recent facts, proven and alleged, to go-forward, that we might speak with appropriate emphasis. The subject comes more and more to the front, as is plain from the journals of the day, especially from those publications most concerned with matters pertaining to sailors;—as appears from the following extract from the *N. Y. Maritime Register*, of December 6th.

“We have been in the receipt of several letters asking us if our strictures in regard to brutal treatment of sailors on merchant vessels were not too severe. We most unqualifiedly answer, No. In speaking of the atrocities committed on board the ship *Gatherer* we mentioned the fact that the skipper of an English fishing smack was hanged some months ago for the murder of a cabin boy. And now

another case of a similar character has happened in England. A brute named Wheatfield, mate of a fishing smack, pursued a systematic course of abuse toward the cook of the smack. This treatment finally ended with the death of the unhappy wretch by either jumping overboard or being thrown overboard by the mate. The latter tried to hush up the matter, but his miserable companions who would not interfere with his brutal practices were

at least men enough to expose the scoundrel. The mate was tried at the York Assizes, found guilty of murder and has been sentenced to be hanged. He has well deserved such a fate. But unfortunately there are others like him in the merchant services of both the United States and England, and the only way to strike terror to their hearts is to let them know of such

punishment as the above. Men guilty of ruffianism and such fiendish cruelty to their subordinates as has been reported lately are generally cowards and are afraid to die. No man who believes that his crew can 'get square' with him will treat them brutally. Let it be the rule then, strictly enforced, that brutal treatment by officers shall be severely punished."

The annual report of the Supervising Surgeon-General of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service, just submitted to Congress, contains a paper by U. S. Surgeon WALTER WYMAN, entitled "Hygiene of Steamboats on Western Rivers." If this paper be not buried in the oblivion which is often the fate of governmental documents, it must excite in the public mind, as it has in our own, surprise, not to say wonder, and a sense of horror. We rejoice that in our day the public mind has been so educated to an apprehension of the value of human life, that not a few of our readers will be stirred by the extracts which we print from this paper, to seek the doing away of these monstrous wrongs. In this hope, we bring them to their notice. The paper is long and thorough, and we have space for but a portion of it. After noticing the complaints against the deck crews of these boats for desertion, the author makes and sustains the declaration that the fault in this is with the boat, which for mercenary reasons has avoided a contract or shipping articles, and is thereby guilty of direct violation of law,—the impelling motive for desertion on the part of the crews being a desire to escape the harsh treatment to which they are subjected. Facts, in this connection as presented by Surgeon WYMAN, are of the most astonishing and fearful nature.

"Life," he says, "on deck of a western steamboat is the roughest life there is. The hardships of the oystermen, proverbial on the coast, do not compare with it. The men who engage in this work are all young, for it rarely permits the attainment of middle age, and never an age beyond the prime. They come from the farms and small towns adjoining the river and from the plantations of the South, stout, lusty fellows of eighteen or twenty, and after an aver-

age existence of not more than ten years, are either seen no more or have become worthless wrecks of their former selves. Said Mr. W. B., mate of the *Gen. S.*, 'I see men on the wharf-boats and around town at every port along the river who used to be rousters, and are now broken down and played out.' Their harsh treatment by the mates has been a matter of frequent comment, but because the mates themselves are more humane than formerly, and because

the men, ignorant as they are, have learned their rights, and do not fail to seek redress in courts of admiralty, this evil has in some measure abated. But their usage is still too harsh and rough, and the average mate to-day would stare with surprise if his right were questioned to use personal violence in the enforcement of his commands.

"The writer was greatly interested in a conversation with Mr. D. C., mate of the steamer——, who bitterly denounced a certain commissioner for citing him before the court because he had 'only' knocked senseless with a stanchion a deck hand guilty of sullen mien and tardy movement. 'Well, Mr. C.,' I inquired, 'do you think you had a *right* to knock the nigger senseless,' using his words. 'Of course I had,' was the emphatic answer; 'how else could I retain my authority!'

"Also, in conversation with Mr. S. E. A., a steamboat mate for more than thirty years, he said:—'Of course, we have to knock one of them down once in a while, or they'd think you were afraid of them; and when they think that, you might just as well get off the boat.' To avoid the penalty to which such action of a licensed officer may render him liable, the mates have shrewdly devised the plan of deputizing their violence to one of their deck-hands, who has been elevated with some slight authority in stowing freight, and to whom a nod and a significant glance towards the offending party is sufficient, and who is not amenable to the law which provides punishment for *officers* who maliciously and without justifiable cause beat one of the crew.

"Some of the mates, however, are unable to restrain themselves,

as may be illustrated by the following extract from the *Cincinnati Commercial* of Nov. 19th, 1881:—

"'Last May, Gabe Morgan, a negro roustabout, was shot by ——, mate of the ——, at the Louisville wharf. The wounded man was taken to the Marine Hospital, and there died. * * * At the time of the murder Morgan was shovelling coal, while —— stood by swearing at the men. The mate ordered the negro to pick up a coal-box, but the laborer was slow about obeying. As he arose from picking up the box, the mate drew a pistol and shot him. After the shot the mate seemed to be in a frenzy, and, flourishing the pistol over his head, exclaimed, 'I'm a wild Irishman, and I'll shoot some more of the —— niggers.' He then tried to fire again, but was stopped. The police soon heard of the murder, and went on board to arrest the perpetrator, but Captain —— refused to let them search for him, and rang the bell for the boat to start, compelling the officers to jump over the rail to get ashore.'

"The man died. The mate was subsequently arrested, sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary, but was pardoned by the governor of Kentucky. The following paragraph, taken from the personal column of the *Marine Journal*, of recent date, completes the story:—

"'M. J., mate of the —— at the time he shot and killed Gabe Morgan at Louisville, on that boat, and who was sentenced to the penitentiary for the act, but shortly afterward pardoned, is now mating on the Cincinnati and Pittsburgh packet *G. E.*'

"Comment is unnecessary.

"But violent deaths are not the only ones of which they stand in danger. Neglect when sick may be added to the list of causes.

"In August, 1880, Benjamin Warfield, a colored deck-hand, was brought from the steamer ——, No. —, to the marine ward of the Good Samaritan Hospital, in the last stage of cholera morbus—the stage of collapse—and died within

two hours. For five days he had been sick on the boat without medical attendance. No disease is more amenable to treatment than is his; but not one thing was done for the relief of this man. Had it been the captain or other officer, a passenger, or any one whose friends might create trouble, a landing would have been made, and a physician summoned. But no; this would cause a doctor's bill; and by waiting until they reach the port of Cincinnati, where a regular stop must be made, he may be gotten to the marine hospital at no expense whatever. The steamer —, No. —, is responsible for the death of Benjamin Warfield.

"Every now and then one may read in the river columns such squibs as this, taken from the *Cincinnati Commercial* of April 21st.

"While the *R. L. J.* was lying at Hanging Rock last Friday night, Green Osborne, a colored deck-hand, fell overboard and was drowned. Another colored deck-hand, whose name we did not learn, fell overboard, and was also drowned, just after the *J.* left the Rock."

"This is the last of them. No inquest, no investigation—usually no announcement at all. This squib is a long obituary for them.

"Probably drunk," the mate might say in explanation of such an incident. More probably overworked, stupefied by want of sleep and needless exposure, the argument will show further on. But happening to make inquiries concerning this chance case, the writer was able to gather from three eye-witnesses the following account, which so fitly illustrates the terrorism wielded by some mates, and their reckless disregard of human life, that he is justified in giving it in full:—

"In the first place, doctor," said one of the eye-witnesses, "that's a mighty

rough mate on that boat, that O. B. I've seen him take a club and coal, and knock men down often. They won't employ him in the Anchor Line at St. Louis, because he's known there, and they can't get a crew to go with him. He can't ship any men except some strange fellows just out of the country that don't know anything about steamboatmen. No, sir; he don't hire me. I'm a fireman; the engineer employs me. I've seen him many a time run the men with heavy loads on their shoulders, striking them on their backs as they run. You know it's a mighty mean man that'll do that. Yes, on this trip, too. This boat generally carries two mates; but since A. B. has come on her they've only had one. 'cause he can get as much work out of the men as two ordinary mates. Well, these men that were drowned were both of them young fellows; neither of them more than nineteen or twenty; and it was their first trip. One of them, Green Osborne, lives in Glasgow, Missouri, and the other belongs to Hannibal. His father's name is Isaac Woodson, and he's secretary of the Mason's colored lodge there. They'd been on the boat about ten or eleven days.

"Well, the first man was drowned, about dusk, at Hanging Rock. We laid there about two or three hours, taking on fifty tons of pig-iron.

"Understand, the boat didn't lay up close against the bank, but there was a coal-barge between her and the shore, and between the barge and the boat they had out two planks; the planks were a foot and a half wide, and about three feet apart. The men went in with the iron-ore on the forward plank and came back on the aft one. But you know the deck of the boat was higher than the barge, and then, on account of the coal-barge being unsteady in the water, (they are always unsteady,) it kept the planks twisting out of place, and there wasn't any one there to keep them straight. The mate kept running the men all the time and made them pick up their own bars of iron. Generally there is a man to shoulder, and it's customary for a man when he's loaded, to walk, but this mate made them run. Well, what with the hurrying and running, and being scared of the mate, and the plank being twisted out of place, this man missed the plank, and fell in between the coal-barge and the boat, just back of the aft plank.

"There was lots of men around, but it looked like they were scared to do anything without orders from the mate—afraid he'd get after them if they stopped

their work. Nobody tried to get him. The mate walked up and looked over the guard and said, 'Well, pick up your iron and get out of the way; the man's drowned now; needn't be standing around.'

"Said another of the three eye-witnesses:—

"The other man was drowned off a barge, about eight o'clock. The *J.* was towing the barge up-stream, and the men were taking in coal from her while under way. It was a pitch-dark night, and when they first started to coaling, they had a pine torch lit; but the pilot ordered it to be put out, and then they only had two common hand-lanterns—one at the forward end of the boat, near the gang-plank, and the other at the head of the barge, in front of the foremost coal-pile. The light didn't reach to the outer side of the barge nor to the back of the coal-pile, where the men had to go around. There were two men to a box. Woodson was in the first gang, and I was in the second gang,

just behind him. The mate caught hold of him and told him 'Hurry along, — you;' and so he was hurrying along where he couldn't see, and went too far, and just walked off the side of the barge.

"No, sir; neither of these men had been drinking anything. The boat slowed up a little and stopped her headway, but didn't back, and nothing was thrown overboard.'

"This terrorism inspired by the mates is no fiction of the mind, but a reality; nor are other instances wanting, though their narration must be omitted from a fear of proving tedious. The mates have had it all their own way, unhindered by restrictions from the owners or by public opinion. Hundreds of men have noticed and commented on these abuses, but it seems to have been no one's business to call attention to them in any formal or persistent manner."

The rest of Surgeon WYMAN's paper is largely taken up with statements as to the quarters provided on these boats for their deck crews, and the record stirs the blood to a degree that uninformed readers cannot conceive. The arraignment reminds one of the celebrated chapter on "Snakes in Ireland," which was wholly written in the words "There are no snakes in Ireland,"—for on these boats, with the rarest exceptions, there are absolutely no quarters for these men. But here we can cite only a single paragraph, as follows:—

"The one evil which the writer would make more prominent than all the rest, the one for whose correction there is most urgent demand, and which is a proper subject for emphatic protest by the physician, is exposure. True, in the summer-time its dangers are but slight, but in winter it cries aloud for reform. This is no idle sentiment. It is written with the images of suffering black men be-

fore the writer's eyes, men whom he has seen actually crawling into his office on hands and knees, tears of pain rolling from their eyes, and groans escaping from their lips; of men lying in bed burning with fever, racked with a tight and painful cough; of men with glassy eyes and flickering pulse, whose untimely fate he knows is due to causes which might have been prevented."

A COMPLAINT AGAINST AMERICAN PORTS.

The following article from the *N. Y. Maritime Register*, of Dec. 6th, 1882, brings into clear light some of the misdeeds of the crimp class,—sailor landlords, shipping masters, *et al.*, in United States ports.

We reprint it for the impression it will make upon our readers of their real character, and the information it will convey as to a part of the work steadily wrought by these natural enemies of the sailor.

“British ship-owners and ship-masters are complaining of the many disadvantages under which they labor in American ports. Many of these complaints can be dismissed as unworthy of notice. The disadvantages are no greater—in some cases not as great—as are to be found in British ports. The carrying trade will be indeed fortunate when vessels can leave and enter ports without trouble and expense, but that time will come with the millennium and until then we must be content with a reduction of the annoyances. In the list of complaints, however, there is one based upon substantial causes and while there is no sound reason for its existence, it could be swept away were vigorous methods enforced. The complaint holds good against most of our principal ports. New York has been the chief sinner, San Francisco has attained to an unenviable notoriety in this field and now Galveston is fast pushing its way into a conspicuous position with regard to it. The complaint relates to the desertion of the crews of British vessels in American ports. Our columns will bear witness to the evils caused by these desertions in this port. A lot of rascals have found profit in making trouble between the sailor and his employer, for they not only fatten upon the business of securing desertions, but they have successfully carried on a system of blackmail against the officers of our own vessels.

“It is only a short time ago that the chief complaint as to desertions

was made against San Francisco. The facts to substantiate this complaint were many and aggravating. It is notorious that the owner of the sailor in San Francisco—the sailors' boarding-house keeper—carries matters with a high hand and has no scruples in his methods of making both ship-owner and sailor submit to his terms. His power is made evident by the fact that he has often detained vessels, which are ready for sea, until it suited his convenience to give them crews. The last complaints, however, that we have heard are made against Galveston. It is pointed out in them that steamers must finish their loading at Galveston in the open bay. There is no great objection made to this, but ship-masters declare that they lose a greater part of their crews at Galveston and then have to pay heavy prices for new men. This price is stated at £10 to £12 per man, and it is complained that no man can be obtained except through a boarding-house keeper. In fact the boarding-house man has come to the front at Galveston as he has at others of our ports and now virtually controls the sailors there. He stands between the ship-owner and the sailor, taking toll from both for services wholly unnecessary, benefiting no one but himself and working harm for the port which is so unfortunate as to have him as a resident. He is an unmitigated nuisance and should be suppressed. The sailor is credited with receiving high wages, but the actual amount which inures to his credit is but a fraction of the whole. The crimp gets most

of this and the amount thus filched is paid by the ship-owner. This system has grown to extensive proportions in our ports and it becomes in itself a most heavy charge upon shipping.

"If each British ship which entered American harbors had to pay to the local authorities a tax, equal in amount to that which most of them lose through the desertions of their crews and the exactions of the crimps for services so wholly unnecessary as those forced upon the ship-owner by the crimp, it would be considered an outrageous imposition upon the subjects of a friendly power. What does it become then when this takes the shape of an exaction much like that which was imposed by the robber barons of the Rhine upon traders passing through their territory? The local authorities are powerless to suppress this villainous system. They can protect neither sailor nor ship-owner in this case. There are practically no laws to govern the matter. The crimp, fully aware of this fact, has not even the merit of boldness, for he has no fear of punishment before his eyes. But while the port authorities can do nothing directly, yet the matter is one demanding serious consideration on their part as it indirectly affects the question of freight and port charges. It increases the

latter and by so doing and by the vexatious delays entailed, places the port in the category of expensive ports for foreign ships. The idea that as long as one possesses goods the most customers will flock to him does not always hold true. Certain advantages must also be offered. And the successful merchant must, in these times, offer the advantages and not make the cost of taking the goods away more than offset any advantage in quantity, quality or price. The questions of the desertions mentioned above and the crimp system produced by it, belong to the government of this country and England to settle. They affect the trade of both countries to a greater extent than is generally supposed. And the evil thus created has reached such proportions that those governments should not permit it to live. But that they will take no action in the case unless strongly urged to do so has long been evident, and it is therefore necessary to place the subject before them in the proper light. This becomes the duty, not only of the representatives of shipping in this country and in England, but also of the commercial bodies of the ports against which the most complaints are made, and this duty must be performed if we are to see this cause of complaint entirely removed."

OUR SHORTCOMINGS.

Under the above title, a recent number of *Word on the Waters*, published by the London, Eng., "Missions To Seamen," discourses with aptness, on the disparity between the gifts for and the needs of work for sailors in the United Kingdom. The experience is so similar to that of other seamen's societies, and the situation so akin to that in other countries that we apprehend its forcible exhibition of facts may not be without good impression among the readers of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*.

"The review of the efforts of The Missions to Seamen made at its Annual Meeting, cheers us onward. The largest increase of income in any year—viz., £1,943—had been received in 1881. But, after all, the whole income for 1881 was only £18,881 7s 11d; a paltry sum for the greatest maritime nation in the world to provide for religious ministrations for its commercial marine, its Royal Navy, its fishing population, its canal men, and its emigrants, besides the foreigners who throng our waters. We are quite aware that this is not all that is done by the Church of England for the seafaring classes. But we believe that £5,000 would cover the combined annual incomes of all the other societies for church work afloat.

"The income of The Missions to Seamen is not a shilling a head for the seafaring classes, not ten shillings a piece for the registered ships of the British Empire. How then can we wonder that there are thousands of ships never visited by a clergyman from year's end to year's end; tens of thousands of men who have never heard on board their vessels the voice of prayer and praise. Many captains and officers grow up from boyhood to their responsible positions without a notion of their religious obligations to God and to their crews. Many ship-owners, and worse still shipping companies, have no regard for the souls of the men in their employments. Mr. C. H. Wilson, M. P. for Hull, an extensive ship-owner himself, strongly condemns this lack of sympathy towards seamen on the part of their employers. The ever increasing Sunday work, especially when in foreign harbors, debars

the men from all devout observance of the Lord's Day; with the sure absence in such ships of week day prayer also.

"The British flag floats in every considerable foreign port in the world. The crews when there generally reside on board their vessels. Most welcome to them in a distant clime is the kindly message of a man of God, telling them of the home on earth they love, and of the home above made ready for them. A word from Christ is then listened to with attention not always possible under all the excitements of a home port. What a pity that such glorious opportunities of ministering to British seamen in foreign and colonial ports cannot be utilized. Unhappily, it is by no means easy to get pecuniary support for spiritual provision made for British seamen on distant shores. The Missions to Seamen has for some eleven years spent upward of £100 a year on personal agency for British and American crews on the Tagus, but it has never received one penny in return towards this object from the firms trading to Lisbon, or from anybody else connected with or interested in seamen at Lisbon. For some fifteen years the Missions to Seamen has been expending about £135 per year for mission agency for British shipping at Malta; but little or no pecuniary return has been received from that island, or from any one trading with it. A lady in England interested in Malta has, however, nobly raised year by year £70 towards the Malta expenditure, a sum lately reduced from untoward causes to £30 a year. The Missions to Seamen has appointed an experienced Scripture Reader for the 1,481 British ships manned by 30,904 men which entered Havre

last year, at an estimated annual expenditure of some £120 a year. A lady, in no way connected with that place, raises £30 a year towards this expenditure, but very little pecuniary help comes from people connected with Havre. We received no pecuniary help specially for or from Dunquerque for our work amongst its 1,252 British ships and 17,611 seamen last year; nor for the maintenance of our agencies at Bilbao, Singapore, or Japan.

"Last year it was hoped that a Reader would be appointed for the British shipping at Marseilles, and all the English firms trading to that place were communicated with, but with no response; and there was no lady interested in Marseilles to take the matter up. Yet there are tens of thousands of British seamen entering Marseilles annually.

"An appeal comes from the Civil Chaplain at Gibraltar for a Reader for the shipping; but with no offer of pecuniary help from the people of Gibraltar, or from the merchants whose vessels would be benefited, and no suggestion as to a lady interested in Gibraltar who might raise special funds in England for the shipping there. Yet there were 4,038 British mercantile vessels, manned by 95,535 men, which called at Gibraltar in 1881, besides 2,416 foreign ships manned by 34,035 men; and for these there was not a clergyman or other missionary to minister to their crews.

"These are but samples of the great need for help for British seamen in foreign ports, and of the great difficulty of getting any pecuniary support for this special part of our duty to convey the word on the waters to the seafaring classes.

"At home, the scanty support for spiritual work amongst the shipping and barges, renders it impossible to do much more than touch the fringe of the work. The twelve principal roadsteads are well equipped with steam launches or sailing yachts, manned by efficient clergymen and good crews. But the worshipping facilities and the clerical agency in the harbors is generally most inadequate. We hope that a Seamen's Institute, Church, and Chaplain's house combined is in a fair way of being supplied at South Shields, though £3,000 are still required to complete the triple edifice. The same sort of triple building is urgently needed at Hull, and at Newport, where faithful chaplains are arduously laboring under great difficulties in the absence of proper buildings. At Sunderland, the Hartlepoons, and the Tees, chaplains are greatly needed in addition to the present staff, and then buildings like that being raised at South Shields will be needed at those ports also. The arrangement for seamen at Southampton can only be regarded as temporary, until means be forthcoming to meet more fully the needs of such an important port. The chaplains at several other home ports greatly need the assistance of additional Scripture Readers.

"Many of the smaller ports around our shores are as yet untouched by The Missions to Seamen. They are often too poor to contribute much to the support of Scripture Readers, and the richer neighborhoods around do not always aid so largely as is necessary where Readers alone are appointed. For example, we expend upon the work afloat at Great Yarmouth more than £150 a year on Readers and boatmen, but after twenty-

five years' aid to that considerable port, we received about as many shillings from it last year, and never in any year received more than £36. So of several other home ports at which Readers are alone employed, Ryde and Portsmouth amongst the number, the local support is small as compared with the expenditure. Some of these ports say, and not without reason, that the people ministered to on board ship are strangers, who do not belong to those seaports, and that, with poor and populous parishes to provide for on shore, they have more than enough to do for the residents, without undertaking to care for the shipping of other ports and of other nations. They, therefore, expect, and not unreasonably, The Missions to Seamen to canvass the neighboring counties, so as to afford inland towns the opportunity of aiding the Lord's work on the waters.

"Our shortcomings are, it will be seen, still very great, ere we can

be said to provide religious ministration for the seafaring classes of this great maritime empire at home and abroad. Double the income of The Missions to Seamen could be usefully spent in the present year, in ministering to shipping and barges now never visited by a clergyman. How can the reader help this great, this national work? All can pray, many can give more liberally of their means, of their labors, and of their influence. Ask your clergyman to speak about the spiritual destitution of souls at sea, from his pulpit. Speak to your neighbors and friends, and you will find many only wanting to be asked, and quite willing to do what they can for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on board ship, and for the spread of the Word on the waters. Four hundred and fifty-six Honorary Secretaries are doing this to such good purpose as to have raised £18,881 last year. Go you, dear reader, and do likewise."

NEW SEA-WALL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

One of the most important public works undertaken at any time by the State of California is that of remodelling the water front of San Francisco. This is being accomplished by the construction of a broad embankment of earth and riprap parallel with the tidal current sweeping the northern and eastern shores of the peninsula on which the city stands. This embankment is popularly called the "New Sea-Wall." Its object is to increase dockage for shipping—a measure made necessary by the rapid growth of the commerce of the port; to adapt the water front to the scouring

action of the tidal current, and thus lessen the cost of dredging, which now forms a large item in harbor expenses; and to correct irregularities in the arrangement of wharves.

The history of this sea-wall dates as far back as 1866, when engineers were invited by advertisement to submit to the Board of Harbor Commissioners plans for its construction. The plans submitted by Engineers W. J. LEWIS and GEORGE F. ALLARDT were accepted by the Board and approved by its engineer, T. J. ARNOLD. In 1876 the sea-wall line was established after about eighteen months'

investigation and discussion of the subject, by a commission consisting of the Governor of the State, the Mayor of San Francisco, Rear-Admiral JOHN RODGERS (then commandant of Mare Island Navy-yard), Lieutenant-Colonel MENDEL (United States Engineers), Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON (United States Coast and Geodetic Survey), the three Harbor Commissioners, and T. J. ARNOLD (since deceased), Engineer of the Harbor Commission. This sea-wall line extends in a serpentine course from the Presidio Military Reservation on the north to the San Mateo County line on the south—a total distance of thirteen miles. On the 15th of March, 1878, an act of the Legislature directing the Harbor Commissioners to construct the sea-wall in accordance with the adopted plans of LEWIS and ALLARDT, which had been amended in the mean time by Engineer ARNOLD so as to embrace a water-front thoroughfare, went into effect. On September 13th of the same year work was begun, under the management of the Harbor Commission, on the northern water-front of the city, in the vicinity of North Point. Since that time four sections, aggregating 4,651 feet, have been finished.

This part of the New Sea-Wall forms a crescent around North Point, its extreme western end resting on an old historic structure called Meiggs Wharf, which was built by the late Peruvian railroad king, HARRY MEIGGS, before his flight to South America as a fugitive from justice. This structure was originally devoted to the discharging of vessels engaged in the northern coast lumber trade, but for years it has been used solely as a marine reporters' station and a crab fishery.

The New Sea-Wall is constructed very solidly of earth and riprap, the latter forming the bay slope. The sand for this purpose is obtained from the dunes adjacent to Point San José (or Black Point) Military Reservation, and the rock is quarried from the outer flanks of Telegraph Hill, a sugar-loaf elevation—one of the highest in the city,—over-looking North Point. The summit of Telegraph Hill was in early days used as the site of a marine telegraph station, signaling to the city below the incoming of deep-water vessels through the Golden Gate, of which it commands a splendid view. The marine telegraph station is now at Point Lobos, the south head of the Golden Gate, and the summit of Telegraph Hill has been laid out as a public square, named Pioneer Park. The rock quarries of the New Sea Wall have deeply furrowed the side of the hill, and their upper galleries reach nearly to its top.

The magnitude of the New Sea-Wall may be better appreciated from its dimensions. Its breadth at the base is about 250 feet; at the top, 150 feet, and in depth it averages, from city base, about 60 feet. These measurements represent only the solid earth and riprap embankment. There is in addition on the bay side a wooden wharf structure, running parallel with and facing the wall, which has a breadth of 50 feet on top, making the total breadth of the sea-wall on top 200 feet. The construction of the four sections of the wall now finished has taken 1,901,634 cubic yards of sand and rock, and 3,436 piles, and 2,448,038 feet of lumber have been used in the construction of the wharf and sheds. The total cost to date amounts to \$860,921.65, or \$188.75

per lineal foot of sea-wall built. The cost has been defrayed from the revenues of the port.

Before the construction of the New Sea-Wall was begun, vessels discharging wheat suffered great inconvenience for the want of suitable places to store grain pending its transfer to a foreign-bound ship. The Board of Harbor Commissioners consequently assigned the four sections built for that special purpose. On two of these sections an enormous shed, suitable for the storage of sacked grain, has been erected. This shed is 2,000 feet long and 100 feet wide. It is intended to add about 700 feet more to its length. An uncovered space lies in front of the shed for the accommodation of cranes, donkey-engines, and other machinery used in the loading and discharging of vessels. Alongside the rear is the water-front thoroughfare, eighty feet across, and well macadamized.

These four sections have added to the dockage capacity of the port room for twenty ships of 1,500 tons register and upward.

In some places the New Sea-Wall will intersect the present irregular system of wharves and docks. With the exception of that part surrendered to the great wheat sheds, its broad top will form a noble thoroughfare, two hundred feet across and thirteen miles in length. Toward the southern end the sea-wall will inclose four great wet-docks for the accommodation of shipping, to be known respectively as China, Central, India and South basins. The smallest of these basins will cover an area of nearly forty acres. When this great public work will be finished, none can tell. Nor is it possible to estimate the total cost. If it does not exceed the present rate, it will reach the enormous sum of about \$13,000,000.—*Harper's Weekly*.

From The Suffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

PLIMSOLL MARK MOCKERY.

HOW STEAMERS ARE OVERLOADED.

The sailor is politically of small account, therefore he suffers. His life even is not insured, therefore he has not so much as an underwriter to look after him. He is decoyed into risking himself in sailing vessels which were not built to be sailed—old iron steamers, originally narrow, cut in two and lengthened, and provisioned with the ancient "junk" of Malta and Gibraltar. He is sent out from Cardiff into the Bay of Biscay in vessels so sunk in the water with excessive weight as to look each like a thin black line upon the sea. Shipowners who insure freights as well as vessels 10 per cent.

in excess of value, and who build chapels by the half dozen, while loosing ships by the dozen, rise faster in the world the faster he drowns. Captains who desert the vessels which their own vessels have accidentally struck, and who thus deliberately drown a whole ship's crew to escape damages, are not looked after by the State, and owners who systematically load their vessels so shamefully that they would not ship a favorite dog on board of them are members of Parliament. The mark ironically called "the Plimsoll mark"—the one which mocks rather than meets the wishes of Mr. Plimsoll,—

is moved up or is moved down at the owner's convenience, and the mockers say merrily that they can, if they choose, paint it "on the funnel." This indifference to the sailor's fate appears to have ascended to the Bench, where the legal mind seems to have a reverence for property out of proportion to its respect for persons. In one case a crew strikes against overloading. They are sent to jail, and are only released when an indignant gentleman brings out in Parliament the fact that, by preferring a safe prison to a sinking one, they saved their lives—and left other poor fellows to go out and go down with the doomed vessel. Another crew strikes from the same cause. The men who take their places perish with the ship the same night. Mr. Plimsoll makes a passing allusion to the matter, and is instantly threatened with an action. On a steamer loading at a Northern port the mate asks,—“Are you going to sink her in the dock?” The man of whom the ship's officer asks this question meets it by saying that he is obeying orders, but before the vessel leaves he significantly inquires if the “ship's boats” are in order! That vessel is abandoned in a moderate swell, and all her crew are taken off in the small boat of a fishing smack. A passing mention of this matter involves Mr. Plimsoll not only in action, but in a snub from the Bench. Or, take another instance. A handsome, intelligent young captain in the merchant marine—whose diary kept on board the *Alabama* is now appearing in our weekly supplement—is appointed to the command of a huge cargo steamer. This vessel has her Plimsoll mark moved up nearer to the deck by her owner's orders. She

loads at Cardiff so deeply that her young captain contemplates her immediate future with dismay, and writes to his wife at Hull in terms which reveal to her that he divines his early doom. The vast steamer leaves Cardiff, and soon adds her bones to those of the street-lengths of steamers which lie with their dead at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. An action is brought against the owner, and lo! the Court is indignant that the gentleman should be put to the trouble of defending himself. Or, take one case more. A passenger steamer carrying cargo is laden so heavily at the wharf that the laborers on the wharf comment on her condition, the sailors going with her as passengers, with their wives, take their wives to the railway station, and send them, for *safety*, by rail, and a personal friend of the captain's buys him a bundle of signaling rockets as a present. The steamer is watched through telescopes by the Coast-guard to see if she can possibly live to cross the bar. She crosses the bar, but founders after dark, with all on board. These are but typical cases. The overloading goes on nearly as vilely as ever. All the public hear of it is that one day this and another day that steamer is “overdue,” and that a list of overdue steamers is posted as “missing.” How little do they realize in their mind the horrors of those successive burials of the living—burials of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty men at once—which are covered by the simple word “missing.” Honest and brave men die unheeded, while roguery, the most unblushing, is rewarded by act of Parliament. In Ireland the murderer and torturer are safe; in our seaports decent, married men are ordered to sea in craft so

mercilessly overladen that they swamp a jolly boat; but for them
sink in a swell which would not there is no protection.

“HE CARETH.”

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss, unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I *want* Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its courses to help me through,
And I long for a Savior—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that Heart above,
He fights for me when I can not fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

The Monotonous Sea.

Alike from end to end, from horizon to horizon, with no break in its absolute horizontal flatness, no mountain or valley or depression to mar its homogeneous level, it delights one by its solemn sameness, and by the ease with which we can follow the one long boundary curve where its edge stands off sharply and distinctly from the limiting sky. It cannot be denied that if you stand quite close to it, on the shore, you may get variety in its phases of billow or calm; and that is the aspect oftenest given us by marine painters, who may be supposed to know best about the proper feeling on the subject. But then these marine painters do not really paint the sea; they paint a bit of shore, with huge rocks or Cornish lions in the foreground, and the big waves dashing themselves furiously to pieces in their endless attack upon the hostile coast. That is a fine sight, no doubt, one of the finest that man can look upon; but it is not specially distinctive of the sea in itself. It is an accident of the point where sea and land meet as enemies, not the essential and central fact of the sea's own personal existence. The grand value of the ocean as an element of scenery lies rather in this very monotony and infinity of sameness. By contrast with the land, it is delightful to look upon that vast sheet of unvaried water, ever the same throughout its limitless expanse, and without a single salient point in any direction which will enable one to divide it mentally into parts and fractions. It is a picturable, conceivable, realizable whole, beside the infinitely diversified mass of land that our bewildered brains fail entirely to grasp or imagine. Can any man pretend that he has

a fairly consistent picture in his mind—not of all England, but of the country for a single square mile around him; and, at the same time, can any man deny that he has a fairly consistent picture in his mind of the entire ocean?

This view of the question, paradoxical though it sounds, is also, we flatter ourselves, that of the greatest and truest poets. Do not the Greeks dwell ever on the contrast between the varied aspect of the land and the level monotony of the barren water? Was not that the notion in the mind of Homer when he made his Achilles sit down tearfully beside the shore of the boundless, unvintaged sea? Is it not the central idea of all the episodes in the *Odyssey*? Does it not inspire the *Atys* of Catullus as he looks across the solitary, lonely deep from the Phrygian precinct of Cybele? Nay, even in the Miltonic picture, the sea of liquid fire seems to stand out in like manner from the crags and precipices of the solid hell. There is hardly a poet who does not use the interminable, unvaried sea as a foil to the perpetual variety and diversity of the infinitely detailed land. Indeed, the difficulty rather is to account for the common saying that the sea is so changeful, when one thinks for a moment how obvious its utter and grand monotony must really be to every one. The true sublimity of the ocean is derived, not from its puny waves, mere surface agitations after all, but from its vast unbroken and unchangeable expanse. Yet somebody once ventured upon the bold paradox that the sea was ever changing, never the same; and everybody went on repeating it after him till the paradox has become a platitude, and the simple statement of the real fact now seems paradoxical in its turn.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Vastness of British Shipping.

In the course of his address at the opening of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Southampton, Dr. Siemens, the new President, stated that according to reports kindly furnished him by the Board of Trade and "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," the total value of the merchant shipping of the United Kingdom may be estimated at £126,000,000, of which £90,000,000 represent steamers having a net tonnage of 3,003,988 tons; and £36,000,000 sailing vessels, of 3,688,008 tons. The safety of this vast amount of shipping, he said, carrying about two-sevenths of the total imports and exports, or £500,000,000 of goods in the year, and of the more precious lives connected with it, is a question of paramount importance. It involves, he said, considerable of the most varied kind, comprising the construction of the vessel itself, and the material employed in building it; its furniture of engines, pumps, sails, tackle, compass, sextant, and sounding apparatus, the preparation of reliable charts for the guidance of the navigator, and the construction of harbors of refuge, light-houses, beacons, bells and buoys, for channel navigation. "Yet," said Dr. Siemens, "notwithstanding the combined efforts of science, inventive skill and practical experience,—the accumulation of centuries,—we are startled with statements to the effect that during last year as many as 1,007 British-owned ships were lost, of which fully two-thirds were wrecked upon our shores, representing a total value of nearly £10,000,000. Of these ships 870 were sailing vessels and 137 steamers, the loss of the latter being

in a fourth of the cases attributable to collision. The number of sailing vessels included in these returns being 19,325, and of steamers 5,505, it appears that the steamer is the safer vessel in the proportion of 4.43 to 3.46; but the steamer makes on an average three voyages for one of the sailing ship taken over the year, which reduces the relative risk of the steamer as compared with the sailing ship per voyage in the proportion of 13.29 to 3.46."

Marriages in American Ships.

There is a prevailing belief among seafaring people that the captain of any ship sailing under the Stars and Stripes may, while at sea, bind in holy matrimony any man and woman on board willing to have each other for life. It is said, too, that the performance of the marriage ceremony is one of the functions most enjoyed by a Yankee skipper. It now turns out, however, that such a so-called marriage is not legal. One Herman Voster, a German, so married on board the American brig *Star*, bound from an American port to Hong Kong, applied to the United States Consul to recognise or approve or confirm his union. The Consul wrote to the Assistant Secretary of State informing him that shipmasters believed they had the right, while at sea, to join in wedlock any couple who apply to them to do so, and asking to be informed whether such a right existed. The Assistant Secretary of State replied that there was no law of the United States authorizing the master of an American vessel to solemnize a marriage "either on board a ship or anywhere else." Had there been either in the statutes or the common Maritime Law

any authority for the practice, what facilities might not be provided for illicit marriages? The master of an American brig, sailing daily from Brighton to Bognor, would we able to restore the days of Gretna Green or of the Fleet, or to emulate the hymeneal observance of jumping over a broomstick and becoming a bride. Fortunately, there is now no fear of marriages recorded in log-books becoming an institution. The declaration of the Assistant Secretary of State ought to have the effect of putting an end to these sham sea marriages, which must not only be productive of misunderstanding, but often bring misery and shame upon one at least of the party present at the illegal ceremony.—*China Mail*.

The Story of a Steamer.

"Speaking about fast running steamers," said Mr. Thomas Hartshorn, recently, rolling his quid into his larboard jaws and giving his Tuckapaw trousers a hitch (Mr. H. served as a cook on the ram *Queen of the West*), "I suppose you never heard of the old *Elephant*, that used to run between Cincinnati and New Orleans. She was a beauty. I suppose that when she was tied to the bank with a stern line and a tow line, she was one of the fastest boats on the river. She made one celebrated trip from New Orleans, I think in '47. Her time was made a matter of record. It was seven days, six hours and three weeks. Coming up from New Orleans once, the captain was sittin' at a table, and he noticed several big hulks of fellows servin' as cabin boys. He called the steward to him and says he, 'Don't you think it would look better to have boys

waitin' on the table? I don't like to see men fillin' the place of cabin boys. Let 'em go, and get some young chaps.' 'Why, blast it, captain,' says the steward, 'them fellows were boys when we left New Orleans.' The *Elephant*," continued Mr. Hartshorn, clinging to his nautical reminiscences, "was pullin' out from Memphis one day, on a down trip, and somehow she got mixed up with a raft of saw-logs. She broke one of the logs loose, and it floated out into the stream. The *Elephant* headed down the river and finally got alongside the log. Then commenced one of the nicest races you ever saw. There was a good stage of water, and the log boomed along right lively. For about a week they held together purty well, but the *Elephant* had to land at the mouth of White River, and the log beat her into New Orleans about twenty minutes. There was something wrong with the *Elephant's* boilers, and she couldn't make steam properly. That's what the captain said. She was a nice boat to ship green fruit on."—*American Ship*.

Following the Sea.

At the recent session of the British Association, Captain Bedford Pim made the assertion that the race of English sailors was fast dying out, and that at the present time fully 80 per cent. of the men who formed the crews of English merchant vessels were foreigners. For a number of years past this has been the experience of the American merchant marine, at least that part of it employed in foreign trade. In these vessels, if the officers are excepted, it will be found that not 10 per cent. of the crew are of American parentage.

Whether this rule holds good of the merchant vessels of other countries we have no present means of knowing. Until this assertion of Captain Pim's was made, we fancy that most persons in this country imagined that our own was the only merchant marine service in the world which was maintained chiefly by men who were not citizens of the nation whose flag they sailed under. The same causes that operated in this country seem to have exercised nearly as strong an influence in England.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY leaves his glass untouched at dinner. For many years he has been a teetotaler; and he long ago gave the soldiers of Great Britain this very sound bit of teaching:—"The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who *mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature.*"—*Signal.*

From Chart and Compass (London, Eng.) for November, 1882.

THEN AND NOW.

"A root out of dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

When first I heard of Jesus,
It seemed some mystic tale;
A root of barren dryness,
No fragrance could exhale;
But as I came to know Him,
His precious name grew sweet;
And like a perfumed rainbow
Love arched the Mercy Seat!

2. Pet. i. 16.
Is. liii. 2.
John i. 11.
1 Pet. ii. 7.
Cant. i. 3.
Rev. iv. 3.
Ex. xxv. 22.

At first I saw no beauty,
No captivating spell,
Felt no divine emotion.
In my cold bosom swell;
But when through beams of glory
God shone in Jesus' face;
All other objects tarnished
Before His matchless grace.

Is. liii. 2.
John v. 40.
Rom. viii. 7.
Matt. xxiv. 12.
2. Cor. iv. 6.
Ps. lxxviii. 9.
Rom. xi. 33.

I read that He was wounded,
And bruised upon the tree!
Yet felt no thrilling wonder,
As though He died for me.
But since,—oh since I know it,
And saw Him bear my load;
I cannot cease from praising,
My great Redeeming God!

Is. liii. 5.
Is. liii. 10.
Rev. v. 9.
Gall. ii. 20.
1. John v. 13.
1. Pet. ii. 24.
Rev. i. 6.
Ps. lxxviii. 35.

O Rose of rarest odor!
O Lily white and pure!
O chiefest of ten thousand;
Whose glory must endure:—
The more I see Thy beauty,
The more I know Thy grace,—
The more I long, unhindered,
To gaze upon Thy face!

Cant. ii. 1.
" "
Cant. v. 20.
Ps. civ. 31.
Zech. ix. 17.
2 Pet. iii. 18.
1 Cor. xiii. 12.
Rev. xiii. 4.

W. C. M.

TO THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S
LIFE DIRECTORS AND LIFE MEMBERS.

If you desire to receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for 1883, please notify us to that effect, with your proper address, early in the present year.

It will be apparent, upon very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep its record of those entitled to receive its periodicals, by specific agreement, measureably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail books. We therefore long since adopted and acted upon the regulation implied in this request, in common with other kindred organizations.

In this connection we call the attention of those friends who for years past have made special contributions to our Treasury, at this season, to the abiding nature of our great work for sailors,—and ask them to make their gifts as large as practicable.

Could we constitute a hundred new Life Directors of the Society, at \$100, and five hundred new Life Members, at \$30, each,—from these donations,—the impetus of such help to the seamen of the world would be felt on every ocean, and in every seaport, to the ends of the earth.

So, if we can send abroad to seamen, a hundred new loan libraries, at \$20, each, in this month of January, 1883, from sums transmitted to us at this New Year's opening, a power for good will have been brought to them, that is immeasurable. Will you, who read this, send one? It may be a thank-offering for the past, and may go in the name of some one who is dear to you, now in the world, or in the Home on high.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At the beginning of the year we recount the location and the *personnel* of the Society's laborers in the various quarters of the globe. It is a pleasure to extend to each, as we do to all our readers, the season's good wishes, and to assure these Christian workmen that prayer is earnest and instant on their behalf with that Christian public which sustains their exertions to do good to those who "go down to the sea in ships."

Perhaps at no time in the history of effort for the highest good of seamen, has the way to their hearts been more open than now. And although special hindrances may be encountered in dealing with them, we are increasingly assured that no more satisfactory or hopeful field for evangelistic labor can be found than that which is found among them. The stretch of time that lies behind the present has been bright, for

years past, with the dawn-light that foretells a noontide when "the abundance of the sea is to be converted" to the KINGDOM OF GOD. Only let the consecrated men who are named below be diligent and patient, interpreting the future by what has already been wrought among those whom they are called to save,—their faith standing not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of GOD,—and their own success and reward are certain. In that belief we bid them GOD-SPEED, and print the following list of the

*CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES AND HELPERS AIDED WHOLLY OR
IN PART BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND
SOCIETY, JANUARY 1st, 1883.*

IN THE UNITED STATES.

<i>Seaport.</i>	<i>Chaplain, Missionary or Helper.</i>	<i>Mission estab- lished or first aided in</i>
New York City and Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Mr. C. A. BORELLA..... " DEWITT C. SLATER..... " J. McLELLAN..... Rev. E. O. BATES.....	1828
Jersey City, N. J.	BOATMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASS'N.. BRADFORD CHRISTIAN UNION..	
Norfolk, Va.....	Rev. J. B. MERRITT.....	1859
Wilmington, N. C.....	Rev. J. W. CRAIG.....	1865
Charleston, S. C.....	Rev. L. H. SHUCK.....	1865
Savannah, Ga.....	Rev. RICHARD WEBB.....	1859
Pensacola, Fla.....	Rev. J. S. PARK.....	1869
New Orleans, La.....	Rev. L. H. PEASE.....	1880
Galveston, Texas.....	Rev. H. P. YOUNG.....	1858
Portland, Oregon.....	Rev. R. S. STUBBS..... Mr. J. WILKINSON.....	1879
Astoria.....	Mr. J. McCORMAC.....	

ON NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Bonne Esperance Harbor, Labrador Coast.....	Mr. A. W. GERRIE..... Miss WARRINER..... Miss WILKES.....	1860
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IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Scandinavia.

Christiania, Norway.....	Mr. H. H. JOHNSON.....	1874
Göteborg, Sweden.....	Mr. E. ERIKSSON.....	1865
Göthland, Island of, Sweden.....	Mr. JOHN LINDELIUS.....	1848
Helsingborg, Sweden.....	Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT.....	1869
Stockholm, ".....	Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG.....	1841
Copenhagen, Denmark.....	Rev. ANDREAS WOLLESON.....	1852
Odense, on Fünen, Denmark.....	Mr. F. L. RYMKER.....	1863

Continent of Europe.

Hamburg, Germany.....	Rev. C. F. WEIDEMANN..... Mr. JAMES HITCHENS.....	1879
Antwerp, Belgium.....	Rev. ARTHUR POTTS..... Mr. J. T. HAM.....	
Havre, France.....	Mr. C. J. HEPPLE.....	1882
Marseilles, France.....	Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON.....	1835
Genoa, Italy.....	Rev. DONALD MILLER..... Mr. J. C. JONES..... Sig. A. DELFINO.....	1870
Naples, Italy.....	Rev. THOMAS MURRAY..... Mr. STEPHEN BUEROWES.....	

Atlantic and Pacific Oceans: South America.

Funchal, Madeira Islands.....	Mr. G. W. SMART.....	1882
Honolulu, H. I.....	Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D..... Mr. EDWARD DUNSCOMBE.....	1882
Yokohama, Japan.....	Rev. W. T. AUSTEN.....	
Valparaiso, Chili.....	Rev. O. B. KRAUSER.....	1847

STATIONS, 80; LABORERS, 42.

We report, in brief, from some of these laborers

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Writing Nov. 23rd, 1882, Rev. H. H. JOHNSON, missionary, states that his health is being restored day by day. He has again the use of his limbs. "We have clear evidence of God's presence among us. One of our last meetings was a specially good one. A sailor of various experience in sea life was converted and went away happy the next day." Methodist brethren have helped him in his illness by distributing tracts. A lady resident of New York, connected with the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church has become greatly interested in the sailor mission. More seamen were already "laid up" for the winter at C., than is usual, and more seamen are ashore than often are. Two American gentlemen have also personally aided Mr. J. in his work.

Italy.

GENOA.

We subjoin a few extracts from the recent journal of Mr. JONES, the experienced and faithful sailor-missionary.

"*Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1882.* After my round of ship-visiting found six men in the Reading-Room of the Bethel. One of them jumped up and grasping my hand, said,—'I am glad to see you again. I have been happy ever since I was here in Spring. My poor old mother sends her love to you: she says she shall pray for God to bless you while she lives.'

"*Friday, Sept. 1st.*—On board the *Olympia* where I took to the chief officer, at his request, a parcel of magazines and 'Spurgeon's Sermons.' I received from the chief steward a quantity of Testaments and tracts in various languages, put on board at different times by the New York Society. In the evening visited a large Nova Scotian schooner and got a hearty welcome from the captain, distributed among his men, who were mostly Scandinavians, tracts in their different languages.

"*Thursday, Sept. 7th.*—Spent the ear-

ly part of the day in the forecastles. In the evening had a dozen men to a Bible Reading, when the captain of a Nova Scotian ship gave us a beautiful exposition of *1 Cor. iv: 4*. I was only sorry there were so few men to hear him.

"*Sunday, Sept. 17th.*—In the morning had 28 at the Bethel, in the evening 48, collected by myself in one boat and my boatman in another. Several mates and engineers came in hired boats, evidently the result of yesterday's conversations. We had a blessed meeting. I spoke from the 23rd Psalm, and before closing proposed two minutes' silent prayer and that all who wished to be specially prayed for might hold up their hands. Seven did so, and I prayed that they might be able to say 'The Lord is my shepherd.'

"*Tuesday, Sept. 19th.*—On board the *Pontiac*. Visited a captain ill with rheumatic fever. He said,—'You won't be very pleased here this time, your men have all left, as we had only three days at home last voyage. They had been with me three voyages and from the moment they first visited your Bethel I never had any trouble with them; they were the soberest lot I ever knew, thanks to your getting them to sign the pledge. And as for your tract-bag; it was well looked after. This time I have a really bad lot, do go and see what you can do with them.' In the evening had a meeting on board the Bethel, which I threw open. Forty-five were present. Several spoke, one touchingly referring to the remembrance of his mother's prayers."

NAPLES.

In July, August and September, 1882, Mr. S. BURROWES, missionary, visited 496 vessels, held 30 meetings and Bethel services, and distributed 1,460 tracts and books. We cite from his diary:—

"*July 12th.*—The second officer of S. S. *Tarifa* spoke long to me about whether the Holy Spirit had left him. He was once an earnest Christian, but got cold.

"*July 16th.*—Held service in Salerina. One man pleaded that he had not been in a meeting for ten years, another thought every man could do what he liked, another was reading a book and a Swede

thought he could read his own Bible. Ultimately all came to the service, and God was present with his word.

"*July 22nd.*—The Bethel sprung a leak. Got divers and the leak was repaired. Evening service was held in the Bethel.

"*Aug. 13th.*—Held service in Tyne-mouth castle. A colored sailor played the *flutina* and continued to do this at meetings for a fortnight; he was a good man and sang well. The attendance was very good and the presence of the Master was felt. Gave lectures on the "Tabernacle" in several ships by the light of lamps on upper deck. There was a large attendance.

"*Aug. 27th.*—Bethel repaired and placed in the old moorings. Rev. Mr. FLETCHER of America conducted service.

A Sore Bereavement.

"This month I have felt very weak through exposure to the sun during the Bethel troubles. Indeed I was at the gates of death, but God spared and renewed my strength to its former state, while he was pleased to take away my oldest and promising son, who was the chief helper in the Harbor Mission. Dear Ambrose died of rheumatic fever on the 30th of September. The young men here were very much quickened, and several have volunteered to play the harmonium and to gather the sailors as he used to do. God's will be done! Capt. JONES of the *Amanda* greatly cheered me."

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

"I am establishing," writes Mr. W. G. SMART, sailor-missionary, "a Strangers' and Sailors' Rest, which is an institution much needed here, on account of the wickedness of the Portuguese guides, who take sailors and others to disreputable places. It is a difficult thing to counteract the doings of these guides, but I trust in Almighty God to help me, to give me the necessary grace and wisdom to carry on the work."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Over date of 11th November, 1882, Rev. W. T. AUSTEN reports:—"We have

had fewer vessels arriving than ever before, although it is usually the slackest quarter of the year.—We were very much cheered by the arrival of the American ship *Daniel Barnes*, Captain STOVER, who together with his noble wife and the majority of the crew, are on the Lord's side. On visiting the ship, I found that meetings were being held nightly, either in the cabin or in the ship's galley, these latter being conducted by the steward, who seemed well fitted for the work. We had a very pleasant visit from the Captain and his family at our house, lasting over three days, my wife and family spending a day in return on board the ship. The Captain contributed five dollars to the Mission, and also presented me with a valuable book as a memento of his visit. I am thankful to say that we are again at work in right earnest, and are beginning to see some fruits of our labor. A good number of ships have now arrived, and more are coming. We hope to make good use of our opportunities for service. Our old friend, the U. S. ship *Monocacy*, Captain CORRON, has come back again, and we have recommenced our usual Sunday morning service on board.

"Chaplain CRAWFORD, of the U. S. ship *Richmond*, continues holding weekly meetings at the Mission in the interest of temperance. The statistics of the work for the quarter are as follows: meetings ashore and afloat, 73; attendance at shore meetings, 308; attendance or visits at reading room, 743 and 16 officers; visits to ships, 46; to hospitals, 30; to prisons, 14.

"Several libraries have been inspected and reshipped, and the hospitals, prisons and vessels visited have been well supplied with good reading."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

A recent note from Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON brings an obituary notice of Mrs. DUNSCOMBE, which we print:—

"Died in Honolulu, early Sabbath morning, October 22nd, 1882, Mrs. MARY JANE, beloved wife of EDWARD B. DUNSCOMBE, for many years the keeper of the "Sailors' Home," and otherwise engaged in evangelistic labors. She was a native of Dublin, Ireland, aged 45 years, and had

been a resident of Honolulu during the last twelve years. It has been the privilege of the editor of *The Friend* to have become intimately acquainted with the deceased and to have watched and witnessed from day to day, and year to year, her untiring devotion to the one purpose of bringing sinners to accept of Jesus Christ as the Savior of sinners. Even since her death, a letter has been received from a former boarder at the Home, writing in behalf of himself and another boarder, "God seemed, through Mrs. D., to have led us both to gospel truth." She had a peculiarly kind manner of pressing home upon unconverted men, the importance of immediately accepting Christ as the "Sinner's Friend." Eternity alone will reveal the good which has thus been accomplished by this humble, modest and retiring Christian woman. She often referred to the wonderful manner in which God had led her. For many years she sought comfort in forms and ceremonies, but no real peace and rest did she experience until about ten years ago, when God was pleased to reveal his truth to her soul. We remember to have heard her say, that at one period of her life she was a communicant of the Episcopal Church in New York city, of which Dr. MUHLBERG was Rector, author of the hymn, 'I would not live away.'

"Without exaggeration we can say that she had acquired a most remarkable knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures, and she saw in the Mosaic types and ceremonies a beatific foreshadowing of the coming Messiah, which was truly wonderful. The departed did not pass through life without experiencing many trials and afflictions. She suffered much from bodily sickness, but bravely faced life's trials and lived in certain hope of a blessed immortality. She had (as the writer remarked at her funeral) obtained a victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Her experience was that of Monica, the mother of Augustine:—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks which time
has made."

Loan Library Work.

The following letters, received since our last publication under the above heading, attest the continuance of good done by the books we are constantly furnishing to seamen:—

WELL USED AT AND FROM A LIFE SAVING STATION.

"TRURO, Mass., June 12th, 1882.

"I have forwarded to your address, to-day, expressage paid, Loan Library No. 3,966, put into my charge for use at U. S. L. S. S. No. 9, five years ago, with instructions to place it on some vessel when not in use at the Station.' Since it came into my hands, the books have been read and re-read at the Station, and have been three summer voyages at sea. The books have been very thankfully received wherever placed, and there can be no doubt that they have done much good to many of their readers. They have been well cared for while on shipboard and would have been returned in order, had they not been wet by the shipping of a heavy sea while on a voyage at sea. I think this was the first library placed at the disposal of the U. S. L. S. Service, sent to this Station by you, and from this act, small in itself, has sprung the noble work of fitting out all the stations with books. We have one of the 'Libbey' libraries at this station. It has proved a great blessing to us and we cannot express the thanks we feel for it.

"Hoping God will bless your good work, and thanking you again for myself and crew, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

NELSON WESTON,

Keeper U. S. L. S. S. No. 9, Dist. No. 2."

THEIR INFLUENCE GREAT—NOT LIMITED TO THIS LIFE.

"NEW YORK, June 24th, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"For several years we have had your libraries on board, and I think they have been of great benefit to all on board.

"The influence of books is acknowledged by every one to be great, and it is especially so upon sailors at sea, away from home surroundings. When they are supplied with good books, such as these, the influence cannot help being for good,

and the benefits can never probably be realized in this life.

Yours, respectfully,

WELCOME GILKEY.

Master bark C. B. Hazeltine."

—
OF GREAT SERVICE.

"PHILADELPHIA, July 2nd, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"The library which you put on board the bark *Grey Eagle*, last February, has been of great service to us. The books have been much read by the ship's company. I will keep it another voyage to Rio de Janeiro. I don't recall the number of the library, but it is from a Sabbath School, and it is a very good selection of books.

E. H. TOBEY, *Master.*"

—
LONG TERM OF SERVICE BY AN OLD LIBRARY.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"Loan Library No. 2,338 has been on board of this vessel as long as I have been in her, nearly two years,—having made several voyages to the West Indies and other ports. The books have been sought after and read by different crews, and I trust they have been the means of doing much good. As for my own part, I always appreciate good reading, and feel it my duty to express my thankfulness to the Society for the loan of these fine books. Hoping the Lord may prosper you in your good work, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

OSCAR RUNDMAN,

First Mate bark G. A. Brown."

—
THE BOOKS' LONG JOURNEYING—THANKS THEREFOR.

"NEW YORK, July 21st, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"Please accept my thanks in behalf of the donors of Library No. 7,145, put on board my vessel, the bark *B. J. Watson*, by you.

"During my last voyage from New York to Japan, San Francisco, Havre and back to New York, the books have afforded to myself and crew much profitable and pleasant reading.

Yours, truly,

GEO. C. HAWKINS, *Master.*"

—
A HANDSOME DONATION—FULLY APPRECIATIVE.

"TACOMA, W. T., July 25th, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"Enclosed please find a post office order for twenty-five dollars, from the officers and crew of the bark *Jonathan Bourne*, as a slight testimonial for the good work that the Society is doing among seamen, and for the excellent library No. 6,242. The books have been read with pleasure, and I trust with profit, by nearly every person on board.

Yours, very truly,

A. DOANE, *Master.*"

—
READ FORE AND AFT—HAS HELPED TOWARDS GOOD, AND AWAY FROM EVIL.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"Loan Library No. 3,872 was put on board the brig *John McDermott* at New York, June 3rd, 1881; has been two voyages to Buenos Ayres, S. A., and then back to the United States. It has been thoroughly read fore and aft. It has afforded a great deal of pleasure and encouragement to hold on to the good and shun the evil. God bless the donor!

J. S. DAVIS, *Master.*"

—
FOR A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

"NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 7th, '82.

"American Seamen's Friend Society :—

"Enclosed please find check for twenty dollars for a Library to be placed on ship-board for the use of the sailors. This Library, my sisters and myself, wish to contribute in memory of our mother. She was a native of Scotland, but came to this country when six years old with her father's family. The voyage from Green-

ock to Quebec occupied several weeks in those days (1819), and during that time my mother, a bright, active child, interested the sailors as well as the officers, and was much petted by them.

"This early experience gave her a deep interest in seamen, which was increased in later years by her acquaintance with the late Rev. Dr. HARMON LOOMIS, formerly a secretary of your Society, who was also a college friend, I believe, of my father."

BOOKS EXCHANGED IN CHINA AFTER LONG USE.

"NEW YORK, August 16th, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"The Library No. 7,240, which was placed on board the ship *Mary Whitridge* in August, 1881, contained a large amount of good reading matter and the most of the books were read by all the crew (who could read) as well as officers, during the passage of 168 days to Hong Kong. In Hong Kong it was exchanged, with the ship *Tecumseh*, which sailed for Manila and thence to New York, and I have no doubt it will do good service on that ship.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE FREEMAN, *Master.*"

THANKS TO DONORS.

"BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 4th, 1882.

"To the Donors of Loan Library No. 7,317:—

"I have had this library on board the schooner *J. M. Haskell* three voyages from Boston to Baltimore, and one voyage to Norfolk, Va., and Richmond, Va. I have loaned the books to the seamen, and they have read them often, and I trust with profit. I have read them all myself, some of them twice, and my officers all unite with me in sending our thanks to you. The books have occupied many a lonely hour at sea, more especially on Sundays. In parting with them I feel almost like losing friends. I hope the library may be the means of doing much good

elsewhere. With kind wishes to the donors for their loan, and hoping for its future usefulness, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

LEVI CROWELL, *Master.*"

FAITHFULLY USED.

"NEW YORK, Nov. 10th, 1882.

"We arrived at New York, Oct. 22nd, after a voyage of twelve and one-half months from this port. We visited several ports in Java and the Philippine Islands. Loan Library No. 7,275 was put on board before leaving port and read with great interest by officers and crew. At Iliilo exchanged part of the books with ship *Leading Wind*, Captain HINKLEY, thus giving each crew the benefit of two libraries, and I trust they have been a great benefit to all on board.

Yours truly,

AUG. PERCIVAL.

Master bark Thomas A. Goddard."

BOOKS DAMAGED—GRATEFUL.

"NEW YORK, Nov. 18th, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"*Dear Friends:*—Loan Library 4,672 was put on board the schooner *Hattie Baker*, about three years ago, in Boston. The books have been read with great interest by many. I was taken sick two months ago and had to leave the vessel. The captain on his passage out had a very hard gale and got some water in the cabin. This damaged some of the books, which I feel very sorry for. I join with the many readers of No. 4,672, in giving thanks to the friends and wishing God's blessing to rest on you all.

Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BAXTER, *Master.*"

SENT OUT WITH PRAYER, BY A CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

"PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 7th, 1882.

"American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"I received the library all right, and

thank you very kindly for such a good one, and also for being so prompt in sending it. I hope it may be read with interest and that it may lead some poor sailor to serious thoughts of himself, and to see what a great sinner he is in the sight of a holy God. This is my prayer, daily. The other library was read by many seamen. With many thanks from my husband and myself, I ask that God may bless you in this good work among seamen.

Yours truly,

Mrs. HARDEN NICKERSON."

Advance Wages—Mr. Candler's Bill.

The friends of seamen who have sent us their names by postal card and otherwise, with the request that we append them to *our* petition to Congress for a law abolishing the advance wages system, have somehow been led into an error upon the subject.

There is no doubt that the practice of *paying advance* is fraught with incalculable mischief to the sailor, and is closely connected with his present demoralization, but it is not by any means clear, that such a sweeping measure as is proposed by Mr. Candler's bill would improve matters, while the chances are that its passage in the shape reported would serve to make matters even worse than now.

The bill which has been introduced by Mr. Candler not only aims to prevent the paying of advance, but also to practically repeal laws on the Statute books which Congress, at the instance of experienced ship-masters and ship-owners considerably passed to regulate the shipping and discharge of seamen.

A petition to Congress to abolish advance wages means just at this time, and under existing circumstances, a petition in behalf of Mr. Candler's bill, which in one of its sections is avowedly destructive of what many good men and tried friends

of the sailor regard with favor and would regret to see disturbed.

It is a pity that a movement to get rid of the gross iniquity of advance wages should be injudiciously coupled with a measure of doubtful expediency.

The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, as such, has no petition to Congress on the subject, as many seem to suppose.

For *The Sailors' Magazine*.

Sick Bed Conversion of a Sea Captain.

A former editor of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and LIFE BOAT sends this in love to the men of the sea, and to those who love to read about them, in the hope that it may interest and benefit both parties:—

S. B. S. B.

A recent letter from a missionary of the American Sunday School Union who has labored for many years in "The Pines" of New Jersey, gives an interesting account of his being sent for to visit a man of forty years who was very ill. He found him very anxious to know how he might be saved, and visited him repeatedly, reading to him appropriate passages of Scripture and praying with him. He had been a sailor from youth, and had raised himself to the command of a vessel. But he had been very wicked and was also very ignorant of religious truth.

The missionary instructed him as if he were a little child, and by the Spirit's aid led him to Christ to find pardon for all his sins. He knew he was on his last voyage and said he wanted to make a safe harbor, opening his heart to the missionary with sailor-like frankness. When blessed, at last, with a good hope, he said:—"The old vessel is almost gone, but the cargo is safe. *I can almost see the harbor lights.*" His last words were:—"LIGHT AHEAD."

Sailors' "Witness" for Christ.

Says the *Bethel Flag*:—"We had a conversation recently with a captain of a New York vessel, concerning his personal adventures in the West India trade, so interesting that we are tempted to commit it to paper. He told of raising the first Bethel flag in the port of Havana, on this wise. He was second mate, under a Christian captain, who came out of New York furnished with a Bethel flag. Entering the port, he received orders from the 'old man' to clear up between decks, for religious services on the Sabbath. While executing the order, he said it did not seem right; and the thought grew upon him, till he could stand it no longer, and he went to the captain expressing his ideas. 'You call yourself a Christian?' 'Why, yes, Carr, what do you mean?' 'Why, it seems as tho' a real Christian ought to confess Christ, and not to be ashamed of him. This clearing up between decks looks like being ashamed of Christ. It appears to me we had better show our colors.' 'Well, but if we run up the Bethel flag here we shall have trouble with the authorities. It won't do.' 'Yes, it will do. You only let me run it up and I will take the risk.' This was reluctantly agreed upon, and that beautiful Sabbath morning, the blue flag of the Christian sailor went to the main peak. When this was seen in the harbor, within half an hour a score of boats from vessels of various nations came alongside to remonstrate on account of the danger incurred, and the trouble that might grow out of violating the regulations of the port by flying that flag. But the mate persisted that the responsibility was his, and he was ready to defend it and wo to the man that should haul it down. There it flew all day, and they held open meetings in the name of Christ. The next Sabbath a good many Bethel flags were floating over the shipping which was in the port.

Sailors' Home, New York,
190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

NOVEMBER, 1882.

Total arrivals.....	133
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,683
of which \$580 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$130 placed in Savings Bank, and \$1,083 was returned to depositors.	

Planets for January, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star during the whole of this month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 10th at 6h. 36m., being 6° 59' south; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 18th when it sets at 6h. 27m., and south of west 16° 26', is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 22nd at 2 o'clock, being 18° 32' east of the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Capricornus on the evening of the 27th at 8 o'clock.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 44m., and south of east 22° 49'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 6th at 2h. 49m., being 3° 5' north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 9th; is in conjunction with Ophuchi at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, being 2° 21' north.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 7h. 9m., and south of east 82° 30'; in conjunction with the Moon on the 8th at 30m. before noon, being 4° 49' south.

JUPITER on the evening of the 1st is due south at 10h. 54m., being 23° 1' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 19th at 11h. 29m., being 23° 35' north.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 8h. 26m., being 15° 27' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 17th at 1h. 49m., being 2° 7' south; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 20th.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, November,
1882.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 17, of which 6 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 2 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 1 is missing. The list comprises 1 ship, 6 barks, 2 brigs and 8 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were

wrecked, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, *m* missing, and *s* c sunk by collision.

SHIP.

Rochester, *a*. from Liverpool for Philadelphia.

BARKS.

Tres de Mayo, *f*. from New York for Bilboa.
Sadie, *a*. from Pedro Keys for Norfolk.
Caterina V., *w*. from East London for Pensacola.
Dronningen, *w*. from Glasgow for New York.
Garonne, *m*. from San Francisco for Queens-town.
Walker Armington, Jr., *a*. from Boston for Port Spain.

BRIGS.

Cascatelle, *f*. from Baltimore for Portland, Me.
S. V. Merrick, *w*. from Calbarien for Philadelphia.

SCHOONERS.

Mary J. Adams, *w*. from Becksville, S. C., for Bath.
Martha & Harriet, *w*. from Sydney, C. B., for Gardiner, Me.
Brooklyn, *s. c*. from Baltimore for Cambridge, Me.
Mattie B. Rulon, *a*. from Charleston for New York.
Charles Carroll, *f*. from Connecticut River for New York.
Newport, *w*. from New York for Windsor, N. S.
W. L. White, *s. c*. from Alexandria for Providence.
Jennie A. Shepherd, *f*. from Baltimore for Long Cay.

Receipts for November, 1882.

MAINE.

Bangor. Central Church..... \$ 15 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Haverhill, Cong. church..... 5 00
Henniker..... 5 17
Hillsboro, Centre church..... 5 00
Hillsboro Bridge, Cong. church..... 2 00
Hinsdale, Cong. church..... 8 16
Ipswich, Children's Fair..... 4 00
Lancaster, Cong. ch. in full for lib'y..... 12 12
Pelham, Cong. church..... 27 13

VERMONT.

East Clarendon..... 7 40
St. Albans, M. E. church..... 7 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boxboro, Cong. church..... 3 00
Clinton, C. L. Swan, for library..... 20 00
Fitchburg, Rollstone church, of wh. \$30 for library..... 25 20
Calvinistic Cong. church and Soc'y..... 23 78
Franklin, Cong. church..... 17 00
Leominster, Cong. church..... 42 00
Marblehead, 1st Cong. church..... 30 00
Nat ck, Cong. church..... 8 00
Newbury, Cong. church..... 13 83
Newburyport, Newburyport Bethel Society to const. Miss Fanny G. Bray a life member..... 30 00
North Leominster, Cong. church..... 2 00
Oxford, Cong. church..... 10 00
Sandwich, Cong. church, of wh. \$30 for library..... 21 47
Somerset, Rev. J. C. Halliday..... 5 00
South Abington..... 6 50
South Framingham, Cong. church..... 60 00
Stoneham, Cong. ch. S. S. for library..... 20 00
Taunton, Winslow church..... 15 00
Tewksbury, Cong. church, for library..... 30 00

Westboro, Evang. church..... \$38 48
Weymouth, received bequest of John S. Cobb, deceased, late of Weymouth, Mass., per Abigail S. Cobb, executrix..... 3,000 00

CONNECTICUT.

Glenville, Mrs. Amy Downs..... 50
Guilford, Edwin A. Leete, for library in name of Mrs. Mary A. Leete..... 20 00
New Haven, 1st church..... 53 13
Mrs. Frances P. Gilbert, for lib's..... 40 50
New Milford, Ladies' Mite Society..... 10 00
Stonington, A. W. Stanton, for the "Stiles Stanton Library"..... 20 00
Stratford, Cong. church..... 23 00
Trumbull, Cong. church and Society..... 21 00
Wilton, Rev. Sam'l J. M. Merwin, for library..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, First Ref. church..... 40 80
First Place M. E. church, balance to const. Rev. John E. Cookman a life member..... 5 00
Wm. H. Allen..... 2 00
Cortland, Pres. church..... 25 92
New York City, bequest of Francis P. Schoals, deceased, of New York, through Fred. Baker, Peter Cumming and Horace F. Hutchinson, executors..... 10,000 00
Robert Carter & Bros., books for library purposes, valued at..... 50 00
Frederick Sturges, of which \$30 for a library in name of Frederick Sturges, Jr..... 50 00
W. W. Peck, of wh. \$30 for a library in memory of Mrs. Mary F. Peck, and \$80 to const. Miss Grace Peck a life member..... 50 00
Horace Gray..... 50 00
Wm. Rockefeller..... 50 00
H. T. M..... 50 00
Harding, Colby & Co..... 25 00
J. Evarts Tracy..... 25 00
Cash..... 25 00
Miss C. A. Hedges..... 20 00
Mrs. Ann Aitken, for a loan library in memory of John Aitken, her deceased husband..... 20 00
Jno. E. Parsons..... 20 00
Joseph H. Choate..... 15 00
W. N. Blakeman, M. D..... 10 00
B. W. Merriam..... 10 00
W. F. Lee..... 10 00
J. T. Denny..... 10 00
A. P. Man..... 10 00
M. J. M..... 10 00
Capt. Herbert H. Brown, ship *Adolphus*, for library work..... 10 00
Mrs. S. V. Hoffman..... 5 00
Irving R. Fisher..... 5 00
Henry M. Taber..... 5 00
H. S. Ely..... 5 00
Wm. C. Martin..... 5 00
Joseph Baxter, sch. *Hattie Baker*..... 1 00
Poughkeepsie, First Ref. church..... 71 63

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Clinton Ave. Ref. church S. S., balance for library..... 10 00

NOVA SCOTIA.

Wolfville, Mary E. Graves, to const. James Leland Coburn a life member..... 30 00

\$14,448 72

Capt. ROBERT C. ADAMS, of Montreal, Canada, by a donation of \$30 in June, 1869, was constituted a life member. His name is entered as such on our register.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From Harper's Young People.

Coral Reefs.

BY SARAH COOPER.

The attention of seamen and navigators has long been attracted by the number of circular islands in the warm parts of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Generally each one of these circular islands contains a lake of quiet water extending almost to its outer shores, so that the island looks like a fairy ring of land floating in the ocean, and adorned with tropical trees and plants.

Happily for the boys and girls of the present day, this subject, with other equally fascinating branches of science, has now been studied by naturalists, who give us the rich results of their labors. It seems scarcely possible that the dainty beautiful corals which we examined not long ago, in *Young People*, can have anything to do with the making of islands, but so it is. Coral reefs are vast masses of coral which have grown in warm oceans. Their formation must have been slow, yet they sometimes extend hundreds of miles. Florida and many other parts of our solid continents are known to have been formed from coral reefs.

Let us now try to picture to ourselves the beginning of one of these reefs, and

by following its growth, step by step, we may at least understand how it has been formed. There are hills and valleys on the bottom of the ocean as well as on the land. We will fancy that some young coral polyps which have been swimming about in the sea settle on the sides of one of these hills, and begin to grow and spread all around it. They will increase also by the deposit of eggs until they form a circular wall.

As the coral wall grows, the lower polyps and the inner ones die, their skeletons forming a solid foundation for all that grow above them. There may be only about an inch of living coral on the outside of the reef,

These walls rise nearly straight, and you will see that in doing so they inclose a circular basin of quiet water, and now you can understand why it is that a coral island mostly has a lake in the centre. The lakes are called lagoons.

The bottom of the wall is formed of brain-coral and other solid kinds which live only in deep water, and they die when a certain height is reached. The formation of the new island does not stop with

their death, however. The wall having now reached the proper height to suit branching corals, which require shallower water, their young polyps will settle upon it, and finish the structure. We might suppose a reef formed of branching corals would be open and unsubstantial, but in their growth the branches are thickly interlaced. The spaces between them become filled with substances floating in the ocean, and with pieces of coral which are broken from the reef by the fierce dashing of the waves. The whole forms a solid mass, stronger, perhaps, than any stone masonry. The fragments of coral suffer no serious injury by breaking, but if lodged in some favorable spot they continue to grow.

The outer edge of the wall is steep and abrupt. Soundings taken just outside show very deep water. In this portion of the wall the corals live and thrive, always supplied with clear water. The breakers dash against it with such fury that apparently the hardest rock must in time yield to the tremendous force of the waves. But, strange as it may appear, the soft jelly-like bodies of the polyps give to the reef the power of resisting the billows. The inner surface of the wall slopes gently to the land, and being washed by quiet waters often containing sand and mud, it is not favorable to the growth of polyps. Still, there are certain kinds of coral which thrive within the lagoons; some of them are exceedingly brilliant and beautiful.

The coral polyps die before they reach the surface of the ocean, as no corals can live out of water. The remainder of the island is built up by shells, pieces of broken coral, sea-weed, and other floating materials which are washed upon it, raising the wall higher and higher. The never-ceasing action of the waves grinds up these shells and broken coral, until at last they form a soil of sand and mud which is now ready to receive any seeds that may float on the water or be brought by the winds and the birds. The seeds

take root in the new soil, and young plants begin to appear on the glistening white surface. Floating cocoanuts often lodge on the shores, and cocoa-nut-trees are among the first to grow upon them. As the plants drop their leaves and decay, the soil is enriched little by little, and fitted for the home of various animals and birds, which in some mysterious manner find their way to these lonely spots far out at sea. In time our coral reef may become a beautiful tropical island fringed with waving trees and plants, and inhabited by man.

Circular islands seldom form complete rings. There is generally an opening into the lake on the side most sheltered from the wind. A safe harbor in mid-ocean is thus made, in which vessels may take shelter, but it requires an expert navigator to pass the perils at its entrance. To anchor on the outer shore would be impossible. If a lake is entirely enclosed by the coral wall, it may in time be changed to fresh water, by the rains that fall into it.

Coral reefs often extend to a depth of three hundred feet below the surface of the ocean, and formerly persons were puzzled to know how they could have grown in such deep water, as no coral polyps can live at a greater depth than twenty or thirty fathoms. This puzzling question was settled by the late Charles Darwin, who first showed that coral islands occur where there has been a gradual sinking of the bottom of the ocean. As the reef rises in height, the sinking of the foundation partly counteracts the upward growth of the coral; consequently the proper depth of water is secured, and the reef appears to be stationary, whereas it is really growing upward.

Whenever a coral reef rises above the surface of the ocean, we may know that the coral, which grew under water, has been lifted above the level of the sea by a rising of the ocean-bed.

These circular reefs are called "atolls." They are quite different from the "fring-

ing reefs," which extend along the shores of continents and islands. There are usually openings or breaks in fringing reefs directly opposite the mouths of rivers and fresh-water streams, as the corals can not endure currents which carry mud or sediment. Perhaps the grandest reef to be found in any part of the world is the one extending along the northeast coast of Australia. It is nearly one thousand miles in length, and proves to us that the helpless coral polyps have played no trifling part in the formation of our earth. All they have accomplished has been done merely by their living and growing.

Something Good in this World After All.

A boy ten years old was pulling a heavy car loaded with pieces of boards. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were bruised and sore; his clothes in rags; his face pinched and looking years older than it should. What must be the thoughts of such a child as he looks out upon the world and sees the fine houses, the rich dresses, the rolling carriages, the happy faces of those who have never known what it is to be poor. Does it harden the heart and make it wicked? Or does it bring a feeling of loneliness and wretchedness,—a wondering if the rich man's heaven is not so far off from the poor man's heaven that he will never catch sight of their pinched faces?

The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was sound asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled to the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A laboring man, a queer old man, with a

wood saw on his arm, crossed the street to rest beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, was poor. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tip-toed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat, the dinner he was to eat if he found work, and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but hastening out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women, and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human heart is ever kind and generous; but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from the steps and left a half dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman walked down, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes and a boy brought a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece.

Something curious had happened! The charity of a poor old man had unlocked the hearts of a score of people. Then something strange occurred. The pinched face suddenly awoke, and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread,—the money,—the score of people waiting around to see what he should do. He knew that he had slept, and he had realized that all these things had come to him as he had dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and sobbed like a grieved child. They had read him a sermon greater than all the sermons of the churches. They had set his heart to swelling and jumping until it choked him. Poor, ragged, and wretched, and feeling that he was no more to the world than a stick or a stone,—he had awakened to find that the world regarded him as a human being worthy of aid and entitled to pity.

The Three Answers.

Beautiful, indeed, was the lesson which a little Sabbath-school class had been reciting,—all about the Savior's kingdom. "Boys," said the lady, looking seriously upon the little boys, "what will you do to help on the Savior's kingdom? What will you do, James?"

"I will give my half-pence to the missionaries, and they shall preach about it to the heathen," answered James, with great earnestness.

"And what will you do, George?"

George looked up and said, "I will pray for it."

"And what will you do, John?" said the teacher, addressing the youngest in her class.

He cast down his eyes and softly said, "I will give my heart to it." The teacher blessed the little boy, and breathed a silent prayer that Jesus might take the offering.

These three answers comprehend all we can do for Jesus.

Settling It.

A venerable minister, with compassionate earnestness, once preached a sermon upon eternal punishment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw him into discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying,—"I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it."

"Ah!" said the good man, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "you say that the woe of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will."

"Oh, if that is all," he answered, "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew xxv, 26th, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him."

Look Up!

A little boy went to sea with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him,—“Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast.” The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was he began to be frightened, and called out:—

“O, father, I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall—I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?”

“Look up! look up! my boy!” said his father. “If you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely.”

The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the bottom with ease.

Learn from this little story to look more to Jesus, and less to yourselves.

OH LITTLE TOWN of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The Everlasting Light!
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.
For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love;
O morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

Phillips Brooks.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1882.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

During September 1882, twenty new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,599-7,610, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 7,891, 7,892, 7,893, 7,894, 7,895, 7,896, 7,897, and 7,800, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7591..	Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass.....	8 mast schr. L. H. Wad-		
		dington.....	Philadelphia.....	8
7592..	" " Central Falls, R. I.....	Ship Sullote.....	Australia.....	20
7593..	" " Rockland, Mass.....	Bark Schonekana.....	Singapore, E. I....	10
7594..	" " Central Falls, R. I.....	Brig McDermott.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7595..	Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass..	Bark Robert Porter....	Australia.....	14
7596..	Cong. church, Winchester, Mass.....	" Arletta.....	Africa.....	10
7597..	" " " ".....	" Sarah.....	Fayal.....	11
7599..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Ship William.....	Bordeaux.....	18
7600..	Miss'y Society, Church of Strangers, New York City.....	" A. J. Fuller.....	San Francisco	20
7601..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Brig Motley.....	Dunedin, N. Z.....	10
7602..	Mrs. C. R. Gregory, Beverly, N. J., for the Gregory Memorial Library.....	Ship Mary Whitridge....	Hong Kong.....	18
7603..	S. S. Cong. ch., Stockbridge, Mass.....	" Teernogora.....	Japan.....	20
7604..	S. S. Beneficent Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.....	" Florence.....	San Francisco.....	25
7605..	S. S. Clinton Ave. Ref. church, Newark, N. J.....	St'r City of Augusta....	Savannah.....	56
7606..	F. Sturges, Jr., New York City.....	Brig Irene.....	Auckland, N. Z....	10
7607..	W. W. Peck, New York City.....	Bark Batavia.....	Adelaide, Australia	14
7608..	Mrs. Ann Aitken, New York City, for John Aitken Memorial Library.....	" Albert Russell.....	Melbourne.....	15
7609..	A. W. Stanton, Stonington, Conn.....	" Frederick P. Litch- field.....	Sydney, N. S. W....	23

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7610.	Edwin A. Leete, Guilford, Conn.....	Bark William Mudge....	Valparaiso, S. A. ...	14
7800.	David Whitcomb, Worcester, Mass.....	Ship Neil White.....	Australia.....	10

Assignments were made during the month, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7569..Passengers on steamer <i>City of Rome</i> , from Liverpool to New York, per E. D. Miritte, Jr., Hyde Park, Mass.....	Bark Richard Parsons... Bombay.....	25
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OCTOBER, 1882.

During October, 1882, twenty-three new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,611-7,627, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 7,898, 7,399, 7,801, 7,802, 7,803, and 7,806 at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, in part, as follows:—

7398..David Whitcomb, Worcester, Mass.....	Bark Sunbeam.....	Pacific Ocean.....	30
7399.. " " " ".....	" Bertha.....	Whaling.....	24
7611..Rev. S. J. M. Merwin, Fairfield, Conn..	Ship Lucille.....	San Francisco.....	28
7612..Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn..	" Isaac Reed.....	Japan.....	25
7631..Cong. ch. S. S., Marlboro, Mass.....	" Independence....	Valparaiso, S. A...	9
7632..Joshua Hale, Newburyport, Mass.....	Schr. Jennie Lockwood..	Savannah.....	9
7693..Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass.....	" Merriam.....	Fishing.....	15
7803..S. S., Globe Village, Mass.....	Bark Clara McGilvrey..	Cape of Good Hope	15

Assignments were made during the month, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7590..First Cong. church, Meriden Conn.....	Bark Isaac Hall.....	Cape Town.....	12
7591..S. S. 1st Bap. ch., New London, Conn..	Ship Eureka.....	San Francisco.....	28
7592..Mrs. H. T. Curtis, Fairfield, Conn., for library for Marion Phelps.....	" W. R. Grace.....	San Francisco.....	30
7593..S. S. 1st Cong. church, Fairfield, Conn.	St'r Corsair.....	Coastwise.....	23
7594..O. B. Jennings, Fairfield, Conn., for O. G. Jennings.....	Ship Young America....	Portland, Oregon..	34
7595..Mrs. Mary S. Cook, Lenox, Mass., in memoriam Rev. A. M. Cowan.....	Ship Samar.....	Sydney.....	27
7596..S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Waterbury, Conn..	" Twilight.....	Melbourne.....	23
7597.. " " " " " " " " " " " "	" Snow and Burgess.	San Francisco. . .	30
7598..C. E. Pierson, New York City.....	" Samuel Scofield....	Calcutta.....	22

NOVEMBER, 1882.

During November, 1882, fourteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,028, 7,629, 7,630, 7,631, 7,632, 7,638, 7,639, and 7,640, at New York; with Nos. 7,804, 7,805, and Nos. 7,807-7,810, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, in part, as follows:—

7631....S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Pres. ch., West-				
chester, N. Y.....	Ship Grandee.....	Melbourne.....	20	
7632..Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn..	Seamen's Bethel, New			
	Haven, Conn.	—	—	—

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7804..	Cong. church, Sandwich, Mass.....	Schr. Henry A. Lippitt..	New Orleans.....	12
7805..	Cong. church, Tewksbury, Mass.....	Brig Essie.....	W. Indies.....	10
7807..	S. S. Cong. ch., Stoneham, Mass.....	Bark Falcon.....	Whaling.....	83
7808..	C. S. Swan, Clinton, Mass.....	Yacht Peerless.....	Coasting.....	7
7809..	Cong. ch., Lancaster, N. H.....	Bark Wild Rover.....	Cape of Good Hope	10
7810..	Rollstone Cong. ch., Fitchburg, Mass..	3 mast schr. H. Harding.	Coasting.....	9

During November, 1893, thirty-four loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 3,530,	No. 4,984,	No. 5,233,	No. 5,867,	No. 6,138,	No. 6,541,	No. 7,008,	No. 7,275,	No. 7,459,
" 3,863,	" 5,150,	" 5,227,	" 5,900,	" 6,360,	" 6,637,	" 7,099,	" 7,317,	" 7,494.
" 4,362,	" 5,183,	" 5,332,	" 6,051,	" 6,395,	" 6,875,	" 7,149,	" 7,367,	
" 4,672,	" 5,200,	" 5,432,	" 6,077,	" 6,475,	" 6,927,	" 7,153,	" 7,405,	

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Sept., 1882—20</i>			<i>Libraries Reshipped in Sept., 1882—38</i>		
"	"	Oct., " —23	"	"	Oct., " —35
"	"	Nov., " —14	"	"	Nov., " —34
57			107		

"RETURNED with many thanks to the donor," said Capt. C. REYNOLDS, master of the bark *Hovding*, dating at New York, July 13th, 1882, as he sent back to our Rooms Loan Library No. 5,863, contributed by W. LIBBEY, Jr., New York. "May the blessing of the Giver of all gifts, our Savior, rest upon the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and upon all its members for their untiring interest in seamen! Surely we labor under many great disadvantages,—therefore it is a noble Christian duty to be engaged in every possible way to promote the moral and religious instruction of our poor hard tolling sailors. I hardly know any other class of men that more need our sympathy."

"WE HAVE derived much pleasure," says R. DRIGGS, writing from the Training Ship *St. Marys* at New London, Conn., in the summer of 1883, "from the perusal of the interesting and instructive volumes you have been so kind as to lend us. Let me state in behalf of the boys that they have read them with great interest, and that they appreciate your great kindness in loaning them, and further that they think they owe a debt of gratitude to you.

"We have services every Sunday, at which the ship's company attend, the hymns being selected by the boys. We sing four or five every Sunday. Mr. PATTERSON, to whose care you con-signed the books, has been instrumental in doing a great deal of good. He has officiated at religious services every Sunday, and, of course, we are under obligations to him for his kindness, but what we should have done without your books I cannot tell."

LOAN LIBRARY No. 7,317, given by Lieut. KEENE, of Chelsea, Mass., went to sea from Boston on the ship *Sea Witch*, twenty-five men, Capt. JOHN H. DREW, bound for China, in November, 1891. The captain, under date of June 22nd, 1892, at Hogo, Japan, writes Lieut. KEENE as follows:—

"I did not know when you said to me in Boston that you would like to put a few books on board my vessel that you intended to donate one of the *Seamen's Libraries*, and when I had time to examine the one placed at our disposal, I was still ignorant of the fact that you were the donor. It is a good thing. It is the best Library we have ever had. The books have been read by all the crew and have given us great pleasure. One book, 'Tom Brown's School-Boy Days,' was particularly interesting to me. I took out the first Library ever issued by the Society, and have had one ever since."

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition; as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-four years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 55,

FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 2.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

The allusion to the song commemorating the victory of Com. Perry, in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, December, 1882, has awakened a desire for the publication of the entire production. A note to the Editor of the *Farmer's Cabinet*, Amherst, N. H., secured a good copy, and a line in the *Notes and Queries* of the *New York Observer* brought to light a copy from the *Fredonia Censor*, of Oct. 29th, 1879. The authorship of the song is attributed to SAMUEL TAGGART, late of Bellefonte, Pa.

A correspondent says there were two songs, the first beginning, "The tenth of September let us all remember," the other, written long after, began,—"Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story."

A third copy was sent by a friend of Uniontown, Pa., who exclaims,—"A battle which has not its equal in the history of all recorded time! It was the Gettysburg of the war of 1812." L. P. H.

Editors Censor:—After a long search among musty papers and many fruitless inquiries for the old song "Perry's Victory," a kind friend in Northern Illinois has sent me a copy which I hand you for publication.—Many years since, when the brilliant achievement which it commemorates, was fresh in the recollection of all, it was popular as a household entertainment, and was sung at many firesides and social gatherings with great acceptance, as well in the vicinity of the conflict as elsewhere throughout the country.

Although it has not the polish or terseness of Bryant or Whittier, it has a notable vigor and directness of expression, which will commend it to more modern readers. Perhaps there is no better way of preserving it from the oblivion, to which it seems tending, than its insertion in your columns. E. F. W.

Fredonia, N. Y. October 25th, 1879.



Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
 Who fought with brave Perry, where cannons did roar,
 Your valor has gained you an immortal glory,
 A fame that will last until time is no more.
 Columbian tars, the true sons of Mars,
 Who rake fore and aft when they fight on the deep,
 On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
 Have caused many Britons to take their last sleep.

On the tenth of September, let us all remember,
 So long as the globe on its axis rolls round,
 Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen
 To make the red flag of proud Britain come down.
 The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
 Commanded by Perry, the *Laurence* bore down,
 The guns they did roar with such terrific power,
 The savages trembled at the dreadful sound.

The *Laurence* sustained a most dreadful fire,
 She fought three to one for two glasses or more,
 While Perry undaunted, did firmly stand by her
 And on his proud foe heavy broadsides did pour.
 Her masts being shattered, her rigging all tattered,
 Her booms, spars and yards being all shot away,
 And but few left on deck, to manage the wreck,
 Our hero on board her no longer could stay.

In this situation, the pride of our nation,
 Sure Heaven had guarded unhurt all the while,
 While many a hero maintaining his station,
 Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile.
 But mark ye and wonder, while elements thunder,
 And death and destruction were striking all round,
 His flag he did carry on board the *Niagara*,
 Such valor on record was never yet found.

There's one gallant act of our noble commander,
 While writing my song I will notice with pride:
 While launched in a smack, that carried his standard,
 A ball whistled through her, just close by his side,
 Says Perry, "Those villains intend for to drown us,
 But push on my brave boys, you need never fear,"
 And then with his coat he soon plugged up his boat,
 And through sulphur and fire away he did steer.

The famous *Niagara*, now proud of her Perry,
 Displayed all her banners in gallant array;
 Twenty fine guns on her deck she did carry,
 Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.
 The rear of our fleet was brought up complete;
 The signal was given to break through the line,
 From starboard to larboard, and from every quarter,
 The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British lion roared out his last thunder,
 When Perry attacked him close in the rear;
 The Columbian eagle soon made him crouch under,
 And roar out for quarter, which soon you shall hear.
 Oh, had you been there, I vow and declare,
 You'd have seen such a sight as you ne'er saw before,
 Six red bloody flags that no longer could wag,
 Were laid at the feet of our brave Commodore.

Brave Elliot, whose valor must now be recorded,
 On board the *Niagara* had well played his part,
 His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
 Will place him the second on lake Erie's chart.
 In the midst of the battle, when guns they did rattle,
 The *Lawrence* a wreck and her men most all slain.
 Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
 And by this grand manœuver the victory was gained.

Oh, had you but seen these two noble commanders
 Embracing each man when the conflict was o'er,
 And viewing with pride those invincible standards,
 That never had yielded to any before!
 Says Perry, "brave Elliot, come give me your hand, sir,
 This day you have gained immortal renown,
 So long as Lake Erie Columbians command her,
 Let Captain Elliot with laurels be crowned."

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
 Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all her whole crew;
 But Rome in her glory ne'er told such a story,
 Nor boasted such feats as Columbians can do.
 The whole British fleet was captured complete,
 Not one single vessel from us got away,
 And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wondered,
 To see them all anchored and moored in our bay.

May Heaven still smile on the shades of those heroes,
 Who fought in this conflict their country to save,
 Who checked the proud spirit of those British tyrants,
 Who sought to divide us and make us all slaves!
 Columbians will sing, and make the woods ring,
 And toast those brave heroes by sea and by land,
 While Britons drink sherry, Columbians drink Perry,
 And toss it about with a full glass in hand.

SEEING JESUS.

BY DR. THEODORE CUYLER.

The great aim of the Gospel is to make men *see Jesus*. It contains a system of salvation; but it is not the system that saves. Ninety-nine hundredths of our congregations believe the chief propositions of Christianity as much as they believe that two and two make four, or that Washington was the first President of the United States. But that faith works no heart-change, delivers no one from the power of sin, and secures no hope of heaven. The only saving faith is that which sees Jesus, and accepts Jesus, and joins the soul to Jesus. It joins person to Person, the branch to the Vine, the sinner to the Savior.

Christ Himself never prepared a formula of truth, and made the acceptance of that formula the one condition of salvation. His constant loving call was "Come unto Me," his emphatic declaration was, "He that believeth on ME hath everlasting life." When he presented the vital truth of the Atonement, it was by presenting Himself as the Atoner. "The Son of man must be lifted up;" and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

What a monstrous mistake it is to present the most orthodox system of theology in such a way as to draw attention to it alone, and project it before the cross of the

crucified Lamb of God! Paul was scrupulously careful never to play the theologian at the expense of the Christ-preacher. He determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Wherever he stood,—whether before scowling Pharisees, or witty Athenians, or Roman proconsuls, or poor cripples at Lystra, or conscience-stricken sinners in a Macedonian dungeon,—he just aimed to make them see no one but Jesus only. His own conversion had been produced by a revelation of Christ to him. About all he tells us of that conversion was that he “saw the Lord in the way,” and the Christ thus manifested to him had made a new man of him. So careful is he that everybody shall understand just what his religion means, that he emphatically says, “I live; yet *not I, but Christ* liveth in me.”

Is not one cause of the comparative failure of some pulpits to be found in this fact, that they do not converge all their shafts of light upon one local point, and that point the atoning, living, loving, Savior? People gather into church on Sunday,—weak, weary, tempted, hungry, and conscience-smitten. Having made a sad failure in their own attempts, they want some model to teach them how to live. Feeling the sharp prick of sin through their own consciences, they want some one to forgive their evil-doing and to deliver them from the power of besetting sins. Some come to church with aching hearts, and long for a Comforter. Others are under conviction, and all the Articles of Westminster Confessions and Apostolic Creeds cannot bring them relief. They want to be saved, and *Somebody* must do it. From the depths of their souls

the cry is, “We would see Jesus.” Oh, beloved brethren, is it not the single purpose of our ministry, first, last, and all the time, to be just holding up Jesus the Sin-bearer, Jesus the Life-giver, Jesus the Consoler, Jesus the Soul-saver, and to be ever crying to our people, “Behold the Lamb of God!” If we fail in making our congregations see Jesus, then is the most eloquent preaching a pious sham.

In dealing with anxious inquirers, we have no such leverage as we get from the example of the Holy Redeemer and from the cross of the dying Redeemer. Sin is never so hateful as when seen in the light of Christ. No lightnings blast sin like the view of the Son of God dying for human guilt. And when the soul cries out for deliverance from this exceeding sinfulness, we have nothing to do but to fix the eye and thought and prayer and trust of the inquirer upon Him who says, “Look unto *Me*, and be ye saved.” The most illiterate hod-carrier, the poorest child in a mission-school, can be made to understand what it is to love and obey such a person as Jesus Christ.

There is another cause for the small number of conversions in every community. It is that men of the world *see so little of Jesus* in the daily lives of some Christian professors. The Master demands that every one of his followers be “a witness” for him. Well has it been said that “the Christian is the world’s Bible.” There is no argument for Christ’s religion equal to a pure, noble, godly life which is born of his Spirit. Nothing so repels, disgusts, and hardens the unconverted, as daily contact with those who profess Christianity only to make it odious. —*Independent.*

A SAILOR'S CONVERSION ON THE ATLANTIC.

One Sunday morning, in the summer of 1870, I was engaged, says a faithful sailor missionary, as usual, visiting ships, and conversing with the men on the subject of religion. Suddenly, to my agreeable surprise, a young man stepped ashore from a Scotch vessel, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, said he was glad to meet any one engaged in the Lord's work. After a little preliminary conversation, he related the story of his conversion as follows:—

"I was formerly a very dissipated young man, but about three years and a half ago the Lord changed my heart. I came home from the East Indies to my parents, residing in the outskirts of London. I sinned in a more reckless manner than I had been accustomed to do. My money was soon squandered, and I shipped again for South America.

"Before leaving home, a lady called one day, and left a parcel of 'Good Words,' enclosing between the leaves, a number of small tracts. The parcel was placed in my chest, and in due time went to sea with me. We had rough weather in the English Channel, but eventually we cleared it, and were fairly embarked on our voyage.

"Before clearing the Channel, I was surprised to see that the Boatswain seemed to spend all his leisure time reading the Bible. Whenever I saw him disengaged, he was reading the 'word of God;' so I thought there must be something singular in the Bible to engage a man's attention so fully, and I resolved to read it myself. Doubtless, the Spirit of God directed me what to read, and applied it

to my heart, for I was soon deeply convinced of my sinful state, and earnestly besought the Lord to have mercy upon me. I continued in a most wretched state of mind for several days, continually praying God to pardon my sins, seeking peace, and finding none. Those were dark days, but presently light came.

"One morning I took a number of 'Good Words' from my chest, and, turning over the leaves, I found a small tract entitled 'WHAT IS YOUR DUTY?' It related the visit of a gentleman to a sick soldier, who said that he was praying to God for the pardon of his sins, and striving to 'do his duty.' The visitor replied, 'Now suppose your wife were to offer you a cup of tea, what would be your duty?'

"'To take it from her, surely.'

"'Do you think that God is offering you anything?'

"'Yes; He is offering pardon to all through Jesus Christ.'

"'What is your duty then?'

"'Ah, sir, I ought to accept it,' he replied.

"'But now, suppose farther, that instead of taking the cup of tea your wife offered you, you continued asking for it, might she not say, How blind you are! Do you not see that I am offering it to you? And has not God much more need to charge you with blindness? You ask Him for what he offers, yet you will not take it. Your duty is to take the pardon which God offers you, through Christ.'

"No sooner did I read this, than I saw my own position. I had been asking many days for pardon, and I now saw that all I

had to do was to trust in Christ for it, and it was mine. I at once fell on my knees, and accepted, by faith, the proffered gift. I received the forgiveness I was asking for; I felt in my heart that I was an accepted child of God, and loudly praised Him for His mercy."

"And, sir," he said, with an expression of countenance I shall never forget, "from that time to the present I have had the assurance of God's pardoning love, and have sought to make known the Savior I have found so precious."

If the eye of some distressed one should fall upon these lines, be assured that there is no Savior but Jesus, and that the only way to obtain the pardon of sin, and the title and fitness for heaven which you so much desire, is to trust in him as *your* Savior. The blessings of salvation have been purchased by Christ; they are offered to you *freely* in the Gospel. The only question is, Do you feel you need them, and will you have them? Believe, then, the Gospel, which declares that, trusting in Jesus, you are saved. Lay hold of Christ; rely upon him; cling to him; trust in him; and pardon, and holiness, and heaven, are yours.

Christian reader, in whatever department of Christian work you may be engaged, you may find encouragement, in this narrative, to "sow beside all waters." The lady who placed the tract between the leaves of the periodical, knew not at the time that she was preparing for the enlightenment, the comfort, the salvation of a soul in distress.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

A Sailor Christian.

I listened, not long ago, to a very touching story from one who has long been a laborer in his Master's vineyard. His parish was in one of the old New England seaport towns, so that among his parishioners were many seafaring folks and their families.

"I must tell you something about an old man whose simple heart taught me many a lesson of patience and devotion and brotherly love. He was instant in season and out of season in his efforts to turn many souls to righteousness, and his earnest pleading with old shipmates was worth a score of sermons.

"At last Sailor Joe was sick unto death,—a general breaking up of an iron constitution, which had been buffeted by many stormy winds and tempests. One morning early he sent for me to come to see him, and when I entered his cabin-like room, he grasped my hand firmly in his own, and said, 'Help me! oh, help me, sir, if you can! I cannot pray. I have tried hard, but neither the right words nor the right prayer will come. I feel as if, like my dear Lord on the cross, I must exclaim, "My God, my God, *why* hast thou forsaken me?" And will He let me die without His presence?"

"I saw that he was much excited through great weakness, so I thought best to say but little to him; and, holding his hand in mine. I said, 'Can you say the Lord's Prayer, Sailor Joe,— "Our Father who art in heaven"?"

"Our Father? Oh, yes, sir," he answered, 'I learned that at my mother's knee. I know that; mother taught it to me most eighty years ago.'

"Then let us say it together,'

I said. So I kneeled down beside his bed and prayed that great prayer slowly and earnestly, and the old man joined in every petition with his feeble voice, as if he felt every word that was uttered.

"That is a prayer. That is *the prayer for me*. How much better than any of my own words! Yes, I know that; my mother taught me that,—my mother!" and the dying man raised himself partly in his bed, and said, "Oh, thank you, sir, thank you. I can pray that; I am all right now."

"The next morning I went to see him again, and I saw that his life was drawing near its close.

"I have prayed 'Our Father' a great many times since you left me, sir," he said. "It has all that I need in it. Oh, it has helped me so much; and 'Our Father'"

seems very near to me now. And my mother, she has been with me too through all the long night. She was a Christian mother. Please, sir, shall we not pray that prayer together once more?"

"So again I knelt beside the dying-bed, and began the solemn words of that ever new old prayer with him. His voice became weaker and more faint with each petition, and with the blessed words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,' he breathed his last. My sailor Christian had crossed the Jordan of death and entered into that sweet and blessed country, which mortal eye hath never seen,—nor mortal heart conceived of the glories which are there in store for those who love the Lord Jesus."—*American Messenger*.

A SAILOR WANDERER SAVED.

There was a Swede in Chicago, who could not speak a word of English, who brought an interpreter to our meeting with him. I don't know how he was ever converted; but he was; and how to set that man to work, I didn't know. I thought a while, and said, "I know what you can do, you can go to the corner of Madison street and give handbills to the people, inviting them to come to the hall." He was one of those men that had a happy face, worth an ordinary sermon to look at. He was all the time smiling. Every man that came along he gave a handbill to, inviting him to come to Farwell Hall. Some of the men would curse him. But blessings and curses were the same to him, for he did not know English. There he stood, smiling, through rain and shine. No storm stopped him.

Now, just see how God has blessed that Swede. One night a man came up and took a handbill, read it, and said to his companion. "Let's go in." They went in, and the Spirit of God met him, and he was converted. I have got his history now. Let me tell it to you. See how wonderful it was.

Away off in the mountains of Scotland, over twenty years ago, there was a drinking man who had one son and two daughters. He lost one situation after another on account of drink. Finally he said to his wife, "I will take Johnnie" (the only boy, seven years of age), "I will take Johnnie, and go to America, and get away from my old associates. Then I will send for you and the daughters."

The poor, foolish mother gave her consent. She thought change of circumstances, and the beginning of new ways would change

her husband. Well, he got to New York. When he first got there, he went into a saloon to get a drink, and then he became drunk; and that little boy was left on the streets of New York, and taken up by the police, and sent to one of the institutions out of town, and from there he was sent to Massachusetts, to the home of a farmer. He stayed there until he was eleven years old, and then he ran away to sea, and sailed around the globe. Finally, he came to Chicago, a poor, wretched wanderer. Then he was a sailor on our lakes. He happened to be walking up the street when this Swede handed him that bill. As I said before, he read it, went to the meeting, and was converted; and the first thing that came into his head after he was converted was:—"I wonder if my mother is alive? During all these nineteen years I have wandered over this world and never thought of my mother." Now the Lord had blessed him, his heart went out to his mother. He sat down and wrote to different places in Scotland, but he got no answer. One day he was reading the 84th Psalm, and he came to these words:—"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." He closed his Bible, got down on his knees, and said to God:—"I have been trying to walk uprightly, and Thou hast promised that no good thing wilt Thou withhold from them that walk uprightly, Thou knowest where she is, and I pray thee to tell me."

He arose, and the thought came to him to write to them in Massachusetts, his old home, and ask them if they had ever heard from his mother in Scotland. He did so, and he got a letter that had been waiting for him for seven

years. He sat down, and wrote to that mother. Oh, if you could have been in my office when that man came in! He was a lake captain. He showed me a letter. It was written by one of the daughters. The letter said, "For nineteen years mother has been praying for you." It was a long time; but now her prayers were answered; her cup of joy was full. And it wasn't long before he earned money enough to send to Scotland and bring that mother and two daughters to Chicago.

They got there on a Saturday night, and on the Sunday night of the great fire of Chicago, he was out on the lake. When Chicago was burning they were in Farwell Hall. They came and introduced themselves to me. When he came on shore he found them; and what a joyful meeting that was!

They are members of the same church that I am a member of. He comes in when he can, and prays God he may be blessed in winning souls. His whole crew have been converted through his means. O, thank God, these meetings are not a failure. If only that one man had been saved, what a glorious result!—*D. L. Moody.*

"I CANNOT do this," said a Christian merchant in reference to some business operations in which he was asked to take part—"I cannot do this. There is a man inside of me that wont let me do it. *He talks to me of nights* about it, and I have to do business in a different way!" O! those talks of nights about the business of the day, when "*the man inside*" has our ear and there is no escape from the judgment he pronounces! Thrice blessed is he who is able to hear it in peace.

From the London (Eng.) Christian.

“SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.”

A BIBLE STUDY BY S. E. S.

“*Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*”—Ps. cixvii.

KEEP YOURSELVES.—1 John v. 21 ; THE LORD IS THY KEEPER.—Ps. cxxi.
Jude 21. 5; Isa. xlii. 6.

Keep thy heart above all keeping.— The peace of God shall keep your heart.
Prov. iv. 23. —Phil. iv. 7.

Keep the doors of thy mouth,—Micah Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth,
vii. 5. keep the door of my lips.—Ps. cxli. 8.

Keep thy tongue from evil.—Ps. xxxiv.
13; Prov. v. 2.

Keep thy foot.—Eccl. v. 1.

The Lord shall keep thy foot.—Prov.
iii. 26.

He will keep the feet of his saints.—1
Sam. ii. 9.

Blessed is he that keepeth his hand
from doing any evil.—Isa. lii. 2.

I also withheld thee from sinning against
Me.—Gen. xx. 6.

Keep thy soul diligently.—Deut. iv. 9.

He that keepeth thy soul.—Prov. xxiv.
12.

Commit the keeping of their souls to
Him.—1 Pet. iv. 9.

If ye love Me, keep my commandments.
—John xiv. 5.

Give a perfect heart to keep thy com-
mandments.—1 Chron. xxix. 19.

Keep my way.—Prov. viii. 32; Judg.
ii. 22.

I have kept thee from the paths of the
destroyer.—Ps. xvii. 4.

I send an angel to keep thee in the way.
—Ex. xxiii. 20; Ps. xci. 11.

Oh that thou wouldst keep me from
evil.—1 Chron. iv. 10.

Holy Father, keep them from evil.—
John xvii. 5.

I have kept myself from iniquity.—
2 Sam. xxii. 4; Ps. xviii. 23.

The Lord hath kept me from evil.—
1 Sam. xv. 34, 39.

Keep me as the apple of the eye.—Ps.
xvii. 8.

He kept them as the apple of his eye.—
Deut. xxxii. 10.

Keep thyself pure.—1 Tim. v. 22.

Keep thyself unspotted.—James i. 27.

He that is begotten of God keepeth
himself.—1 John v. 18.

Mine own vineyard have I not kept.—
Cant. i. 6.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you
from falling, and to present you faultless
before the presence of his glory with ex-
ceeding joy, to the only wise God our
Savior be glory, and majesty, dominion
and power, both now and ever. Amen.
—Jude 24, 25.

ANOTHER HOUSETOP SAINT.

Not long since, by special invitation of Misses Jones and Brainard, who are employed by the Women's Home Mission Society to labor among the lowly colored people of Columbia, S. C., I accompanied them to visit old Aunt Sally at the poor-house.

As it was "visitor's day," the outside surroundings were passably clean. On entering, however, I was obliged to call to my aid every particle of will-power that I possessed in order to endure the sight of the complete wretchedness of the place. The walls were grimy with smoke and dirt. Not a vestige of comfort was to be seen. Two poor old women, one of them blind, sat crouching over a dying fire, while on a miserably dirty bed lay one of those saints of whom, it may soon be said, that they "shall wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"What a *neat* place heaven will be!" said one poor colored woman to us one day; and so, in that way, we thought of heaven, when we considered the blissful exchange for Aunt Sally. About ninety years old, perfectly blind and helpless, shrivelled and shrunken, her body tortured with intense pain, she had laid there for years, looking longingly "for the home just over the way."

Can there be such a thing as beauty amid such wretchedness? Yes, out of the depths of that helpless suffering and poverty, in the radiance of Aunt Sally's poor old black face shone the *beauty of the Lord*.

I went to see her with the dim idea that I might, perhaps, be able to afford her a little comfort in her affliction, but I soon found

from the heights in which she dwelt, that she had already appropriated all the comfort the Lord had to give to such as she, so that my poor attempts seemed quite out of place. I said, however, "I am very sorry to see you suffering so much, Aunt Sally, and wish that I could help you."

"Oh, la, Missus, don't you feel sorry. De Lord is mighty good to dis poor cretur."

"But you are helpless and blind, Aunt Sally."

"No, no, not *blind*. I sees Jesus. I don't want to see the way you sees."

"Not want to see with your eyes?" said I, quite surprised.

"No, Missus, for if de Lord wanted me to see, he'd not make me blind. De Lord has blessed me with a long bed of 'fiction."

"*Blessed* you with affliction?" I said.

"Yes, Missus, blessed me, or he would not give it to me. All he does is a blessing. De will of de Lord *must* be done. You're so good to me, but la, you can't help yourself; it's de Spirit ob de Lord. It works just like medicine, 'pears like to me it comes jes like a peach or an apple on a waiter."

"Are you not lonely?" feeling that I must say something.

"Oh no, not lonesome, Missus, I done got plenty o' company—plenty o' company at midnight. I'se no time to get lonesome."

"You live so near to the Lord, then, that the devil never comes to trouble you. Does he, aunty?"

"Oh, la now, he done tries to get in here every chance he can get. He's roun' dere now, a peek-in' in de do', but he can't come in here, where de Lord is."

"But you have lain on this bed

all these years, Aunt Sally; how can you stay so cheerfully?"

"Oh," said she, "I don't want to hear tell of years—if Jesus says 'stay,' I stay. When Jesus says 'come,' all de world can't stop me. I don't want to set de time; but he'll come, he'll come!"

Thus her simple faith in Christ took hold of everything. We could say nothing. *He* must say it *all*.

So Miss Brainard read about the "mansions;" then we sang the "Sweet By and By," and "We're going home to-morrow." As we finished, she lifted up her poor, crippled hands, while an almost ineffable smile lit up her thin, shrivelled face, as she exclaimed, "Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps to-morrow."

And so we left her, waiting for the "sweet chariot to swing low," when the withered hands shall be stretched forth, and the blind eyes behold the King in his glory.—*Chicago Standard*.

Jesus Christ.

BY MRS. C. E. R. PARKER.

In the Savoy Chapel in London, there is one beautiful window of the richest stained glass, in the centre of which, is the figure of our Savior upon the cross.

When the full sunlight falls upon the window, nothing can exceed the richness and beauty of the colors, and the divine expression of that benignant form. It seems as though one could almost detect the fluttering of the pulse, as the life blood flowed from those sacred wounds, and in the tender look of that gracious countenance, know that the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," were falling from those

lips which spoke as never man spake.

As the shades of evening fall, and the last rays of sunshine fade away, still, when all other parts of the church become obscured by the shadows, and the light dies out from one after another of those beautiful windows, and the emblazoned devices and quaint designs are gradually lost in the darkness, still this one divine figure of Christ stands out clearly in the gathering darkness. As the stars come out in the sky, that face alone is seen through the gloom, and at last, tint after tint is obscured in the darkness, and the divine face and form are no more seen; and we stand watching the departing glory of the vision of him, who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities;" and there in the hushed silence of the holy place, we feel as if we must stretch forth our hand and cling to the precious form, thus passing from our gaze into the quiet night.

And then comes the comforting and solemn assurance, that the Divine Presence is ever with us, "Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and forever," Jesus Christ in the sunshine of youth and hope, in the day of prosperity, when all that is good and great seems possible to us; and when the shadows begin to fall, and the light that illumined our early days becomes a little dimmed, and disappointments meet us on the right hand and on the left; Jesus Christ is with us still, and looking upon us with his tender gaze, as if he said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

And when the clouds and thick darkness gather around us, and heart and strength fail us, weary and heavy laden with fears and

cares, and strife and bodily anguish, still, "looking unto Jesus" through the gathering gloom, we will find him, "the ever present help in time of trouble," the Light amid the darkness, the "Peace be still," amid the raging tempest on life's stormy sea.

And when our last hour shall come, in the hush and silence that preceeds dissolution, Jesus Christ is with us there; his gracious presence lighting even the valley of the shadow of death, and his words, "Lo, I am with you always," are echoed back as the grave closes upon us, and the spirit uplifted by his power is born into the region of eternal rest and blessedness.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

The Sailor's Card.

A little more than six years ago a friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that at the close of a prayer-meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because, as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said my friend. "Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you?'" After he had written them my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied: "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now, as soon as I go on board, I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this card upon

it, that every one may know that I am a Christian, and may give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord."

The young sailor was right. A bold front is often more than half the battle, and many a general has saved himself from being attacked by making what is called "a show of force." So let it be with you in the carrying out of your religious convictions. Meet your assailants, not with retaliation, but with calm fortitude. Give them to understand that you have weighed the matter thoroughly, and that, as you are responsible for your own soul, you mean to do what you believe to be right, no matter what they may say or do. Tell those of your own household that you are determined to be as good a son and brother as ever, nay rather a better than before; but that in this infinitely momentous concern you know no father but God and no brother but Jesus Christ. Say to your fellow-workmen that you intend to be as faithful in your employment, and as ready to oblige them as ever, but that you cannot sin against God to show your good will to them.

Do this with the calm earnestness of one who has looked into eternity; do it with the holy boldness of one who hears his Savior saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Do it with the self-sacrifice of one who has gazed on the cross of Christ until the love of the Lord has constrained him, whatever it may cost, to live to him. Do it thus, and your adversaries will cease to torment you. Nay, haply some even of them may be won by your honest courage to put themselves by your

side. When the vessel is pursued by some suspicious craft the captain runs up to the mast head the flag of our nation, and the would-be assailant steers away in another direction, for he knows that whoso fires upon the ship outrages the patriotism of the people and pro-

vokes their power. So when men turn on you, hoist your flag, and see in that at once the symbol of your decision and the pledge of your protection; for while you are beneath that flag he who attacks you touches the apple of the Savior's eye.

TO-NIGHT, OR NEVER.

A miner in the south of England was passing a meeting-house, one night, and went in. The minister was speaking of the holiness of God and the awful situation of those who were still unprepared, and might be called at any moment to meet Him. He begged his hearers to ask themselves the question,—“Am I ready to meet God?” He urged them to answer it *now*, for *now* was the accepted time. God was willing, *now*; they were living men to-night; to-morrow might be too late.

It pleased God to carry the message home to this miner's conscience. He thought:—“I am not ready to meet God; I have lived a careless, godless life; I dare not meet His holy eye; how can I make peace with Him? I am such a sinner I dare not stand before Him.” These truths troubled him so much that he could not go away, but waited till the people went out, and told the minister his fears. The faithful man of God tried to lead him to Jesus. “He is your peace,” he said; but the miner found none. An hour passed away. The minister laid the way of salvation clearly before him, and prayed both with and for him.

“Now,” he said, “it is late; go home and seek your Savior there.”

“No,” replied the miner; “I beg you to let me stay a little

longer; it must be settled to-night.”

The minister again laid before him the way of salvation, and prayed, but in vain. Another hour passed.

“You must go home,” said the minister; “it is late, and I can do no more for you; I cannot make it clearer to you.”

“It must be settled to-night,” answered the miner, with increased earnestness.

Late as it was, the minister felt he could not send him away. Once more he spoke of Jesus, and gave him promise after promise; once more he prayed, but in vain. The miner grew more and more troubled.

“I must go,” said the minister, reluctantly; “it will soon be morning. Go home; to-morrow night there is a meeting here; it may be you will find peace then.”

“Sir,” said the poor man, “I cannot leave this room until I find peace. To-morrow it may be too late, and I may be in hell. *It must be settled to-night.*”

The minister could not resist his earnestness.

“By the help of God,” he said, “it shall be settled to-night, and I will not leave you till you find peace.”

Again he spoke of the finished work of Christ, again he prayed, the miner following his words

with sobs and tears, and at last the light broke in on his darkness.

"I see it," he cried; "my *peace is made already* with God. It is settled. I have to *claim* my pardon in Christ's name! I do. I have to thank God for it! I do, I do! Praise His name! It is settled." And they knelt again, this time to thank God that He had heard their cry, and saved the miner's soul. Then they went their ways rejoicing.

The next day the miner went, as usual, to his work. I do not know if he told his companions what God had done for his soul. I must think he did. During the day he went alone to a distant part of the mine, to fetch some tools, and as he was long in returning, his work-fellows went to look for him. They found that a mass of rock had fallen upon him, and he was buried in the ruins. They worked with pick and spade, hoping to save him, and at last they uncovered one of his hands. It was warm. He was yet living; and as they bent over him, from beneath the fragments of rock, the rubbish and stones which hid him from sight, came a faint sound. He was speaking. And what was he saying?

"I thank God that it was settled last night. It was settled for ever. I am His. To-night it would have been too late, but thank God it was settled last night!" When at last they uncovered his poor, crushed body, he had gone to God.—*The Watchword*.

Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!

In the north of England there are many coal fields which were formerly worked, but which have been abandoned. The shafts of

these unused mines are partly filled with water, and of great depth. A man was returning home one evening from his work, and thought to arrive more quickly at his cottage by crossing a barren moor in which some of these open pits lay. He had miscalculated his time, and night closed in before he had crossed the moor. As he walked on he was suddenly seized by a fearful terror; his limbs trembled, his heart beat violently, and fear prevented him taking another step. All he could do was to stand still and shriek out, "Lost! lost! lost!" This cry of his reached the ears of a watchman who was employed to warn travelers of the dangers of that way, and who was on the listen in a little hut at some distance. He lighted his lantern, and shouted back to the benighted traveler in return, "Stand still for your life!" He soon came up to him with the light, and holding the lantern just one step in advance of the feet of the poor wayfaring man, showed him a dark, deep pit, half filled with black water, into which he must inevitably have plunged had he taken another step.

Reader, unless by God's grace your feet have been directed into the narrow way that leads unto life, you are like this wayfaring man. You too are on a journey, and on your way are dangerous pitfalls. One more step, and you may fall headlong into the "bottomless pit" (Rev. xx. 1), whence there is no escape. Your safety is in first being aware of your danger. Then, from your inmost soul, cry, "Lost! lost! lost!" God has set a watchman with an unerring light to point out the path of safety, and to guide you out of the way of destruction. The cry, "Lost! lost! lost!" will at once reach the

ears of Christ. "He was a burning and a shining Light" (John v. 35); and He is "the Way" (John xiv. 6). Commit yourselves to Him. Do not think that you know the right path. Do not trust in any efforts of your own. May you not say, in the words of David, "As for me, my feet were almost gone: my steps had well-nigh slipped" (Psalm lxxiii. 2); and will you not resolve, in the language of the same inspired penman, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory"? (Psalm lxxiii. 24.)

A Sailor's Story.

I've been fourteen years a sailor, Miss Weston, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason, miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of thing. Brandy is nearly half alcohol, you know. Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he

was gone, but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died. "Won't you go in and look at him?" said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?" "Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it!" said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.

God Made The Sea.

It is not often that you find a seafaring man who is an atheist. Addison tells us of a time when he was on board ship, and there was a passenger on deck who was an infidel. He was reported to the captain as an atheist, and neither he nor the sailors could make out what sort of a strange fish that might be, and asked him what he meant. They were told that he did not believe in God. A storm coming on, the men proposed that they should pitch him overboard, seeing he did not believe in God Almighty; but he was soon cured of his unbelief, for, when things looked threatening, the first person who was down on his knees, crying for mercy in great terror, was the precious atheist, who soon got rid of his atheism when he felt in danger of his life.

God made the sea;—you can mark his wisdom there. Philosophers tell us there is just as much water in the sea as there ought to be, and no more. That the sea is

salt, and therefore does not corrupt, that it is moved with tides and currents, and therefore does not stagnate, that it evaporates, and therefore does not increase so as to drown the earth, are all instances of divine wisdom. If its waters were more or less salt than they are many fishes would die, and the floating power of the ocean would change. The more we study the sea, the more shall we say, "Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters."

And certainly no man can deny the power which thunders across the billows. What tremendous force is there displayed! "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods have lifted up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." When one has seen the damage the sea has wrought upon our coasts, the way in which the hardest rock has been worn away; when one has sadly watched a huge bark tossed to and fro like a play-thing, and when one has heard how the hugest vessels are caught in a cyclone and whirled away like feathers, one bows upon his face before the Almighty Lord who rules the sea.

And yet God's goodness is there as well. The sea is a great benefactor. Where were the clouds, and where the rains, and where our harvests, if it were not for the ocean? The sea feeds myriads with its fish, and enriches many more by its commerce. It was once thought to divide nations, but now it has become the highway by which they communicate, a silver belt by which all lands are bound to one another. England above all nations, has reason to see the goodness of God in the sea. Per-

haps we had not even remained a nation if the silver streak had not separated us from the continent. Most probably we had not been a free nation or a Protestant nation if the Lord had not bidden the waters encompass us.

Every attribute of God shines in the sea, although the more spiritual and precious are but dimly seen, these being reserved to be manifested in Christ Jesus the Lord, before whose feet the sea crouched in reverence. Perhaps even those attributes will be discovered to be there in some degree when our eyes shall be strengthened to see the glory of the Lord in all his works. Till then we will listen to the sea and think of it as an

"Impassioned orator with lips sublime,
Whose waves are arguments which prove a
God."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Boy's Prayer and the Waterspout.

In April of 1860, the brig *Helen Jane*, bound from St. Domingo, when well advanced on her course in the southern latitudes, was one day confronted with that fearful aqueous phenomenon—sometimes so dangerous a foe to ships at sea—which was bearing down upon the vessel with great rapidity. The sails,—for there was little or no wind,—afforded no means of escape, and the firing off of a pistol, in the absence of any larger gun, could not produce a concussion of the air sufficient to bring down the mighty column of uplifted water from its threatening altitude. All now was consternation and confusion on board among both crew and passengers, of whom there were several, including three or four young children and their parents, persons of culture and

education from a Massachusetts city. One of their little group, a boy of about ten years, noticing the captain's pale and terrified looks, and his pious mother with the rest in tears, with despair depicted on their faces, came up to her who had taught him from infancy to pray to the great God as "our Father in heaven," and our only Helper in time of trouble, exclaiming, in earnest, yet composed voice, "Mamma, why don't you *pray*? why don't you *pray*? And then, without waiting for a reply, he knelt down in the midst of the trembling cabin company, and in a few simple words besought that Almighty being, whom winds and waves and the whirlwind obey, to turn away the awful waterspout and mercifully save them from the impending danger.

After his prayer the child seemed to feel sure that the Lord would hear it and grant deliverance. Nor was he mistaken in his expectation of relief from the power of an overruling Providence. In a few moments the dark, seething, hissing, cloud-crested mass of waters passed harmlessly by, not touching, yet so almost grazing the vessel's side, as to cause all to regard their escape as marvellous, and to realize that to God the Lord belonged all the praise.

From that mother's still fresh memories of the scene we have received the narrative given above. Her dear son's life-voyage ended in his early manhood, but not without honor and the crowning grace of true religion. What has been here recorded is a just tribute to his memory and a true story of a boy's great faith in God.—*American Messenger*.

A Cure for Swearing Crews.

"My lads," said a shrewd officer, on reading his orders to the

crew on the quarter-deck, when taking command of the ship, "there is a favor which I, as a British officer, ask of you, and I expect that it will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, lads, are you willing to grant me one favor?"

"Hi, hi, sir," cried all hands on the deck.

"Please to let's know what it is, sir," said a rough-looking, hoarse-voiced boatswain.

"Why, my lads, it is this:—*you must allow ME to swear the first oath in this ship*. No man on board is to swear an oath before I do: I want to have the privilege of swearing the *first oath* on board this ship. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favor?"

The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the officer so kind, that a general burst from the ship's company announced,—"*Hi, hi, sir,*" with their accustomed *three cheers*. The effect was, indeed, most magical:—*swearing was wholly abolished in the ship!*

A Chinese sailor said,—"*The more I pray, the more I forget to swear.*" Doubtless the principle is true. The more we pray, the more we forget to be unthankful, discontented, grumbling. We forget to be anxious and worried, because we lay our burdens on the Savior. We forget to be gloomy, because we draw near to the source of all joy. We cease to sin as much as before, because the heart becomes purified in its intercourse with Jehovah. Alas! that we do not try the Chinaman's remedy more and more.

"I HAVE read in Plato and Cicero very beautiful sayings; but I never read in either, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!'"

From the N. Y. Tribune, January 8th, 1883.

DISASTERS TO STEAMSHIPS.

NEARLY 300 LOST LAST YEAR—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND LIVES
LOST WITH THE VESSELS—CAUSES OF THE DISASTERS.

By reference to the carefully compiled list of marine losses in 1882, which is given below, it can be seen that the shipping disasters are on the increase. This list gives a total of 284 steamships and large river steamboats which have met with disasters. Only a few of these have been floated and repaired again. The aggregate tonnage was 320,065 tons. Of these the British vessels numbered 192, with a total of 236,516 tons; American 16, and 13,972 tons; Austrian 2, and 3,062 tons; Belgian 3, and 4,247 tons; Chilian 1, 997 tons; Danish 5, 5,013 tons; Dutch 6, 9,228 tons; French 16, 12,847 tons; German 17, 14,735 tons; Italian 1, 843 tons; Russian 5, 5,986 tons; Spanish 11, 9,037 tons; Swedish 3, 2,302 tons; Greek 1, 1,280 tons; unknown nationality. 40. Of this list 141 were stranded, 82 were sunk by collision, 4 were destroyed by explosion, 52 foundered, 3 capsized, 2 were burned, 6 were sunk by ice, 7 were abandoned in a sinking condition, and 25 are missing. The total number of lives lost was 2,002.

A majority of these vessels that have met disasters come from the yards of certain marine undertakers on the west coast of England, yards that have become notorious for the mortality list of their ships. Many of them were old iron steamers, originally narrow, which were cut in two and lengthened. Of the long list 130 were so-called water-ballast vessels. Some of them had water-ballast trimming tanks placed at both ends of the vessel. Others had water-ballast compartments fitted either forward or abaft the engines and boiler spaces, and occasionally both forward and aft, which are frequently used as cargo spaces. Still others had water-ballast spaces in the bottom of the vessel, confined to one hold, or fitted in both the fore and aft holds, or were provided with water-ballast in the longitudinal construction along the bottom of the vessel. The losses of some of these vessels may also be attributed to excessive efforts for speed. In the construction of vessels now too often everything else is considered secondary to the one great object—to get the utmost speed possible. Velocity, constantly increasing velocity in steamships is demanded, and proper attention to the strength of the materials used is not always given. It is a question whether

in many cases the iron ships built now possess, in proportion to their size, the stanchness and buoyancy requisite to withstand the elements that must be battled with on the ocean. Such disasters as have occurred to the *Atlantic*, the *Grosser Kurfurt*, the *Pommerania*, the *Herder*, the *Escambia* and the *Bahama*, point to some serious fault in their construction, or else to an absence of proper regulations in regard to the use of the safety appliances which should form a part of the plan of every iron vessel. This is demonstrated also in the loss of so many of the "ocean tramps."

There are almost as many different plans pursued in the construction of the water-tight compartments in iron ships as there are classes of these ships. The absolutely safe bulkhead must be an unbroken partition from the keel to the main deck, with valves opening into the bilge so that the water may run from one compartment into another when required. In a large number of vessels the bulkheads only reach to the "tween decks," and in some only to the lower deck. Many of the bulkheads have doors opening from one compartment into the other to facilitate the loading and unloading of freight, and it is a question whether these are not frequently left insecure when the vessel sails. These are a constant source of danger unless the strictest regulations and the most vigilant watch are observed. Not one in a hundred of those who take passage on an ocean steamship knows anything about the strength of the vessel to which he entrusts his life, and he would seldom obtain any intelligible information if he inquired about the matter. The well-earned popularity of some of the leading lines of steamships is due to the construction of the vessels as well as to the care taken in their management. Iron, as a material for shipbuilding, is preferred by owners, because it is cheaper in the end than wood, and, after the first expense of construction is incurred, is kept in order at much less expense. Many of the immense ships and steamers of the present day, are models of symmetry and a certain kind of beauty. But often there is one doubtful point about them,—the so-called water-tight bulkheads. Are they water-tight? In other words, are they seaworthy? Have they always proved

themselves to be such in the recorded accidents? The ships built within the past five years show improvement in this respect, but it must never be forgotten that the pressure on a bulkhead, when it comes into use in case of accident, is enormous. As a rule these bulkheads consist of a series of somewhat light iron plates extending across the whole breadth of the ship and the full depth of the lower hold, in many cases 16 by 50 feet. This great partition is often supported simply by rather light vertical angle-irons, about four feet apart. In many ships there appears to be nothing about this great break-water to stop it from giving way amidships in a vertical line between any two angle-irons, except the connection at top and bottom, two points perhaps fifteen feet apart. In any ship of more than thirty feet beam a bulkhead, to do effective service in case of a collision, should have a stout central support, springing vertically from the keelson and attached above to the deck.

A great deal has been said against the new law just gone into operation, whereby all steamships coming within the jurisdiction of the United States are compelled to submit to the same inspection laws as the vessels of the United States are subjected to. Great Britain compels American steam and sailing passenger vessels to comply with her inspection laws or else refuse a clearance, and experience has shown that similar restriction should be applied to foreign vessels sailing from American ports. Unless an inspection law is rigidly enforced the most serious abuses prevail. For instance, it has been proved that there is no attention paid to the "Plimsoll Mark," the limit to which a vessel should be loaded. It is claimed in England that it is moved up or down at the owner's convenience, and some owners say that they can, if they choose, paint it on the funnel. The vessel goes to sea, founders, or is posted as missing. Take, for instance, the *Balkina*, which sailed from Liverpool for Lorne, on Jan. 5th, never to be heard from again, and upon which forty persons were lost. The British court found upon investigation, that she had not sufficient stability, and if she shipped a heavy sea on deck there was every probability either that she would turn over or go down. The court also found that she was overladen, and that her Plimsoll Mark was far out of sight. Then there was the British steamship *Escambia*, which sailed from San Francisco, with a cargo of wheat on June 19th, and capsized on the same day just

outside of the harbor. Sixteen lives were lost. An investigation by the British Consular Court at San Francisco showed that the water tanks were empty, the vessel was "tender," and that the peculiar and extraordinary list of the ship as she passed Point Lobos attracted the attention of the keeper so that he kept his glass upon her until the list became so great that he was certain she was in peril. The testimony adduced was at variance, and the court attributed the loss of the vessel to "the slowing of the engines in a dangerous sea." The court was charged with not making as thorough an investigation as was possible, and a second court was convened. The decision of the latter, a few days ago, declared that the vessel was "dangerously overladen and quite unstable." The foundering of the *Bahama* off Cape Hatteras on February 10th, on a voyage from Porto Rico for New York, had much to do with the passage of the new inspection law. This disaster cost twenty lives. The *Bahama* was formerly an old blockade-runner, and some time after capture was condemned and sold for \$6,000, taken to Quebec and overhauled, and then run in the Quebec and Gulf Ports Line service.

Many of the vessels carried cargoes of coal, and the loss of some of them may be attributed to spontaneous combustion. The stranding of so many mentioned in the list was due chiefly to insufficient soundings or to no soundings at all.

The *Nautical Magazine*, of London, in a recent article calling attention to the condition of British ships, said:—"As to some of the wretched creations of ignorance and greed which are known as first-class ships, and which so ostentatiously carry about the British flag on their unhandsome and unworthy shoulders, there are those who do not require good ships so much as anything having the semblance of one, sufficient to pass a first-class survey which will enable them to command a freight and get to sea with it. If the laws of marine insurance were revised, perhaps matters might improve. If, for example, ships could only be insured against such risks as loss by stranding, by collision, etc., and for not more than two-third their value in 'missing' cases; or if the remaining third was taken as a fine and paid as compensation to the bereaved families, in such cases as non-compliance with demands in building, etc., it might have an improving effect, and cause people to take half as much care for their ships as they take for their horses and carriages."



REV. TITUS COAN, D. D.

By the courtesy of Messrs. HARPER & Bros., of this city, we are enabled to present to our readers a faithful likeness of "Father" COAN, who has now been translated from his career and work for the Master on earth to His instant presence in the heavens. We find in "Fifty Years Efforts for the Welfare of Seamen," published by our Society in 1878, under the heading *Twentieth Year, 1847-8*, the following entry:—"Hilo, S. I.—For the better accommodation of the 8,000 or 4,000 seamen annually resorting to this port, a Bethel chapel has been erected, and Rev. TITUS COAN, missionary of the American Board, and pastor of the largest Christian church in the world, has performed a regular voluntary service in behalf of seamen." Under the heading *Twenty-first Year, 1848-9*, the record is continued:—"At Hilo, S. I., Rev. Mr. COAN still continued his abundant labors, preaching often to congregations of seamen equal in size to many congregations in New England." And up to the *Thirty-sixth Year, 1863-4*, this activity of his for sailors was faithfully put forth, as evidenced by another

entry:—"Rev. Mr. COAN at Hilo, S. I., successfully devoted a part of his time and energies to seamen." So when this close and personal service for sailors was suspended, the grand old veteran still retained his interest in them,—still held his broad true views of the part they are ultimately to play in the subjection of the world to Jesus Christ. Within a few years past, as readers of the *MAGAZINE* will recall, we have sent several loan libraries to sea by his personal contribution for the purpose. His last communication to us appeared in our issue for May, 1882, p. 147, and was full of his wonted holy fire and cheer. It is in place to set down here the main facts of his life and death from the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for January 18th, 1883, and from other sources:—

"This remarkable man, whose death occurred at his home in Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, December 1st, 1882, was one of the oldest missionaries in point of service rendered that ever bore the cross to heathen lands. He had served in the Islands as a missionary almost without intermission for a period of nearly forty-eight years, and he was regarded by the natives with a feeling of affection and

reneration. The venerable missionary was attacked by a severe stroke of paralysis September 16th last. He rallied from this attack, and became so much improved that he was able to take daily exercise in the open air up to the very day of his death. His funeral services were held on the morning of Sunday, December 3rd, in the native church at Hilo, the services being conducted in both the Hawaiian and English languages. He was in his eighty-second year at the time of his death."

From the N. Y. Evening Post:—

"Dr. Coan was born at Killingworth, Conn., on the 1st of February, 1801, and was the youngest of a family of seven.

His father, Gaylord Coan, was a farmer, descendent from a family which settled in that part of Connecticut early in the history of the country. Until he was twelve years of age, Titus Coan attended the village school, and was then employed by his father on the farm. He was anxious to learn more, and was taught at home by private teachers. When eighteen years old he began teaching school, and continued this work until 1827, in villages about his native town.

"In 1827 he went to Riga, N. Y., where his older brother was preaching. Here he continued teaching school until 1830. On the 1st of June, 1831, he entered the second class of Auburn Theological Seminary, and two years later was graduated with high honors. On the 17th of April, 1833, he was licensed to preach. On the 16th of August he sailed for Patagonia with a party of missionaries sent out by the American Board of Missions on an exploring mission. The party returned the following year.

"On the 3rd of November, 1834, Mr. Coan was married to Miss Fidelia Church, of Churchville, N. Y., and in the same month he and his wife were designated as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. On the 24th of December, 1834, Mr. Coan, his wife, and five or six others sailed from Boston on the ship *Hellepont* for the Sandwich Islands, the station to which Mr. Coan and his wife were sent being the village of Hilo. They arrived at that place on the 21st of July, 1835. For two years Mr. Coan devoted himself to the study of the Hawaiian language, and also made a tour of the country round about Hilo. In a book written by him entitled '*Life in Hawaii*,' and published by Randolph & Co., he describes his experiences there. He labored earnestly

among the natives, and the number of conversions in the three years 1838, 1839 and 1840, was more than 7,000, while the total up to 1880 was 12,118. His wife established a school for girls, and Mr. Coan was the physician of the settlement until 1849, when the Missionary Board sent out a physician to assist him.

"In 1860, and again in 1867, he visited the Marquesan mission.

"On the 5th of May, 1870, after an absence of about thirty-five years, he returned to the United States by way of California. He passed six months or a year here, and then returned to his work at Hilo. His wife died soon after his return to Hilo, on the 29th of September, 1872."

Rev. Dr. COAN subsequently married Miss BINGHAM, daughter of Rev. HIRAM BINGHAM, long of the A. B. C. F. M. Mission in the Hawaiian Islands, and this lady survives him. The *N. Y. Evangelist* of January 11th, has the following:—

"A private letter to Rev. J. E. Kittredge of Geneseo, from his brother, C. S. Kittredge, M. D., who was with Dr. Wetmore in attendance upon the venerable missionary, Rev. Dr. Titus Coan, during his last sickness, gives further particulars of the last hours of the noble missionary. Dr. Kittredge writes:—

"'Father Coan is dead. He had a shock of paralysis Sept. 18th, as you already know. He seemed to be improving, and in fact was able to move the paralyzed limbs somewhat. Some two or three weeks before his death, he commenced taking exercise in the open air, being carried on a morels or lounge, borne by two men. In this way he made calls on his intimate friends, both native and foreign, and was also taken to see his church one day. On Friday, Dec. 1st., at noon, he arose, with aid, from his bed, to prepare for his usual ride, and took three steps to his chair. A fainting fit came over him, he closed his eyes and gasped, and soon was gone. Dr. Wetmore and I were called, and we at once responded. He lived only forty minutes, and with difficulty articulated the words 'Glory!—Jesus!—Farewell!' Besides his wife and her sister, Dr. Wetmore and myself, the two household servants, Rev. E. P. Baker, and an old native who happened to be there, were the only ones present at the time. His death was peaceful. We buried him on Sunday from his own church, which was filled with natives and foreigners. The church was draped in

black, and floral offerings covered the casket. At the cemetery many natives and others threw bouquets of flowers into the grave. And thus we buried a great and good man. All the flags of Hilo were kept at half mast from the time of his death, on Friday noon, till after the funeral, on Sunday noon."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

Woman and the Sailor.

If she is conspicuous in luring and destroying the sailor, is she not also distinguished for leading and saving him? The ruin thus wrought may make the strongest appeal to the eye, while her saving power strikes deepest into the heart. As when the melting snows and sweeping storms of the mountain send the swollen stream down the gorge, smiting and destroying the mill, we pause over the ruins to pity the poor miller; but our deeper emotions are stirred when we find that overflowing and fertilizing the fields and meadows for miles along its banks, it has more than doubled the Autumnal harvests. The swollen Nile that wrecks the adventurous craft fills Egypt with corn. So God has ordained that righteousness and blessing, instead of wrong and ruin, shall be the ruling power.

Who can estimate the influence of a good and true woman over the sailor! And for whom will the sailor more instinctively peril his life? The counsels and prayers of the mother, the love and best wishes of the sister, the heart-ache and hopes of the wife, and the kind words of other female friends may not always be heeded;—for the sailor has a dark locker where he stows away things too sacred for his tarred hands, or too obstructive to his sinful pursuits and pleasures,—but whenever and wheresoever on the broad ocean he opens that locker, those prayers, and wishes, and hopes, and words, like so many beams of light from heaven, penetrate his whole being, make him long and strive to be a better man, and often make him one.

The matrons of the Sailors' Homes!

How often under their maternal and Christian influence have the blest inmates left for the sea with such a grip of the hand, and such a "*God bless you!*" as only a sailor can give! And how many of these, redeemed from the power and consequences of sin will these matrons meet in the world where there is no more sea!

One of these matrons, Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of EDWARD B. DUNSCOMBE, for many years keeper of the Sailors' Home at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, went to her final rest and reward on the 22nd of October last. She was singularly fitted both by nature and grace for the world-wide influence she exerted during the last twelve years in directing sailors and others to Christ. Said chaplain DAMON, who conducted her funeral services in the Bethel,—"*Eternity alone will reveal the good which has thus been accomplished by this humble, modest, and retiring Christian woman.*"

These thoughts have their present origin in the "*Life and Letters*" of a similar woman, Mrs. JEANETTE H. PLATT:—a volume of 363 pages, compiled by her husband, CYRUS PLATT, Esq., of Delaware, Ohio, and printed by E. CLAXTON & Co., 930 Market Street, Philadelphia.

She was not directly connected with the sea, or seamen, except by a deeply interesting correspondence with Rev. Dr. DAMON and family, and others of like sympathies and labors for the conversion of the abundance of the sea. The book is a treasure of noble character, Christian cheer, patient endurance, and persevering usefulness. It is sunshine in youth, and light from heaven during her three score and one years of social and domestic life, a fine illustration of what, by the grace of God, a woman can be and do. Would that the lessons of the volume could go into the minds, and hearts, and lives of seamen, making them wiser, better, and happier men; and that light from heaven which made her life so bright and useful, might cheer and enhance their usefulness all the way into the desired haven!—J. S.

WASHED ASHORE.

Accompanying the double page illustration in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Jan. 20th, 1883.

"He was found at the dawning?" "Yes." "And his name is?" "Jacques Minot."

"Where did he live?" "At the fisher's village, about a mile below."

"Was he born in the village?" "Yes; he has lived there all his life."

"Married?" "Yes, monsieur." "How many children? Where is his wife?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is the sorrow. Poor Babetta died last year; And there are six little children. The youngest stands by me here. She is half afraid, you see, of *what* lies there on the shore: Afraid of her father! Poor child she never feared him before!"

"Who cares for the children? Will they go to friends, or the state?" Paul Zettering rose from his knees:—"He was my friend and my mate; Mate and brother and friend, I've been promising poor Jacques now I would care for his children; and, comrades, you hear my vow." "Good. You may bury him, then, poor fellow. A man so brave Methinks should have found in the sea he loved a clean deep grave; But the sea's a cruel mistress, and scornfully flings ashore The broken life and the broken clay of him who sails no more."

"Nay, monsieur, the sea is faithful; she knew our Jacques would rest Better beside the little church, with the cross upon his breast; Would rather lie by his Babetta; for through the church-yard grass The feet of the kindly fisher-folk and his little children pass.

"'Tis the winds that are cruel, monsieur; the sea—the sea loves man; When the cruel winds leave her alone, she does for him all she can; And when they lash her to fury, and she can do no more, She bears the poor dead fisherman safe to his own home-shore."

So the gendarme wrote of Jacques Minot:—"Found drowned, and washed ashore."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

The Eggs That Became a Library.

They were ordinary eggs, one dozen in all, and yet, by a strange process of evolution, they were concocted into a library, and went sailing away over the ocean to distant lands, as the mental and moral food of sailors. These eggs were the property of a very poor woman, who was deeply interested in Christian work. She could not do much; for she had to work hard to provide clothing, food and fire for the members of her home. She had the spirit of a liberal giver, and God ac-

cepted and blessed such offerings as she could bring to him.

On the first Sabbath of this year, she walked a large distance over the hills to attend church. The pastor gave notice that on the next Sabbath a collection would be taken for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. She heard the notice, and she felt very sorry that she had nothing to give, for her sons had been boatmen on the river, and she understood the hardships of a sailor's life. During the week, the pastor called upon her, and she then asked him what she could do. But he could not answer. Her room was

so cold, that he did not see how she could spare a single penny, during the winter, to help any one. So he told her that he would let her know if he could think of anything for her to do, and then he went on his way. An hour later, however, as he was passing her door, she ran out through the snow, holding a paper-bag in her hand, and crying: "Stop! Take this!" Pinned to the paper-bag there was a letter, in these words:—"I shall not be able to get to church on the Sabbath, now that the snow is so deep. Please sell these, and put the money into the collection." Opening the bag, the pastor found one dozen fresh eggs, which he sold, as the good woman had requested.

Then upon the Sabbath when the collection was taken, the story of the eggs was told, and an appeal was made to all

present to give as liberally to the good cause. After the services a gentleman came quietly to the pastor, and said: "I want those eggs." "They have been sold," was the reply. "Never mind, sell them again. Where are they? Can you get them?" "Oh, yes!" "Well, here are twenty dollars for a library. The eggs must be turned into books." With that, four crisp new five dollar greenbacks were thrown upon the table, and the treasurer was directed to send a library upon a ship, in the name of Mrs. MARY ANN SAGE.

So it came to pass that eggs were converted into books, and a loving thought of a Christian heart reached far out with blessings to the men of the sea!

PASTOR.

New Jersey, January, 1883.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Precious News—A Work of the Holy Spirit.

The letter of Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, chaplain, is dated December 11th, 1882, and tells its own story of blessing and encouragement. May it incite to fervent prayer and effort for the sailor elsewhere! He says:—

"You will be glad to learn that God has richly blessed our labors during the past month, the officers and crew of the U. S. flag-ship *Richmond*, and the crew of the U. S. S. *Monocacy* have presented to the mission the sum of \$150 to help forward the work. One hundred dollars of this amount has been added to the purchase fund for the building, and the remainder used to purchase a fine bagatelle board, etc. Admiral CLITZ, Captains SKERRETT and COTTON, and other officers, have expressed to us their appre-

ciation of our efforts to do good to their men.

The Best Blessing.

"But better than all this is the fact that there has been quite a revival going on in connection with our work among the seamen who visit the Mission. *Within the past month some twenty-eight seamen have been, we trust, savingly converted to God, at the different services held at the Mission.* A number of these men are serving on the *Richmond*, others on the *Monocacy*. Chaplain CRAWFORD has assisted at the services, and his noble heart is rejoicing over the blessing that have come to these men for whom he has so long been burdened in his prayers, and for whom he has so long faithfully labored. The two vessels have now left us for a cruise to the southward. We have received a number of letters from the young converts since they left, telling us of meetings they are holding on their ships, and on shore in other places. May God bless and keep them faithful!"

At Ports In the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

The quarterly report of Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, brings record of his work down to the close of 1882, and is as follows:—

Special Cases of Conversion.

"At the meetings at the Home, which consist of family worship, morning and evening, gospel temperance meeting, Monday evening, prayer and experience meetings, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, inquiring meetings in class-room up stairs, daily, we can point to tokens of divine favor in the persons of those who have been hopefully converted. The glad tidings of good news set forth in a full and free salvation in Jesus, have brought joy to many a sailor's heart. Among the number of those converted, I mention two who found peace with God during the last week in the year 1882, one a Norwegian, and the other a Swede. The Swede expressed himself to the other in these words: 'I have been going to church all the days of my life and have heard many sermons, but it seems that I have never heard or felt as I do now since I have attended those meetings up-stairs.' The other also spoke of the wonderful power of God manifested in that little room. They have gained a blessed victory over sin, and rejoice, giving glory to God.

"Capt. A. S. ASHLEY, who came to New York destitute and alone with his two dear little boys from Peru, where he lost his vessel, and his wife died, writes from New Orleans. He expresses his gratitude to God for having become a changed man through faith and prayer during his stay at the Sailors' Home.* Several other interesting letters have been received, speaking of the goodness of God that has led to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. JOHNSTONE, a Scotch sailor and member of the church of Sea and Land, New York City, before going to sea, after staying at the Home for several weeks, did all he could to bring other seamen to Christ. He was

truly instant in season and out of season, never weary in well doing. Having tasted of the sweetness of redeeming grace, he wanted others to share of the same joy and peace he had found in Jesus."

Hospital Work.

"Among the number of those we visit who have died lately, was Andrew Martin, a Norwegian sailor, who spent his last days in Flatbush Hospital. During his sickness it was my privilege to visit him from time to time, and to minister to him from God's word. It brought joy and peace to his soul. His implicit trust in Christ the Savior of sinners gave him such a peaceful death as few have witnessed. He died happy in the Lord. Since his death I have written to his sister in Bergen, Norway, who in a letter lately received expresses her thanks to kind friends of seamen in this country, —for the interest taken in her brother in pointing him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

We note two points in the quarterly report of labor by Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, missionary, for the three months ending December 31st, 1882. He states that several seamen have been led to the Savior at meetings which he has attended, and instances the case of one:—

"Another of the number, an aged sailor, stood up, and gave a clear testimony of having accepted the Savior. The contrast between the youth of a little child aged eight, who had just done the same thing, and his age, both testifying that they had received a change of heart, was not only marked, but glorious, seeing that it was the Lord's doings."

Work on Canal Boats.

"Much encouragement is received during visits to families on the canal boats. The religious reading distributed here is received with thanks and carefully read. Numbers are still induced to attend religious services; often I am met at the cabin companion-way by parents and children who give a cheerful response to the invitation in the words "Oh, yes, we always attend the Bethel services, and our children the Sabbath School."

* Letter reserved for publication hereafter.
—ED. S. M.

New Jersey.

JERSEY CITY.

Early in 1882, a series of meetings for boatmen was commenced at the Bethel ship *John Wesley*, at the foot of 15th Street. It lasted three weeks, and several conversions to Christ were among its fruits. During the Spring and Summer services were better attended than for three years past. Requests for prayer were frequent, and diligent distribution was made of reading matter with the best results. The Sabbath School has recently become very interesting, and blessing has followed the reading of books from a library contributed to it by our Society,—special books which have been greatly sought for being noted. At this writing we have verbal report of particular manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power over souls in connection with meetings during and following the "Week of Prayer" for the current year.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Dating January 15th, chaplain L. H. PEASE writes:—

"On every evening of the past three weeks we have held revival meetings in our Bethel, and have been greatly encouraged by the large attendance and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. We expect to continue them while demanded. Is it asking too much to request anew the prayers of our friends who read the MAGAZINE?"

A Touching Utterance.

It is not on every day that we receive such pathetic testimony to freshness of youthful feeling preserved in the very sunset of life, as that which wells up in the following note and lines sent us in the opening year by a lady on the eastern coast of Massachusetts, past her four score years of earthly experience.

"I suppose I am not quite in order to send this to you, but I trust you will ex-

cuse the liberty taken by an aged lady in asking you to copy and correct the enclosed 'Thoughts' for the MAGAZINE. It is the last request I shall make, and the last donation to the cause I may be able to make. For the dollar enclosed please send the MAGAZINE to ————.

My home is nigh the stormy deep,
Whose ever restless billows
Oft from my eyelids banish sleep
And wet with tears my pillows.
O suffering wanderers on the main,
For you I keep my watch in pain!

For ere my childhood's days had passed,
A handsome manly school-boy
By kindly arts my heart had won
And was thenceforth my soul-joy.
Ah! he was faultless, kind and true,
And happy days each had in view.

We heeded not or toll or pain,
Our partings were our sorrows;—
Yet, prayers and hopes to meet again
Made many bright to-morrows.
And each was other's star of hope
To cheer and lift our spirits up.

A voice of woe came on the wave,
It made my pale cheek paler:—
Death, in a far off lonely grave
Had claimed my brave young sailor.
My sun sat on that foreign shore,
My star of hope,—it rose no more.

Till eighty-five—I've lived alone
In scenes of constant sorrow:
For me no hope on earth remains,
Yet surely Heaven's to-morrow.
Soon, though to every sailor true;
I bide to each, a last Adieu.

"So you will oblige

AN AGED DISCIPLE,
though one of the least."

Obituary.

REV. L. BONHOMME.

The *Presbyterian* for the week ending January 6th, states that Rev. LILIAN BONHOMME, a member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, Pa., died in that city on Saturday, December 30th, 1882, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was born in France, but lived for fifty years in this country, where he gave his labor

for a time to religious work among the Jews. He was afterwards Secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society of Philadelphia, in which he served for a number of years very faithfully. He died, after a long decline, in the faith of Christ and submissive to his will.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

DECEMBER, 1882.

Total arrivals..... 166
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,328
of which \$506 was sent to relatives and friends,
\$323 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and
\$899 was returned to depositors.

Planets for February, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 5th at 6 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 7th at 7h. 47m., being 1° 22' south; is in conjunction with Mars on the morning of the 18th at 6 o'clock, being 4° 23' north; is stationary among the stars in Sagittarius at midnight on the 17th.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 9m. and south of east 25° 34'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 39m. past midnight on the 4th, being 44' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 23° and 90° south latitude; is at its greatest elongation at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, being 46° 52' west of the Sun.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h. 36m. and south of east 28° 56'; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 6th at 1h. 37m., being 6° 4' south.

JUPITER on the evening of the 1st is due south at 8h. 33m., being 22° 57' north of the Equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 15th; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 16th at 2h. 56m., being 2° 48' north.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 6h. 23 m., being 15° 23' north of the Equator; is in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 8th at 6 o'clock; is considered as an evening star during the remainder of the

month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 18th at 8h. 1m., being 1° 40' south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, December, 1882.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 38, of which 30 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, 1 foundered, and 2 burned. The list comprises 4 steamers, 2 ships, 10 barks, 5 brigs and 17 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, *m* missing, and *s c* sunk by collision.

STEAMERS.

Liddesdale, *w.*, from New Orleans for Reval.
Crest, *w.*, from Santos for New York.
Regent, *a.*, from Cardiff for New Orleans.
Wheatfield, *w.*, from New York for Leith.

SHIPS.

Ella, *a.*, from New York for Bremen.
Flona, *w.*, from San Francisco for Hull.

BARKS.

Rheinland, *w.*, from Pensacola for Newcastle.
Alexandra, *b.*, from New York for Hamburg.
Frank, *w.*, from New York for Pensacola.
Argonaut, *w.*, from Bremen for New York.
Lothrie, *a.*, from St. Martins for Boston.
Timour, *w.*, from Pensacola for London.
Robinson Crusoe, *w.*, from Philadelphia for Vera Cruz.
Lennox, *b.*, from Dundee for San Francisco.
Peru, *w.*, from Hamburg for Baltimore.
Carl August, *w.*, from New York for Rotterdam.

BRIGS.

Water Lily, *w.*, from St. Pierre, Mart., for New York.
Rebecca Nelly, *w.*, from New York for Halifax.
Iris, *w.*, from Cornwallis, N. S., for New York.
Aurora, *w.*, from Ship Island for Vera Cruz.
Rowena, *w.*, from Baltimore for Funchal.

SCHOONERS.

Maggie W. Willard, *w.*, from Portland for Eastport.
H. Emma Riley, *a.*, from Orchilla for Richmond, Va.
Pallas, *w.*, from Hunter's Point for Portland.
Telegraph, *w.*, from Bangor for Boston.
Impudence, *w.*, from Elizabethport for Yarmouth, N. S.
John B. Adams, *f.*, from Baltimore for Aspinwall.
Donna Anna, *w.*, from Perth Amboy for Danversport.
Samuel Nash, *w.*, fr. Boston for Pt. Clyde, Me.
Adelaide, *w.*, from Portland for Ellsworth.
Bangor, *w.*, from Boston.
Corinna H. Bishop, *w.*, fisherman.
John Floyd, *w.*, from New York for Jacksonville.
Golden Rule, *w.*, from San Francisco.

Annie Brown, w., from Windsor, N. S., for New York.
 Clara S., s. c., from Baltimore.
 Grand Island, w., from Deer Island for Boston.
 Zenobia, w., fr. Pascagoula for St. Mary's, Ga.

TOTAL LOSSES DURING 1882.

We give herewith a recapitulation of the usual monthly statements of total losses of vessels belonging to and bound to or from ports in the United States, showing the number lost in each month during the year, with their class:

	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Sch'rs.	Total.
January.....	2	3	9	3	13	29
February.....	4	4	11	3	15	37
March.....	1	5	17	4	14	41
April.....	2	2	8	1	7	20
May.....	3	—	14	1	3	21
June.....	1	3	9	3	8	24
July.....	—	1	5	3	4	13
August.....	3	3	2	5	4	17
September.....	4	—	7	2	9	23
October.....	2	4	10	1	11	28
November.....	—	1	6	2	8	17
December.....	4	2	10	5	17	38
Totals.....	26	23	108	38	113	307

The total losses for 1881 aggregated 434 vessels; 1880, 433; 1879, 545; 1878, 530.

Receipts for December, 1882.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	\$ 1 63
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	10 87
Manchester, a friend, for library.....	20 00
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 19

VERMONT.

Springfield, Cong. Sabbath-School, for library.....	20 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Union Evangelical ch. and Soc'y of Amesbury and Salisbury.....	4 00
Ayer, Cong. church.....	4 15
Boston, Schr. Gertrude, Capt. Champion.....	2 00
Boxford, Cong. church.....	13 46
Chelsea, Miss E. P. Brooks.....	2 00
H. C. K., for library.....	20 00
Cottuit Port, Union church.....	14 66
Dorchester, Miss E. Pierce.....	1 00
East Hampton, Payson Cong. church.....	31 07
Fitchburg, Louisa A. Lowe, for lib'y, in memoriam Sarah Lowe.....	20 00
Gardner, Cong. church.....	64 68
Granby, Cong. church.....	8 60
Harvard, Cong. church.....	15 25
Ipswich, First church.....	3 00
Lowell, Sewall Ass'n, for library.....	20 00
Geo. F. Willey.....	5 20
Lynn, 1st Cong. church.....	18 40
Malden, Cong. ch., a friend, for books.....	5 00
Methuen, Cong. church.....	5 73
Monson, estate of Andrew W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, Ex.....	150 00
Newburyport, Whitfield church.....	6 11
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. ch. and Society.....	20 00

Northfield, a Christmas gift from Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, for library.....	\$ 20 00
Pittsfield, First church.....	54 89
South Cong. ch., of wh. S. S., \$10....	26 45
Rockland, Cong. church.....	18 00
South Dartmouth, A. F. Bailey, for library work.....	2 00
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and Society.....	5 00
Stockbridge, Cong. church.....	59 14
Taunton, Cong. Trinitarian church.....	30 00
West Medway, Cong. church.....	8 08
Weymouth, First church.....	10 00
Winchendon, North Cong. church.....	12 90

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Pilgrim ch., a friend.....	1 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, Mrs. M. Griffing.....	1 00
Danbury, 1st Church, of wh. \$60 to const. Harvey Williams and Thomas McCorkle, L. M's.....	66 00
Farmington, Cong. ch. S. S., of wh. for lib'y in their name, \$20.....	65 46
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y, Greenville, Cong. church.....	74 19
Middlebury, Cong. church.....	30 00
Newington, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	8 95
Norwalk, Mrs. Lucy G. Merrill.....	10 00
Rocky Hill, Cong. ch. S. S.....	1 00
Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt.....	23 25
	5 00

NEW YORK.

Coxsackie, Rev. M. Lusk.....	5 00
Lockport, First church.....	26 02
Mount Morris, a friend in Pres. ch.....	50
New York City, bequest of Admiral Sylvanus W. Godon, deceased, per Wm. Alexander Smith, Ex., with interest thereon.....	4,608 00
Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, for lib's.....	100 00
Bruce & Cook.....	50 00
Morris K. Jesup.....	50 00
Bethany S. S., intermediate class, for lib'y, per Mrs. S. T. Gordon.....	20 00
Geo. D. Morgan.....	20 00
Miss L. Boorman.....	15 00
Miss M. Boorman.....	15 00
Joiah M. Flske.....	10 00
Geo. W. Smith & Co.....	10 00
James Frazer.....	10 00
P. I. Nevius.....	5 00
Mrs. D. S. Miller.....	5 00
William G. Lambert.....	5 00
Capt. C. H. Swain, bark <i>Truro</i> , for library work.....	5 00
Capt. John Rees, barque <i>Elcho</i> , for library work.....	2 50
Salem, Mrs. Jane Ann Weston.....	5 00
Troy, 1st Pres. ch. S. S., for lib'y, as a memorial of Alfred De F. Gale.....	20 00
Margaret J. and Mary F. Cushman.....	5 00
West Bloomfield, Mrs. B. P. Hall.....	5 00

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, High St. Pres. church.....	43 53
Orange, 2nd Pres. church.....	50 16

MINNESOTA.

Northfield, Conrad Stegner.....	5 00
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CANADA.

Montreal, Robert C. Adams.....	10 00
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\$2,133 97



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From The Youth's Companion.

A Waif on the Ocean.

Let me tell you a touching little story that was told me by a brown-faced old sailor, who, I am sure, had long before seen better days. He lived in a queer little nest of a house, surrounded and almost buried by trees. These trees were full of English sparrows, many of them so tame that they would fly down into the old sailor's doorway and eat from his cottage floor.

He and his birds were quite a curiosity in the neighborhood, and I went with a friend to see him. This was the story he told me:—

"So you want to hear, do you, ma'am, why I love the little brown beauties so well? Well, one day, long years ago, a fine man-o'-war was making her way up the western coast of South America. The day was warm and bright, and all hands were enjoying the gentle breeze and the soft sunshine. We were gathered in groups here and there on the deck, and in one of these groups was a quiet, pale-faced boy, not above eighteen or nineteen, who had been with us all through the three years' cruise. We knew next to nothing about him. He had shipped at New York, and as he was one of the quiet sort, the men had mostly let him

alone, though he hadn't an enemy on board the ship. But I've often thought since, ma'am, that the lad was lonesome-like. I feel tolerable sure he talked more freely to me than to any of our mess-mates, and I tell you, my heart was drawn toward the lad when I heard how he'd been left an orphan! I don't deny I was as good to him as I had the chance to be, off and on, and he,—you might say,—clung to me in his quiet way.

"We were all tired of life aboard ship, and hard work and sea-rations, and were doing the regulation amount of growling that bright afternoon, when all of a sudden what should whirl over our heads and drop down at our feet on the deck, but a little brown bird! Brown as an English sparrow, only with a small scarlet "cap" on his pretty head and the brightest, scaredest eyes you ever saw. A bird,—and we two hundred miles from the shore!

"You can believe all threw down our work and our pipes and gathered round the little storm blown traveler, for it don't take a very great thing to raise an excitement aboard a ship at sea. And there we rough fellows stood, ma'am, in an eager circle round the frightened little

thing that lay on the deck a'most dead and panting for breath.

"Suddenly, out of the crowd came the lad I told you about. He had a few crumbs of hard-tack in his hand, and stretching it out towards the bird, he made a queer kind of a noise way down his throat. The bird in a minute raised his head, shivered a little, and then if you'll believe me, ma'am, and it's a true story I'm telling you, he flew straight to the boy as if he'd been an old friend, and ate the crumbs out of his hand as if he was half-starved, as I do suppose he was.

"Where do I think he'd come from? Oh, well, off the coast somewhere. We were just then down opposite the most God-forsaken country you ever saw, and it was our opinion that the little brown bird hadn't ever seen a human being before. Because, after a little, ma'am, he'd go from one to the other of us without the least thought of fear, eat out of our hands, or even off our tongues, and seemed perfectly happy in his new home amongst us.

"But it was Davey he loved best of all—Davey who crooned to him in the long twilight evenings with the queer noise in his throat that the little fellow seemed to understand, just as we would so much talk. And he would sit on Davey's shoulder and chirp, chirp, chirp like a cricket, and sometimes he'd seem to forget himself entirely and burst out into a song that sounded like the thrushes at home in the early spring-time.

"I tell you, ma'am that bird was the light of our mess. When we all sat down on the fo'castle with our pipes, at night, Brownie was always one of us—and the principal one, too. He'd go to any one who called him by his name, and sit on his shoulders, or stand in his hands, without a grain of fear.

"Do you wonder we loved the little fellow?"

"Even the officers noticed him, and one day the captain sent for Davey to be brought to his cabin. Davey took him

in and showed him off to the captain and the first lieutenant, and they were so delighted with him that they asked Davey what he'd take for the bird, for Brownie was so fond of the boy we had all agreed he should be his. Davey drew back as if the question hurt him, and stroking the little bird's back with his hand, he said, quietly,—

"Please, sir, I wouldn't sell him for five hundred dollars."

"We made three ports after that, and Brownie could have left us any time, but he never showed any thought of leaving the ship, and keeping close to Davey, was our bright, cheery little bit o' sunshine on many and many a gloomy day. No wonder we all would a' given our eyes to keep him!

"Well, ma'am, one night while we were yet off the coast of old Bolivia, the Pacific blew up into a boiling sea of foam, and a keen tornado took us by surprise.

"All was hurry and confusion, but each man stood at his post, and Davey was one of the men sent aloft early in the gale.

"How it happened no one knew. All I know is that we heard the cry ringing down from aloft in the roar of the storm, '*Man overboard!*'

"You can't guess, ma'am, here in your safe, warm homes what that means to us sea-faring men, on an ink-black night with all the demons of the sea roaring round us; and possibly we ourselves just on the edge of eternity.

"Well, what could we do? In that awful sea, with our ship dashing like a nutshell on the top of the waves and the wind shrieking through our rigging at the rate of forty knots an hour, not a hand could be lifted to save the boy. He couldn't even have lived while a boat was being lowered,—no, not in that sea. We saved the ship, but Davey was gone.

"And now, ma'am, comes the strangest part of my yarn, which I doubt not you'll find it hard to believe. But it's true, just as I tell it to you.

"For three days after Davey was drowned, the little bird flew about the ship in a lost, queer-like way, making a kind of moaning cry whenever we spoke to him, like as if he said,—

"Where is he? What have you done with Davey?"

"Why, ma'am, I believe, as I stand here, that the poor little bird had all that and more in his brown breast. He wouldn't eat, neither would he sing. He would come to us if we called him, and just sit moping on our shoulders, chirping a faint chirp once in a while.

"At the end of the third day, one of our watch went up where poor Davey's hammock was swung, and there, on the deck underneath the old sail-cloth, lay Brownie dead. Yes, ma'am, *dead*. It seemed to us all as if his poor little heart was just broken.

"Well, we buried the little fellow in the sea, like many a bigger, but not more faithful, friend before him. And you'll not think it strange, ma'am, that there was hardly a dry eye amongst us rough old tars, though maybe some of us hadn't shed a tear before for many years.

"Now, ma'am my story is done. It isn't much of a story, but after hearing it you won't think it strange that I love the little birds around this old shell of mine. Sometimes on dark and windy nights I lie awake and think of Davey and Brownie, and wonder if *somewhere* they haven't met each other again."

Grandpa's Pet.

The following incident from the *Detroit Post and Tribune* will remind our readers of Dickens' story of Little Nell and her grandfather:—

When one of the trains to this city came in at midnight a few nights ago, an old man was found sleeping in one of the seats.

"I say, old man!" yelled the conductor, "git out of this; do you hear? This is Detroit. If you've got any friends, they'll be looking for you."

"Where's Gracie?"

"Who?" asked the conductor, recovering his official voice.

"Little Gracie—grandpa's little pet! I brought her with me. Is she there?"

"I guess he is not wide awake yet," said the curious passenger. "Suppose you help him to his feet."

Conductors are experts in helping people to their feet, and this one was no exception to the rule. He took the old man by the coat-collar and stood him up, but he sank down the next moment limp and motionless. Just then a depot-hand came in.

"The baggage-master wants to know what you're goin' to do with that little deal box over there. He don't want any of that kind left over, and there's no direction on it but 'Gracie.'"

"That's her!" said the old man, and he stood up feebly. "Take me there. We're going a long journey,—Gracie and me; a long, long journey, but it don't seem as if I knew the way right clear."

They took him into the depot and laid him on one of the benches and put his carpet bag under his head, but still he fretted for his "leetle Gracie,—his pet," and at last they consoled him by telling him she was resting, was asleep, and must not be disturbed.

The little "box," with "Gracie" written upon it in lead pencil, was safe enough with the other "freight," and the old man slept peacefully at last. Some kind soul threw a rug over him near morning, and asked him what train he was waiting for, but all the answer he made was a feeble "Thank'ee; call me at sunrise. We're going a long journey, Gracie and me."

He was called at sunrise by a voice that none may refuse, and when a flood of rosy light shone into the dreary room he was up and away,—gone on his long journey. Only the worn out body was there, and the next day it was laid away with "little Gracie" in the strangers' lot in Mount Elliott, unknown, yet possibly in as "sure hope of a gracious resurrection" as if marked by thirty feet of monumental clay.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During December, 1882, forty-seven loan libraries, fifteen new and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,633-7,637, inclusive, and Nos. 7,641-7,646, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,811 7,812, 7,813 and 7,814, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 1,999,	No. 4,480,	No. 4,803,	No. 5,499,	No. 6,260,	No. 6,989,	No. 7,216,	No. 7,891,
" 3,802,	" 4,491,	" 5,041,	" 5,658,	" 6,656,	" 7,117,	" 7,229,	" 7,891,
" 8,443,	" 4,702,	" 5,197,	" 5,780,	" 6,657,	" 7,153,	" 7,343,	" 7,406,
" 8,803,	" 4,706,	" 5,282,	" 6,153,	" 6,870,	" 7,190,	" 7,344,	" 7,497.

Wings, By-and-By.

Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, 'how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?'

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but, after hesitating a moment, he said:—

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought to be overheard, "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile:—"I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-by "mount up with wings

as eagles: shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

"God Loved Me."

Some years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and, as they were about to separate, one asked the other:—

"Do you ever read your Bible?"

"Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God."

"Neither did I, but God loved me."

This answer produced such an effect upon his friend that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened to his soul at once the great truth, that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
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 U. S. A.



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MARCH, 1883.

No. 3.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Upon this subject, Mr. E. V. SMALLEY has an interesting and instructive article in the February *Century*, from which we make the following extract:—

The Oregon Metropolis.

“Portland has a population of about 25,000, and is growing rapidly. It has grown rich by handling and shipping the wheat of the Willamette Valley and the upper Columbia country and selling goods to the farmers of the interior. It has none of the look of a raw western town. The business streets are well built with brick, the residence streets are handsomely shaded, and bordered by pretty white and cream-colored houses, each with its lawn, rose-bushes and flower-beds. The streets running back from the water-front climb a gentle slope to a dense, dark forest. Ships with foreign flags, lie in the stream, and white, river steamers come and go. The town has large school-houses, fine churches, gas and water works, street-railways, a theatre, a club, spacious stores,

well-filled with all goods that appeal to the fancy of women in the East,—in short, the attractions and comfort to be found in Eastern cities. It has also a stable, intelligent population, largely of the New England and Middle State elements. Portland, sitting at the gateway of the rich Willamette Valley and controlling the transportation lines leading up and down the Columbia River, has got beyond the stage of experiment.

The Puget Sound Towns.

“Between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, a distance of about one hundred miles, the country is all forest, save where a few settlements have been made along the Cowlitz River, or on spots of prairie land left open by nature. The shores of the Sound, too, are one enormous and almost unbroken forest, notched here

ANDOVER, IOWA
MAR 5
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and there on the water-front by clearings for logging camps and saw-mill villages. The towns are few and far between, and are encircled not by belts of cultivated fields, but by the dim aisles of the primeval woods. Lumbering is the chief industry, and an immense industry it is, counting its annual product by hundreds of millions of feet, sending building material to South America, China and Australia, as well as to the whole California coast, and furnishing masts and spars to the navies of the world.

"Seattle is the chief Sound port. It has about 8,000 inhabitants, and besides its big saw-mills enjoys the profits of the coal business from the neighboring mines, and of a trade with the little lumbering hamlets up and down the Sound, on its numerous bays, coves and straits. Big hotels, bustling business streets, two-story coal-wharves and a young university are among the features of this thriving, ambitious place.

"Tacoma, on Commencement Bay, is the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of its branch to the Wilkeson coal fields, which is eventually to climb over the Cascade Mountains. It has perhaps 3,000 inhabitants. From the plateau on which it stands there is an inspiring view of the dark green base and dazzling snowy summit of Mount Rainier,

the noblest of the white giants of the Cascade Range,—a grander mountain than Mount Blanc, and though a thousand feet lower, apparently more lofty because it is seen from the sea level towering up into the sky, individual and alone. Its Indian name is Mount Tacoma, and so it should be called instead of after an English admiral who never saw it.

"Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, is a pretty village, embowered in fruit trees, with 2,500 inhabitants, a branch railroad and a steam-boat that runs to Seattle and Tacoma. There is some farming country back of the place, and a good water-power close by.

"Port Townsend, at the entrance to the Sound, looks down on the green water from a high plateau. There is a lower town by the wharves connected with the upper one by a long flight of wooden stairs. The population is about the same as that of Olympia. The custom-house is here for all the Sound ports, and it is in some sort a supply station for shipping. The other Sound towns are inconsiderable settlements depending on big saw-mills for their existence, or on rather feeble agricultural settlements on tidal flats redeemed by dikes, or in the narrow bottoms of the little rivers that are fed by the melting snows of the mountains."

Our seamen's chaplain at Portland is the Rev. R. S. STUBBS, whose indefatigable labors have accomplished wonders for the sailor in that important port, and have shown him to be eminently fitted for his responsible position. He has wrought a great work and has a great work before him.

Our Trustees have recently undertaken the extension of the Society's work on Puget Sound, making an appropriation both for Seattle and the Tacomas, and will wait the commercial developement of that marvellous section, ever ready to "enter in."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

A HOME FOR AGED MARINERS.

"The opening of an institution for the benefit of the aged mariners of Liverpool, England, is one of the events of the closing year. It is located at Egremont, Chester, within the port of Liverpool, by the water side, and is called "The Liverpool Home for aged and worn-out seamen and their families."

It is under the auspices of the President and Council of the Mercantile Marine Service Association.

"It is pleasing to know that while many bad men on this side the Atlantic are treating our sailors like white slaves, holding them for blood-money, and disposing of them to the highest bidder, good men, on both sides, are devising liberal things for their comfort in old age, and for their eternal welfare.

"The charity referred to has a central Home, corresponding in some points with our Sailors' Snug Harbor. It is capable of accommodating 100 inmates, and is designed for unmarried men and widowers. This building is the gift of a Mr. WM. CLIFF, a Liverpool merchant and ship-owner, who erected it as a memorial to a beloved daughter, deceased. It differs from the Snug Harbor in that it provides also cottage homes for those who have families, and require the quiet and comfort of home in which their wives or suitable relatives may live with them. In these, house, fire, gas, water, and taxes are free, the occupants having liberty to engage in watching or any other suitable employment. Provision is also made, by out-pensions, for men, and casual relief for widows. This feature is

intended to meet the wants of mariners, who, having a small income which is not sufficient to keep them above want, may have their little supplemented so that they need not be separated from their families.

"This institution is limited in the range of its beneficence, being only intended for "the aged mariners of Liverpool." It is not endowed but depends for its support on voluntary contributions. In these particulars the Snug Harbor has the advantage in that it opens its doors to men of all nations who have served five years under the American flag, either in the naval or mercantile marine.

"The inauguration ceremonies took place on Saturday, Dec. 16th, 1882, the Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. WM. RADCLIFFE, presiding. The Duke of Edinburgh, the popular sailor prince, manifested his interest in the matter by being present and formally opening the doors of the Home for the admission of its beneficiaries. In reply to the Mayor's address of welcome the Prince responded:—"As a naval officer I heartily rejoice with you in the completion of these most valuable homes, in which old and disabled mariners and their families may find a haven of refuge. I cannot too strongly express my sense of the enlightened liberality of those to whom they owe their existence, and who have conferred so great a boon upon a class than which none is more deserving of the sympathy and support of the country." Royal sentiments! and royally spoken! Would that some of our own merchant princes, who must necessarily leave their wealth behind them, would emulate the

example of this generous merchant and ship owner and consecrate some portion of their gains, while they yet live, to some such useful and benevolent purpose.

"The endowment of such an institution for any suffering class of our fellow men would make fragrant for all coming time a name which otherwise might be remembered only in connection with some gigantic business arrangement, and die forgotten as soon as the wealth accumulated by industry and thrift has been dissipated by unworthy heirs in prodigality and waste.

C. J. J."

New York, February, 1883.

Uncle John's Soliloquy.

"Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I only gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars,—why it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord! I am so glad Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it 'a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited.' He asked us to try the experiment for one year,—to set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work.' I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a mean and close-fisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had

certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, \$1,200. Three dollars is one-four-hundredth part of \$1,200.

"The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I: 'I am not quite ready for the Jew's one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works.' I got a big envelope, and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put the \$60 into it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done, how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions, all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's fund up to \$75; and if it don't, I will make it up from something else."

"Where Would You Light?"

Three young men going up in an elevator controlled by an elderly colored man were discussing the question of what the result would be if the elevator should fall, and one of them said:—"I don't care for myself, but I am anxious for my old friend here," alluding to the colored man, and turning to him said: "Uncle, where do you think you would alight?" The old man replied promptly:—"I would light in the arms of Jesus! Where would you light?" The young man was silenced, and left the elevator without another word.

GIVE JACK WELL VENTILATED AND COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

The U. S. House of Representatives having under consideration, Jan. 10th, 1883, the bill (H. R. 7061) to remove certain burdens on the American merchant marine, to encourage the American foreign carrying trade, and to amend the laws relating to the shipment and discharge of seamen, the Clerk read as follows:—

S^{EC}. 12. That every vessel mentioned in the preceding section shall also be provided with a slop-chest, which shall contain a complement of clothing for the intended voyage for each seaman employed, including boots or shoes, hats or caps, under clothing and outer clothing, oiled clothing, and everything necessary for the wear of a seaman; also a full supply of tobacco and blankets. Any of the contents of the slop-chest shall be sold, from time to time, to any or every seaman applying therefor, for his own use, at a profit not exceeding 25 per cent. of the reasonable wholesale value of the same at the port at which the voyage commenced.

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—I move to amend section 12 by inserting after the words "that every vessel mentioned in the preceding section" the words "shall have, keep and maintain proper sleeping accommodations, well ventilated, warmed, and comfortable quarters for seamen, and this fact shall be stated on every inspection and clearance certificate."

This is a very important amendment for the benefit of sailors on the ocean, lakes and rivers. It is not my intention to raise a hue and cry against owners, officers, &c. They may be innocently, thoughtlessly, the direct cause of untold suffering in not furnishing the sailors and deck-hands proper, comfortable, warmed sleeping ac-

commodation—I mean a heated, dry sleeping-room. The distinction must be made, because on ocean-going vessels, no matter whether it is summer or winter, the fore-castle is usually damp, either from the character of the cargo or from the wet clothes of the sailors. To illustrate: A northerly gale springs up, and all hands are ordered aloft to furl the sails or to perform other duties incident to seafaring life. The pelting rain, hail, or snow storm drenches their clothes. No rubber or oil-skin coverings can stand those sea rains and piercing cold winds. The sailors are, as the saying is, "chilled to the marrow-bones." After may be hours of this dreadful exposure in the rigging or on deck they are ordered below. Then a warmed fore-castle and a heated stove would gladden the sailor's heart, dry his clothes, and make him forget the howling tempest and angry waves for a while. But no: the place he is to sleep and eat in is wet—yes, dripping wet, cold, dreary, and gloomy; his ship-mates soured and complaining. Then comes the bitter and despairing cry, "Give me something to warm me!" It may be the first drink. His dear mother's warning voice is hushed and forgotten.

This is not an overdrawn picture. There are gentlemen on this floor who have witnessed many scenes like this. Change the picture to our great Mississippi River. That mammoth steamer is lying at the river bank taking on a cargo of corn or cotton. The deck-hands are singing their usual songs. A storm has come on, but the deck-hand is not allowed to stop "toting the cotton or the corn."

Rain or shine, it is all the same. That commercial leviathan must not lie there on expenses. The lines are hauled on board and the boat is plowing her way on that grand old river to her destination. Where are those deck-hands who worked so hard and faithfully, breasting the storm, hurrying to get the steamer on her journey? There is no place, no room, set apart for them, no fire to warm them and dry their clothes. You will find some of them have crept under the boilers, their heads resting on a stick of cord-wood for a pillow, trying to get some sleep preparatory to being called on watch or to land at another corn-pile, to go over the same hard work until the boat is loaded. Who is at fault, who is to blame for the neglect and sufferings of those poor sailors and deck-hands for want of warmed sleeping accommodations? Congress will be to blame if it does not now insert as part of this wise shipping bill a clause giving to our country such governing laws as will from this time forward extend to hard-worked mariners simple justice.

Many have said our deck-hands out West are nearly all negroes. Yes; they are. But black-skinned labor is commercially as white as any man's, and demands the same protection.

The gentleman from California [Mr. Page] has stated that nine-tenths of our seamen are foreigners. No doubt about it. Why is it? I answer the question and challenge contradiction. The officers and owners of vessels, steamers, &c., do not give the young fishermen and coastmen the warm sleeping comforts they are entitled to; hence they will not ship with them; they seek other employment. God bless the bethel sailors' missions everywhere. Go on

with your good work of reform. But I implore you all to commence at the beginning end of the line. Hang up a motto in every mission and execute the mandate:—"No vessel, steamer, or steamboat shall leave this port until comfortable sleeping quarters are furnished and maintained for seamen and river-men."

Mr. Dingley.—I desire to call the attention of my friend from Missouri [Mr. McLean] to the provision of existing law upon this subject. Section 4572 of the Revised Statutes provides that "every such vessel," that is every vessel engaged in the foreign trade, "shall be provided with fuel and a safe and suitable room in which a fire can be kept for the use of seamen." I ask the gentleman how much further than this his amendment proposes to go?

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—It simply proposes to provide in this shipping bill a guarantee that every sailor shall have these accommodations for his comfort.

Mr. Dingley.—In addition to the requirements of the present law?

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—Yes, sir; because I would have this provision apply not only to vessels in the foreign trade, but to coasting vessels and to those upon our western lakes and rivers.

Mr. Dingley.—In these sections we are dealing with vessels engaged in the foreign trade; and the section of the Revised Statutes to which I have referred relates to this same subject. It seems to me that the amendment of my friend from Missouri had better be deferred until we proceed to legislate with reference to the coasting trade. The law now reaches vessels engaged in the foreign trade. I think it possible that when we come to

legislate with reference to vessels engaged in the coasting trade some additional provision of this kind may be required; but I suggest to my friend whether it would not be better to withdraw the amendment at this time, and if he thinks proper prepare an amendment specifically addressed to the coastwise trade.

Mr. McLean, of Missouri.—This amendment does not conflict with

the other provisions of the bill in regard to foreign vessels; and I think it well we should in this bill take means to secure to the sailor his right to a warm fore-castle. I claim that the master or owner of the vessel is under an obligation to have men there for the purpose of keeping the place warm. I know what it is to be on board of a vessel. The sailor is told, "There is your place; go and occupy it."

CRUELITIES TO SEAMEN—FURTHER FACTS—A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

Our articles on recent cruelties to seamen have drawn out the following from our old friend, Mr. STEGNER, himself a retired sailor, whose name has often been mentioned in our pages, as a convert to Christ while employed on board a naval vessel, years since, in the harbor of Honolulu, H. I.

NORTHFIELD, Minn., Dec. 16th, 1882.

Editor of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE:—

"When I read in the MAGAZINE what wicked cruelties are committed on board of ships by captains and officers toward the sailors, and the sailors mutinying against their officers, I am reminded of what fell under my observation as mostly the result of whiskey. I will give you my experience.

"I enlisted in New York in July, 1847, as musician on board the U. S. man-of-war, line and battle ship *Ohio*, after she had returned from the bombardment of Vera Cruz and was preparing to go to the west coast of Mexico with Capt. STRINGHAM. We started for Rio Janeiro where we laid four months, when we were relieved and started for the west coast of Mexico. Capt. Stringham was a gentleman and a temper-

ance man, but he left us. In his place we received a certain Capt. TAYLOR and a Mr. LONG for second captain and commander. Both were very intemperate, and from the period of their arrival we had a terrible time on board. The tyrannical Capt. Long knew that the drunken Capt. Taylor had no greater enjoyment than to see men bound, stripped, and whipped, so he gave him many occasions of pleasure. Every morning at nine o'clock, when he came on deck, he was drunk and his head glowed like an oven. He searched through the ship to discover something with which to gratify his satanic desires, and he always found something to report, no matter how small and insignificant; then a list for punishment was made every day, or every second day. The fife sounded and the boatswain called out:—'All hands on deck to witness punishment.' We were so accustomed to it, that, when

it ceased, the universal inquiry was:—'What is the matter?' It was stopped in the following manner. In December we left Rio Janeiro, rounded Cape Horn and entered Valparaiso. In that place the Commodore, CATESBY JONES, with his son, a midshipman, his secretary, an old gentleman, and C. K. STRIBLING, captain of the squadron, who was a Christian and a thorough temperance man, came on board, as the Commodore's Flag-ship. It was shortly after their arrival that numerous punishments were ended. It was said among the crew that the secretary of the Commodore, who was on deck much of the time and among the sailors, saw what was going on. He reported to the Commodore, who then asked for the list of the men punished and the causes. On reading the paper, it is said, he threw it on the floor, saying if he heard any more of such punishment he would have the captains court-martialled. For the truth of this I will not vouch, but if this comes before the eyes of my old friend Capt. Stribling, whom I have cause to believe is still living, he will undoubtedly know now it was. But of one thing we were all sure, that the call, 'All hands on deck to witness punishment' was less seldom heard.

"When we started from Lower to Upper California our captain consented to carry several hundred volunteers. He required of them, according to the order of the ship, that they help keep watch with the sailors. This they refused to do. The captain called them on deck and clearly told them their circumstances; that he had taken them from kindness, not obligation, and while they were on board they must submit to the law of the ship or receive punishment. This explanation sufficed and from that time they performed their duty.

"As we were homeward bound and near Cape Horn, on account of the kindness and mildness of our captain and officers, who were good, moral men, the sailors became very negligent and careless. It having been reported to the captain he called them on deck and plainly told them that duty must be performed orderly and promptly, or they must expect punishment. The plain statement and warning produced the desired effect. This I have given to illustrate how peaceably affairs can be conducted by cool and clear-headed men. Had those captains been addicted to drinking there would have been nothing short of a rebellion on board with fearful bloodshed. C. S."

RETURN OF A VICTIM OF "SHANGHAERS."

That the infamous practice of "shanghaeing" men for sea, once largely in vogue in some of our principal U. S. seaports, still finds occasional and fearful illustration is evident from the following, which is taken from the Boston, Mass., *Herald* of January 24th, 1883:—

"The hero of the adventures recorded below arrived in this city a few days ago as a stoker on an English steamer, but his case having become known to the captain of the vessel, he was discharged here, and doubtless is now enjoying the comforts of his father's home in

Central New York. It seems that this young man graduated from a prominent law school in New York City in the fall of 1881, and with ample funds, furnished by his father, and in the company of a number of his schoolmates, who were quite willing to help him spend his money, started on an extended tour among the 'dives' that abound in the metropolis. To the best of his recollection, their tour occupied several days, and the last thing that the young man remembers of life on shore was a low resort in South St., New York, where the company was, in great part, made up of those who go down to the sea in ships. His next sensation was that of being tossed and knocked about in a small bunk in the close fore-castle of some vessel. Starting to his feet and working his way slowly on deck, he found that he was indeed at sea, no land being in sight. Sick with the unusual motion of the vessel, and weak from a long debauch, he endeavored to find out where he was and how he came there. The first mate told him that he had shipped on the vessel in New York as a common seaman, and that, if they had good luck, he would find himself at Port Saïd, in Egypt, in about sixty days. He endeavored to reason with the officer; told him he was not a sailor; that he knew nothing of the sea, and that he had never voluntarily signed the vessel's papers. His protestations were of little use, however, as the bark, for such the vessel proved to be, was short-handed, and every man on board was needed to work her.

"Knowing nothing of the workings of a vessel, his position was a horrible one. The trip across proved unusually stormy, and by the time the vessel entered the

Mediterranean the abducted man was in a sorry condition. Arriving at Port Saïd, he was taken violently sick with a fever, and was placed in the hospital, whence he came forth in about a month almost a skeleton. Having no money, no friends, and not knowing what to do, he wandered about the streets of this desert city by day and at night lay in his hammock, listening to the strains of strange music as they floated from concert hall and café. Finally, driven to desperation, he managed to secure a berth as stoker on an English steamer, hoping almost against hope that something would turn up that would enable him to reach his home and friends in the United States. About this time war between England and Egypt broke out, and the steamer on which the young man was employed was engaged in transporting refugees from Alexandria and Port Saïd. Shortly afterward he was present with his vessel at the bombardment and capture of Alexandria, and, with true Western enterprise, he secured many valuable relics of that historic struggle. At the close of the war the ship was ordered to England and thence to this port, and after an enforced absence of over a year, he landed in Boston. His reception at the house of his father, who long since gave him up as lost, may well be imagined."

Life in a Lighthouse.

There are horrible stories told of former days, when, a couple of men being on duty on some isolated rock, one of them happened to die suddenly in rough weather; when the survivor, fearful of being charged with a crime, remained shut up in the closest proxim-

ity to the corpse of his comrade till the lull of the storm brought relief and the opportunity of explanation. This very week we hear of a case which might well seem incredible were it not amply authenticated. The watchmen on the Wolf Rock, opposite the Cornish coast, were cut off from all communication with their kind through the two dreariest months of the winter; and it was nearly the middle of January when relief reached them at last. Nowadays, however, the light-warders in similar circumstances invariably consist of three at the least; and both on the light-towers and in the lightships the men are surrounded by all manner of material comforts. They have rooms as snug as the limited structural arrangements will admit; they have ample rations of excellent food, nor are the needs of their minds by any means neglected. Still it must be an unnatural life at the best, and one that is perilously fitted to nourish sombre fancies. We may conceive that in the men who take most kindly to the occupation, the imagination is seldom strongly developed; but nevertheless they must be quick and intelligent. Generally speaking, it is believed some moderate amount of exercise is indispensable to preserving the balance of the bodily and mental powers; and in the dullest routine of ordinary drudgery there are usually occasional changes of scene and company. But in many a light-house the occupants are held fast by the legs, for exercise becomes something more than effort when it is reduced to practising the treadmill upon the steps of a corkscrew staircase, or to be taking half a dozen steps upon a slimy rock at low water. The crews of the light-ships are somewhat more favorably circumstanced in this

respect, since they can do their walking on a more or less roomy deck, and they enjoy, besides, a greater variety of company. But the life in both cases must be intolerably monotonous; and to a landsman there would be little to choose between the terrors of the one and the other, when the sea is wrapped in impenetrable fogs, or is lashed into fury by howling tempests. In a storm, the light-house is in reality the safer residence of the two, for, thanks to the skill of our modern engineers, it is most unlikely that another Eddystone will be swept away. Yet, as the waves rush up the sloping sides of the tower, and toss their tons of seething green water against the lower courses of masonry, seeming to shake the massive structure from the light-room to the foundation, it must need nerve and long habit to resist the belief that the violence of the elements may bring about a catastrophe. As for the lightships, being moored in shallower water, they may be less exposed to the extreme fury of the storms, though there is always a chance of their being torn from their anchorage. But, on the other hand, in even moderately bad weather, they must always be eminently disagreeable places of abode. The peculiar jerking motion, when the natural heaving of the ship is being perpetually checked by the straining cables, is said to be trying to the most seasoned of mariners, and to be one of those inconveniences to which no custom can reconcile one.—*London Saturday Review.*

BE THYSELF blameless of what thou rebukest. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blot.—*Quarles.*

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

When the bells rang their peal through the wintery air,
And startled the worshippers hushed as in prayer,
When the people turned gladly to friends who were near
And whispered, "God give you a happy new year!"
A fiat went forth from God's chamber of peace,
"To some there is dawning the year of release."

They knew not the sign that was put on their brow,
These happy ones soon in His presence to bow,
When the late light came in and began a new day
They saw not the messenger placed in the way:
They said, "Will the toil and the sorrow increase?"
Nor dreamed they had entered their year of release.

With courage they patiently turned to their task,
For strength, not deliverance, dared they to ask;
They sighed as they took up their burdens again
Of sorrow and weariness, sickness and pain.
Nor ventured to hope that their troubles would cease,
Or joy become theirs in this year of release.

Oh, could they but know what the new year will bring,
What glad songs of freedom and hope they would sing!
How willingly suffer and toil for awhile,
Thinking aye of their Lord and his welcoming smile;
And "the patience of hope" would grow strong and increase,
As they counted the days of their year of release.

For, ere it passed, the King's face they shall see,
And ever from sorrow and sighing be free;
The things that perplex them shall all be made plain,
And the evil of sin never touch them again,
They will gain the bright country of pleasure and peace,
Thrice happy ones living their year of release.

Who are they, thus near to the end of their way,
With sad faces meeting that wonderful day?
We know not, they know not, the Master alone
Sees who shall have rest in the joy of His throne;
We may say while our spirits grow strong in His peace,
"It may be,—it may be,—my year of release."

Let us live with that hope in our hearts day by day,
We can bear that which passes so swiftly away;
There is work yet unfinished, tasks yet to fulfil,
And lessons to learn of our Father's good will:
Let us spend, as for Him, the time shortly to cease,
And God make us meet for our year of release!

Marianne Farningham, in The Christian World.

Is It Right?

BY PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D.

Some forty-five years ago the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, then president of Amherst College, used to preach frequently in the adjoining towns. To do this he often crossed the Connecticut River on Sunday morning in a ferry-boat and returned by the same conveyance in the evening. In accordance with the pious usage of those times, he endeavored to "improve his opportunities," in imitation of Him who sat and talked by the well of Samaria. He unexpectedly met his match one morning, in the quick-witted ferry-man. "Oh, yes!" said the latter, "I want to save my soul; I believe all you say; but the fact is I have no time for such things. On week-days I have to work my farm, while the boy works the ferry, till when the nights come I am too sleepy to know whether I have a soul. Then when Sunday comes I have to be here to carry you parsons across the river. I haven't had a passenger this morning, except parsons." So in substance the story ran, as Dr. Humphrey related it to a friend. He went home and revised his observance of the Lord's Day, and the ferry-man lost a Sunday customer.

We pass on about thirty years, and a tall, grave man, over sixty years of age, whose look reminds one of "that disciple whom Jesus loved," is seen walking from the west bank of the river Schuylkill at Philadelphia, on a Sunday morning; and after preaching twice, and presiding at a third service in the evening, walking back to his country home, while horse-cars, a score or more, are passing him back and forth. The

distance is over three miles each way. It is the Rev. Albert Barnes who thus endeavors to honor his faith in the Christian Sabbath, which he devoutly believes to be violated by the running of the street-cars on that day. He has lately led his brethren and the good people of Philadelphia in a protest against the innovation, and his Sunday walks are his individual tribute to the same end.

We pass on fifteen years more. The scene is shifted, we will suppose, to an academic town, not a thousand miles from either the Connecticut or the Schuylkill River. The steam-cars run to and from the neighboring metropolis, not as frequently, but as regularly, on the Lord's Day as on any other. Conductors, brakemen, engineers, oil-men and other adjuncts of a railway train,—and we are told that a well-manned train requires the service, on the average, of about twenty men,—are employed as on a week-day. They know no difference between secular and holy time. Life to them is one long treadmill of secularities. If they should chance to be moved by a tract given to them by a Sunday traveler, to petition that their right to the Lord's Day and its refreshing liberties should be restored to them, they would probably be told that railway trains cannot run on scruples; that they require a steel conscience as well as steel rails; and that if the petitioners do not think so, their services are no longer wanted. A hundred hungry men to each one of them stand ready to take their places; wife and children at home must have bread; and if the petitioners try to reason the matter with their superiors, they probably end with pocketing their wages, and—their scruples. The train

runs as before, and twenty men have no Sabbath; and the consciences of twenty men are indurated, it may be for a life-time.

Cast off the Line.

I have seen a steamtug start its propeller, which churned the water, but the tug did not move from the wharf. A stout line still held it. As soon as that was cast off, the nimble vessel shot off into the stream.

So it is that some awakened sinners "make a start" towards a better life. But they fall back again. The reason is that they never cut loose from the sins they loved best.

A sabbath-breaker can never make one inch of progress towards Christ while he continues the desecration of God's day. If lust for gain keeps a man in dishonest practices, he must either quit his unchristian business, or abandon all hope of being saved. He must cast off the line which holds him.

That sagacious physician of souls, Dr. Nettleton, always suspected that when a sinner lingered a long time under conviction, and did not yield to Christ, there must be some special sin that held him back. He was once invited to converse with a man of wealth and culture who was under the strivings of God's Spirit. He wondered what kept the man from finding peace. But one day, while praying with him, he detected a peculiar *odor* in his breath, which revealed the secret enemy. He kindly pleaded with his friend, and told him frankly. The sin-bound man did not deny the charge; nor did he abandon the fatal practice. He drank himself into bankruptcy, into the loss of his beautiful home, and finally in-

to the gutter and the drunkard's dismal grave.

The first step in coming to Jesus is usually the quitting of a favorite error or a favorite sin. Friend, if you are yet unconverted, here is probably the secret. Jesus asks a sacrifice of what you love, and what he abhors. Will you give up your sin, or give up your soul? Will you cast off the line? If not, you will be lost. "Behold, I set before you, this day, life and death; choose life."—*Bethel Flag*.

The One Name.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life! filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength! Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power,—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption,—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer! Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God: thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs

around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.
—Rev. G. W. Bethune, D. D.

“Christ Standing Between.”

A little band of Christian sisters met together to pray, and talk of their religious life, its conflicts and its victories. All confessed that the adversary troubled them at times, and tried to mislead them by his persuasive voice, and one sister said,—“At one time I knew not what to do when Satan assailed me, but now when he troubles me, I ask my Savior to keep him from me.”

“Ah, yes,” said one, “you say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan,’ do you not?”

“No,” she replied, “I leave that for Christ to say. I do not want Satan behind me, and I need not have him there. If he is behind Christ, I have nothing to fear. I know that He who was once tempted is willing to stand between me and the tempter. With Jesus near me I am safe.”

May some tried and tempted souls who may read this record of a Christian’s conflict and speedy deliverance, be helped by it, as some of us were who listened to her words!

“Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—*American Messenger*.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY is the liberty to be Christ-like. When a man becomes the disciple of Christ, this is all the liberty he has.

Rather, let me say, he advances into a higher realm of liberty than that of the merely ethical right; into the liberty of love, and the self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness of love. Of course, there are people who shrug their shoulders at the idea of liberty to be Christ-like—that, and nothing else; the liberty not to please themselves, not to live selfish but unselfish lives; the liberty to deny themselves for the sake of others, to lay down their lives for the brethren. They do not want any such liberty as that. They will not call it liberty at all. It is not, it never can be, liberty to the natural man. He must be born into it, to the new nature, or the old new-born. To the man who has put on Christ this is the grandest liberty in earth or heaven. The one absolutely free man who ever walked the earth was Jesus of Nazareth. The truth makes other men free. He was the Truth and so was Freedom itself.—*New York Independent*.

WE CAN commune best with a dear one when no one else is present, so with Christ. As Macduff has beautifully said:—“A couch of sickness is often our Patmos, or the chamber of bereavement. Exiled, shut in, the Lord with us. And our Patmos, like John’s exile, may be made glorious with visions of eternity, and beautiful with the presence of Jesus.”

NO FLOWER can blow in Paradise that is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted of the fruit of the tree of Calvary.—*Leigh Richmond*.

BURIAL AT SEA.

The following lines were written in 1829 by NATHANIEL H. CARTER, as he was entering the Mediterranean, on a voyage to Marseilles, undertaken in hope of benefit to his health. He was then in the last stages of consumption, and he wrote under the impression that he would not live to reach the port. He survived the voyage a few days only. (CARTER was born at Concord, Mass., September 17th, 1787, was graduated at Dartmouth College, and died at Marseilles in December, 1829.)

From his room to the deck they brought him, dressed
For his funeral rites, at his own request,—
With his boots and stocks and garments on,
And nought but the breathing spirit gone;
For he wished that a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay.
Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead as Araby's spices sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.
No steeds with their nodding plumes were there,
No sabled hearse and no coffined bier,
To bear with pomp and parade away
The dead to sleep with his kindred clay;
But the little group, a silent few,
His comrades mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said,
O'er the corse of the deaf, unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide.
One sudden plunge, and the scene is o'er;
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.—
In that classical sea whose azure vies
With the green of its shores and the blue of its skies,
In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,
Oh! the dead shall sleep as sweetly, as well,
As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the East and the South breathe their rich perfumes;
Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the trump of the angel sounds with dread,
And the sea, with the earth, gives up its dead.

New York Observer.

“NO MORE SEA.”

On returning from a vacation water trip in the summer of 1882, Rev. JAMES L. HILL, of the North Church, Lynn, Mass., preached a

sermon from which we make a single extract, from the text, *Rev. 21: 1*,—"And there was no more sea."

Now and then some great ocean disaster shocks the community with a shuddering story of the terrible tragedies of the sea; but, being personally unaffected in either family or estate by the sad chronicles recorded in the commercial department of our morning papers, we are likely to grow oblivious to that work of death, which is, nevertheless, steadily going onward month by month, until the mournful aggregate seems too terrible to come within the sphere of our easy credence. And yet fifty shipwrecks a week, or some serious ocean calamity every four hours of every day we ever lived, is about what this monstrous work of death will average. Having the marine disasters for the past thirty-seven years before me, I am horror struck to find that for every twelve months they average more than 2,000. What tales of Cannibalism may we not attribute to the remorseless, insatiate sea! If we but once consider all the headache and the pain of affection which it cost to give up those dear objects of love involved in these perils, with what unutterable rapture, may we believe, shall uncounted multitudes hail with blessed anticipation that revelation first published by St. John when there was "a new heaven and a new earth and there was no more sea."

I have stood with profound emotion upon Arlington Heights, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," and looking across those broad acres of billowing sod, I have included in my thought the 400,000 men who for but one cause have found a prematurely opened grave. But their

ashes are but the dust in the balance compared with all those who in the service of our world's commerce have sunk into those rapacious depths "with bubbling groan, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." And even since writing my text above, I have called, purely accidentally, upon one lady in this parish, and I found that she knew not whether to feel that her own son was numbered among the living or the dead, for he went to sea and the ship was given up for lost and she never heard of him more. Now when you know how much a mother's heart can feel and ache, vacillating thus between hope and fear, accepting now for her own boy a possible escape from the ocean's deep and dismal caverns, and now sympathizing with him, as he put on the waves for his winding sheet to lie down himself alone in the sea's dark sepulchre and await that day when the sea shall give up its dead,—then may you realize what measure of meaning is conveyed to one heart at least, by the promise blazoned upon the skies in letters of living light that when John saw the adjustments of the future world, "there was a new heaven and a new earth, and there was no more sea."

So, too, have I read, without going out of my own county, how a single ocean blow will bring widowhood and desolation to scores of wives, and poverty and anguish to hundreds of children. "In the year 1879 alone, 240 men from Gloucester were drowned; 88 women made widows, and 219 children fatherless." Within the memory of those of you in middle life, Gloucester alone has lost be-

tween 2,000 and 3,000 men at sea. And now I am speaking of the matter, do you not recall from your own memory the facts of the Anchor line steamer *Ismailia*, nine years ago, *The City of Boston*, the *Tempest*, *City of Glasgow*, the *United Kingdom*, the *President*, by a singular coincident of name commanded by the gallant Capt. Herndon, President Arthur's wife's father? They went down, those souls, together and yet alone. And I am cataloguing only regular ships whose names were in everybody's mouth. If I have now brought to your remembrance how death has "sat upon the flood," I might still keep in the path of your own recollection, and confine myself only to ships of the line, and call up the names of four that have been burned, five sunk by collisions, two by colliding with icebergs, two foundered at sea, and thirty-four others, all ships of the line, wrecked on various coasts. It is easy for us to register the regular mail steamers that have been swallowed up quick in the ocean's pit, but no way occurs to me in which I can tell the poignancy of mental anguish of those who in a tumultuous boiling sea found like Clarence,

"What pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears,
What lights and ugly death within mine eyes;
Often did I strive to yield the ghost,
But still the envious flood stooped in my soul
And would not let it forth."

One of our ministers has left on record his own shrinking and recoil from what was accepted as inevitable death. In thought he was made to part with family and city and church and work. For eighteen hours he looked death pretty steadily in the face. Death was in the room, when the sun rose; it set and left him there.

At one time, this very year, fourteen of our ocean steamers were overdue. Select one of them and infer from her experience how much may be suffered by those even who are saved. It was twenty-three hours after a heavy sea had broken over the vessel, sweeping overboard three of her crew, beside bruising and disabling many of the others, that the passengers were informed by Capt. Murray that the ship was in a perilous position, and that if anything happened to stop the working of the engine by which she was made to quarter on the waves, she would fall into the trough of the sea and instantly founder. The entire company of passengers, the narrative continues, were huddled into the saloon, as the crash was momentarily expected. The captain, of course, could not leave the bridge, blinded at times by the salt water dashed into his eyes, everything would become black as pitch before him. "The ship plunged, but she saw not the abyss into which she descended, until the hurricane squall was passed. The scene when witnessed was awfully majestic. The whole horizon was filled with floating mountains of water. On the heavings of that prodigious bulk of waters all worked up by the tempest, the ship seemed to be performing her dance of death, ere she took the final step which was to send 484 human souls to their last account. Down she would glide with a side swing, burying her bows in the very base of an advancing wave, and then, again and again during long hours she would rise slowly from this valley of death." Now in addition to the anguish of those on board this one ship in this one storm, compute, if you can, all that has been suffered by children and rela-

tives, when friends have been imperilled; and then range the southern ocean and the western and the northern, and, believe me, that the sea is not yet done with his terrible deeds; and then go on land and proceed with your appalling computation, until you have included in the frightful aggregation of suffering all those who have made shipwreck in their business, shipwreck in their reputation, in character, in family, in their prospects, in their only hope, in their homes,

—the very “image and little representation of heaven;” not forgetting as you go that if one member suffer the whole of the family suffers with it, and that it is the survivors of a shock that grieve the most and longest; and, with your painful summary done, tell me, tell me if you have not found a fresh and deep and abiding significance in that Revelation in which St. John saw there was a new heaven and a new earth and that there was no more sea.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

By the third annual report (1882,) of the Sailors' Home, we learn that the total number of men admitted for the twelve-month, was 890. Two hundred and fifteen shipwrecked sailors were provided for. Thirteen hundred and forty-five dollars was deposited in the Home Savings Bank, by the men. Of \$4,000 left temporarily in the hands of the manager, by the sailors. \$2,294 was forwarded to seamen and their families. Sobriety and self-respect among the boarders are on the increase. Correspondence between them and their families is also increasing. Stated religious services have been held under the auspices of the Christian Mission to Seamen, and have been well attended. Family prayers are observed, morning and evening.

verted from darkness to marvelous light. Sometimes we have been obliged to continue our meetings until one and two o'clock in the morning, speaking with inquirers and praying with them, and sometimes several dear souls have in one evening received peace by believing in Jesus. In the fishing place, Hoganas, two miles northwest of H., where many seafaring men are settled, two sea captains have just built a mission hall where sailors and other people now regularly hear the word of life.”

STOCKHOLM.

Writing of his labors in the fall of 1882, among fishermen and sailors, at which time, “many hungry souls received the word of God with joy,” Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG says:—“Often have I thought—‘who knows that these sailors do not cast away the books and tracts without reading, and that my labor is not in vain?’ “But,” he continues, “I myself was converted through means of a tract. The Lord has many ways to the hearts of men. I have continued to sow the good seed in this manner about thirty years, and I hope it will bear fruit to everlasting.”

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In a recent communication, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, writes, with great joy, that “God has abundantly blessed us here, and many sinners have lately been con-

ing life." His record gives account of an interesting seamen's meeting at the Sailors' Home, in November, at which a captain was present whom Mr. L. met years since, when he was in despair for his sins. "I testified (then) to him of Jesus and His unspeakable grace. He sank to the cross of Jesus and received peace. He offers praise and thanks to God, still, to-day, for His grace and mercy."

GEFLE.

Of the quarter's work ending with December, 1882, Mr. E. ERIKSSON says:—"I have labored in G., Oregrund and Osthannar, and on their coasts. The meetings have been well attended, and neither rainy or snowy weather have been able to prevent people coming to them. Some sinners have awakened from their sleep in sin. At Gefle, in November, preaching at evangelistic services was attended with such power that about a hundred souls professed conversion to Christ."

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

Nearing his eightieth year, JOHN LINDELIN pursues his round of labor according to the measure of his strength, in visitation of vessels and seamen's families, with personal effort among them, and the distribution of religious reading matter.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

The last communication from Mr. H. H. JOHNSON is dated January 2nd, 1883. Mr. J. was greatly afflicted during the last year by loss of health. It is now gradually returning, and he declares:—"I am satisfied the Lord has some poor sailors He will aid me to lead to him. It is very trying for me not to be at my post, but I do what I can, and when it pleases God to help me, I shall climb those old ships again, and tell those men about our blessed Jesus. Work among seamen is not altogether neglected, for several

kind Christians help me, even now. A young sailor who spent Christmas in Christiania came up to the Methodist Church in great trouble. A friend urged him to come (to me) and have a spiritual meeting with Jesus. He came twice, was wonderfully blessed, and testified with all his heart to the forgiveness of sins. Thank God for a saved one!"

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN AND VICINITY.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON's letter of January 1st, is of especial interest as a compact and graphic portrayal of results secured in 1882. He writes:—

"During the past year I have had abundant evidence and manifestation of a general spiritual work amongst the North European sailors. Thousands of seamen have worshipped in our Bethel ship: the truth plainly spoken, has been, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, a power to convict and convert those who were 'dead in trespasses and sins.' Many have asked, with penitent tears,—'Is there still mercy for me?' Some have, while stopping here a short while, found that the Lord who dwells in the high and holy place, dwells with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. Others have left us, who have been awakened to attend to their eternal welfare. General spiritual results have been, however, as much in the building up and in the strengthening of the brethren, of whom a large number have taken the opportunity to confess Christ to their shipmates. Some have sent letters to me telling how they get along in the Christian race.

Evangelical Alliance.

"On his return from Stockholm, where arrangements have been made for an international meeting from the 1st to the 8th of September, 1883, Mr. ARNOLD COX, Secretary, preached on the 13th October in our Bethel ship from Psalm 23rd. His sermon was very instructive and encouraging.

At Korsør.

"On the 17th November, early in the morning, I went by train to Korsør to

visit our seamen's mission. I found that the sailors were very discouraged, as their herring fishing had failed entirely. I invited them to come together, at 8 o'clock that evening, and expounded the Scriptures to more than fifty. During the next forenoon I visited all the fishers' wives who together with their bright children suffer fully as much by the misfortune that is on them, as do the husbands. I could not give much time to each family, but spoke a few words pointing them to trust in Him who feedeth the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, and I invited the women to come together in the Mission at 4 o'clock. The fruit of my visits was that forty-three women met. They were in more need and distress than in any previous year, but they were willing to hear the Word and exercise faith and confidence in Him who said,—*'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'* In the evening at 8 o'clock I preached for the seamen again. There were as many as the mission room could hold. I believe there was a longing for holiness and a supreme and habitual desire after it. Next morning, I left Korsor, joyous over the prosperity of Zion.

Reformatory Movements.

In connection with other labors for seamen, Rev. Mr. W. refers to the following extract of a letter of his from C., printed in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for July, 1880:

"I am trying now, (some Christian gentlemen together with me) if possible, to get some alteration, by way of law, as to our sailor boarding houses. There is a gentleman in Parliament who has promised to introduce the statements on the matter, to consideration. I wish that you, together with all our friends, would pray that this alteration may be accomplished, for then a fountain of much evil to seamen will be closed."

He says:—"I know it will please the readers of the MAGAZINE to see what united prayers and efforts have now accomplished. A law enters into force here, this day, (January 1st, 1883,) that no boarding or public house shall be allowed to keep female waiters, no advances to seamen, or any seaman's wages can be paid in any public house, and severe control is to be so kept that all nameless vice is to be abandoned from these houses. This has been a source of unaccountable evil and destruction to sailors."

Aarhns, Jutland.

"Mr. MREUSSEN, proprietor of the Sailors' Mission in Aarhns, writes:—'We have during the past year had services every Sunday and Wednesday. We have room for one hundred seamen, and at times the room has been filled to overflowing.' He adds:—'I do all to make the Mission attractive. I have a harmonium on which I play and sing. Then I tell the men of God's love to the human race, I teach no doctrine, for I know none, but I am constrained by the Lord whom I serve to preach the Gospel. The Y. M. C. A. have their gatherings here, I give them instruction in singing twice a week, and when we have no preaching or singing meetings I hold a prayer meeting. Our Mission here has rendered valuable services to seamen.'

Elsingore.

"Mr. COULTHARD is in daily attendance, distributing tracts and giving invitations to the seamen to attend to the means of grace provided for them at the Mission.

Ships Visited—Hospital Work.

"I have, in Copenhagen, visited more than 2,000 ships from nine different nationalities, and have supplied sailors with religious reading in their own language. More than 400 Bible Bags have been sent out intrusted to seamen who have promised to make the best use of the books for themselves and shipmates. Hospitals and other institutions for seamen have been visited weekly, and I have rendered spiritual services to the sick and dying according to my best ability."

In 1882. Mr. F. L. RYMKER visited 1,103 vessels and seamen's boarding-houses. Here he sold 98 Bibles, 401 Testaments and 757 "portions" of Scripture. He also distributed 73,800 pages of tracts, and speaks with thanksgiving of the facilities afforded for influencing sick seamen for good, through hospital visitation.

Madeira Islands.

"Nearly every vessel," says Mr. G. W. SMART, missionary, "which entered the port from January 4th, to December 31st, 1882, has been visited personally, or had a parcel of religious reading sent aboard."

This includes men-of-war, mail steamers, cargo steamers and sailing vessels of all nationalities." The shipwrecked seamen of various nationalities landed at F. during this period were 148. A hundred sailors were induced to sign the pledge during the year, and many of them kept it firmly. Forty religious services were held on board ships in the Roads. Fifty thousand tracts in various languages were given away. The 'Strangers' and Sailors' Rest,' lately opened, has a three-fold object,—1st, to supply a resort to blue jackets and marines from men-of-war; 2nd, as a resort for second and third class emigrants, and 3rd, a home for shipwrecked sailors. The number of vessels in the port in 1882, was 818."

As illustrating the outrages practiced on sailors at the Islands, Mr. S. says in his report, speaking of the situation before the "Rest" was opened:—

"I have known as many as fifty-nine shipwrecked men on shore here, at one time. They used to go to a wine shop in the worst part of the town because it was the only place for them. I have witnessed scenes of riot there never to be forgotten. One case will suffice. A. D., a Norwegian sailor, saved all his clothes, a chest-full, from the wreck, but before he left the island he had sold every stitch of clothing for drink, to the guides, and had to borrow a pair of trousers and an old overcoat from a comrade in order to be able to live on shore.

"In regard to the way in which men-of-war's men are sometimes drugged, one case will suffice. B. P., a marine, had been on shore only a short time when I found him in one of the principal streets, on his back, insensible, and had him conveyed to an unoccupied room in my house where he slept soundly till next morning. The police were just going to lock him up, which if they had done he would have had to pay for it, in the morning."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., transmits his 42nd annual report as chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, at this important point. We can only sum-

marize it, premising that he says the year 1882 was one of the busiest of his busy life. He speaks of his labors under the headings:—*Regular Preaching in the Bethel,—Sabbath-School,—Gospel Temperance Meetings,—Sailors' Home,—The Friend,—Visiting Ships and Hospital,—Auxiliary Chinese Work,—Correspondence,—Auxiliary Educational Work, as Trustee of Oahu College.*

Briefly as to some of these:—The Bethel is not large but is a working church, and with its system of free seats, requires, as in all such cases, much exertion to keep it in efficient order. He notes, with great favor, help received in his pastorate, from the Y. M. C. A., who have just put up a building costing not less than \$20,000.

In the course of his report, illustrating the statement that much labor for seamen must be done in the hope that God's blessing will accompany the effort made and ultimately make itself visible,—the Dr. says:—

"Some weeks ago, Mr. DUNSCOMBE, keeper of the Sailors' Home, received a letter from a person residing in Alabama, from which I copy, thus:—

"I feel that I am acquainted with the best of friends, my God and my Lord. I am happy to inform you, that it was through the influence of Father DAMON and Rev. Mr. THOMPSON (of Hilo) that I tried to secure his friendship and love. Not but that I had heard my earthly father speak about His wondrous love in my childhood. I trust God has forgiven me, for the way I treated brother Thompson. O how wicked I was then! It makes me shudder, when I look back, and think how delighted I was in scoffing at God's Book and God's ministers."

"Years must have passed away since the writer of this letter visited Honolulu and Hilo. The former chaplain, at Hilo, may recall the writer, but I cannot. Perhaps, this incident, if ever read by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, now of Wilton, Conn., may recall events in his own life, when cruising on the far away waves of the broad Pacific, or under the shadow of the icebergs of Arctic seas, within the straits of 'Behrings'! It may also en-

courage him to think that he did not labor in vain, while preaching at the Islands.

Another Case.

"The following extract from another letter, dated,—Germany, April 18th, 1882, is of the same tenor as the foregoing:—

"I take pleasure, in informing you, that I was received with open arms. My faith is the same as when I left Honolulu, growing stronger in mind, from day to day. Thanks to you, to Mrs. D., and to Mr. F. W. D., for all the favors you have shown me. My respects to all members of the Bethel Union Church."

"The writer had been nearly twenty years away from the home of his youth, including four years in the civil war, and twice reported as dead. I could add much respecting his happy Christian experience.

Two Sea Captains and their Experiences.

"At our preparatory lecture, this week, an old ship master, from the whaling fleet, offered himself for admission to our church. He has led a life far from what it should have been. After relating his experience, he was followed by remarks from another old shipmate, who has long been a member of the Bethel Church. He stated, that when converted he was far away, upon the ocean. Returning home to ———, in Connecticut, he went to his home, and related to his father and mother, (both of whom were then estranged from God,) what great things God had done for his soul. This was followed by 'going down into the water,' and being baptized. The issue was, that six out of seven of his father's family became followers of Christ. Thus the converted sailor became a blessing to his father's family."

Wide Results for Good from Preaching to Seamen.

"Incidents of this are continually coming to my knowledge showing how God is working in a wonderful manner to bring home his chosen ones, and proving

in the most happy, convincing and satisfactory manner, *that the preaching of the Gospel to seamen and other labors in their behalf, are among the means which God is signally blessing to the salvation of souls and the great work of Redemption.*

Labors for the Chinese.

"In addition to my labors in preaching upon the Sabbath, visiting the hospital and the shipping, I have been coöperating with my son, Mr. F. W. DAMON, in Chinese work." The chaplain is full of enthusiasm, as heretofore, on this important subject, and declares that the evangelization of the Chinese on the islands is continually assuming a more important aspect. He writes:—

"In laboring for the Chinese I am not departing from my instructions to devote my services to seamen, for it is becoming more and more manifest that Chinese will become the sailors of the Pacific. They are on board all steamers crossing this ocean, acting as firemen and deckhands, while there are no others of any nationality who can compete with them as cooks and stewards. Hence they are to be found on board ships of war. Their sober and industrious habits commend them to all willing to employ quiet and well-behaved laborers and seamen. Not to work evangelically for them would seem to be the very height of absurdity.

"And I cannot here refrain from noting the fact that they are perfectly accessible to evangelistic labors. They respond to the preaching of the Gospel truth as do Anglo-Saxons. I am in a position where I can speak with confidence upon this topic. *In the near future, I am fully convinced, great accessions will be made to the church of God from among the Chinese, at home and abroad. Hence now is the season for prayer and labors in their behalf.*"

In closing his report Rev. Dr. DAMON alludes to the death of Rev. TITUS COAN, full particulars of whose life and decease were printed in the last MAGAZINE. The following are extracts from a sermon preached by chaplain D., in the Honolulu Bethel, after the announcement of Dr. Coan's death, and relate to the latter's

Labors in Behalf of Seamen.

"Here I may appropriately allude to his efforts and labors, through a long course of years, in behalf of seamen. For many years he has been a most efficient seamen's chaplain. Assisted by the Rev. Mr. LYMAN, a chaplaincy was there sustained by their voluntary well-directed efforts, which for efficiency and usefulness equalled almost any chaplaincy in any other part of the world. Upon this subject I can speak with great freedom and assurance, for during the past forty years I have been in the most intimate correspondence with him upon this subject. I feel quite sure the spiritual interests of seamen attached to the whaling fleet and vessels of war could not have been more thoughtfully cared for if a chaplain had been sent out from America or England for this special field of labor, yet this extra service was discharged with the most hearty cheer and thoughtful consideration. I feel quite sure many

masters, officers and seamen will have good reason to bless God, to all eternity, that they touched at Hilo, in their long voyages, and came under the happy influence of the Rev. Mr. COAN and the other resident missionaries at that port."

We have before us the first number of the fortieth (annual) volume of *The Friend*, dated January 1st, 1883. It is full of life and strength and cheer, and we congratulate "Father" Damon on its two score years of usefulness.—On the same day, January 1st, '83, and for the first time at the Islands, a steamer was drawn out of the water for repairs, upon the new Marine Railway.—The 27th Annual Meeting of the Sailors' Home Society at Honolulu, was held December 30th, and a year of prosperity was reported.

At Ports In the United States.**Massachusetts.****NEWBURYPORT.**

The last annual report of the Bethel Society, signed by Miss FANNY G. BRAY, Secretary, reports the receipts for the year at \$410.13, which was expended as follows:—assistance to seamen, \$100; to seamen's widows, \$50; to Labrador Coast Mission, \$30; to AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, \$30; for five libraries, \$125; local distribution of reading matter, \$20; incidental expenses, \$2; leaving a balance in the treasury of \$53.13. There are 260 members of the Society, and among those deceased in 1882, was Mrs. HERVEY KIMBALL, long time President of the organization. Mr. LUNT has continued his labors on the Sabbath on board vessels in the port.

nelle in L't. DE LONG's ill-fated expedition. Mr. S. having given to this man, prior to his sailing, an invitation to prayer-meeting, as they met in a sailor's boarding house in this city,—the sailor was led at the meeting, to welcome Christ as his Savior.—Another letter coming to us through Mr. SLATER, is dated Cienfuegos, Cuba, 7th Nov. 1882. This is from the seaman whose testimony to his conversion was cited in the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1882, p. 341, and his words attest his continuing faith in and love for his soul's Redeemer.

North Carolina.**WILMINGTON.**

Captain W. J. POTTER has succeeded Rev. J. W. CRAIG, as chaplain and sailor missionary.—The Seamen's Friend Society held its thirteenth annual meeting Feb'y 6th. A change has been made in the superintendency of the Sailor's Home which is now under charge of Captain CHRISTENSEN. The receipts of the Society for the year were \$1,116.00. Mr. Geo.

New York.**NEW YORK CITY.**

Among the recent letters handed us by Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, missionary, is one dated at St. Petersburg, Oct. 6th, 1882, from a seaman who went on the *Jean-*

R. FRENCH is President and G. R. FRENCH Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, for the current year.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

The fortieth anniversary of the Port Society was held Feb'y 4th, in Trinity M. E. Church. Chaplain WEBB presented his fourteenth annual report, to the effect that in the year he had visited 926 vessels, and had distributed reading matter in eleven different languages, chiefly in English, as follows:—43,123 pages of tracts, 763 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, 1,634 numbers of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, 1,683 religious papers, making of magazines and papers a total of 4,080. "I have also distributed," he continues, "108 copies of the word of God, mostly in foreign languages, and have preached 148 sermons and made 70 visits to the hospitals and jail.

"I could have distributed much more reading matter if I had been furnished with a larger amount, as the demand is always greater than the supply. I believe that books, papers and tracts are read more by seamen than by any class living on shore, for often at sea (when they have no access to daily papers as we have), in their watch below, they will pick up and read anything they can get hold of, hence it is very important that they should always find good, wholesome reading matter at hand. If it is the Lord's will that I continue in this work the coming year, I hope you will enable me to obtain all I need for this purpose. I am receiving every month from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY fifty copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE; and at other times hundreds of numbers of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND and LIFE BOAT, which they supply gratuitously. The manager of the *Christian Herald*, of New York, has also given me over a thousand numbers of his interesting paper for distribution. There is a great need for a good reading-room, well supplied with books and papers for the use of sailors. If we had one in a convenient place, it would go far toward keeping them out of bad company, and might be the means of leading many of them to the Savior. It should be a good sized room in which we could hold prayer meetings, gospel, temperance and service of song meetings. The wealth and prosperity of Savannah is largely derived

from its shipping, and we should see to it that the seamen who visit our port are well cared for; they should not have to say, 'No man cared for my soul' in Savannah.

"Our Bethel Mission Sabbath-school now numbers fifty scholars. I think it right to state that the school is carried on entirely without any aid from or expense to the Port Society. Mrs. Webb continues to superintend it, and desires to avail herself of this occasion to express her hearty thanks to her co-laborers in this work, and is glad to inform all interested that they are not without encouragement in their labor of love. Through the kind response to her appeals for pecuniary help, she has been enabled to give the scholars a picnic in the spring and a Christmas tree at Christmastide, when the Bethel was handsomely decorated with flags and the little people had a happy time."

The cash receipts of the year (with a small balance from the year before), were \$1,103.89; expenditures, \$1,052.67. Rev. Mr. CURE, of the M. E. church, preached the annual sermon. Mr. R. B. REPPARD is the Society's President.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

We have from chaplain J. D. JONES, the fourth annual report of the Directors of the Floating Bethel, made Jan'y 1st., 1883. During the year, the Gospel has been preached four times per week at the Bethel. Ninety-three hundred and sixty persons have attended the services, and 1,026 of them rose for prayers. Several have been converted to Christ, and the Report makes touching record of their experiences. There are 200 volumes in the Bethel Library, and over forty daily weekly and monthly papers in the reading room. To that Room there have been over 30,000 visitors during the twelve-month. Six hundred dollars was contributed to the year's work by those in attendance on the meetings and at the reading room. Over 130 men signed the temperance pledge. The cash receipts in 1882 were \$3,094.52; expenditures, \$3-274.05.

Sir Edward M. Archibald.

HIS RETIREMENT AS CONSUL GENERAL—
ACTION OF THE TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in view of the retirement of SIR EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, —for several years one of our honorary vice-presidents, — from the position of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General, resident at the port of New York, esteem it a privilege to express in this way their sense of his personal worth, and attest to the conspicuous success which has attended the administration of his recently terminated consulship. There are relations growing out of the official position he has so usefully occupied that have demanded the exercise of great practical wisdom on the part of Her Majesty's commercial representative, often imposing upon him duties of a paternal nature, and sometimes calling for that philanthropy which has its supreme constraint in the Divine compassion and benevolence.

It has been particularly in the discharge of this last class of duties, such as concern the guardianship, the protection, the personal comfort and welfare of the common sailor, the various relief of the shipwrecked and destitute suffering sons of the ocean, who were countrymen with him, that we have had occasion to know of the earnest sympathy and responsive, substantial kindness of Her Majesty's representative.

We are consequently most happy to express in this way our high appreciation of the invaluable services he has been constantly rendering while resident among us, manifestly actuated by motives of the purest and noblest kind.

In recording as we do, our regret at SIR EDWARD'S retirement, we tender him our best wishes for his health and happiness; at the same time assuring him of our confidence that he will ever be cherished as having discharged the trust committed to him in a way that has merited the distinguishing honor with which his

government has signalized his faithful and successful career.

Resolved, that a copy of this minute, properly authenticated, be transmitted to the retiring Consul General.

Signed,

R. P. BUCK, *President*,
SAM'L H. HALL, *Sec'y*,
WM. C. STURGES, *Treas.*

REPLY.

NEW YORK, January 30th, 1888.

Dear Sir :—I have received, with great satisfaction, the copy of the minute of the Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in reference to my retirement from the position of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General at New York, expressing their sense of the manner in which I have discharged my official duties, especially in regard to the protection and relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen. I beg you will be so good as to convey to the Trustees of the Society, and accept for yourself, my warm thanks for the gratifying manner in which they have expressed their appreciation of my official conduct. Accept, also, the assurance that it will always afford me great pleasure to coöperate in any manner with the Trustees and officers, in promoting the prosperity and usefulness of so admirable an institution as the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

E. M. ARCHIBALD.

To the Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D.

Secretary.

Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Chaplain JONES reports that during the year 1882, seventy inmates died, of whom 54 were professed Protestants, and 13 Catholics. Of the whole number 30 died in hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. Of these eleven were converted after entering the Institution. As

to their nationality, 35 were born in the United States, 6 in England, 13 in Ireland, 7 in Germany, 2 in Denmark, and 1 each in Wales, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Finland, Nova Scotia and Portugal. Their united ages were 4,438, or an average of 63 years, 3 months and 11 days each. One died at the age of 90, 5 between 80 and 90, 19 between 70 and 80, 27 between 60 and 70, 6 between 50 and 60, 9 between 40 and 50, and 3 between 30 and 40.

January 2nd, John Burke, 54 years, Massachusetts; Jan. 10th, John Ray, 60, England; Jan. 16th, Sam'l H. Holbrook, 63, Maine; Jan. 19th, Frank Smith, 38, Ireland; Jan. 20th, Albert E. Wycoff, 43, New York City; Jan. 20th, Wm. Johnson, 71, Virginia; Jan. 21st, Sam'l Graham, 71, Ireland; Jan. 29th, George Creighton, 57, England; Jan. 30th, Presley Wilson, 71, Virginia, (colored); Feb. 1st, Frank Evans, 66, Norway; Feb. 4th, John Boyce, 63, Ireland; Feb. 25th, David M. James, 75, New York City; March 6th, Henry West, 70, England; March 12th, Lewis Parker, 61, Germany; March 12th, Peter Kean, 73, Ireland; March 19th, Robert Sale, 56, Virginia; March 19th, William Cuthbert, 68, Ireland; March 22nd, John Williams, 72, Portugal; March 25th, Robert Hurley, 72, Baltimore; April 16th, John Crepy, 41, Ireland; April 17th, John R. Dickerson, 54, New York City; April 19th, Dederick Vose, 38, Germany; April 24th, Thos. Williams, 62, Finland; April 28th, Chas. West, 52, Massachusetts; May 18th, Jos H. Wade, 70, Maine; May 19th, Thomas Griffiths, 53, England; May 23rd, Henry Wagner, 47, Germany; May 23rd, John Lynch, 74, Ireland; May 24th, Edward Monroe, 41, New York City; May 30th, John J. Hudson, 81, Delaware; May 31st, Hugh Haneway, 77, Ireland; June 5th, Chas. Peterson, 63, Germany; June 13th, Wm. Cornish, 61, Maine; June 15th, Jno. Nelson Powless, 63, New York City; June 16th, C. L. Milliken, 62, Maine; June 18th, John Welch, 70, Ireland; June 18th, Thos. Marks, 63, Ireland; July 1st, Aug. Castine, 78, Denmark; July 4th, Andrew Jackson, 65, Louisiana; July 24th, W. G. Webber, 60, Maine; July 30th, Sam'l Whiting, 66, New York; Aug. 6th, Arch. J. Wilson, 46, Virginia; Aug. 12th, Edward Hymen, colored, 65, North Carolina; Aug. 16th, Geo. M. Hatch, 76, Maine; Aug. 16th, C. F. W. Behm, 69, Germany; Aug. 18th, John Parrott, 90, Wales; Aug. 29th, Wm. Grimes, 61, Ireland; Sept. 1st, John Ross, 84, Ohio; Sept. 2nd, John McCarthy, 49, Ireland; Sept. 14th, Edward Bertram, 45, Germany; Sept. 18th, Peter Anderson, 68, Russia; Sept. 17th, John

Cruise, 62, Germany; Sept. 20th, Peter Oster, 68, Denmark; Sept. 25th, John Porter, 65, Massachusetts; Sept. 26th, Ashall Burroughs, 80, Connecticut; Oct. 4th, Chas. Rose, 40, Sweden; Oct. 3rd, D. W. Eldridge, 82, Connecticut; Oct. 7th, Stephen H. Rice, 87, Maine; Oct. 16th, John Hickey, 65, Ireland; Oct. 19th, Chas. G. Hallock, 46, New York; Oct. 24th, John Whitney, 69, Maryland; Oct. 30th, Horatio Parker; 76, England; Nov. 10th, John Bailey, 88, Maryland; Nov. 18th, John D. Burrows, 75, Connecticut; Nov. 29th, Thos. Foy, 61, Pennsylvania; Dec. 2nd, C. C. Green, 72, Massachusetts; Dec. 15th, Chas. Winters, 60, New York; Dec. 21st, Thos. N. Campbell, 63, Nova Scotia; Dec. 27th, Louis Lee, (colored), 71, Virginia; Dec. 31st, James B. Fill, 70, England.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	157
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,540

of which \$199 was sent to relatives and friends, \$323 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and \$1,061 was returned to depositors.

Planets for March, 1883.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is at its greatest elongation at noon on the 3rd, being then 27° 10' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 6th when it rises at 5h. 22m., and south of east 21° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 50m., being 6° 18' south; is in conjunction with Mars at noon on the 17th, being 57' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 17m., and south of east 25° 38'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 5th at 4h. 37m., being 3° 13' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 54m., and south of east 21° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 2h. 55m., being 6° 26' south.

JUPITER on the evening of the 1st is due south at 6h. 46m., being 23° 2' north of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 13th and after this is considered as an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon at 50m. before noon on the 15th, being 3° 12' north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 11h. 35m. and north of west $21^{\circ} 11'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 13th at 6h. 8m., being $1^{\circ} 9'$ south.

New York University. R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, January, 1883.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 33, of which 23 were wrecked, 9 abandoned, 4 sunk by collision, and 2 missing. The list comprises 4 steamers, 1 ship, 11 barks, 4 brigs and 15 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *m* missing, and *sc* sunk by collision.

STEAMERS.

City of Brussels, *s. c.* from New York for Liverpool.
James A. Gary, *w.* from New Orleans for Vera Cruz.
Cimbria, *s. c.* from Hamburg for New York.
Picardie, *a.* from New York for Havre.

SHIP.

Pride of the Ocean, *w.* from Hamburg for New York.

BARKS.

Sorpreso, *w.* from Pensacola for Vera Cruz.
Friedericke, *w.* from Konigsberg for Portland, Me.
Norton Stover, *a.* from Portland, Me., for Paysandu.
Skeryvore, *a.* from Havana for Boston.
Veronica Madre, *w.* from Pensacola for Aspinwall.
Perseveranza, *w.* from Pensacola for Greenock.
Lindland, *a.* from Dunkirk for Charleston.
Star of Hope, *w.* from Wilmington, N. C., for Liverpool.
Atlantic, *w.* from Liverpool for Wilm'tn, N. C.
Pauline Sibbern, *a.* from Pensacola for Havana.
John Shepard, *w.* from Mobile for Port Spain.

BRIGS.

Henry T. Wing, *w.* from Havana for Puerto del Padre.
Mary Knowlton, *w.* from New York for Vera Cruz.
Sarah B., *a.* from Dieppe for Philadelphia.
Zerlina, *w.* from New York for Oporto.
Mariposa, *s. c.* from New York for Boston.
Kliva, *w.* from Liverpool for St. Mary's, Ga.
Vernon, *w.* from Cedar Keys for Boston.

SCHOONERS.

Wm. A. Levering, *a.* from New York for Fernandina.
Boston, *w.* for Philadelphia.
Theresa G., *w.* Shieldsbro, M., for Vera Cruz.
Thomas J. Martin, *w.* from Charleston for New York.
Wyoming, *w.* from St. Domingo for New York.
Sallie W. Kay, *w.* from Baltimore for Boston.

Java, *w.* from Pensacola for Havana.
Edna Harwood, *a.* from Charleston for New York.
Julia Grace, *w.* from Bonaire for New York.
Elizabeth M. Buehler, *w.* from Baltimore for New York.
Julia Selden, *w.* from Elizabeth City, N. C., for Georgetown, S. C.
Sophia Hansen, *w.* from Anguilla for New York.
Ramon de Aquiria, *a.* from Baltimore for Cardenas.
H. W. Foster, *w.* from Boston for Norfolk.
Eugene, *s. c.* from New York for Charleston.

Receipts for January, 1883.

MAINE.

Bangor, John H. Kerr..... \$ 1 00
Bucksport, Miss L. S. Barnard..... 5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. church..... 3 71
Concord, South church..... 14 08
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone..... 2 00
Hollis, Cong. church..... 3 00
Marlboro, Cong. church..... 10 00
Milford, Cong. church..... 6 79
South Ware, Cong. church..... 5 00
Tilton, Rev. F. T. Perkins..... 1 00

VERMONT.

Springfield, Adna Brown..... 5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church..... 12 50
Amherst, 2nd ch. S. S., for library..... 20 00
L. S. Nash..... 1 00
Andover, Free ch., to const. Rev. F. B. Makepeace, L. M..... 32 79
Ashby, Cong. church..... 10 82
Beverly, Dane St. ch., of wh. \$40 for libraries..... 60 00
A Friend..... 2 48
A Friend..... 1 00
Boston, bark *Hattie Baker*, Capt. Thompson..... 1 00
Cambridge, Lillian Horsford, for lib'y..... 20 00
Charlton, W. C. Fiske..... 1 00
Chicopee, Miss S. J. Sherman..... 1 00
Dalton, James B. Crane..... 100 00
East Bridgewater, Z. Hatch..... 3 00
East Orleans, Miss S. Sparrow..... 1 00
Enfield, Cong. church..... 9 86
Falmouth, Mrs. W. N. Bourne..... 5 00
Fitchburg, Rev. J. M. R. Eaton, in full, to const. Geo. M. Eaton, L. M..... 5 00
Frammingham, Plymouth church..... 5 00
Gloucester, Evang. church, in full, to const. James S. Seaver, L. M..... 26 00
Greenfield, Rev. W. Newell..... 1 00
Hadley, Mrs. Geo. Dickinson..... 1 00
Hawley, a Friend..... 5 00
Haverhill, West church..... 1 00
Huntington, Amanda S. Browne..... 17 64
Lexington, Hancock church..... 45 98
Lowell, 1st ch., of wh. \$30 to const. Daniel A. Eaton, L. M..... 6 13
Mansfield, Cong. church..... 26 27
Marlboro, Cong. church..... 20 00
Medford, McCollum Miss'n Circle, for library..... 12 00
Millbury, Cong. church..... 35 33
Milford, Cong. church..... 40 00
Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, for libraries..... 35 00
North Andover, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib..

Northfield, Cong. church.....	9 00	Brooklyn, Miss E. A. Preswick's School, for lib'y, to be called the "Garfield Library".....	20 00
Oxford, Cong. S. S.....	18 67	Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. church.....	8 13
Palmer, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Harlem, Dutch Ref. ch. S. S., for lib.....	20 00
Phillipston, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Homer, Cong. church.....	12 49
Pittsfield, James H. Dunham.....	100 00	New York City, Jonas Marsh Libbey, for libraries.....	140 00
Royalston, Mrs. Candace Bullock.....	20 00	S. T. Gordon.....	50 00
Salem, bequest of John Bertram, deceased, of Salem, Mass., through James B. Curwen and David P. Kimball, Ex's.....	5,000 00	H. A. Huribut.....	50 00
Spencer, Cong. church.....	63 70	Miss'n S. S., 54th St. and 7th Ave., for libraries.....	40 00
Springfield, Mem'l ch., of wh. to const. Miss Annie Cooper, L. M., \$30.....	42 00	Howard Potter, for lib's in memory of L. H. P. and H. H. P.....	40 00
1st Church.....	27 94	Wm. Oothout.....	20 00
P. A. Eldridge, for library.....	20 00	J. S. Holt.....	10 00
South church.....	14 86	Parker Handy.....	5 00
South Attleboro, Cong. church.....	1 33	M. C. D. Borden.....	5 00
Thorndike, Cong. church.....	2 19	James Cassidy.....	2 00
Wakefield, Cong. ch., of wh. \$30 for library.....	42 43	Ontario, James Whittleton, Sen.....	2 00
Webster, Cong. church.....	12 35	Poughkeepsie, Friends.....	50 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	6 50	Saugerties, Maria A. Kiersted.....	20 00
West Brookfield, Cong. church.....	10 00	Southampton, P. Coucer.....	1 00
West Springfield, Park St. ch., for library.....	25 00	Tarrytown, Capt. Edward B. Cobb, of wh. for lib'y as a mem'l of Capt. Geo. S. Brewster, of Stonington, Conn., \$30, and \$20 to const. Rev. Sanford H. Cobb, L. M.....	50 00
2nd church.....	5 33		
Worcester, Central church.....	23 60		
Yarmouth, Cong. church.....	40 00		
RHODE ISLAND.		NEW JERSEY.	
Little Compton.....	8 50	Blairstown, C. E. Vail, for library.....	20 00
Newport, Mrs. A. L. Case, for lib'y.....	20 00	Englewood, Pres. ch., of wh. \$30 for lib'y in name of Mrs. Mary A. Sage, and \$20 from Mrs. James O. Morse, for library.....	310 88
CONNECTICUT.		Franklin Park, Peter Cortelyou, to const. himself L. D.....	100 00
Branford, Cong. church.....	6 10	Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	8 68
Bristol, Cong. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Newfield, Rev. Charles Willey.....	5 00
Broad Brook, Cong. church.....	6 30	Orange, Mr. L. P. Stone.....	50 00
Danbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00	Orange Valley, Mr. Wm. P. Vail.....	4 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	42 64	Plainfield, Mrs. Harry B. Kaufman, for lib'y, as a mem'l of Mr. Harry B. Kaufman.....	20 00
Greeneville, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00		
Green's Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	27 74		
Greenwich, a Friend.....	5 00		
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	6 00		
Hartford, Asylum Hill, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S., for library, \$30.....	232 61	PENNSYLVANIA.	
Mary C. Bemis.....	15 00	Harrisburg, Primary department of the Market Square Pres. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00
Lebanon, Wm. Huntington.....	1 00	Williamsport, William Sterling.....	2 00
Lyme, 1st Cong. church.....	21 00		
Milford, 1st Cong. church.....	27 99	MARYLAND.	
New Britain, special contribution of a member of South Cong. ch.....	5 00	Baltimore, Rev. John S. Jones, for library.....	25 00
New Haven, R. S. Fellowes.....	20 00		
O. A. Dorman, for library.....	20 00		
Lyman Osborn.....	5 00	TEXAS.	
Northford, Cong. church.....	6 15	Galveston, from Friends, through Rev. H. P. Young.....	7 50
North Haven, William Cooper.....	2 00		
North Woodstock, Cong. church.....	5 00		
Norwalk, 1st Cong. church.....	76 47	OHIO.	
Norwich, Primary Department of the Broadway Cong. S. S. for library.....	20 00	Dayton, 1st Pres. church.....	14 65
Redding, W. J. Jennings.....	5 00		
Sharon, Mrs. A. M. E. Cowles.....	2 00	IOWA.	
Somerville, Cong. church.....	22 71	Lewis, Rev. Charles Little.....	3 00
Thomaston, Alexander Morton, to assist destitute seamen.....	5 00		
Cong. church.....	23 38	WISCONSIN.	
Wapping, Cong. church.....	1 12	Ripon, Cong. church.....	11 10
Waterbury, Eben Hoadley.....	1 00		
West Hartford, L. C. Hyde.....	1 00	PORTO RICO.	
Wilton, Cong. church.....	4 00	Arroyo, Mrs. Susan W. Lind.....	10 00
Windsor, Cong. church.....	25 00		
Wolcott Cong. church.....	3 60		
Woodbury, Mrs. E. L. Curtiss.....	10 00		
NEW YORK.			
Aurora, Pres. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00		

\$8,079 49



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Mid-Winter Heavens.

Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations? Perhaps some of you would like a little help in doing this;—so I will try to direct you.

Taurus, the Bull, is now, on clear evenings, to be seen plunging head foremost at Orion, in the southeast. You understand, of course, that the *shapes* of the constellations,—the Bull, Orion, Auriga, the Wagoner with the Goat in his arms, the Twins, the Dogs, large and small, and all the rest of them,—are but imaginary. The ancients invented them, and for convenience we use their names.

The Pleiades, or the seven sisters, are in the shoulders of Taurus; and on a line with these stars, which you can easily find, is Aldebaran, in the Hyades, in the head of Taurus. Aldebaran, a splendid star of the first magnitude, is the eye of Taurus. The next very bright star you come to, looking toward the southeast, is Bellatrix, in Orion's shoulder. Straight across his breast, in his eastern shoulder, blazes Betelgeuse, the beautiful. Below you see his starry belt, and below that, in his lifted foot, Rigel, another star of the first magnitude.

Now strike a line in a southeasterly direction, and you hit Sirius, "the king of suns," in the nose of Canis Major, the greater dog. How glorious are his beams! Now another line, leaning northeast, and you come to Procyon, in Canis Minor, the lesser dog. This also is a star of the first magnitude, as is Capella, far in the northwest, looking from Procyon. Capella is in the side of the Goat, which is held in the arm of the Wagoner. Between Capella and Procyon, about the middle of a line curving northward, are the Twins, Castor and Pollux, or Apollo and Hercules. The two bright stars, always at the same distance from each other, are in them. In the north is the Great Bear, or Dipper, always pointing to the Polar Star. In the Pleiades, one star—Alcyone—is said by astronomers to be "the hinge of the universe." Is it heaven?

At this time of year you will always see all the above-named stars in the places they now occupy. Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn now add greatly to the splendor of the evening heavens. Venus, queen of beauty, will soon be evening star. The more you study the heavens, young friends, and become acquainted with the stars, the less will you be influenced by small and base thoughts, and the more likely will you be to revere and worship Him who made the hosts of heaven, who orders their sublime march, and who calleth them all by their names.—*New York Evangelist*.

From The Youth's Companion.

The Desert Captive.

Come back, O magical evenings,
Of Decembers long ago:
When the north wind moaned at the win-
dows,
Herald of drifting snow;
But within the great logs glowing
And the chimney's ruddy blaze
Made all the room like the rosy fall
Of summer's fairest days.

There, in a joyous circle,—
Five girls and boys were we,—
About our grandame's chair we sat
And listened to tales of the sea.
For she had come from Portsmouth town,
And her brothers were sailors tall;
She knew the lore of the fisher folk,
And every beach-bird's call.

And could tell us of storm, and wrath, and
wreck,

And ships becalmed on the line,
And sunny lands whence captains brought
Olives and figs and wine,—

Till our eyes were wild with wonder,

And Robert would softly say,

"Now the story of our great-uncle
The pirates carried away."

"Yes," she would sigh, "it was William,
The last of my brothers three:

Slender and straight as a light-house tower,
And strong and brave was he.

Our mother wept when he sang of the
waves,

And to hold him close was fain:

But he was a sailor born and bent
To roam the boundless main

"So he shipped on a gallant vessel,
The *Cadiz*, fleet and stout.

And the gray March day she bore away
The wildest winds were out.

But he laughed at the gale and the gloomy
sky

As he saw her sails unfurl,
And said he would bring me corals bright
And our mother a brooch of pearl.

"Dear noble lad! I can see him yet
As he stood at the mainmast's side,
When the *Cadiz* down the river went
With the wind and the ebbing tide.

He waved the cap as she passed the forts
And turned to her distant shore;—
Alas! nor lad nor gallant prow
Came up the river more!

"Ah, well;—with loving, lonely hearts
We followed his foaming track,
Looking aye to the golden morn
That should bring our darling back;—

When with winter we heard the awful news,
From a *barque* in Boston bay,
That the Algerines had the *Cadiz* seized,
And her crew were slaves of the Dey!

"*'But he lives!'*" said his stricken mother;
'He lives!' and may come in peace!"
And as one who would not be denied
She prayed for his release;
While slow the seasons went their round
Till thrice 'twas March and May,
And thrice the ships from the Indian Isles
In the harbor anchored lay.

"Oh, happy for her she could not see
Her boy on the burning plain,
Scorn of the caravan southward bound
For a Moorish master's gain;—
Through torrid noons and chilly nights
Till that day of horror fell
When a cloud came rolling up from the
waste

With a billow's surge and swell,
And the dread *simoom* swept over, their
path

A league from Tislah's well!

"In flaming gusts, all fitfully,
The blast of the desert blew;
And the air grew heavy and hot and still
As the darkness closer drew.
They fled before its scorching breath;
They crouched in trembling bands:
But it shut them in like a pall of fire,
Outspread by demon hands;—
And when it passed, that kneeling host
Lay lifeless on the sand.

"And hark! That eve his mother heard
By the door the whip-poor-will's cry;
And, at midnight, the death-watch beating
In the wall, her pillow by;
And the howl of the dog her sailor lad
Left to her faithful care,
As the wan noon sank before the dawn,
Ring through the startled air;
And dreamed the cherry tree's withered
bough

Was white with its early bloom;—
Then she knew in that drear and cruel land
Her boy had found his tomb?

"Next morning a herd on plunder bent,
Roaming the desert wide,
Saw the lone dead, and their treasure bore
To the far Timbuctoo's side;
And told in many an Arab tent
Of the fair-haired Christian slave
Who nearest of all to the well had pressed
When the fierce wind heaped his grave.

"Nay, children, do not grieve so!
 The angels could look down
 On still Sahara's burning plain,
 As on our Portsmouth town;
 And he and his gentle mother,
 Denied one burial sod,
 Tis many a year have together dwelt
 'In the paradise of God?'"

Come back, O magical evenings,
 Of Decembers long ago!
 When the north wind moaned at the win-
 dows,
 Herald of drifting snow;
 But, warm in the rosy firelight,
 We sat at our grandame's knee,
 And listened with love and wonder
 To stories of over sea.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Keep the Soul on Top.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say,—

"Thank you, little master." Dropping his paper, he said,—

"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'" The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said,—

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me, if I tell you, papa."

"Well, *you* have just laughed; and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I wont make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun *with* you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school

about eating, and I thought that one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master;' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run up into our brains, and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and don't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about *keeping the soul on top*. That wasn't just the word, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:—

"Weren't those the words, '*I keep my body under*'?"

"O, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. *Keep your soul on top*, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

Bertie put on his coat and cap, and went away to school. His father took up the apple he had left behind on the table, and put it in his pocket. On his way home late in the afternoon, he called at Miss McLaren's boarding-house. He gave her the apple, and told her all that Bertie had said.

She could not eat that apple. She wrapped it in rose-colored tissue-paper, and laid it in the drawer where she kept her dainty laces and nicest things. She had worked hard in school that day, and was very tired. At night, when her head was resting on its pillow, the moon looked in through the window, and saw tears of joy dropping on it from a sweet face.—
Well Spring.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1883, fifty-seven loan libraries, twenty-eight new and twenty-nine reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,647-7,663, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,815-7,824, and 7,826, at Boston.

The twenty-nine libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,094,	No. 4,881,	No. 5,493,	No. 6,048,	No. 6,375,	No. 6,665,	No. 6,923,	No. 7,381.
" 4,618,	" 4,914,	" 5,516,	" 6,116,	" 6,390,	" 6,697,	" 7,110,	
" 4,859,	" 4,967,	" 5,975,	" 6,373,	" 6,571,	" 6,849,	" 7,155,	
" 4,867,	" 5,363,	" 6,034,	" 6,371,	" 6,638,	" 6,868,	" 7,225,	

"The Heathen Have Beat."

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now, said he, 'I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some for a long while.'"

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O, yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again and soon reached the door of the candy-store, and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:—

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say.—'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying,—'O I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary-box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Missionary Echoes.*

"I SEND OUT my children to their daily tasks, surrounded by the hallowed breath of prayer," said a Christian father. So doing he aided them in the struggle against evil. "If my children get angry with each other," said another, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn or song; its soothing effect is magical, they forget their little quarrels and go kindly to their sports again."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
 U. S. A.



Vol. 55,

APRIL, 1883.

No. 4.

RECENT LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

It is not often that a single mail brings us so much of valuable attestation to the nature of our work for sailors, as is contained in the four letters printed below, lately received from our chaplain at Yokohama, Rev. W. T. AUSTEN. The first, from his own pen, portrays, in detail, the nature and results of the work of divine grace among seamen at Y., referred to in the *MAGAZINE* for February, (p. 56),—the second from chaplain CRAWFORD of the U. S. Navy, throws ampler light upon the same,—and the third, also written by chaplain Crawford, is filled with information, from a man of experience, as to the real wants and preferences of sailors when in seaport communities. Perhaps the most striking, certainly the most graphic, of the letters, is Number 4, which, by its title, explains itself. The series makes a very rich and fruitful collection. We have no question of their interest to our readers.

No. 1.

THE GOOD WORK AT YOKOHAMA.

SEAMEN'S MISSION, YOKOHAMA,
JAPAN, January 24th 1883.

"It is with great pleasure that I forward to you my report of work for the quarter ending December 31st, 1882. To all who are interest-

ed in the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, it will be a source of gratitude to Almighty God, that in all the departments of the work, at Yokohama, progress of an encouraging charac-



ter has been experienced, and a large number of seamen, both ashore and afloat, have listened to the word of life, and not a few have been savingly converted to God.

"During the waiting time last quarter, when but few vessels visited the port, we were led to seek earnestly at the throne of grace for an endowment of power for service, that should make us more efficient in the work of God entrusted to us, and according to the definite promises recorded in *Matthew vii: 6*, and *v: 5*, we sought not in vain.

"Since receiving this great blessing our work has prospered as never before, and some forty-five souls have come to Christ. The work has been going on alike in American and English ships, and is growing both in scope and power. On many of the ships now there are held, by the Christian seamen, nightly meetings for prayer and Bible study, and we are constantly receiving letters from those of the young converts that have left us, telling us that they are continuing steadfast in the faith, and increasing in the knowledge and love of God.

"Chaplain CRAWFORD is rejoicing over the good work begun on the *Richmond*. He had been very much burdened in prayer for the precious souls entrusted to his care, but up to the 18th of November last had seen no result from his faithful labor, and was much discouraged, but on Sunday, the 19th November, he asked permission to bring the men who attended his services on board the *Richmond* on shore to our service at the Mission Rooms, which the captain readily granted, and by the blessing of God, at this service, five of the crew of the *Richmond*, and one man from H. M. S. *Daring*, found peace

in Christ. Both Admiral CLITZ and Captain SKERRETT, as well as the other officers, have shown Mrs. A. and myself much kindness, and before the ship left for the South, we received a present from the officers of 55 Mexican dollars, and from the crew, \$160, to aid us in our work. Our Sunday service on the U. S. S. *Monocacy* has been continued, and five of the crew of that vessel have found Christ at our meetings.

"The statistics of the work for the quarter are as follows:—Services held, 143, Temperance meetings, 16, Social meetings, 4, Pledges taken, 23, Attendance at the Mission Services on shore, 1,546, Conversions, 44, Visits of men to the Reading Room, 1,697, Officers, 60, Visits to Ships, 62, Visits to Hospitals, 26, Visits to prisons, 22, Bible Class, 8, Letters to seamen written and received, 30, Bibles and Testaments sold, 13.

"There has been a course of Popular Monthly Lectures delivered to seamen at the Mission Rooms, also a free Christmas dinner given to 60 seamen.

"All our missionary brethren are rejoicing with us in these manifest tokens of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in this work among the seamen, a large number of them attend regularly at our daily meetings and gladly assist in the work, praying that this blessing may abide and many more souls be won for Jesus to whom be all the glory.

I remain

Yours respectfully,

WM. T. AUSTEN."

"P. S. I enclose a letter just received from Chaplain CRAWFORD telling of the good work going on, also a copy of a letter written to the local papers by Captain SLOCUM, of the *Northern Light*, refer-

ring to some Gilbert Group islanders he had picked up at sea. I found these people on board when I called and relieved the captain of their care, taking them to the Mission, where we have them now under our care, until the mail steamer leaves on Friday for San Francisco. The P. M. S. S. Co. agent has kindly promised them, with their boat, a free passage thus far, on

their return to the islands. We have been able to comfortably clothe them and, with the kind assistance of Capt. SLOCUM, \$450 has been collected for them which we are sending on to Mr. FLINT of the Mission Board, at San Francisco, who we hope will see them cared for and returned in safety to their islands.

W. T. A."

No. 2.

FROM CHAPLAIN CRAWFORD, U. S. N.

U. S. S. RICHMOND,

HONG KONG, CHINA, January 3d, 1883.

Dear Brother and Sister Austen:—

"We reached this place yesterday a. m. after a rather unpleasant passage of seven days from Nagasaki. One day last week we had the severest gale that I have seen since I joined this ship; but we suffered no damage beyond being wet and uncomfortable.

"We left Nagasaki the day after Christmas. On Christmas evening I held a prayer meeting at Temperance Hall. There were men present from the *Flying Fish*, *Magpie*, *Monocacy*, and this ship, and we had a glorious time. In fact I have been having a constant succession of blessings, since we left Yokohama, and the work on board ship continues to grow in scope and power. Mr. M——, our apothecary, has definitely made up his mind to be a Christian. I have wanted him for a long time. Five or six others, whom you do not know, have been converted. The men hold a meeting every night, in the fore hold. I was there last evening, and we had a wonderful blessing. It would do you good to hear the men pray for you.

"I was awakened at midnight Sunday, by a band serenade, gotten up as a joke on the Ward Room. As soon as I was awake, my first thought was:—"This is a new year,—I consecrate it to God." Since then I have found out that five or six men were on their knees in the fore hold at the same time, *doing the same thing*. Last night we repeated the consecration, and this year we are going in for victory.

"I expected a letter from you, on our arrival here, but was disappointed. Perhaps the *Tokio* will bring me one. However, I have heard from a good friend in Yokohama, and know about the glorious meetings you are having, especially on Wednesday evenings. It rejoices my heart to know that God is pouring out his spirit so wonderfully upon you. At the next Wednesday evening meeting after you receive this, please remember me to the brothers and sisters assembled. Tell them that I pray for them, and that I am running along the highway, with gladness in my heart and songs on my lips. I never felt my Savior so near and so precious as He now is. We hope to return to Japan early in the spring. When we get

to Yokohama we will have a regular meeting for rejoicing.

"I will let you know how the good work progresses here, from time to time. I pray for you both every day.

"Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am

Yours in Christian fellowship,

GEORGE A. CRAWFORD.

Chaplain U. S. N."

No. 3.

FROM CHAPLAIN CRAWFORD TO THE SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

U. S. S. RICHMOND,

HONG KONG, CHINA, January 9th, 1883.

"I have for some time had it in mind to write to you, but have been prevented by press of work and failure of my eyesight. I am very much interested in temperance work among seamen. For nearly two years we have had a vigorous Lodge of Good Templars on board of this ship. In some of the ports on this station there are many helps on shore. There is a large Temperance Hall here, also one in Shanghai. At Yokohama, Japan, Brother and Sister Austen are doing a great work. I never met more thoroughly devoted people. She is a princess among women, and sailor men will do anything for her. They need more accommodations for lodging seamen, but are doing all they can in that direction. At Kobe, Japan, the Temperance Hall needs help. It was started last spring, largely through the efforts and contributions of this ship's company. A petty officer was discharged from the U. S. S. *Ashuelot* to take charge of it. Since then he has been doing a good work, both at the Hall and as a missionary to seamen. Some months he has not realized more than \$8 or \$10 for his services. Having used up his

own stock of money, I do not see how he can stay much longer, unless he has help. Kobe is a large shipping port, and ought to have a commodious home for seamen.

"It is a mockery to tell sailors that they ought not to visit rum shops for food and lodging, when no other places are open to them. Can not your Society do something for Kobe? Rev. R. H. DAVIS,—of the A. B. C. F. M.,—at that place, is much interested in the work, and I am sure would be glad to give you such detailed information as you might desire.

"You see I know what a difference there is in our own crew, when we are where they can find amusement, food and lodging at a respectable place. On one special occasion in Shanghai we had over one hundred men on liberty, and every man off on time, clean and sober; and we have approximated that frequently, when in ports containing Temperance Halls. The men do patronize such places, when they are provided.

"It may please you to know that we have a church on board this ship, to which members are added every week. Hoping you will accept my great interest in the work as an apology for this letter, I am

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE A. CRAWFORD,

Chaplain, U. S. N."

No. 4.

AMERICAN SHIP NORTHERN LIGHT; CAPTAIN SLOCUM'S ACCOUNT OF
RESCUING SOME NATIVES OF THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

"It seems that about the end of October last (1882) twelve natives of Abemarna Island (Gilbert Group) were overtaken by a storm and driven to leeward of their archipelago and continued to be drifted about from north to south, and east to west, at the scant mercy of a changing monsoon, until Sunday the 10th of December, when the *Northern Light* picked up the surviving five about six hundred miles from their island home. Seven of their number had in this time perished, the first to succumb being a woman. The supply of food they were possessed of was limited to a small quantity of dry, pulverized banana, and their stock of water could not have exceeded more than six gallons, as their utensils would not have held more. A few bottles of cocoanut oil completed their stock of provisions.

"Speaking of these people as natives of a 'South Sea Island,' would not, I think, convey to the bulk of the Christian world a proper conception of the class of people, a few of whom we had been fortunate enough to rescue from inconceivable horrors. A more devout band of Christians I never met. When first hauled out of their cheerless cockleshell, more dead than alive, and placed safely on board our comfortable ship, a man who appeared to be a leader gave thanks to the Almighty with becoming reverence. They then

fell on the deck in utter exhaustion. Brandy and other stimulants were administered. Warm tea seemed to agree very well with one or two who refused brandy on the plea that they were Christians. They all smoked, however, and for the first time in my life I thought that possibly there might be some virtue in tobacco. When the woman, poor thing, had finished her light meal and smoked a few whiffs from a pipe she reached out her hand for our little Garfield, beckoned him to come, but before he could go to her she was away in the land of visions, dreaming, probably, of being ceaselessly tossed on the remorseless sea, without hope other than her hope in heaven, among the dead and the dying, waiting only for death to end her own sufferings. The remainder soon followed the example of the woman, and on waking they seemed much bewildered, looked around the ship, then aloft at the cloud of white canvas. Their own craft had, in the meantime, been thoroughly cleaned, propped upright, a tent-like roof made over her; all their little trinkets and scanty clothing washed and spread out to dry in a tropical sun which for the two days previous had been darkened by tempest and rain which made their condition hapless indeed.

"'Allah is great!' would have exclaimed the famous Sinbad. Whaggie, the youngest of the three young men, now addressed me in very good English,—'Captain, where ship bound?' I informed him that we were bound for Japan. 'Ship no stop Abemarna?' To

this query I replied it was possible we might touch at his island if winds prevailed from the west, and if we had easterly winds we should touch at Ponape,—in any event they should be cared for as well as circumstances would permit. ‘Captain,’ said Whaggie, ‘I thank you.’ Not one on board our ship, I am sure, but would render the unfortunates any assistance which lay in their power, thinking of the day, perhaps, that might sometime come when they would be glad of merciful treatment themselves. For my own part I had but to go back a short way in my career to remember being succored by islanders of less pretensions to Christianity than many who would not do so much; and it seemed as if I heard the voice of these simple people continually saying,—‘Show us the mercy we to others show.’

“The change in their fortune soon began to tell on these waifs of the sea, three of whom were young men whose physique and manly form could not be matched by any three men among our crew. The fourth was an elderly man, the husband of the surviving woman, and a brighter eye than twinkled in his old head it would be hard to find. It was he who refused brandy, repeating his only words of English, ‘me missionary!’ pointing at himself and then upwards. We readily comprehended his meaning. The poor old fellow seemed quite reconciled in the belief that his time was about up when we were removing him into regular quarters along with the rest. Whaggie looked at him and shook his head, saying,—‘tabboo!’ We laughed them out of this idea and told them that among ‘bow-rie’ missionaries there was no ‘tabboo.’ The old man did not at first place much faith in what I

said, but later on we became great friends. I never visited their quarters but he asked me by signs and gestures to sit down, invariably, too, alongside of his wife. What man could ask for greater mark of confidence?

“Many a worse looking woman, too, might be found, indeed her graceful figure, notwithstanding her middle age, might be envied by many a ‘belle.’ Poor thing, it was not amiss, either, that a white sister was at hand who could extend to her needful help. I fully expected when she came round, to have her pay the same compliments to my good wife that her husband had heaped upon me, but she did not, for what reason I know not, except that women are possibly more inclined to jealousy than men are.

“About a week on board and prospects looked like landing our proteges on their own island. We reached within forty-five miles and I fully expected to make the land early next morning. On learning this the islanders set to rejoicing. I came on deck, as is my custom, in the middle watch, and found three young men arm in arm, walking the decks, singing psalms.

“Our disappointment next day was great when we found by observations that we had struck the equatorial current and had been set far to the westward. With a light easterly wind it was not practicable to pursue the course longer. The disappointment to them must have been very great. I felt conscience-smitten for having held out such high expectations, but it really looked like a sure thing to me at the time.

“Thence we shaped our course for Ebon Island, which also lay in our track. We made it at night, a dark boisterous night, and no

time to be hovering about coral reefs in a heavy ship. So from this we took our departure for Baring Island expecting to sight it early next day. We sailed fairly over the sea next day, but found no island. Our chronometers having been verified the truth of the ship's position was confirmed from Ebon Island. From where Baring Island was supposed to be we now shaped our course for Ponape and sailed fifteen miles when the mast-head lookout hailed 'Land ho! nearly ahead!' This we made out to be Baring Island, thirty miles to the west of its assigned position on the charts. There again is an adventure for us, that seldom may happen. Even in most uncivilized parts of the world a pretty thorough knowledge of existing rocks and other dangers has been gained by untiring surveys.

"Our island friends were in doubt if they would be kindly received by the inhabitants of this island; they were in doubt of its being inhabited by others than cannibals, and as night and stormy weather were again upon us, communication with the shore was cut off. I did not feel justified in simply giving them provisions and sending them off in their boat to an almost unknown island and perhaps extremely unkind people. They were evidently alarmed at the idea of being thus turned off, and I considered I had no more right to turn them adrift than I would have with people of any other nation thrown on our hospitality. Northeast trades now fairly opened out on us and my mind was soon made up. Calling our visitors to me I acquainted them with what I thought best for all concerned. 'Taiban' (Japan) was the word, and I assure you their

faces at once brightened up and a load was taken off my mind.

"Next morning as our ship fairly danced along toward Japan, Whaggie asked if I thought they should ever see Abemarna again. I looked at their situation now in a new aspect, and determined that they should see their Abemarna and friends again if my interest could bring this about. I made light of their fears and told them, as best I could, that one of our many war ships cruising the ocean would very likely carry them back, boat and all. Whaggie intimated that the king of Abemarna would be pleased enough to 'pay money, give plenty cobre, &c.' Perhaps he would knight me into the bargain, who knows? My opportunity was probably lost by being met with foul currents, otherwise I might now be known as Sir P. G. or Lord Bukiron, instead of plain Pil Garlic,—or better still, perhaps, as Governor of an island. As for goods or money payment we could not entertain a thought of it. For was it not so with Sinbad, the sailor, when he proffered goods to the owner of the ship instrumental in his escape from the mountain? Was he not told:—'We take nothing from any one, and when we behold a shipwrecked person on the shore of the sea, or on an island, or in a boat, we take him with us and feed him and give him drink, and if he be naked we clothe him, and when we arrive at the port of safety we give him something of our property as a present, and act towards him with kindness and favor for the sake of God whose name he exalted!' This sentiment, I think, is worth being kept in mind. I would fain add that 'the inhabitants of the port of safety to which

the ship arrives also act kindly toward him.' It is right that we should not be outdone by an Arab. ma on the 15th January, with our strange passengers on board. What shall we do with them?"

"We arrived safely in Yokoha-

By the postscript affixed to Letter No. 1, (Rev. Mr. Austen's) our readers will see that this inquiry of Captain SLOCUM has been satisfactorily answered.

We have already commended the preceding letter to the special regard of our readers, but before leaving it, let us urge them to note it as the record of fruit from Christian missions begun in the Gilbert Group of the Micronesian Islands, hardly more than thirty years ago, (1851). "At that time," says a writer, "the religion of the natives was the loosest form of spirit-worship without priest, idol or temple. They practiced polygamy. The children went naked for ten or twelve years. The men wore a girdle, and the women a broader mat around them. The appearance of nudity was relieved by the tattooing with which they were purposely and skilfully adorned." Plainly, these were a race of first class heathen. Neither "free thinking," "agnosticism," or the much talked of "new theology" of these latest days will be likely to produce such results as the transformation of kindred heathen into the reverent and faithful spirits of whom the sailor, Capt. SLOCUM, has written, above. For that, an old time Christianity whose history is full of such issues, is requisite.

Christian readers will take from the narrative, moreover, a fresh persuasion of the ever watchful Providence of God above and for "His Own."

From The New York Times.

THE INTERNATIONAL SIGNAL CODE AND OTHER MEANS OF GIVING OR ASKING INFORMATION, AID, OR WARNING AT SEA.

When two vessels pass each other at sea it is the custom for them to interchange greetings by displaying their ensigns and, should their masters feel inclined to hold an extended conversation, they can resort to the international code of signals. This code, which is used by nearly all of the nations which engage in commerce to any great extent, contains signals for almost anything which one captain could wish to communicate to another while at sea. Should a master discover that his chronometer has become useless, he can, when the first vessel comes in sight, display a signal which when liberally interpreted would read:—"I say, boss, have you got such a thing as an extra chronometer about you?" If the other master has the desired

instrument to spare he hoists a little, white, three-cornered pennant, with a red ball in the field. This signifies "yes." A boat is lowered from the vessel which stands in need of the chronometer, and the captain or one of his officers goes on board the other vessel and makes a bargain for the instrument. There is a certain signal which means "You are running into danger." This always meets with prompt attention, and, should the sea not prove too heavy, the captain who has been warned goes on board the vessel which has displayed the signal and ascertains what the danger is for which he will have to look out. The master of a vessel can, by means of code signals, tell the latitude or longitude, or the time of day, and give almost any other information. He can also indicate that he is short of provisions, or has sickness on board, or is in a sinking condition, or requires any particular sort of aid. The International Signal Board meets nearly every year and adopts some new signals, so that the code is gradually assuming very large proportions.

Not Signals Enough.

And yet, extensive as it is, there often arises some unthought of emergency in which a captain is at a loss for the proper signal. Three years ago, when the Guion steamship *Arizona* ran into an iceberg on the Banks of Newfoundland, she could have received warning of her danger on the previous day had there been a signal which denoted that ice was ahead. The *Anchoria* of the Anchor Line, which had sighted the iceberg, passed the *Arizona* about 12 hours before the accident, and the captain of the former did not deem it worth while to signal "You are running into

danger." There is some signal for nearly every one of the principal ports and navigable rivers and bays in the world, so that any vessel can signify where she is from and where she is bound. Each vessel has a signal for its own name, but this is not entered into the international code. Each country arranges its own name signals, and these are usually hoisted under the ensign. In ship reports something similar to the following is frequently seen:—"Passed an American ship showing the letters PQRS." The name of the vessel passed can easily be found by reference to the American code of names. The signals by which the numerous communications of the international code are made consist of about a score of little flags which represent "yes," "no," and all of the letters of the alphabet with the exception of the vowels a, e, i, o, u, and y. For reasons best known to themselves the originals framers of the code displayed undue partiality for consonants and left the vowels out in the cold. In order to read the signals rightly it is necessary to have a good eye for colors. A color-blind person would be apt to mix matters sadly when viewing the flags through a glass at a distance of several miles. "No" is represented by a small white ball in a blue, three-cornered field, and with the exception of its colors is exactly like "yes." The flag which represents either the "code signal" or the "answering pennant" is a long, three cornered flag, in which red and white bars alternate. When immediately under the ensign this flag is the "code signal," and when placed elsewhere is the "answering pennant." The flags representing the different letters vary in shape as well as color. The

colors used are red, white, blue, and yellow. Some are long, three-cornered pennants, while others are square flags. "W" is a red square in the centre of a white field, which in turn is in the middle of a blue field. "Q" is square and is entirely yellow, and "R" is a large yellow cross in a red field. "N" resembles a checker-board, and has 16 spots which are alternately blue and white. The flags representing the other letters have been made as different from each other as possible. On festival days in port when a master wishes to make his ship look particularly gay he strings these signals on a line with his ensign, and when he has a few spare flags on board he can make the string reach from the foremast along the tops of the main and mizzen masts and down to the wheel. These are usually admired by many who regard them as "the flags of all nations." Instead of spelling out the signals a certain combination of letters is used for each communication in the code. The combinations usually consist of from two to four letters, although more than the latter number is sometimes used. The different kinds of signals and answers are arranged in the code under separate heads and can easily be found by captains. Copies of the flags and the letters which they represent are usually pasted up in the pilot-houses of steam-ships, so that the quartermasters are quite familiar with the use of the signals. Sometimes the vessels which speak each other are so far apart that it is impossible to distinguish the colors of the signals. The unhappy skipper is then in a somewhat similar condition to that of the owner of a safe who has forgotten the combination which will open it. If it happens to be a matter of great importance

one of the vessels can leave its course and come up close to the other.

Recognition of Steamship Lines.

Each steam-ship line has the funnels of its vessels painted in a particular way, and this is the principal distinguishing mark by which they are known in the day-time. Each line has also some night signal. One will burn bright lights of particular colors, while another will fire a Roman candle with a certain number of balls, or display different colored lights both forward and aft. Vessels in their reports frequently mention having passed a steam-ship of a certain line bound in a certain direction. The latter had not been spoken, but was known by her distinguishing marks or lights. There are certain night signals of distress which consist of lights or rockets. All of these are mentioned in the code, and can easily be interpreted by an experienced captain or officer. There is no more trustworthy danger signal than the side lights of another vessel when they appear directly ahead. The green, or white light, as it is sometimes called, is on the starboard side of a vessel while the red light is on the port side. When the master of a vessel observes a signal light ahead he knows that a stranger is attempting to cross his bows, but when he sees both a red and a green light he is warned that the other vessel is directly ahead. A pilot-boat burns a torch in addition to the usual side lights, and a steam-ship displays an elevated bright light forward. Bright, green, and red lights in the form of a triangle indicate the approach of a steam-ship. The story is told of the captain of a coasting vessel who when, nearing port, put his

little son on the lookout with instructions to report whatever he saw. An hour afterward the lad awoke from a pleasant nap and called out :—"Oh, Pa ; we are most home, for I can see the lights in Dr. Smith's drug store!" The little fellow was quite delighted by the appearance of three colored lights which belonged to a large steam-ship that was bearing directly down on the coaster. Strange as it may seem many captains while on long voyages neglect to display their side lights simply in order to save oil.

Nearing Port.

When a vessel is nearing port after a long voyage the captain is apt to be somewhat out of his reckoning owing to a defective chronometer, or some other cause. He is then obliged to ask the latitude or longitude of the first vessel which comes within speaking distance. There is a certain combination in the code for each degree and minute of latitude and longitude on the charts. The masters of small craft are often unscientific navigators, and they are apt to get much out of their reckoning. When a large vessel heaves in sight the small craft will head directly for her and, if possible, will come within hailing distance. Her master will then yell out, asking the latitude or longitude. Sometimes the captain of the large ship will not deign to answer the question, but, fearing that the small craft will come too near, he chalks the desired information on a board for the other master to read. The navigators of miniature ships who have frequently defied destruction of late by crossing the ocean out of pure fool-hardiness carry neither code nor signals, but invariably correct their dead reck-

onings by appealing to passing vessels for whatever information they may desire. When one of these little craft approaches a large ship the captain of the latter imagines that he sees a ship-wrecked crew in an open boat, and lays to for it to come up, but, to his disgust, he finds that it is merely a miniature ship.

Captains not always Sociable.

Masters of vessels, like ordinary persons, greet those whom they pass or else show their respect by a studied silence, according to the state of mind in which they happen to be at the time. When the wind is fair and the captain is in good spirits he will hoist his ensign to a vessel several miles distant, and will keep dipping it out of courtesy and making unnecessary signals as long as the other is in sight. But if the same captain happens to find himself becalmed during a homeward voyage, when he is anxious to make the most of every hour, he will allow half a dozen other vessels to lie within hailing distance of him all day without making a signal to any one of them. Two vessels may pass so close to one another in bad weather that they will have to change their courses in order to avoid a collision, and yet no signals will pass between them. The members of the crews will take off their hats and wave them, but the two captains will stand on their respective poops and stare at each other like a couple of stuck pigs without so much as nodding. But if they happen to require information of each other they will heave to and dip ensigns and make signals for an hour or more. Selfish masters sometimes refuse to pay any attention to signals from other vessels. Shipwrecked sailors have on several

occasions reported that before abandoning their vessel they had repeatedly made signals of distress within full sight of passing ships, which had kept on, pretending not to notice them. Some masters have tried to excuse such conduct by stating that the vessels which displayed these signals were not really in distress, and that their crews would not have been warranted in abandoning them. But the real reason of such neglect to answer signals of distress was that the captains were unwilling to

undertake the trouble and delay which would have been required had they undertaken to rescue the crews of the disabled vessels. Dismasted ships have often signaled steamers asking to be taken in tow, and the latter have signaled in return that they were short of coal when such was not the case. At night steam-ships have lowered their bright lights and hurried away upon observing crippled sailing vessels which were displaying signals of distress.

THE SAILOR'S VOCATION.

A friend of an officer of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has lately written with such force upon the above named topic, that we have sought the privilege of extract from his private letter, as follows:—

Little in Life without Him.

“When in fancy I take out of our life and civilization so much as could never have appeared there without the aid of the sailor first had and obtained, there seems really to be but little left. I would not decry the merits of any class which contributes to the support and comfort of civil society, but I confess I would be glad to see a vocation, not second in usefulness and importance to any human pursuit, receive a recognition and sympathy which to this hour have been dispensed too sparingly. That the equities and charities of the Christian system are to expel the brutalities of this world is my hope and belief, yet who but the sailor is to bring these opposite forces face to face? I have both respect and gratitude for the making of the furrows from which the rest of mankind derive their sustenance, but I would not leave the

noble service of those who plough the deep altogether unnoticed. The toil of all the tillers of the ground from Adam downward, unassisted by the functions of the sailor, would have accomplished nothing in the way of refining the barbarism of outlying islands and continents. No matter what hoards of science and learning might have been gathered in the civilized parts of the earth, no matter how strongly piety and philanthropy might have impelled their possessors to apply them to the enlightenment of human ignorance and the mitigation of human woes,—but for the sailor their charity would have begun and ended at home. Bible societies, missionary societies and all the benevolent institutions of the world, would be restricted to the area which produced them and would remain emblems of helplessness but for the neglected sailor, who brings them intelligence of ‘fields white for the har-

vest,' and then transports their agents and appliances to the theatre of labor. It is quite certain that churches and schools, asylums and hospitals, are now standing upon the sites of ancient 'habitations of cruelty;' yet, I cannot forget that neither religion, or learning, or philanthropy, have taken a single step to that end which did not owe its being taken at all to the skill and courage of the sailor.

When this is Seen and Felt.

"I sometimes con the lists of passengers by the steamers and, now and then, I imagine a contingency which I trust and believe will never happen but which I wish every passenger might think of occasionally. Suppose that not one of those steamers could ship a crew? I once saw one of them lying in the Mersey in just that condition on her day for sailing. It was a White Star ship about which some absurd fears had obtained a lodgment among the Jacks. There she lay with steam up, mails and passengers on board, the tide served, but no crew, and the cribs of Liverpool were being dragged to get one. The sorry lot that was finally coerced and driven on board could not be looked upon without misgivings by an experienced eye, but the desponding passengers regarded these miserable specimens as the very pearls of the human race, and why? Because they were in a strait from which none but sailors could rescue them. Those of our people who can command the luxury of foreign travel must of necessity be well to do in the world and many, we know, are of great wealth. Now, if these could be made to feel their dependence upon sailors for comfort and safety in their pursuit of

pleasure, they would not suffer enterprises intended to benefit that useful class to languish for want of pecuniary support. I can imagine the alacrity with which such persons would contribute in the 'roaring 40s,' in a dense fog, in the height of a gale or on a lee shore. It would seem that the best time and the best place to make appeals of this character is at sea, when the helplessness of landsmen is sharply contrasted with the efficiency of seamen in the same circumstances. At such times the merit of the sailor becomes conspicuous and is unrivaled.

Seamen spread Discoveries, etc.

"Generally, I think it may be said, that the most valuable discoveries in morals, in art and in science, and the most useful of human inventions would benefit only the limited area within which they were brought to light and would be entirely lost to the greater world beyond; that the very highest condition to which they could attain would be a sort of prosperous stagnation of a local character, if the vocation of the sailor did not intervene and carry their blessings to the uttermost parts of the earth and so make them the common property of all mankind.

Not numerous enough to be a Burden.

"The class in question is not numerous enough to make them a burden to a wealthy community. A very moderate contribution would suffice to maintain such agencies for their advantage as now exist and to create new ones. Let us hope the day is not distant when the bold men who, taking

their lives in their hands, 'go down to the sea in ships,' will be kindly remembered by their fellow men who walk the dry land, by day, and at night repose upon comfortable beds under the protection of an ample roof.

J. T. H."

REDEEMED SAILORS.

The following are extracts from the last (fourth) annual report of the Floating Bethel at Cleveland, Ohio, a summary of which was given in the MAGAZINE for March.

"We have a number of letters of interest from sailors, converted years ago, in meetings held by our chaplain, which show that they are still earnest, faithful Christian men. One, who, fourteen years ago, was a drunken sailor, sailing out of this port, is now a successful missionary, laboring in Norway. In his letter to us, dated May 5th, 1882, he said:—'He was to preside over, and deliver an address at a Christian Temperance Convention; the first ever held in Risora City. Do not think I have forgotten the Lord Jesus, because I have written so much on the subject of Temperance. Many claim here that it does not belong to Religion. But I claim it does, for 'No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God.' Yours in Christ, O. P. T.'"

"Another, from one who is a successful physician in a large western city, (who, before his conversion, was a bar tender in this city, and has since spent several years in College,) now finds that 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' In his letter he speaks of a sailor, converted in one of the meetings, who, when he first attended was under the influence of strong drink. He is now a saved man. He says:—'Of all the Christian men I have met none

have impressed me more of the power of God to save and keep, than this sailor does whom I have known for many years.'

"A number of letters have been answered, received from persons enquiring for missing friends. Several have been received from mothers and wives asking the chaplain to call upon their sons and husbands who have attended our meetings and signed the pledge. Their requests have been gladly complied with.

"In one of these homes the family altar has been erected. On several occasions Cottage Prayer Meetings have been held at this home.

"At our meeting, May 17th and 19th, Christian sailors took part from Denmark, Finland, England, Scotland, France, Norway, Sweden, Canada and the U. S. At our meeting December 1st, Christian men from Switzerland, Scotland, England, Sweden, Canada and our own country. A captain said:—'I have been serving God over twenty years. I thank him for the blessed privileges I have enjoyed in this little Floating Bethel this summer.'

"Another says:—'I found my Savior here three weeks ago.' Another says:—'I can't tell you in your language what I feel in my heart. God saved me *to hers*.'

"A man who came in with Captain GREENHALGH said:—'I have not been to church before for over thirty years, but this won't be the last time I will come here if I am in this port.' We often hear sailors say in our meetings:—'I have not been to church for ten, fifteen, or twenty years before, pray for me.' Among those hopefully converted, has been a workman in one of our city shops. The foreman in speaking of this man, said:—'When I found he had stopped all bad habits, I was astonished. On questioning him I found he was attending the Floating Bethel, and had been converted. He asked me to go with him, which I did, and enjoyed the meeting so much

I keep going, and I am coming to Christ, by inches. He was asked if he had not better settle the matter now and give himself entirely to Christ. He said:—'I wish I could.' The reply was:—'Let us kneel down and pray over the matter.' While prayer was being offered, he said:—'Thank God I am saved.' The same day, a young man from England said in the meeting:—'I found my Savior here to-day. I had no thought of coming here, or of becoming a Christian. God must have led me here.' Eternity only will be able to show how richly God has approved, blessed, and rewarded our labors."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE WOODEN JIB.

We were engaged some years ago in visiting the Shetland Isles in the interest of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. Our intercourse with the industrious and hardy islanders was very instructive and encouraging; we were on a visit to a somewhat remote point, and in order to save a long journey by land on our return, accepted a passage kindly offered by a merchant on board a sloop of some three tons burden. Our course lay across an arm, or rather a thumb of the Atlantic. We started in the morning with a fair wind. Our crew consisted of two men and a boy, and the merchant acted as coxwain; a young woman going to a situation in Lerwick, and the writer, made up the list of passengers.

We sailed away and soon the shores astern began to wax dim,

but the morning breeze slackened, and little by little it died away. A whistle from Jock (one of the crew) to Saint Antonio for a fresh supply of wind was unavailing, and after a little waiting with no signs of the revival of the favoring breeze, the merchant coxswain called out,—"There's nothing for it, Jock, but to hoist the wooden jib!" Another look to windward, or that part of the heavens where the wind had so lately promised a restful and speedy passage, and then with gravity tinged with a dash of sadness, Jock trailed up the spritsail and lowered the jib into the head-sheets. Slowly the oars were manned, but the eyes of the oarsmen rested on the glassy sea watching for cat's paws, and it was easy to read the wishes of the heart that a favoring breeze might spring up. But if they did not

"Sigh, while they toiled at the oar,"

they hoped, and this was a more

cheerful exercise, and as they hoped they rowed. Cheerful words helped them along, and though the wind did not return to bless the voyagers the end of the journey was reached in safety and more hearty thanks were rendered to the crew than if they had rested all the way.

"There is nothing for it but to hoist the wooden jib." We have thought of the Shetland coxswain many a time. It harmonises with the mutations of time. It gathers up in nautical phrase the experience of not a few of the best of the sons of men. Literally and figuratively the words of the coxswain may be heard in the crises of life summoning the heart to courage, the hand to labor, in new and trying paths. The call is a call to duty.

"A coasting schooner was once in a fearful gale in the North Sea; for thirty-six hours the wind blew with unabated fury, at daybreak a fishing boat in a very helpless condition was descried. They bore down upon her and soon found her crew of four men in a miserable plight. The storm had burst upon them with great suddenness, snapping their mast and carrying away the sail. Manfully they toiled at the oar for dear life, the seas running mountains high, and their helpless plight brought many a fear. When the schooner reached them it was with the utmost difficulty that they were rescued, they had to be hoisted out of the boat by the arm-pits, for their hands were as raw as beef, and so great were their exertions to keep their seats on the thwarts that when they were brought down to the cabin they could not sit down. The pots of ointment from the humble medicine chest were very precious on this occasion.

The master of the schooner was well known as a Christian and a preacher, and from the schooner's mast-head the Bethel Flag had frequently been displayed. They were welcomed aboard with sailor-like sympathy, and all hands gave praise to God for their deliverance. In less than two days they were landed on their native beach amid the surprise and gladness of the whole village.

"Rough seas made the haven passing fair."

The schooner passed on to Inverness, her port of destination, and in about ten days in calmer weather the schooner was off the village bound to the south. The wind was light and the progress was slow; soon some boats were seen to leave the beach with the crews pulling vigorously and heading for the schooner, they were soon alongside and such a freight they bore! Eggs, poultry, fruit, and vegetables were speedily handed on deck, and loud expressions of thankfulness came from every man and woman to the master and his crew for kindness in the hour of need. This nautical donation party was long remembered by all.

How often has the wooden jib been hoisted! now in the calm, now in the storm! The call may come with surprising sadness, but it may produce in the end surprising gladness. What new powers have been developed, what new strength imparted in the deep hour of need!

"The victor's palm grows on the fields of war.
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms."

Let us keep the wooden jib bent and ready to be hoisted!

H. T. M.

North Hastings, Ontario.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

"PERRY'S VICTORY"—A CALL FOR LIGHT.

Mr. Editor:—I read with much pleasure the poem relating to Commodore OLIVER HAZARD PERRY's victory on Lake Erie, in your issue for February last, with the introductory note. And I, with all good Americans, value highly the services of the brave Oliver Perry, whom a grateful nation, through Congress, legislatures, paintings, medals, statues, greenback engravings, public receptions and orations, by money from the treasury, and by pensions on widow and children, has so well appreciated and rewarded.

Yet I have never quite understood why his equally great (as some think) brother, MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, is so little remembered. For his services in suppressing the African slave trade and piracy, for introducing steam into the navy, for securing the rear of our army in Mexico, and reducing Vera Cruz, and finally for opening Japan to the world, his *munificent* (?) reward was 1,000 copies of his official report of the Japan expedition, 500 copies of which he had to give to the Rev. Dr. HAWKS, chiefly for writing the preface to the book. To his widow Congress reluctantly granted a pension.

Why are the victories of peace so practically "less renowned than those of war?" Why are real and lasting benefits to our country, even though less dramatic, so illy appreciated? It is a remarkable fact that two of our greatest triumphs in *diplomacy*,—the opening of Japan and Corea,—were accomplished by purely *naval* officers, PERRY and SHUFELDT.

Your correspondent, after hav-

ing read every biography of Oliver Perry, (by MACKENZIE, NILES, COOPER, IRVING, etc., etc.) has grieved that the fame of M. C. Perry has been so overshadowed in the public mind by that of his brother of Lake Erie renown. Every one seems to know about O. H., and few about M. C.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE, I am sure, believes in celebrating "the victories of peace." I propose to collect materials for writing the life of our great sailor-statesman. Will not your readers assist me by giving me anecdotes, reminiscences, personal opinions and judgments, whether favorable or unfavorable, in order that the compiler may have many side-lights to illustrate the official records?

Any person who knew M. C. Perry in his childhood, youth or mature life will be heard from with great pleasure by the undersigned. I hope this may fall before the eyes of many old sailors and friends of the bluff old Commodore who was one of the great educators of our navy, and whose name is better known throughout the earth than at home.

Correspondents will please address theirs and yours truly,

WM. ELLIOTT GRIFFIS,
Schenectady, N. Y.

THE results of sounding over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it is believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean, extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than a thousand fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,450 fathoms.

For The Sailor's Magazine.
Looking for a Pilot.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

The wind blows fresh from open sea,
 The fog comes rolling in,—
 Swift speeds the ship with the land a-lee
 Just clear of the rollers grim.

With a whole-sail-breeze and summer seas,
 The *Skipper* has nought to fear ;
 For all hands on deck will swiftly spring,
 When:—*Ready About!*—they hear.

But the treacherous tide on the Jersey side
 Still eddies toward the shore,
 And the gallant ship as she glides along,
 Sags landward more and more.

And soon, to the cry of,—*Ready About !*
 Each man to his station flies.
 The braces in place, and "a good round full,"—
Hard a-Lee!—the skipper cries.

Mild the slat of the jibs, and the tops'ls lift,
 The ship looks the wind in the eye;
 While,—with spanker over, and fore brace
 eased,—
By tacks and sheets stand by!

But ah, the tide! the treacherous tide!
 Too late 'tis noticed now,
 As her bow falls off towards the sandy shore
 In the outmost rollers' flow.

Now flatten in the head-sheets all!
And, Rouse them quickly o'er !
Square the main and crockett yards at once !
The spanker smartly lower !

Heave up! Hard up your helm my lad!
Slack up the lee-fore-braces!
And gather in to windward all!
 As down the beach she races.

Look! See the eager shoreward crowds
That toward the Life-boats gather!
Steady my lads! and Watch her sharp!
'Tis naught but summer weather.

She slowly swings! She gathers way,
 The trusty helm she'll mind;
 And soon,—trimmed to the other tack
 She hauls upon the wind.

While parting, suddenly, the mists
 That hang o'er all the ocean,
 A gallant pilot-boat appears,—
 To still our heart's commotion.

And all the fog and treacherous tides
 And wave-washed sandy beaches
 Are merged in joy as the pilot hails,
 And soon the deck he reaches!

The Bible Among Sailors.

IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK, AND ON
 VESSELS SAILING THENCE.

From the fifty-eighth annual report of the New York City Bible Society, (for 1882) and from the record of its Marine Department of work, we take the following extracts, furnished by Mr. JOHN S. PIERSON, Agent.

"*July.*—Some 53 foreign vessels (1 French, 3 Portuguese, 8 Austrian, 10 Spanish and 31 Italian) have been visited this month at our piers, and carefully supplied in cabin and forecabin. No part of our work is more fruitful of interesting results.

"On the Spanish bark *Tuya*, a sailor recognizes Mr. JONES as the person who had given him a Spanish 'Tract Primer' a year before, and brings him the book to show him how well he had learned to read by the help of it. He describes the interest which his old parents at home took in the hymns and Scripture lessons, which he read to them from it, and now asks a Testament to take to them when he goes back again, which, of course, was gladly supplied.

"As Mr. Jones was walking in South Street, he felt a hand put upon his shoulder from behind, and turning, found himself face to face with a heavily-bearded sailor of about thirty-five, who smilingly reminded him that he had seen him on the Austrian bark *R. Dubrovackie* two years before, when he gave Testaments to several of the crew, and left a Bible with the mate for the cabin. The mate, he went on to state, looked at the book, and when he discovered what it was, threw it contemptuously on the deck and went down to dinner. The sailor picked it up, was much interested in it, and henceforth became its constant reader. And then he proceeded to tell how his love of it made him the butt of the Catholic sailors all the voyage. When he reached home it was even worse; his wife, his mother, and the priest were all at him at once for changing his religion, and, finally, in his trouble, he left them suddenly, and shipped on an English steamer to Liverpool, and again to New York. Here he had already found the Italian Mission in Crosby Street, and was rejoicing in the liberty of hearing and reading the truth unmolested.

"On the French bark *Harold* the captain produced a much-worn French Bible,

bearing the label of the New York Bible Society inside. He states that in 1854 he was serving in the French army in the Crimea, was wounded in the legs, and was sent to the hospital at Marseilles. While lying there another soldier gave him this book, explaining that he had received it from a sailor on a French vessel. The captain had carried it ever since and prized it highly, but would like a new copy if it could be had in this land of Bibles. This Mr. Jones procured for him, he readily paying the price. This 'seed cast upon the waters,' and 'found' again after twenty-eight years, was plainly a Bible received by a sailor in this port—the label indicating this fact.

"The case of the steward of the Portuguese bark *Audacia* exhibits a like eager pursuit after the Bible, and also illustrates the wide and varied service done by the book when placed in the cabin of a vessel.

"This man first became acquainted with the Bible in the cabin of a Portuguese brig which he joined at Maranhão. It so much interested him that he staid with the vessel a voyage, expressly that he might read it. Afterward, at Lisbon, he saw an expensive copy of the Bible in a shop, but it was beyond his means. There again, also, he met with the coveted volume in the cabin of a bark he was visiting, and learned from our printed label inside that it came from this city. After that he sought for a voyage to New York, and by the providential illness of the steward succeeded in getting his place on the *Audacia*, bound hither. When the vessel reached this port he began impatiently to look for the man whom the captain in Lisbon had told him would certainly call on board with Bibles and other good books. A pious merchant who speaks Portuguese first reported his case at our office, and when Mr. Jones called with the Bible he found the steward ready with twenty-five cents to pay for it; which sum he had secured by selling a smoking cap—the captain refusing to give his sailors any money in port.

"Mr. D., the merchant referred to, called several times to talk with him and was much interested in the intelligent earnestness of the man, and his love for his newly acquired treasure, which was always either in his hand or on the locker near by. 'The priest has been on board,' he said on one of these visits, 'to try to persuade me to give up this book. See what he has left with me to show that the Protestant creed is totally different from the teachings of the Catholic church and

therefore wrong.' And he produced a Portuguese tract of the American Tract Society, entitled 'What Protestants believe.' This is a fair style of argument of which we cannot complain. Unfortunately for the priest the effect was quite different from what was intended; for the statements of the tract and their agreement with the Bible, only settled the mind of the sailor more firmly in his new opinions.

"Spanish bark *Vittoria*, from Teneriffe. The sailors being at work at various points, the captain sitting at his ease on the poop, Mr. Jones went directly to him, explained his work and asked permission to speak to the men. The captain when he heard the words '*Biblia Sagrada*,' showed great interest, took up the book, examined it and at once laid down the half dollar asked for it. 'Ah! this is the book I have been long waiting for. About three years ago in a little schooner at Teneriffe, I lay alongside of a bark named *Domingo* whose captain had a Bible which he said he obtained in New York. He was very careful of it and would not lend it to me, but I went day after day on board and read it an hour at a time, in his cabin. The bark soon left and ever since I have remembered this port as the place where I could get the Bible.' Then the captain brought Mr. Jones forward and called up the crew, and himself standing at the ladder, passed the Testaments to such as he thought should have them. 'These three boys I would not give to,' he said; 'they cannot read and as soon as they reach home the priest would get the books. He would not find that so easy to do in the case of the men.'

"On the schooner — a young American sailor connects his conversion with the reading of the tract, — 'The Unsettled Account,' which he received last voyage on the first Sunday out. In a revival in New Haven two years ago he had been under deep conviction, but had lost all his religious impressions on going to sea. These were revived by the reading of the tract and they gave him no peace till he surrendered himself up to God. 'The fear of ridicule and opposition from my shipmates had been my snare; but now I fell on my knees and prayed earnestly without regard to their presence. And, strange to say, they did not trouble me at all when they saw that I was in earnest; but they would leave me to myself and take pains to keep quiet when they saw me with my Testament.'

Mr. B — is a middle-aged sailor con-

verted on shipboard four years ago, and ever since a devoted worker. Last winter he had a position of responsibility at Goatzacoalcos in Mexico, the terminus of one of the railroads now building in that country, and I supplied him heavily with Spanish material for use among the native laborers there, with whom he was brought in frequent contact. Speaking Spanish he was able to gain their confidence, and by his conversations to do valuable work far beyond the mere distribution of the books. In July he returned to New York and went as mate on the bark *J. M.* to Havana, and now writes me about his distributions there:—

“Last summer when I was on the steamer going to Mexico there was a Cuban gentleman and his son on board as fellow passengers, and I gave him some of my little books and tracts and he was greatly pleased. What do you suppose was my joy on meeting him in the street in Havana as I was distributing tracts last Sunday! He asked me for more books and papers and told me that by the aid of those I had given he had been drawn to love Jesus, (bless his holy name!) and that his family also had found the Savior. His name is ——— and his home is in Matanzas. Praise the Lord! How happy this man's conversion made me.”

Sailor Missionary Labor in Iceland.”

Many readers will recall the notable account in vol. liv, p. 81, (March, '82) of the *MAGAZINE*, under the above heading, given by a Christian seaman, “*L. J.*,” of his personal exertions in preaching the Gospel in his native Iceland. Our latest intelligence from him, obtained through one of our sailor-missionaries in this city, is as follows:—

“Brother *LARUS JOHANSSON* having returned to New York some months since, shipped as seaman on board of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *General Grant*, where he with others now continue to labor among their shipmates, some of whom have lately been converted to Christ through their efforts. These seamen, when in port, get leave of absence on shore, by turns, and in their several churches assist in active work for the Master. The officers of the *Grant* have confidence in their piety and

give them every privilege consistent with the discipline of the service, that they may accomplish all the good possible.

“Bro. *Johannsson* shipped to serve one year. His object in doing so has been to get a sum of money sufficient to enable him to return to Iceland and renew his labors among fishermen, seamen and others. He is also endeavoring to establish a mission station for a permanent work. He says that the month of September is the best time to begin work there.

“With thanks and seeking God's blessing upon the donor, he acknowledges the receipt of twenty dollars through the *AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY*, to aid him in prosecuting his mission-work when in Iceland. It came to him just ‘in time of need.’ He had, only a short time before receiving it, asked the Lord, in prayer, for assistance.”

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

“My labors as your missionary,” writes Mr. C. A. *BORELLA*, from the Sailors' Home, March 20th, 1883, “since January 1st have been continued, as usual. In my visitations to vessels in harbor and boarding-houses in the city, where I have distributed the Word of God in the different languages and invited seamen to attend the ordinary means of grace, I can report favorable progress. At the various religious meetings and in connection with efforts for saving souls at the Sailors' Home, some seamen have professed to have found peace with God, by repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. We have also had some remarkable cases of backsliders restored. Among the number of those was a shipwrecked English captain and his first mate, (brothers in the flesh) who on their arrival at New York, came to the Sailors' Home. During their stay which was but for a week's time, by attending the means of grace, they came under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and before leaving, expressed their thankfulness to God, who had restored unto both of them the joy of his salvation.

"I am also thankful to report that in my visitations to the sick and the poor, God's blessing has been manifested in no small degree. A great deal of my time has been taken up the last month in getting the sick and poor into the hospitals.

"Many interesting letters have been received from seamen from nearly all parts of the world, speaking of blessings received, not only during their stay with us at the Home, but during their absence upon the great and mighty waters."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Over date of 10th March, Chaplain PHASE writes:—"Our religious meetings, held on every evening of the past winter, are still continued with unabated interest, and will be for the present. We have received nearly forty new members into our church as part of the fruits. Others are expected to join, and numbers of the hopeful converts left at once for sea. I would like to have our friends know that I think the Lord listens to their prayers, if you can find space for this, in the APRIL number of the MAGAZINE."

Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I.

Chaplain C. J. JONES has had great comfort in his work during the winter season. On a recent Sunday he had the satisfaction of administering the Sacrament to nineteen inmates of the hospital, and to forty-three in the church. He has large and deeply interested audiences every Sabbath.

Testimony from a Man of Letters.

The following, addressed to an officer of this Society, from "The Ridge," Dover Plains, N. Y., Feb. 6th, 1883, shows a recognition, on the writer's part, of the value of Christian and reformatory work for seamen:—

"I thank you most sincerely for your prompt and generous response to my expressed desire for information concerning the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"A very brief perusal of the 54th Annual Report, and the little volume of 'Notes,' confirms my long held belief that *commerce has ever been, with all its attendant evils in local cases, the most direct and powerful Gospel missionary agent; and that a tithe of the sums of money expended in laudable missionary work, if devoted to the moral and spiritual elevation of the seamen of our peace and war navies, would be far more instrumental in spreading Christianity and its blessings abroad over benighted and barbaric lands than the instrumentalities now used exclusively for that task.*

"Again thanking you, I am, yours truly,
BENSON J. LOSSING."

Library Work.

IN THE U. S. NAVY.

Chaplain RAWSON, U. S. N., writes, Jan. 30th, 1883, from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass.:—

"*American Seamen's Friend Society*:—

"During my attachment to the *Minnesota* as chaplain, the number of boys varied from one hundred to four hundred, and I desire to add my testimony, from an extended experience, to the value of libraries aboard ship. During one quarter I remember that among all the boys who were reported for trifling offenses as well as serious breaches of discipline, not one accustomed to take books from the library was on the Report Book, showing that good books on a man-of-war are positively useful.

"Hoping that the Society may live long and flourish greatly, sowing seed, as it does, by all waters, and that it may be blessed of the Heavenly Father in its work, I remain,

Very truly yours,

E. K. R."

FROM OUR BOSTON SECRETARY.

Library No. 5,650,* has come in. It

* Contributed in 1873, by S. S. Bap. Church, York, N. Y.

has been read and re-read by three crews. The captain was very thankful.

Library No. 5,709,* has been five years on the same vessel, and much read. It has been very useful.

Library No. 6,793,† has come in and gone out again, as *per* report. The captain says, "I can't tell how much good it has done. It has kept my men on board many a time when otherwise they would be intoxicated on shore."

The Late Captain Crichton.

The Antwerp (Belgium) friends of Captain CRICHTON propose to erect an appropriate tablet in the Mariners' Chapel, or perhaps a suitable headstone, to mark the grave of this devoted friend to sailors.

It is well thus to recognize the usefulness of a man, the last years of whose life were spent among seamen, and who uniformly proved himself their friend. It is doubtful whether the Institute at Antwerp would have been erected, but for his exertions in the matter and his personal oversight. By all means let the "testimonial" succeed!

Sailors' Warm Hearted Letters.

The following are letters addressed by seamen who have been blest by the religious influences of the Society's SAILORS' HOME in this city, to our missionary at that Institution, and tell their own story of memory, and gratitude therefor. The first is dated at New Orleans, La., Dec. 3rd, 1882, and was written by a sea-captain who became a disciple of Jesus while at the Institution. Of this and subsequent spiritual experiences, he says:—

"I must also confess that between you and Mr. S—I have become a changed

man. I believe that the interest you have both taken in my behalf has been taken in good faith, especially when I saw you on your knees asking God to have mercy on me. At that moment a feeling of gratitude went to my very soul and I then joined you in prayer, asking God to hear the prayer offered by you and to have mercy on me, for I was really in need of God's mercy.

"From that night I have been doing my utmost in earnest prayer, and now when I look back to the life I had led during the time my wife and children were around me and I still was not happy, I can see what was needed. Had I then sought the path to righteousness and laid my sins at the feet of my Savior and asked him for pardon, as I now do almost every moment in the day,—I am sure that I could have been to-day happy with my poor wife and children.

"But I must be content, and look to the future and trust in God that some day I will be able to gather my children together that I may watch them as they grow up. This is all the pleasure I ask of God in this life.

"Please do me the favor to call and see those children in New York, and cheer them up all you can. Tell them their papa has not forgotten them and is doing all he can possibly do to find them a good home. See, too, if they have warm clothing and see to their health. If they are not well, do all in your power to have them attended to. I shall certainly make it right as soon as I can. May God aid you in all your labors, that you may be successful!

Your friend and brother,

A. S. A."

The succeeding letter is from a sailor lately converted at sea, who subsequently stopped at the HOME, and was induced to make profession of Christianity some three months since, at the Church of Sea and Land in Market Street. He writes from Blaye, France, January 7th of the present year.

"My dear Brother:—I expect you will have had my last letter by this time. I can assure you I am longing to hear from you. I am thankful to tell you that I am well in body, and, above all, well in spirit

* Contributed in 1875, by Eugene Davis, Youngstown, N. Y.

† Contributed in 1880, by "Jesus' Little Lambs," Infant School, Olivet Pres. Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

and soul. Jesus my Lord is more dear to me day by day. On this morning of his own day, I can say that he is very near me, and dearer than ten thousands of worlds,—that he is altogether lovely.

"When I take my pen in hand to write to you and to tell the old, old story of the love of my great and glorious Redeemer and what he has done and is still doing for me, I am almost transformed. Yes! My brother, I walk now by faith, but then I shall see His glorious face and dwell with Him for ever more. When you and I get to yonder Heaven, our final port, shall we not be happy? Yes, thrice happy! This journey has been rough, but glorious shall be that rest.

"Now, then, while we are here below we must work with a will. Yet we need not try to, unless we have faith, blessed faith. Do not go to the storehouse of our Father faint-hearted. We must go believing that we shall receive, and then we shall see the work of our divine Father prospering in our hands.

* * * * *

"What love, what condescension for the King of Kings to come into this lower world of ours and there endure the trials of this earth, yea, even to be put to death by sinful men!

"But hark, what is this I hear besides? It is my glorious Redeemer praying for his accusers,—'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.' Words fail me to express the gratitude I owe Him, but this I can say,—I am living in Christ and when this journey is over and this walk is concluded, through Him, I shall then dwell with Him for ever more.

* * * * *

"I am sorry to say I am among a godless crew, but then I pray to God that He may have mercy upon them, and I believe that great shall be the work of grace wrought even here. 'Unless ye have faith ye are none of mine.' Faith saved me and faith shall work as long as this world lasts. By faith I see my heavenly home, and by faith shall I get there.

I am your loving brother in Christ,

L. F."

Obituary.

WILLIAM E. DODGE, ESQ.—ACTION BY TRUSTEES OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

In the removal by death (February 2nd,) of the late WM. E. DODGE the cause of

sailor-evangelization has lost a pronounced and conspicuous helper and friend.

It seems eminently fitting that the Trustees of a Society that for years has shared in the benefactions of this distinguished Christian philanthropist should inscribe his name upon the permanent roll of those who, by word and deed, have assisted in the wonderful successes which God has accomplished through the widespread instrumentality of their National organization.

Mr. Dodge was quick to appreciate the *missionary* character of the work proposed by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and embracing it in his broad and intelligent charity, habitually gave to it his pecuniary as well as his moral support.

He acknowledged the practicability of its efforts to improve alike the social and spiritual condition of seamen, and both in private and in public encouraged these efforts, always rejoicing in the good accomplished by them, especially in the prayed-for *conversion* of the men of the sea; and in the distribution of their regenerated influence, through the cause of temperance and religion, on ship-board and in the seaports of the world.

The Trustees would record their tribute to the memory of this just man, and to the remarkable usefulness of his completed and now glorified life.

Resolved:—That a copy of this Minute, properly authenticated, be transmitted to the widow and family of our deceased friend and benefactor, with an expression of sympathy with them under the irreparable loss which they have been called to sustain.

C. HENRY KING, M. D.

The sudden death at West Brighton, S. I., on Sabbath evening, March 18th, of Dr. KING, has greatly startled his wide circle of friends, and created a vacancy it will be very difficult to fill. Besides occupying many other positions of use-

fulness in the place of his residence, he was Physician-in-Chief at the Seamen's Retreat, at Stapleton, until last year when he was made Resident Surgeon at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, and in his professional duties had greatly endeared himself to the inmates of that noble institution, while bearing himself as a man in full sympathy with those to whose sufferings he ministered, and kindly as well as skilfully doing them every possible good.

Dr. KING was elected a Trustee of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in the year 1880, and since that time has continued to show a deep and intelligent interest in its extended operations. He will be missed from our councils, and mourned the most by those who knew him best.

Heavy Sentences for Cruelty to Seamen.

A late mail from Portland, Oregon, brings from our chaplain at that port, very unwelcome intelligence as to the continuance, upon American vessels coming to the Puget Sound Region, of outrageous cruelty to sailors on the part of the officers,—and also the welcome news that in two cases, at least, the perpetrators of the infamy are now suffering the pains and penalties of the law, in such cases made and provided. We forbear farther comment, but give to our readers what has just reached us from Chaplain STUBBS.—He writes:—

"I enclose herewith the sentences passed on the mate and second mate (of the *Challenger*) for cruelty to seamen. I also send a paragraph from which you will learn Judge BURKE's opinion of these cases before they were tried before Judge GREEN, an eminently Christian jurist."

Extract from Criminal Notes in Oregon Paper, dated New Tacoma, W. T., Feb. 14th, 1883.

"Conway, mate of the ship *Challenger*, was sentenced to imprisonment in the

penitentiary at hard labor for four years for tricing up Charles Smith, and eighteen months on another indictment for striking a sailor with a belaying pin. In each sentence a fine of \$1 and payment of costs were imposed. Conway was only convicted on two bills out of seven. Second mate Bennett, convicted on five bills of indictment, under sections 5046-7, was sentenced to an aggregate of four years and nine months confinement at hard labor in the penitentiary, and a fine of \$1 in each case and payment of costs. The two mates received their heavy punishments with stoic indifference."

From the Seattle (W. T.) Post Intelligencer, Nov. 28th, 1882.

"Judge BURKE, who returned from Tacoma last evening, states that the accounts published of the terrible outrages perpetrated on the sailors of the ship *Challenger* by the brutal captain and mates, do not do the subject justice. In addition to what has already been published, the facts show that one man, who had been so terribly beaten that one of his broken ribs protruded through the flesh, jumped overboard and drowned himself to escape the awful living death he was subjected to. The crew consisted principally of Norwegians and Germans, who, as a class, make very submissive sailors. The poor fellow Smith, who shipped as third mate, and was disrated because he deprecated the beating of the sailors, and submitted to the most terrible punishment, was acquitted on the charge of insanity preferred against him by the captain, and is a fit subject for a hospital. While he was confined in a miserable, wet, cold, filthy room, seven feet long, five feet wide and four feet high, where he was deprived of all comforts of life and subjected to all the miserable discomforts that can be imagined, the first mate, a great, burly Liverpool Irishman named Conway, would take other men to his hovel and compel them to fight and beat him, threatening their lives if they refused. Captain MONFORD and the first and second mates of the *Challenger* are now under arrest, and as soon as the examination is ended before committing magistrate YOUNG, of Tacoma, they will be brought to Seattle, where their cases will be looked into by the grand jury. Every sailor on that ship was more or less beaten and bruised. Some have their heads broken, and broken, and all are more or less used up. We do trust that if these statements

made to us are true, and we doubt not they are, that the punishment that such outrageous conduct deserves will be meted out to them. 'Our Government must and shall be strong enough to protect even the weakest of its citizens in all their rights.'"

No "Grog" on British Steamship Lines.

At a meeting in connection with the Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society, held Dec. 11th, 1882, in Glasgow, Scotland, presided over by Mr. JOHN BURNS of the Cunard Steamship Company,—the chairman, in the course of a long and interesting address, said:—

"There was another point which he wished to touch upon, and he was sure he would have the sympathy not only of that meeting, but of all right minded men, whether they took the more ultra view of teetotalism or the more moderate view of temperance, and that was the question of providing drink for men on board ship. He wished Mr. ALLAN had been there to hear what he had now to state, and that was that the Cunard Company, of which he (Mr. Burns) was chairman, had adopted since the first of this month what Messrs. GEORGE SMITH & SONS, the Allan Line, the White Star Line, the Inman Line, and the Anchor and State Lines on the Atlantic had already done—namely, the principle of giving no grog or beverages of that description on board their ships, and in substitution thereof giving coffee unlimited in quantity. He thought that the next best to the initiating of a good thing was to follow a good example. So, from the 1st December last, on board the Cunard fleet no grog had been served out to the men, and none would be in the future, but as much coffee as they could drink. When he told them that last year they engaged and discharged 40,000 men, it would be seen that in great maritime enterprises vast influence could be exercised if leaders would only do that which was right between man and man. What had been the effect of the change? Mr. ISMAV, of the White Star Line, and Mr. INMAN, of the Inman Line, had told him, and he knew from his own experience that there had not only been no complaint on the part of the men, but they were well satisfied with the change. There were men—old-fashioned sailors—who thought that

they still should have their grog, but the generality of the men were pleased at the removal of the temptation. One of the strong motives which he thought should dictate to them in making a move of this kind was the fact that on board those large steamers on the Atlantic there were a number of young men who came into the service who had not been accustomed to have spirits served out to them, and by the old-fashioned principle this grog was served out whether they liked it or not, and if they did not like it, some old salt said,—'I'll take it for you.' (Laughter.) In any circumstances the principle was bad; and he was glad to think as we grew older in this world things were vastly improving, not only among the sailors but among all classes of the community."

Entertaining Sailors.

A friend sends us the following from a letter written by a missionary now laboring at Chefoo, China, dated Dec. 20th, 1882. Any such kindness as is described, we acknowledge in behalf of our parishioners, the sailors. We beg the attention of our readers to the last few lines of the extract, which we have italicized.

"Would you like to know a little about our home life? Last night we had a meeting for the sailors from an English ship now in harbor here. It was Thursday night. The morning I devoted to study, in the afternoon I had to conduct the woman's prayer meeting; after that was over, two of the servants sliced bread and Mr. L. and I buttered it. This gave us about an hour of steady work in which time 17 loaves were made into slices. Mrs. L. cut the cake, and then we crowded in two tables into the little dining room, and put down 24 plates and a cup and saucer to each plate. We made the tea in the large boiler, having no other vessel large enough. Before six o'clock the parlor was full of British red coats and blue jackets. They were a little distant and afraid at first, but once around the tea-tables they were happy.

"You can have no idea of the capacity of an ordinary sailor for drinking tea! I knew that they could drink a good deal, but pouring it out for them was like a new revelation to me. We had music after tea. The sailors themselves sang some good choruses.

"They made a little speech through their representative, a Scotchman, and said that they were very grateful to us, that we could not know what the evening had been to them. They would never forget it; if we could just know what it was for men to live, thirty or forty of them,—for three years at a time, crowded into a little space about the size of our room, and never in all that time to see or know any of the comforts of home, then we could have some faint idea of the pleasure we had given them.

"Mr. REID, of our Mission, gave them just the nicest little address, about eight minutes long. Mr. LEYENBERGER added a few words, read a chapter, prayed, and then they prepared to go. Their good-byes to us were very delightful in that every man's face was so happy, and we felt that we had more reward than we deserved really.

"We blame them for going to low grog shops. Poor fellows! With all the homes closed against them there is no place for them to go, and sick of the ship they want to go somewhere on shore."

Our New Rooms.

For the sixth time in its history of fifty-five years does the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY make a change in its headquarters. Its rooms were taken on the second floor of No. 80 Wall St., New York City, in 1852, and have been occupied continuously until March, 1883. Now, with the mutations of time, our offices have simply been transferred from the second to the first floor of the same building, and seekers will henceforth have the satisfaction of mounting but a single flight of stairs from the street when they wish to reach us.

Here in commodious apartments are the offices of its SECRETARY, and its TREASURER, the office of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and the Society's room for putting up and issue of loan libraries. It will give every one connected with the organization who has here a place of work, the greatest pleasure to welcome its friends to its new abode, and to the inspection of its operations.

Illuminated Scrap Books for Sick Seamen.

A "Friend in Connecticut" who has done the same thing before, to very good purpose, has just sent us the third of a beautifully prepared collection (in scrap book) of engravings, etc., for use as above named. Ladies who will save the pictures from illustrated papers, and other sources, which are now so common in most of our households, and arrange them in this form, can hardly conceive the satisfaction and comfort they give when placed by our missionaries in the keeping of some one in the various hospitals about the harbor; who will see that they come into the hands of the poor men for whom they are designed.

Starting Right.

The following, dated West Acton, Mass., January 19th, 1883, shows that one young Christian begins the new life with an adequate comprehension of the deepest wants of seamen, and the wisdom of endeavoring to supply them.

"American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"Enclosed please find one dollar for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, for 1883. Perhaps it would interest you some to know that this is the first money I have ever subscribed for religious reading. Having been recently converted, and having resolved, with God's help to do what I can (in my small way,) to make men better, and to lighten their burdens, I felt as though I could not do better than take the MAGAZINE. Though I am not a sailor, I feel as though we are all in one boat bound to the Eternal City, and we need to help and encourage and strengthen one another. One of the truest friends I have ever had is a sea-captain, a noble, earnest working Christian man, who had a great deal to do with my conversion, leading me from death to life. Therefore, I love the sailors. God bless them! and God bless you! in your noble work to save men, here and hereafter. This is my humble prayer.

W. L."

The Sailors' Magazine.

Work for sailors holds a very close affinity with Foreign Missions. We are glad to see the energy and ability with which this work is prosecuted, as we learn more of it in this well-conducted MAGAZINE, full of facts and incidents, which cannot fail to deepen interest in all who read them. — *Missionary Review for March-April.*

A Favorite Paper.

For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly and entertaining reading, the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has no superior among the youth's publications. It has more than two hundred thousand subscribers, and merits its success. A Special Correspondent, — the well-known author, Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, has been sent to Russia by the *Youth's Companion*, and will soon contribute a striking series of articles on "Life in the Out-of-the-way Nooks and Corners of Russia."

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 200
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,323
of which \$618 was sent to relatives and friends,
\$45 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and
\$1,660 was returned to depositors.

Planets for April, 1883.

MERCURY is a morning star during the first half of this month and an evening star during the second half; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 6th at 7h. 27m., being 5° 3' south; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 16th.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 9m., and south of east 18° 34'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 4th at 1h. 5m., being 5° 33' south; is in conjunction with Aquarii at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 10th, being 26' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 51m., and south of east 8° 53'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 5th at 2h. 14m., being 5° 31' south.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 27m. past midnight, and north of west 31° 24'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 12th at 1h. 4m., being 3° 38' north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 48m., and north of west 22° 28'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 9th at 8h. 8m., being 41' south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels 18° and 89° north latitude.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, February, 1883.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 38, of which 18 were wrecked, 10 abandoned, 3 missing, 4 burned, 2 foundered, and 1 capsized. The list comprises 4 steamers, 5 ships, 14 barks, 3 brigs and 12 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *m* missing, *b* burned, *f* foundered, and *c* capsized.

STEAMERS.

Tacoma, *w.* from Tacoma for San Francisco.
Hekla, *w.* from Stettin for New York.
Glamorgan, *a.* from Liverpool for Boston.
Morro Castle, *b.* from New York for Charleston.

SHIPS.

Charlotte, *w.* from Antwerp for New York.
Parkfield, *w.* from Calcutta for New York.
Imperatrice Elisabeth, *b.* from Cadiz for New Orleans.
Enoch Train, *a.* from New York for Bremen.
H. S. Gregory, *a.* fm. New Tacoma for Queens-town.

BARKS.

Lide, *w.* from New York for Oporto.
Argo, *w.* from New York for Queenstown.
Julie Mathilde, *a.* from Liverpool for Philadelphia.
Dulcimer, *w.* from Pernambuco for New York.
Acacia, *w.* from Boston for Matanzas.
Glamara, *f.* from San Francisco for Queens-town.
Matilda Hilyard, *w.* from Cadiz for Boston.
Minnie Hunter, *w.* from Cardenas for Delaware Breakwater.
Padre Madre, *a.* from Baltimore for Dublin.
Prince Llewellyn, *a.* from Pernambuco for New York.
C. L. Taylor, *a.* from Pt. Townsend, for San Francisco.
Germania, *w.* from Wolgast for New York.
Janan, *a.* from Wilmington, N. C. for Liverpool.
Themis, *m.* from Bremen for Philadelphia.

BRIGS.

Adrienna, *a.* from New York for Ayr.
Grant, *b.* from Aspinwall for Pensacola.
Willie, *f.* from Orchilla for Baltimore.

SCHOONERS.

Humber, *b.* from New York for Point-a-Pitre.
Wm. A. Farwell, *m.* from Cedar Keys for New York.
Chas. L. Mitchell, *w.* from Portsmouth, N. H. for Baltimore.
Madawaska Maid, *w.* Fisherman.
Elizabeth, *w.* from Boston for Calais, Me.

Bessie E. Dickinson, a. from Darien for New York.
Enterprise, w. from Chincoteague for New York.
Isaac A. Chapman, w. Fisherman.
Willie H. Joyce, m. from F. Bay, N. F. for Gloucester, Mass.
Teal, c. from St. John, N. B. for New York.
Stella, w. from New Orleans for Tuspan.
Mabel, w. from New York for San Do. City.

Receipts for February, 1883.

MAINE.

Lewiston, Cong. church..... \$ 33 15

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rindge, Col. Jason B. Perry..... 1 00

VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. church..... 10 08

MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, Mrs. Ebenezer Carpenter, to const. C. C. Ketter, of Marietta, Ohio, L. M. 30 00
Cambridgeport, Prospect St. ch. and Friend, for libraries..... 40 00
Clinton, Evang'l church..... 15 58
East Weymouth, Cong. church..... 26 00
Foxboro, Cong. church..... 21 62
Great Barrington, Cong. church..... 40 00
Groton, Cong. ch., of wh. \$30 for lib. 45 00
Hatfield, Cong. church..... 87 59
Lancaster, Evang'l S. S. 10 00
Lenox, Cong. church..... 32 80
Newton Centre, Rev. R. C. Mills..... 5 00
Harriet S. Cousins, for library..... 20 00
Mrs. G. F. Stone, for lib'y, as a memorial of Hattie R. Stone..... 20 00
Northampton, 1st Cong. church..... 124 12
Mrs. J. P. Williston..... 25 00
Royalston, 2nd Cong. church..... 3 79
Walpole, Cong. ch., of wh. to const. E. P. Stetson, L. M., \$30..... 40 10
Waltham, Trinitarian ch., of wh., \$30 for library..... 30 50
Wellfleet, 2nd Cong. church..... 2 00
Winchester, Estate of D. N. Skillings, of Winchester, Mass., per David N. Skillings, Trustee..... 1,000 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport, Benjamin Alexander, Boat-swain's Mate, U. S. N., on U. S. S. *New Hampshire*, to be distributed among needy seamen's widows..... 20 00
Pawtucket, Central Falls Cong. ch. 30 25
Peacedale, Cong. church..... 18 00

CONNECTICUT.

Birmingham, J. Tomlinson..... 5 00
Cong. church..... 35 82
Burrville, L. B. Marsh, for lib. work..... 1 00
Canton Centre, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 8 64
Colchester, 1st Cong. ch. and S. S. 8 62
Derby, E. S. Thompson..... 6 00
East Hartford, a Friend..... 3 00
East Windsor, Mrs. S. L. Wells, of wh. for lib'y in memorial Mr. H. Prior, \$20..... 25 00
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. church..... 22 73
A Friend..... 10 00
Edward A. Knapp..... 2 00
Griswold, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 5 00
Hartford, Anna H. Bolton, for lib'y..... 20 00
Litchfield, 1st Cong. church..... 18 43
Milford, Plymouth ch., of wh. Rev. G. H. Griffin, \$10..... 55 95
S. Benedict Mallett..... 5 00
New Britain, Infant class, South Cong. church, for library..... 20 00

Norwalk, W. S. Lockwood, for lib's... 40 00
Norwich, 1st Cong. church..... 25 00
Pomfret, Cong. church..... 5 00
Rockville, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. J. N. Stickney, \$20, constituting. Allyn K. Talcott, L. M., and S. S. for lib., \$20..... 55 00
Sallisbury, Cong. church..... 7 50
Warren, 1st Cong. church and Soc'y..... 1 75
Waterbury, 1st Cong. church..... 108 54
Westford, Cong. church..... 3 00
West Suffield, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 6 89
Woodbury, Mrs. C. P. Churchill..... 2 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch., of wh. \$5 from I. E. Thurber, and for lib's, viz.: \$30 from Nathan Stephens; \$30 from Louisa F. Cuyler, for the Mary Cuyler Cheesman lib'y; and \$60 from Daniel W. and Helen M. McWilliams, for three lib's to be named as follows: "Walter McWilliams, mem'l lib.," "Daniel W. McWilliams, Jr., mem'l lib.," and "Norman McWilliams mem'l lib." 312 14
Gravesend, Ref. ch., of wh. Misses Agnes and Cornelia Lake for a library, \$20, and J. I. Lake to complete payment of Life Directorship, \$10..... 60 90
Hudson, J. T. Simpson, for lib'y..... 20 00
New York City, received balance of legacy of Francis P. Schoals, deceased, per Fred. Baker, Peter Cummings & Horace F. Hutchins, executors..... 2,000 00
Broadway Tabernacle church..... 209 47
A. A. Low & Bros..... 100 00
William Astor..... 100 00
J. W. Hamersley, for libraries..... 100 00
J. A. Roosevelt..... 30 00
W. H. Fogg..... 25 00
Hitchcock, Darling & Co..... 25 00
Tiffany & Co..... 25 00
John A. C. Gray..... 25 00
Mrs. Jonathan Sturges..... 25 00
Mrs. John W. Auchincloss for the "Charles Russell Auchincloss" Library..... 20 00
J. Hooker Hamersley, for library.. 20 00
Mrs. E. R. Atwater..... 10 00
William M. Everts..... 10 00
Mrs. Horace Holden..... 10 00
R. I. Dodge..... 10 00
Geo. G. Williams..... 10 00
D. S. Eggleston..... 10 00
S. W. Green..... 5 00
Mrs. Augusta B. Storer..... 5 00
Mrs. N. D. Ellingwood..... 5 00
Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman..... 5 00
Wyoming, Pres. church S. S. 8 28

NEW JERSEY.

Bernardsville, J. L. Roberts..... 15 00
East Orange, Miss'y Soc'y of S. S. of Munn Ave. Pres. ch. for libraries..... 40 00
Franklin Park, Henry P. Cortelyou..... 5 00
Newark, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. Mr. J. N. Tuttle, \$20..... 37 50

PENNSYLVANIA.

Sewickley, Miss E. H. Tite..... 2 00

OHIO.

Dayton, 1st Pres. ch. S. S. for lib'y... 20 00

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, D. L. Sutton..... 5 00

\$5,508 84



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Waves at Work.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Were you ever down by the beach when the wind was blowing in from the open sea? Did you see the white-caps? Did you see the surf as one great green wave after the other came marching in, and fell over with a magnificent roar on the beach while the salt spray filled all the air with briny fragrance? If you have seen these splendid sights, you remember how the waves seemed to march along in a great procession before the strong wind. Strange sights are these, yet the way in which the wind starts the waves and keeps them moving is stranger still.

If you go to Sandy Hook, or to Rock-away, or Coney Island by boat, you will see some of these things. The wind blows upon the water, and as it moves very easily, a part of the water is pushed up into little heaps by the wind. If the wind is light, these tiny heaps are small, and soon fall down again. When the wind ruffles the water in this way, we call it a ripple. When the wind blows stronger, it pushes up more water, and we call these heaps and ridges waves. As the wind keeps on blowing in the same direction, the heaps rise and fall quickly, and the waves appear to move along over the surface of the water in a great proces-

sion. It is really only an appearance. The water does not move along, but only up and down, as the motion started by the wind passes over the surface. However, for our purposes, it is enough to describe things just as they look.

Under the waves the water is calm and still. The huge billows that roll over the sea in storms are seldom much more than fifteen feet high, and they pass over the surface without disturbing the water beyond the depth of a few feet. Every wave has a top, a middle part and a bottom, or lower part. When a wave coming in from the sea approaches the shore, the bottom of the wave strikes the land first. The sand catches and holds it back and makes it go slower. The top of the wave, not feeling this friction against the ground, rushes forward, leaving the lower part behind. As the wave comes nearer to the beach, the bottom part is held back more and more, and the whole wave tips over. It pitches forward as if tripped up, and the top rushes onward swiftly, while the lower part lags behind. The crest, or upper edge, rises higher, for there is no room for it all to pass, and it lifts up as if trying to stand upright. The air gets caught under the

crest of the wave in front, and in a moment the wave, unable to rise any higher, falls flat on its face upon the sand. The air caught under it bursts out with a roaring sound, and escapes through the water in a million white bubbles that make the water look like milky foam.

The white-caps you see upon the open water are made in the same way. The wind seems to be impatient that the waves move so slowly, and it knocks their caps off, and the poor waves seem to get very mad about it, and to grow quite white in the face. The top of the wave tries to rush ahead of the lower part, and tumbles over in the foaming water—fall the sailors call a white-cap.

When a wave reaches the shore, something very curious happens. The bottom of the wave strikes the ground first. The wave drags over the sand as it passes on toward the beach, and draws some of the loose sand after it. First, the smaller and lighter grains are rolled along or lifted up and carried a short distance by the wave. As the water grows more shallow, the wave scrapes and drags over the sand, and the larger grains and even small pebbles are rolled along after the lighter sand. But the wave must go slower here, and thus it lets go its hold and drops its load. When it has passed, the sand, that may have been level before, is raised into a low ridge or windrow. The smaller and lighter grains, being carried farthest, are dropped in one place, and the heavier grains and small pebbles are dropped in another place.

The next wave may stir up and drag along more sand, and lay it down, all sorted out, on the ridge. Other waves may follow, and do the same thing, and so the heap begins to grow: the baby sand-bar has been born. It may have been a mere trifle that started it just there—a crab or the bones of a dead fish, some gravel dropped from a piece of melting ice, a stray bit of sea-weed. No matter what it was, or how trifling the obstruction, the loose sand rolled along

by the wave caught just there, and was left behind; the next wave left a little more, and each in turn added to the heap.

Waves are very irregular in size, and perhaps some big fellow may lift up more sand than he can carry, and may drop it all in one place. Then for some time the weather may be pleasant, and the tiny ridge, perhaps not a quarter of an inch high, and twenty feet wide, may rest awhile. Then a storm comes, with large waves, and when they meet this slight obstruction they go over it more slowly, and drop part of their loads upon it. So it may grow very fast in a single day. In front, toward the sea, the sand will be scooped out in long trenches, and behind it will be a stretch of deeper and smoother water. After that every wave that comes in stumbles and appears to trip just there, and there are white-caps over that spot even in pleasant weather. When the smooth swelling rollers are coming in from the sea, they appear to be angry every time they strike their feet on the hidden bar, and they tumble over with a roar, and show a white feather of foam in their caps.

The sand-bar, once started never stops growing or changing. It grows wider and higher, or it changes its shape, twisting about in the strangest manner. Smaller bars spring up upon it, or disappear only to grow up in another place. At last, some spring day, when the tides run low, the bar appears above the water. Strange things have happened to it. The fish have made it their home, lively crabs scamper about on the wet sand, and thousands of claims find a snug resting-place there.

One day last summer I found one of these young sand-bars cast up by a storm at the eastern point of Coney Island, near the inlet at the end of the Marine Railway. It was a very small affair, and you may not be able to find it next summer, for I dare say the next storm tore it all to pieces, or carried it away and put it somewhere else.

There was a long, low heap of sand thrown up by the waves. Beyond was the sea looking toward Rockaway. Behind the bar was a long pool of still water, and you could see how the waves, in pushing the sand forward, drove it into the pool in long fingers, or capes. So the sea-weed and rubbish thrown up by the surf, was all sorted out, the larger pieces at the top, and the smaller bits trailed along toward the pool. All the light sand was arranged by itself next the pool of still water. This bar was thrown up on top of the beach by a storm, yet it served to show how the sand-bars made under water look. Even on shore you can hear the bars roaring and moaning all day and night, as the great work of the sea goes on, never stopping, never hurrying, for centuries after centuries.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Are You Safe?

"Auntie," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied:—

"That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul,—whether it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear; it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.

Give Him a Good Book.

How easy to do this. The most timid Christian can certainly do this much.

A captain left this port a few days ago, who is, and has been for years, an excellent Christian,—a *real worker*,—so much so, that on one voyage he was the

means of the conversion of four of his crew. In a word, he "goes about doing good." Note the turning point with him:—Some years ago, while a mate, on leaving port, a good book was given him.

"That book," he says, "was the means of my conversion."

Bless the hand that gave him that book! Reader, do you covet a like blessing? Go and do likewise.

As the merchant boxes his goods, especially for far-off regions, how desirable and how easy to put in a good tract or two; and how many rise up to bless him! As mother or sister would pack brother's trunk for journeying on land or sea, slip in a good book,—always *the* book, and also another or two; accompanying them with prayer, and look for the blessing.—*Bethel Flag.*

The Road to Slumberland.

WHAT is the road to Slumberland,

And when does the baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms

When the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the droway "land of Nod,"

To music of "lullaby,"

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,

Under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown clean and white,

A face washed sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out

From the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired satiny feet,

From the shoe and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped

At the mother's patient knee.

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped

In the tender Shepherd's ear,

And a kiss that only a mother can place

On the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last

Close to the mother's breast,

And then the lullaby, soft and low,

Singing the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-veined lids

Are hiding the baby eyes,

As over the road to Slumberland

The dear little traveler hies;

For this is the way, through mother's arms,

All dear little babies go

To the beautiful city of Slumberland

When the sun is sinking low.

Mary D. Brine, in Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune.

Mabel and Grace.

BY H. H. H.

A few months ago we spent a week in a beautiful home in one of the most delightful of our New England towns. In the household was a little maiden of six or seven summers, the light of the home. At the time of our visit a dear little girl, whose mother had gone across the sea, was spending the time of her mother's absence in this home.

The two little girls were very happy, playing and studying together from morning until night, yet seldom disagreeing, yielding each to the other cheerfully and gracefully. But one morning Mabel was feeling less amiable than usual, and was inclined to be selfish, asking from her little friend the loan of her dolls, her books and her games. But when Grace said, in her low, sweet voice, "Mabel, please let me take your large doll since you have mine?" Mabel answered, "No, Grace, I want both."

"Then may I take your box of paints?"

"No, not that. I want to use it after awhile."

Grace looked into the face of the usually happy and unselfish Mabel with surprise. Then she said, very gently, "Mabel, dear, do you think that is *quite* just, to take all my playthings and not to let me have any of yours?"

Mabel did not immediately reply, but this soft answer evidently found its way to her heart, for her face grew gentle, and the happy look came back to her eyes. Soon she said, in a pleasant voice, "Grace, would you like to have my large doll or the small one? You may take both if you wish; and if you want the box of paints here is some nice drawing paper; and here is the bird auntie gave me this morning. I will run and fill the little cup with water, then when you blow through the tube it will make beautiful music, almost like a real bird." And the two little girls were happy again. Do you

not admire Grace's sweet, patient way? How much better than to be cross and quarrel!

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy, just before he lay down in his nice warm cot on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees, his mother said, "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all the things I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have; what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I will give them some bread."

"You have no bread,—the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they now are—you know what you have that is your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money. I have seven pennies; I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—

REV. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass
U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN DECEMBER, 1882, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1883.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717; the total shipments aggregating 15,216. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

DECEMBER, 1882.

During December 1882, fifteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,633-7,637, inclusive, with Nos. 7,641-7,646, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 7,811-7,814, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7633..	American Seamen's Friend Society.....	Br. Steamer Ethiopia....	Glasgow.....	80
7634..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Bark Sontag.....	Sydney.....	18
7635..	" " " ".....	" James A. Borland..	" ".....	17
7636..	" " " ".....	Ship Charles E. Moody..	San Francisco....	30
7637..	" " " ".....	" George Stetson.....	" ".....	30
7641..	Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, ".....	" J. F. Chapman.....	" ".....	30
7642..	" " " ".....	" J. A. Stamler.....	Liverpool.....	18
7643..	" " " ".....	Bark Trubee.....	London.....	18
7644..	" " " ".....	" Western Belle.....	San Francisco....	18
7645..	" " " ".....	Ship Grecian.....	Japan.....	24
7646..	Miss L. Horsford, Cambridge, Mass.....	" E. B. Sutton.....	San Francisco....	30
7811..	S. S. Cong. church, Springfield, Vt.....	Schr. Goodrich Abbott..	Aspinwall.....	8
7812..	Miss L. A. Lowe, Fitchburg, Mass.....	" Susan.....	West Indies.....	11
7813..	The Sewall Ass'n, Lowell, Mass.....	Bark Stillman B. Allen..	Honolulu.....	14
7814..	McCallum Miss'n Circle, Medford, Mass.	" R. M. Haywood ...	New Orleans and Europe.....	10

Assignments were made during the month from libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7613..	S. S. Cong. church, Farmington, Conn.	Ship Abner J. Benyon...	San Francisco.....	30
7614..	Intermediate class Bethany S. S., New York City.....	Bark Joshua Loring....	New Orleans.....	12
7615..	Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, Northfield, Mass.....	" Northern Empire...	Japan.....	18
7630..	Mrs. John Knox McQuestion, Manchester, N. H.....	Ship John Carver.....	San Francisco.....	30

JANUARY, 1883.

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7647..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Troy, N. Y.....	Bark Charles Stewart...	Hobartstown, Australia.....	12
7648..	O. A. Dorman, New Haven, Conn.....	Schr. Spartan.....	Coastwise.....	7
7649..	Asylum Hill Cong. S. S., Hartford, Conn.	Ship St. Paul.....	San Francisco.....	30
7650..	S. S. Munn Ave. Pres. ch., E. Orange, N. J.....	Steamship Morro Castle.	Charleston, S. C....	90
7651..	S. S. Pres. ch., Aurora, N. Y.....	Bark Olustee.....	Callao, S. A.....	11
7652..	S. S. Munn Ave. Pres. ch., E. Orange, N. J.....	Ship Charles Dennis...	San Francisco.....	30
7653..	Mr. L. Myers, Plainfield, N. J.....	" Armenia.....	".....	25
7654..	C. E. Vail, Blairstown, N. J.....	" Cashier.....	Yokohama.....	25
7655..	J. T. Simpson, Hudson, N. Y.....	Bark H. C. Litchfield.....	Sydney.....	15
7656..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" C. D. Bryant.....	Hong Kong.....	15
7657..	Mrs. J. O. Morse, Englewood, N. J.....	Ship Oneida.....	Sydney.....	24
7658..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Bark Lalla.....	Amsterdam.....	25
7659..	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Geo. S. Horner.....	Portland, Oregon....	20
7660..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Ship David Crockett.....	San Francisco.....	25
7661..	" " ".....	" R. B. Thomas.....	Japan.....	25
7662..	Mrs. Mary A. Sage, Englewood, N. J.....	" Granite State.....	Yokohama.....	25
7663..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Polynesia.....	Anjier, E. I., and Japan.....	24
7615..	H. C. Keene, Chelsea, Mass.....	Schr. Jennie Lockwood..	Mobile.....	9
7616..	S. S. 2nd Cong. ch., Amherst, Mass.....	" Union.....	Halifax.....	10
7617..	S. S. Cong. ch., Phillipston, Mass.....	Bark Hayden Brown.....	Australia.....	15
7618..	S. S. Cong. ch., Palmer, Mass.....	" L. R. Burnham.....	Callao, S. A.....	12
7619..	Dane St. ch., Beverly, Mass.....	" Sarmiento.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
7620..	" " ".....	Brig Maggie.....	Lunenburg.....	10
7621..	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	U. S. St'r Jamestown...	W. Indies, 150 boys, and 100 men.	
7622..	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	" " ".....	" " ".....	
7623..	P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass.....	Schr. Minnie Lovering...	W. Indies.....	9
7624..	Park St. ch., Springfield, Mass.....	Steamer C. W. Lord.....	Philadelpha.....	16
7625..	Cong. ch., Wakefield, Mass.....	Bark Charles L. Pierson.	Melbourne.....	15

7616..Rev. J. S. Jones, Baltimore, Md.....	Ship Gen. McClellan.....	San Francisco.....	25
7617..Miss E. A. Preswick's Day School, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Glenelda.....	Valparaiso, S. A.....	18
7618..S. S. Ref. Dutch ch., Harlem, New York City.....	Ship Continental.....	Japan and Manila, E. I.....	26
7619..S. S. Cong. ch., Bristol, Conn.....	Bark W. W. Case.....	Passages.....	12
7620..E. B. Cobb, Tarrytown, N. Y., for lib'y in memoriam Capt. Geo. S. Brewster, Stonington, Conn.....	" Annie Reed.....	Port Elizabeth.....	14
7621..Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, Newport, R. I....	Ship Imperial.....	Portland, Oregon..	30
7622..Howard Potter, New York City, in me- morial L. H. P.....	" Ringleader.....	Sydney.....	22
7623..Howard Potter, New York City, in me- morial H. H. P.....	" Leading Wind.....	Melbourne.....	25

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

7624 . S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Danbury, Conn.....	Bark Gerard C. Tobey...	San Francisco.....	22
7625 . Primary Dep't S. S. Broadway Cong. ch., Norwich, Conn.....	Ship City of Philadelphia	Japan	20
7636 . R. D. Mission S. S., 54th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.....	Bark C. S. Hurlbert.....	Portland, Oregon..	18
7637 . S. S. Cong. ch., Greenville, Conn.....	" Brazos.....	Java.....	16
7638 . R. D. Mission S. S. 54th St. and 7th Ave., New York City.....	Ship Cyrus Wakefield...	San Francisco.....	32
7639 . Primary Dep't S. S. Market St. Pres. ch., Harrisburg, Pa.....	Bark Thomas A. Goddard	Anjler and Batavia, E. I.....	14
7639 . Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. S. Juniata.....	Asiatic Squadron..	200
7639 . " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	"
7640 . " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	"

FEBRUARY, 1883.

During February, 1883, sixteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,664-7,673, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 7,825, 7,827, 7,828, 7,830, 7,831 and 7,832 at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7664..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Rockville, Conn. . .	Ship Frank N. Thayer..	Java.....	22
7665..	Infant class S. S. South Cong. ch., New Britain, Conn.	" Ice King.....	Shanghai.....	30
7666..	Mrs. J. W. Auchincloss, New York City, for C. R. Auchincloss.....	" John McDonald....	San Francisco.....	30
7667..	W. S. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.	" Annie H. Smith....	Yokohama.....	25
7668..	Agnes N. and Cornelia Lake, Gravesend, L. I.	Bark Frank Lambrith...	Adelaide, Aust'l'a. .	9
7669..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Dayton, O.	Ship Storm King.....	San Francisco.....	25
7670..	W. S. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.	Bark Annie Lewis.....	Valparaiso.....	14
7671..	Anna H. Bolton, Hartford, Conn.	" Yamoyden.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	12
7672..	J. Hooker Hamersley, New York City..	Ship Lizzie Ross.....	Antwerp.....	25
7673..	N. Y. Epis. Sea. Miss'n, " ..	Schr. Roseneath.....	Newfoundland.....	8
7675..	S. S. Cong. ch., North Andover, Mass. .	Bark Ella.....	Valparaiso.....	18
7677..	Prospect St. ch., Cambridgeport, Mass.	Pilot boat Fleur de Lis..	Boston Bay.....	12
7682..	Harriet S. Cousins, Newton Centre, Mass	Bark Weymouth.....	New Zealand.....	12
7686..	Mrs. A. Blanchard, Lowell, Mass.	Schr. Ellen Rizpah.....	Whaling.....	15
7681..	Mrs. Geo. F. Stone, Newton Centre, Mass., in memoriam Hattie R. Stone...	" Quickstep.....	Whaling.....	16
7682..	Cong. ch., Groton, Mass.	" John M. Fisk.....	Coasting.....	7

During February, 1882, twenty-seven loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,098, No. 4,308, No. 4,440, No. 6,162, No. 6,771, No. 6,864, No. 7,904, No. 7,992, No. 7,426,
" 8,154, " 4,932, " 5,150, " 6,518, " 6,793, " 6,937, " 7,263, " 7,831, " 7,440,
" 4,012, " 4,272, " 5,709, " 6,753, " 6,828, " 7,110, " 7,277, " 7,428, " 7,478.

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Dec., 1882—15</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in Dec., 1882—32</i>
“ “ <i>Jan., 1883—28</i>	“ “ <i>Jan., 1883—28</i>
“ “ <i>Feb., “ —16</i>	“ “ <i>Feb., “ —27</i>
— 59	— 87

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-four years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books:—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



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MAY, 1883.

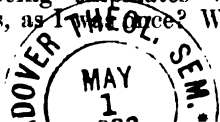
No. 5.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

“Oh yes, I'm willing to tell you the story. I dunno what sort o' job I shall make of it, for it's different talking to a gent like yourself from what it is sitting in a fo'ksle, say, or anywheres else where sailor-men meet, and yarn-ing to men as understands your lingo, and who'll turn to an' help ye with questions or chuck the rope's-end of an idee to you when your memory goes adrift with ye. As to my name, if I calls myself Bill I'll be speaking the truth. That's what my father used to sing out when he wanted me, and I've stuck to it ever since, though what my other name might ha' been in those days, when I tell ye, sir, that I've signed articles twenty times with twenty different names, ye'll believe me if I say I don't rightly remember. And 'twixt you and me, I dunno that a sailor-man needs to have a second name. They say a second name saves confusion. What would ye think of being shipmates with four Smiths, as I've done? What

could ye make o' four Smiths? But supposin' they'd been four Bills? It 'ud be strange if they didn't all hail from different ports; so one 'ud be Liverpool Bill, say, an' another he'd be Poplar Bill, and t'other 'ud be Bristol Bill, and the fourth 'ud be Wopping Bill. A second name's only in the road: it gives a man more to write down. But there's no use goin' against custom; it's a mark o' conceit, I think; so whenever I signs articles I gives the first name that comes into my head, and it lasts me the voyage. Here's your health, sir; an' as I see there's no objection to smoking, I think I'll have a draw or two myself.

“Well, I was goin' to tell ye about the *Globe*—that were the name o' the bark, an iron vessel, summat under seven hundred and fifty ton, owned by some Liverpool gents. For my part, I never took to iron kindly. I don't want any man to tell me that it can be made to swim; but I know this, that when an iron vessel founders she



goes down with a swiftness as proves what her instinct is. Now, ye can't say that of wood. Wood's in favor o' floating, as you'd be the first to own, sir, had you passed as many wooden wrecks as I have in my time. I'll allow that sailors is thought to be full o' prejudice, but it's more common-sense than the other thing. They're a class that's so imposed on that they object to new ideas, for fear they should be meant to lower wages or make ships' companies smaller. All along I reckoned some imposition lay astern o' them double torps'ls yards. Whenever I see them spars, when they first come in, I used to say, 'Bul-lies, there's some bloomin' roose here, mates.' And wasn't I right? All that that invention has done for sailors is to give owners an excuse to send their wessels to sea shorthanded, by feigning that double torps'l yard don't need the hands that the ol' torps'ls did. Aren't I right? You stop the first sailor-man you meet and ask him. Well, to come back to the *Globe*. We filled up with pretty nigh eleven hundred ton o' coal for a voyage to Walparaiso, in South Ameriky. That means dublin' Cape Horn, master—beatin' round it against the westerly gales; and whenever a man thinks of Cape Horn he'll find his eye settlin' on his wessel's load-line, and his mind goin' to work to reckon up her freeboard. D've know what free-board is? Well, I'll tell ye—it's the side a wessel shows above the water. That's freeboard. The Yankees strives to humbug kalkilations by hurricane-decks, an' I have known tall t'galln't bulwarks to make a deep ship look like a his-land. But, if ye want to reckon a ship's side right; never ye go by the thickness of a hair above the

coverin' board. That's law, though they should try to swamp your eyes with bulwarks as lofty as the main-top. Thank ye, sir, I don't mind trying another drop. Un-common good liquor this is, to be sure.

"Well, sir, though I never measured it, I'll allow that the *Globe* showed a side of about four feet. When you looked down her main hatch the wessel seemed chokeful o' coal; that was 'cause her 'tween decks wasn't fully covered, and the coal was brought up to the hatches. She was a taut-looking craft. I believe she'd been a ship at one time o' her life, but they afterward made a bark of her, with an iron mizzen-mast. We got away from the River Tyne all right on the 19th o' March, and was humbugged with head-winds all away round into the English Channel. Them winds brought out one quality we none of us much relished; I mean it showed that the wessel was uncommonly tender, which was not to be accounted for in a ship loaded as was the *Globe*. She'd lay over like a yacht, which 'ud ha' been all werry well if she'd ha' sailed as fast as she'd looked to be goin'. But I can't say this happened. She'd splutter a good deal in a breeze o' wind, and throw off foam enough for two such wessels, but this was owing to the dead weight in her, which made her strike every sea that took her a lumping blow; an' many a time I'd stand forrard on my lookout o' night and watch the water she'd whiten ahead of her, so that ye'd fancy you was aboard a sleigh running across an ocean o' snow, until the foam 'ud come pouring past and leave the water ahead black, when she'd dip her nose into it again and send it boilin' along the darkness.

"Ye needn't smile at that, sir. I know that people ashore never believe that sailors look at the nat'ral beauties around them at sea. Landsmen hear of sailors beguillin' away their time in public-houses and rum sort o' lodgin' kens, along with a still rummier sort o' companions, and they say, 'Ho, how could uneddicated men like them, who never read nor write, and who do nothen' but smoke an' drink ashore, be expected to take notice o' the fine sights of the ocean? Poor, benighted creatures! they haven't the minds to bring to such things. All they think of at sea is beef and pork and what days duff is served out on, and when it'll be eight bells.' There never was a greater mistake. I s'pose there's no landsman as'll pretend to know sailors better nor me, and I'll say this, that I've been shipmates with men as have been as much affected by the beauties o' the ocean as any fine lady fresh from readin' poetry about the sea could ha' been, and p'raps a trifle more—rough fellows, ay, so rough you'd think they was only fit to sheath a knife in your ribs if ye gave 'em an order they didn't relish; such men I've seen standin' as quite as stone images, looking at the light of the moon upon the water, or at the sails silently drawin' overhead, wi' the stars glimmering among the riggin', or at the white froth breaking away from the wessel's stem like the arms of a swimmin' girl. Think what ye will, sir, and believe the lies they tell of Jack, if ye must; but I say that the Lord is as much in the heart o' the poor sailor as in that of any of his feller-bein's ashore; and many's the grimy, hard-faced man I've seen standing lost in thought, looking over the ship's side, and

takin' in the beauty o' the picture before him, as a child takes in the beauty o' flowers, with a look o' happy wonder that'll leave him gentle and pleasant for the rest o' his watch.

"Well, nothen' particular happened for some weeks. I dunno if a gent like you can understand what a sailin' ship bound on a long woyage signifies. You see there's so much steam now that the general idee is, when you're on the water you're always goin' ahead and steerin' a proper course. But what's the truth? One day ye're hove to in a gale of wind, driftin' away to leeward at two or three mile an hour, and obligin' the skipper to calkilate his reckonin's back'ards, like a man as counts to twenty, and then works back through nineteen an' heigh-teen and seventeen to wun again. Another day ye're heavin' about on the shinin' swell of a dead calm, with the t'pgall'nt masts bucklin' to every jump, and the reef-points rattlin' on the sails as if a hundred auctioneers was up aloft, working away with their little hammers, and the water washin' up in small hills as high as the channels as the wessel dips, and keeping the scupper-holes sobbing and gurgling as though there was men overboard under 'em a-drownin'. Woyaging after this here pattern don't give a man much to talk about, onless growlin' be talking. So I'll skip some weeks, and come down to May the 26th, by which time ye may take it that we was well abreast o' the south coast of the Brazils—about three hundred miles to the east'ard of it. I've already told ye, sir, that the *Globe* had shown herself werry tender pretty nigh ever since we got away from the River Tyne. Well, afore we were up with the Line we'd all

of us noticed that she'd a strong fancy to a port list. I mean by that that she didn't want much encouragement to lay over more on one side than on t'other, the one side being to port. Whether it was because her cargo wasn't stowed correctly, or because she were too heavily sparred, or because, being built of unnat'ral iron, she never could come to a right understandin' with the water, I don't know; an' as I can't reck'lek troublin' myself to think when I was aboard of her in danger, I don't see why I need worrit myself with speculatin' now, seein' that I'm out of danger, and enjoyin' as good a sup o' spirits as I've put to my lips this many a day. Well, ye're werry good, sir. I don't mind if I do. Here's luck, sir, and the blessin' o' fortune to them as desarves it.

"It were on the 26th o' May, the bark bein' in the sitivation I've described, when a breeze o' wind came up from the south'ard and west'ard. That was a wind to head us off our course a bit. We went squatterin' through the water braced up sharp on the starboard tack, frothin' up the heavy swell that came rolling up along the course o' the wind, and lying down to the breeze until ye could have washed your face in the water by leaning over the port bulwark-rail, in consequence of the wessel's list that way. The sky had all the apearance of a gale o' wind in it, gray clouds stretching in ribs, like the marks o' breakers upon the sand, with a smothered-looking sun strivin' to ooze out o' the thickness overhead. Besides, there was a moanin' noise in the air that was a sure sign, not belongin' to the wind that was blowing, but soundin' like the heecho of a tremendous row going

on away behind th'orizon. Well, it came on to blow quick, every puff breezin' down with more weight in it. All hands were on deck, and kept hard at work shortening sail. By four o'clock she was snugged right away down to a single torps'l. It was then blowing a strong gale, though it came on harder arterward. Being hove to on the starboard tack made us feel the wessel's tenderness. Talk of comfort! I might tell ye her deck was like the roof of a house, if I didn't reckon that the roof of a house would be twenty times easier walkin', because of its steadiness. Think of the roof of a house jumpin' about like a helectrified frog, with tons o' water tumbling on board, floodin' the lee-scuppers until they was fit to drown the man as fetched away into them! Of course a sailor would notice only the inconvenience of a gale o' wind of this kind in a wessel not nicely adapted to keep him dry. But a landsman would ha' found more to think over. First, the sea was mighty heavy; ye might fairly call it a Pacific sea, and there's nothing on this airth that runs like the waves o' that enormous ocean. Then the howlin' of the gale aloft was made a good deal worse than there was any need for by the way in which the *Globe* brought her spars to the wind'ard, for I noticed that she acted like a creature not unwilling to commit suicide, but, on the whole, rayther afeared o' death, heelin' her port bulwarks into the ragin' water as if she said to herself, 'I'll do it this time,' and then thinking better of it, and jumping back in a kind o' fright, making the gale roar out as she swept her spars agin' it. It was my watch on deck from eight o'clock till midnight. In an

ordinary gale o' wind and in an ordinary ship I should ha' made nothen' of stowing myself away somewheers handy, and taking a snooze ready for first call. But this gale, though a wooden ship might ha' found it nothen' but ordinary, was made hextraordinary by the *Globe*; and even had the water that flew aboard been willing to let me take a nap somewheers out o' the wind, I doubt if I could ha' slept on top of such movements as the bark was hexecuting. Her anxiety to topple over to port was extremely worriting. It was worse to feel in the darkness than when the daylight was aboard to let ye see her games. Not that it was stone-dark either; there were too much white water for blindness. But the foam only let ye see the seas that were coming; the deck was dark; ye could perceive nothing aloft, and you could only have swore the spars were there by hearing the raging and roaring in the rigging. It would have been all the better, p'raps, had the water been as black as the air, for, though it's not easy to alarm what ashore ye call a mariner wi' the sight of waves, as they're termed, yet it might ha' disturbed the mind of a fish, that's got nothen' to fear from the water, to watch some o' those seas coiling out of the darkness and tumbling along, white as wool, like masses o' rock rooshin' down a Jamaica mountain that's got an earthquake in its inside, and wait for them to strike the bark and heel her over to leeward with that list in her which, in a dead calm, made her stand as though there was a breeze o' wind in her sails. At eight bells, twelve o'clock in the middle o' the night, it was blowing fit to leave a man bald. But we'd had some hours of this galliwanting, and was get-

ting used to it; and as the wessel was always in the hact of beam-ending herself, and always changin' her mind and swingin' to wind'ard again, we took no more notice of her tomfoolin', and when eight bells were struck I and the others o' my watch went into the fo'ksle to lay down. I had a smoke before getting into my hammock, and that might ha' occupied me ten minutes. I then pulled off my boots and coat, seeing no need to shift my other clothes, wet as they was, as all hands might be called at any minute, and, if I wanted a dry shift when the fine weather came agin', my chest was none too plentifully lined to allow me to wet two suits of clothes in wun night.

"I fell asleep, but I might ha' been sleeping five minutes or five hours for all I could have told you, when I was woke up by a loud and fearful shout. I tried to get out of my hammock, but it was hard up agin' the deck, jammed like, but I tumbled out at last, and the moment I felt my feet away I sprawled to leeward, like shootin' a bucket o' water over the side. I took it that the decks was up an' down—ay, indeed, for a spell I dunno as I could have told ye which part o' the wessel was uppermost. The confusion was awful, sir; the seas roarin' over the bark and bustin' again' her sides with concussions as might ha' made ye reckon the airth were splitting up, the gale yellin' in the rigging like forty thousand madwomen, the skipper and the chief mate bawling at the top o' their voices, and the wessel right away over on her beam-ends. That was the matter with her. She'd made up her mind at last, and there she lay, with her port-bulwarks under water, scarcely rising to the seas

which tumbled about an' over her as if she was a rock. Ye'll please remember it was pitch dark, wanting about half an hour o' daybreak. I scrambled out of the fo'ksle, I dunno how, clawing at the deck like a parrot working along a perch, and heard the skipper roaring out orders for the wessel to be wore. It was easy enough to sing out, but the men couldn't see to work: they dursn't let go wi' their hands for fear of fetching away overboard; and though we slided about somehow, and obeyed orders as best we could, it were all no go, sir; the bark wouldn't wear, but hung in the trough o' the sea, shivering like a dying animal with every blow that struck her, and the foam blowing in clouds o' steam over the decks, and tons of black water falling out o' the white haze.

"Well, the skipper, I s'pose, thought the bark 'ud wear if he cut away his mizzen-mast; some of us scrambled aft, and hacked at the stannin' rigging until the shrouds and backstays swung in; but the mast was of iron, and stood as firm as a light-house. So the skipper he sings out to us to cut away the main-rigging, and, when that was done, the mast went, carrying the mizzen-top-mast along with it, and there was such a hullabaloo o' splintering and crashing wood as were fear-some enough to set all hands praying. Daylight was not long now a-coming. There never was such a picter of a wreck as the *Globe* made when the sun rose. Her port bulwarks was under water, and against them was the raffle of spars and rigging thrashing her side and pounding at her as if half a dozen nautical giants had laid a wager which 'ud knock a hole in her bottom fust. There was a fearful cross sea on, too, and the sky look-

ed like a big sheet o' gutta-percha stretched over our heads. There are plenty o' bad dangers to be met at sea, I know; but I doubt, unless ye take fire, whether ye'll name one that'll match the situation us ship's company was in. Being on her beam-ends, the sensation all the time was that the vessel was going down; and nary sea struck her that didn't leave us starin' at one another, and wonderin' to find that we weren't yet drowning. Clearing away the wreckage along-side was a nasty job; no words 'ud make you understand it; ye'd need to see it in a drawin'. When at last the raffle went clear we were sent below to see if we could trim the ship. Seeing what our cargo was, and how it lay, and how the wessel rolled it to leeward with every heave, I thought that was a poor job to put wore-out men to, and I dessay some of us swore a bit as we tumbled into the wet coal.

"Well, as ye may s'pose, we did no good, and knocked off to man the pumps, for the carpenter had sounded and found twelve inches o' water in the hold. But when we came to try we found only one pump fit to use, and that we kept going, but it was like taking a pint out of a galley copper every time a quart's put in—ye know which'll beat. I wouldn't pass such another day, sir, for a thousand pound a year and the command of the biggest ship out o' Liverpool. That sounds tall, but it's true as that this ear that I'm pulling is on my head. The galley fire was washed out; there was nothen' but biscuit to eat. It was up to your neck to leeward, and the water came aboard over the weather-bow like a small Niagara Falls. There was no standin' on the deck without holding on

tight, and when we stood to wind-ward and looked down at the water boiling as high as the lee-coamings of the hatches, and nothen' visible of the bulwarks but just the top o' the rail glancin' amid the snow like a great sarpint glidin' along, and then up at the bare iron mizzen-mast and at the foremast and yards there standin' lonely like the spars of a wessel whose hull is sunk in the sands—I say, when we saw them sights and felt the sickening heaves of the bark under our feet, and thought as it might be that every heave would be her last, and that the next time we should be struggling with black faces in the water wi' the salt scorching our throats, we felt as hopeless as ever sailor-men have felt since human beings first took to the sea for a livin'. Nothen' hove in sight that day, and how we managed to scrape through it and the night as follered I dunno. It was pump, pump all the time wi' that bloomin' useless bit of a hand-pump, the wessel diving, the sea storming, the gale bellowing, and all hands waitin' for death. When next morning came there was eighteen inches o' water in the hold, but the weather had moderated a bit, and when the light had come strong the first thing we see to wind-ard was a full-rigged ship steering north, and about four miles distant. A mob of us, not waitin' for horders, scrambled aft, and, there being no signal halyards, they seized the ensign, Jack down, in the lee-mizzen riggin'.

“Seen' this, though our plight spoke loud enough to need no voice from flags, the ship shifted her helm and ran down to us, and hove to within ear-shot. Our skipper roared out his story, and t'other skipper said his wessel was

the *Nippon*, o' Liverpool, and after a bit a boat was lowered, and one o' the mates boarded us, the sea having sunk considerable, for, as I have said, the gale broke in the night. Well, one o' the mates came aboard, and we was so pleased to see him that we could ha' taken him in our arms and kissed him as if we was Frenchmen. He seemed to hold back when he came over the side at the sight of our decks, and the stoutest man might well ha' been scared to see, for the first time, the sea thrashing as high as the main hatch, and the port bulwarks under water. He said his skipper told him to say he'd be glad to give us a small boat—ours was gone—if we had a mind to continue our voyage. Our capt'n looked as if he'd consent, perceiving which we shouted in one breath that we'd not stop, that we'd go aboard the other ship. Would ye believe it possible, sir, that any capt'n 'ud expect men to pursue their voyage in a wessel without a main-mast or a mizzen-top-mast, with her port side under water, her bottom leaky, and only one pump fit to use? That such an idee should be in a skipper's mind 'll give you some notion, sir, of what's expected from sailors, as if their lives, when once they've signed articles, are as much the skipper's property as his hat or his boots, which he chucks overboard when he's done with them. No, no; we'd had enough of the *Globe*; and, guessing persuasions wasn't likely to be of much sarvice, the skipper ordered us in the boat, he coming along too, and so we got aboard the *Nippon*. As the ship filled and drew away from the *Globe* I stood looking at the bark, wonderin' in my heart o' hearts how ever we'd been able to hold ourselves aboard of her, for sha

lay over to port so heavily that it was amazing her keel remained out o' sight, and she looked so broken an' drowning an object that my head felt giddy and my legs shook as I watched her. So there ye have the story you wanted, sir; just a plain yarn, ye see, and like scores that's happening

every day, though only a few o' them ever get heerd of.

"Well, only a thimbleful, sir, thank ye. I've had my dose; but there's a bit of a smoke still left in these 'ere ashes, and certainly the liquor is most uncommonly good."
—From "*My Watch Below*," by W. Clark Russell.

From *The Congregationalist*, (Boston, Mass.) March 29th, 1885.

THE CONTINUATION OF A WONDERFUL STORY.

BY REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the old story of the mutiny on board the British ship *Bounty*, near Tahiti, in the Pacific Ocean, in the year 1789,—how the officers were overpowered by the men and set adrift on the open sea, while the men returned to Tahiti, where nine of them took wives and servants from among the natives and sailed away to Pitcairn Island. Here they carried ashore everything on board the ship, including the Bibles, and then, lest the sight of the ship might reveal their hiding-place, they burned it. After living for years a wild, disorderly life, at length it came to pass that all the English sailors were dead with the exception of one John Adams. There was left, however, a large company of the children of these men, with their Tahitian mothers, and John Adams began to think of the Bibles which he had in his keeping, and was moved to see if he could not turn this little company into Christian ways of living and acting. The experiment was successful to a most remarkable degree, and for many years now the sailor landing on Pitcairn Island will find one of the fairest specimens he ever saw of pure, simple and even cultured Christian society.

Upon this general story we will not farther enlarge. But there is a sequel to it, and some letters which have recently been brought to our notice, and which we have been kindly permitted to copy, will, we are sure, greatly interest our readers.

In the year 1839 an American whaleship called the *Cyrus*, from Nantucket, was lying off Pitcairn Island for some repairs and for certain supplies. It remained there for some little time. The ship-carpenter, then a young man, named Levi Hayden, whose family was from Windsor, Conn., took great delight in what he saw and heard. He was a Christian, and mingled with the people much in their religious meetings. When the time came for his departure he asked of them that they would give him two of the old Bibles that came out of the *Bounty*. They did so, and he gave them his Bible in return. But long before this, intercourse had been established with England, and they had on the island all the Bibles and religious books they needed.

So time passed on. In 1856, so numerous had the inhabitants become, and Pitcairn Island being very small, only three or four miles long and two or three broad, it was decided to remove in a body

to Norfolk Island. This was done, but after a few years part of them returned to their old home. So now the original company is divided into two parts, far from each other, but keeping up intercourse by letter. The descendants from the original mutineers now number more than 400, of whom some 300 are on Norfolk Island and 100 on Pitcairn.

The two Bibles brought to this country are still in existence. One of them was presented by Mr. Hayden to Rev. Daniel M. Lord, who was for so many years the seamen's chaplain in Boston, honored and beloved. Many people in this vicinity have seen this book. The other was given to Hon. Pelatiah Perit of Connecticut.* Both of these men are now dead, but the Bibles have been carefully preserved in their families.

Mr. Hayden, being desirous that these books should be placed in some public institutions where they may be safely kept and handed down to future generations as mementos of the wonderful power of the Bible and the gospel of Christ over even the rudest minds, has asked them back for this purpose, and they have been given. He proposes, with the consent of those who have been its custodians, to deposit one of them with the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the other is at present at the town hall in Windsor, Conn. Thinking to add new testimony and a new interest to the whole story, he wrote some months since, two letters, sending one to Pitcairn Island and the other to Norfolk Island. In both places he was sure to find those who would remember his visit in 1839. The two letters that

follow, recently received, are in answer. The John Adams who writes one of them is the grandson of the original John Adams. He was an interesting lad of ten or twelve years at the time of Mr. Hayden's visit, and he it was who gave Mr. H. one of the Bibles. The other is written by the daughter of one of Mr. H.'s old friends, a young lady of some twenty years.

The penmanship of these letters would do no discredit to the most cultivated families of New England. The hand writing is free and easy-flowing. It may properly be called handsome. We cannot exhibit that in print. But the letters themselves we have endeavored to copy exactly,—wording, spelling, pointing, etc. Two or three slight grammatical slips may be found, but the impression is still left that they were written by persons possessing a large degree of Christian culture.

PITCAIRN ISLAND, Aug. 6th, 1882.

MR. LEVI HAYDEN: *My Dear Friend*:—Just six days ago your letter of May 25 came safe to hand, and I do assure you that I most gladly complied with your request in endeavoring to gain all the information I possibly could about the time you visited this island.

Several letters were received with yours, and in the evening, our large family gathered around our table to listen as I opened and read the letters. When I opened yours, I was interested at once to find that you had once visited our island. My dear father, now 59 years of age, sat listening with great attention, and as I read on, how you came ashore and stayed with Mr. Buffet, and how you burnt charcoal in the pit, and went up and over the rocky cliff to cut down a tree for your anchor-

* MR. PERIT was for many years President, and deeply interested in the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—ED. SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

stock, he was quite unable to remain silent, and often declared, that the events narrated by you were as plain to his mind's eye as if they occurred only yesterday. And when I closed the letter, I read your name Lin Hayden, which he at once corrected and said the name of the carpenter who came on shore was Levi Hayden. I again looked at the name and found that he was right.

It surprised us all that during all these years your memory should retain, with such perfect accuracy, events that happened so long ago, especially as you had to mingle with so many other people, and go among so many and different scenes.

The John Buffet with whom you stayed, became my own much loved and respected grandfather, whose only daughter Mary was married to my father, Simon Young. Father says he has the most vivid recollection of the time of which you speak, and remembers Levi Hayden as a lively young Christian who, with my dear grandfather, held several religious meetings, at his grandfather's house, at which my father, who was then sixteen years old and his other youthful companions used to attend. He is now among the present generation, a pastor unordained, but not unsuccessful, I trust, in his work here.

Early in the morning, after your letter came, I went around among the older inhabitants, to see if any of them corroborated the statements made by you, and found that Thursday Christian and his wife Mary, both remember your name and where you stayed while here, the cutting of the anchor-stock, and burning of the charcoal. All the older people, here, eight in number, men and women, remem-

ber perfectly the time Captain Hussey was here, as also all that you wrote of in your letter, but unfortunately none of them knew of the gifts of the Bibles, though there is not a doubt, but that you are right.

Miss Mary Christian died several years ago on Norfolk Island. My grandfather and John Adams are both still alive, and I will shortly write to them both in fulfilment of your request regarding the certificates you wish to obtain.

I thank you for your letter, your interest in us and all the good wishes you have toward us, and am glad to know that the same Heavenly Father's care and love bestowed so freely upon us here, dwell with you also. Yours truly and obediently

ROSALIND A. YOUNG.

NORFOLK ISLAND, Jan. 6, 1883.

My Dear Mr. Hayden: Your very interesting letter to the postmaster at this place was handed to me last evening, and I now hasten to comply with the request contained therein. Levi Hayden, carpenter of the whaleship *Cyrus* is one of the few men whose memory will always be fresh in our minds. Your letter came to me like a message from the dead, for we have often and often spoken of you and wondered where you are and whether you are living or dead. It is now nearly forty-four years since your visit to Pitcairn, and, as you must expect, there has been many changes in our Community. Arthur Quintal died nine years ago, and Miss Mary Christian died on Pitcairn Island in Oct. 1852.

Mr. Nobbs, who was on Pitcairn at the time of your visit, is still our pastor. He has a son in England, who is also a clergyman, and one of his other sons is the

postmaster. One son was killed by the natives of Santa Cruz, one of the New Hebrides, while laboring in the cause of his Master. Mr. Nobbs's eldest son died on Pitcairn in 1855, but his good wife, as well as himself and children, are well. Good old Buffet is now in his eighty-fourth year, hale and hearty, and walks all over the island as briskly as any young man, and far more briskly than many. His children are all well, two of whom are now living on Pitcairn. A few Sundays ago, myself and Mr. Buffet's second son (John) were talking of you and was wondering what has become of you. My mother died in December, 1843, on Pitcairn, and my father died here in October, 1874. I was married to Arthur Quintal's youngest daughter but one. She died here July, 1869. I am still a widower and living with my children alternately. I am happy to tell you that they are well, and some of them are humble followers of the Lord Jesus. Do you remember the book you gave to my father, Barnes's Notes on the Gospels? That book has been the instrument under God of doing much good among us. I well re-

member the Bible I gave you, and am pleased to find that you set so much store by it. Indeed, how can any one set light by that which alone can give light and understanding to the darkened mind. I am much pleased to hear of you, and if it will not be asking too much, may I ask the favor of a reply to this, at your earliest convenience.

Address your letter if you should think proper to write, to John Adams, Norfolk Island Post-office, Auckland, New Zealand (*via* San Francisco).

Wishing you the compliments of the season and hoping to hear from you soon, believe me, my dear Mr Hayden,

Ever your friend

JOHN ADAMS.

I enclose the certificate you ask for, readily, as I remember the book, as well as giving it to you, distinctly.

J. A.

The certificate is as follows:

This Bible was presented to Mr. Levi Hayden, Carpenter of American whaleship *Cyrus* of Nantucket, by his sincere friend and well-wisher,

JOHN ADAMS.

*On Pitcairn Island,
August, 1839.*

From the Portland, Oregon, Daily News, Feb. 10th, 1883.

MARINERS' HOME.

A MONUMENT OF PERSEVERANCE TO CHAPLAIN STUBBS—INSPECTION OF THE BUILDING—

—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THE SAILOR IN OREGON'S METROPOLIS.

On the northwest corner of Third and D streets stands a plain and unpretentious though substantial brick building, three stories high, known as the Mariners' Home, while adjoining it on the north is the Mariners' Church, in which services are held two evenings each week, besides on Sunday.

Yesterday a reporter of *The News* called at the Home, where he was cordially welcomed. Rev. R. S. STUBBS, is the chaplain and Superintendent of the home, and Warren Ashley, clerk. On entering the visitor at once finds himself in a cosy reading-room, which is liberally supplied with desks

and tables for writing, as well as a good supply of papers of various kinds and a limited number of books. Here were several men quietly smoking and engaged in games of dominoes, or reading. From this room the visitor was ushered into a large hall from which at the left a door opens into a small but convenient office. At the other side of the building a pleasant corner room was found, which is now used as a reading-room, but which was originally intended as a billiard room. Crossing the hall, at the right is a broad stair case, while in front the doors are thrown open and we enter the dining-room, which is also connected with a small private dining room for the use of ladies.

The Basement.

Going down stairs the visitor at once comes into the kitchen, which is fully fitted with modern improvements that aid so materially in the culinary art. From the kitchen a door opens into the store room, while on the other side a door opens into a large hall, on one side of which is the meat room, while at the rear of the kitchen, with an entrance from the hall, is a spacious trunk room at present stocked with bags and chests such as mariners only use. Returning through the hall directly opposite the kitchen, a door opens and we stand in the spacious room once used as a temperance restaurant. This room, like the basement, has a double stone floor.

Returning to the first floor, the visitor was at once conducted to the

Second and Third Floors.

On these floors Chaplain Stubbs has his library, private parlors and the sleeping apartments of the guests.

The rooms were examined and found to be neatly furnished and arranged. On each floor was both hot and cold water baths, etc.

The entire number of rooms in the building is forty, and the number of deep water sailors that have from time to time found a home in this pleasant retreat is upwards of seventy, and about the same number of steamboat men and 'longshore men have also stopped at this pleasant hostelry. The price for room and board is from \$5 to \$6 per week. As this building has not been complete quite a year, the above showing is a remarkably fine one. The building now used as a chapel is the old Gem saloon building, noted in the earlier days of this country as the greatest gambling hall in the Northwest.

The Society.

The Portland Seamen's Friend Society is an auxiliary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York. Correspondence in relation to the society was first began in August, '77, and was formally organized Nov. 4th, '77, and the present constitution was adopted in July, '78, at which time it was duly incorporated under an act of the Legislature, since which time the present building has been put up and furnished through the generous acts of the friends of the sailor. From the balance-sheet of the treasurer as given in their annual meeting in March, 1882, we find that the total receipts of the society since its organization were \$22,874.43. Books and papers are gathered, and many a poor sailor on his long sea voyage has had cause to thank Chaplain Stubbs and those who have so kindly furnished them with substantial reading.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE GATES OF LIGHT.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

The golden doors of heaven fly open wide
For pilgrims from the earth beneath,
The conquerors of sin and death,
Who bear the banner of the Crucified.

Low down the ascending pathway doth begin,
And strait the gate; but they who pray,
And humbly kneel to seek the way,
Find grace to lift the latch and enter in.

Thence on and upward in the narrow way,
New-born, they struggle through the night
Until they reach the Gates of Light,
Which open on the everlasting day.

The mists removed, they now with wonder trace
The steps by which they did ascend,
From the beginning to the end,
Where oft the clouds had veiled their Guide's sweet face.

They see what thorns had hedged them in the road,
From Christ's dear cross up to the crown;
What hands, when they were sinking down,
With scars and wounds, had borne their weary load:

And, far below, the fond and glittering earth,
Its gold, its grandeur and estate;
The globe which did appear so great
Is but a shining speck and little worth.

Their voices, calling from the heights above,
Are sweet with breath of Paradise:
And following in their steps we rise,
Ascending toward the land of light and love.

In whom they trusted we may surely trust;
By whom they rose to yon great height
We too may reach the Gates of Light,
When our frail flesh shall crumble into dust.

What is this passing world men hold so dear!
Its schemes and hopes but dreams of time,
Or steps unto that world sublime
Beyond! Our true life is beyond, not here!

They only live who first with Christ have died,
Who on the cross have suffered death,
And from the cross have breathed new breath
And risen with their Lord, the Crucified.

For them the Gates of Light fly open wide
When they have conquered death and sin:
And Christ doth welcome them within,
As loving bridegroom welcometh his bride!

For The Sailors' Magazine.

In Memoriam.

C. HENRY KING, M. D.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the surprise and sorrow of the people of Richmond County, S. I., at the sudden death of our much esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. C. HENRY KING, whose death was noticed in the MAGAZINE for April.

He was bound to the community by many and strong cords of friendship and affection. So young, so useful, so promising, so full of sympathy with people of all ages, was he, that we can but think of his death as a mysterious Providence as well as a public calamity.

Dr. King was respected, even loved, by many, and in his death was honored by all classes in the community.

The funeral services, which occurred March 20th, were conducted by Rev. Dr. STANLEY of the Episcopal church, in the church of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, which was filled to its utmost capacity with an appreciative audience, many of whom wept, and an audience equally as large as that within the church waited outside to do honor to the dead. It was very touching to see hundreds of the aged inmates of the Institution formed in two lines from the door of the church to the gate where the funeral cortege passed by. These old sailors stood reverently uncovered as the hearse and carriage passed between them, while from many a storm-worn and battle-scarred face the manly tears fell copiously.

Dr. King had been Physician-in-Chief of the Harbor less than a year, but in that short time had captured all hearts by his genial and gentlemanly manners, and his kind and sympathizing efforts to relieve the sufferings of his afflict-

ed and infirm patients. He believed in kind words and scattered them freely, and many a dejected and despairing countenance was wreathed in smiles after he had made his morning round in the hospital. He seemed to inspire men with hope, to encourage them in their despondency, and to convey to them in their sickness a portion of his own buoyant disposition. The kindly gentleman who succeeds him will find the men already prepared to receive and appreciate his benevolent effort to alleviate the infirmities he may not be able entirely to remove.

As an evidence of the esteem in which our departed friend was held by the sailors at the Snug Harbor, the following spontaneous expression of their respect for him, and their sympathy with his family, was signed by 326 of the inmates and sent to Mrs. King.

"We, the inmates of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, desire to express our sympathy with the widow of our late physician, Dr. C. HENRY KING, and with his family in their sad bereavement. His kindness towards us individually is highly appreciated, and we shall ever bear him in affectionate remembrance for his kindness of heart and gentlemanly treatment. May He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, sustain and comfort the widow and the fatherless in this sad hour of trial!'"

C. J. J.

The following minute was adopted at the first meeting of the Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, subsequent to the death of Dr. King:—

"The Board record with a deep feeling of personal bereavement on the part of its members, the great loss which it has sustained in the death of C. HENRY KING, M. D., after a brief illness, on the 18th March, 1883.

"Dr. King was a man of enlarged and enlightened views, of great energy of character, who exerted an extensive influ-

ence in the sphere in which he lived and moved. He served the country with distinction during the late civil war. He was for many years Chief Surgeon of the Seamen's Retreat at Stapleton, Staten Island, and within the last year had been appointed to the responsible position of Physician-in-Chief to the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

"He was warmly and actively engaged in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the men of the sea, and since his election as a Trustee in 1880, has taken a very active interest in promoting the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"In making this record the Board would express its deep sympathy with the bereaved family of our late and valued associate."

At Sea.

The following, which we take from an article by John Burroughs in the *April Century*, will express, for many, feelings which they have had but could not utter, and give to those who have not had the experience, a wonderfully correct idea of impressions at sea:—

"One does not seem really to have got out of doors till he goes to sea. On the land he is shut in by the hills, or the forests, or more or less housed by the sharp lines of his horizon. But at sea he finds the roof taken off, the walls taken down; he is no longer in the hollow of the earth's hand, but upon its naked back, with nothing between him and the immensities. He is in the great cosmic out-of-doors, as much so as if voyaging to the moon or to Mars. An astro-nomic solitude and vacuity surrounds him; his only guides and landmarks are stellar; the earth has disappeared; the horizon has gone; he has only the sky and its orbs left; this cold, vitreous, blue-black liquid through which the ship plows is not water, but some

denser form of the cosmic ether. He can now see the curve of the sphere which the hills hid from him; he can study astronomy under improved conditions. If he was being borne through the inter-planetary spaces on an immense shield, his impressions would not perhaps be much different. He would find the same vacuity, the same blank or negative space, the same empty, indefinite, oppressive out-of-doors.

"For it must be admitted that a voyage at sea is more impressive to the imagination than to the actual sense. The world is left behind; all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished; there is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled to a little circle of crumbled water, that journeys with you day after day, and to which you seem bound by some enchantment. The sky becomes a shallow, close-fitting dome, or else a pall of cloud that seems ready to descend upon you. You cannot see or realize the vast and vacant surrounding; there is nothing to define it or set it off. Three thousand miles of ocean space are less impressive than three miles bounded by rugged mountain walls. Indeed, the grandeur of form, of magnitude, of distance, of proportion, etc., are only upon shore. A voyage across the Atlantic is a ten-day sail through vacancy. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. Is it the steamer that is moving, or is it the sea? or is it all a dance and illusion of the troubled brain? Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. The three hundred or more miles the ship daily makes is ideal, not real. Every night the stars dance and reel there in the same place amid the rigging; every morning the sun comes up from

behind the same wave, and staggers slowly across the sinister sky. The eye becomes a-hunger for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up and keep off the sky, and give it a sense of room. One understands why sailors become an imaginative and superstitious race; it is the reaction from this narrow horizon in which they are put,—this ring of fate surrounds and oppresses them. They escape by invoking the aid of the supernatural. In the sea itself there is far less to stimulate the imagination than in the varied forms and colors of the land. How cold, how merciless, how elemental it looks!

A Shark Story.

He came into the office, and, looking around, asked for the marine reporter. His face was wreathed in smiles, and he wore a short reefing jacket from the elbows of which grinned two rents. He had tar spots on his pants, and his bronzed face showed him to be a genuine salt, fresh from the dark blue main.

He was disappointed when he learned the salt water reporter was out, but he drew out a short pipe, filled it, and between whiffs jerked out:—

“Well, any other gentleman will do; what I’ve got to say is not long, and it is all true, you can make ze oath to it.”

A reporter took up a pencil, and the tar, who gave his initials as E. J. M., went on as follows:—

“On a recent voyage from Europe I met with a very strange adventure, and I would be very grateful to you if you would publish it in your valuable paper.

“On the 2nd of June we put to

sea from Havre, a French port. The wind was favorable and we advanced rapidly until June 7th, when the wind calmed itself. The sea became less and less agitated until it became as smooth as a mirror. There being no wind now we were hardly advancing. The deck was crowded with people amusing themselves in many ways, but for my part I found it a pleasure to walk on the sides of the ship, holding myself on the side ropes. I had not walked three-quarters of the way around the ship when suddenly the rope broke and into the sea I fell. The sea water being heavy, I rose to the surface two or three times, every time taking breath. All at once chancing to turn around, I saw a shark advancing directly toward me. I was now in a perilous situation, not knowing how to swim. Death was facing me on both sides. I had the choice of either being drowned or being eaten by the shark. I chose the latter. The shark being now near me, I seized his tail, trusting he would turn around and devour me. But it was not so, for he seemed more frightened than myself, for he began to swim rapidly away from the ship, always with me holding his tail. I did not lose hope, and as you know it is the shark’s nature to follow ships, he came back to it, but on the opposite side from which I fell. There chanced to be a man whom I think must be short-sighted, for, having my head out of water, I heard him cry out:—

“‘Here he is, on this side; a shark is holding him by the two hands!’

“There was a rush on the ship, and the captain seeing me, said:—

“‘No; see, it is him who is holding the shark’s tail! The

ropes, quick! lower the ropes!' he ordered.

"The ropes were instantly lowered. You must know if I seized it, but only with one hand, while with the other I still held the shark, which was hoisted with me on the ship. It measured five feet two inches. The captain congratulated me for my courage and presence of mind, and invited me to dine with him for the rest of the voyage."

At the close of his narrative, which was delivered with an air of unimpeachable veracity, the sailor heaved a deep sigh, gave one or two hitches to his pants and walked leisurely away.

Under the Sea.

"I first began diving in 1863," said Captain Anthony Williams recently.

"Can you breathe as freely in your diving dress as you can out of it?"

"Yes, indeed. When ten or twelve fathoms under water my breathing is as wholly devoid of effort as it is when I am walking about on dry land. You know that by means of an air pump worked by two men, the diver is supplied with air. Through a hose his air passes into the back of his helmet, and near its place of entrance is a spring valve for its escape. This valve can be controlled by the diver, but he usually sets it before going into the water, and seldom disturbs it afterwards. The pressure of the air being greater than that of the water, a surplus of the former readily escapes. When this valve is not sufficient the diver can open in his breastplate a similar spring valve, intended only for such an emer-

gency. He can also regulate the amount of air pumped to him by signals upon the air hose to the men engaged in pumping. These signals each diver writes down very carefully and gives to the man in charge of the life-line. By means of these we can send up for tools, materials, etc. When a lengthy communication is to be made we send up for a slate and write all we want to say. It is just as easy to read and write under water as it is out of it. One can see very plainly, all objects being greatly magnified."

"Does a diver have any unpleasant sensations while at work?"

"None, save a drumming in the ears, and this will sometimes destroy the hearing if the diver remains too long below. Four hours—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—constitute a day's work, and if the diver restricts himself to this limit, there is little or no danger of his becoming deaf; but if he goes much beyond it he is pretty sure to injure his hearing. I once remained under water nine hours, and, as a consequence completely lost the use of my left ear for three months, during which time I suffered agony with earache. Eventually, however, my hearing became normal again. Aside from this the sensations are delightful, and I feel just as well, happy and contented at the bottom of the sea as I ever can under any circumstances. While engaged in raising the sunken schooner, *Dauntless*, in Kingston, Jamaica, on the 18th of August, 1880, I became so disgusted at the stupidity of the men above in answering my signals that I took a book which I found in the captain's cabin, and, sitting down, read it for nearly an hour. I once knew a diver, Tom Brintley by name, who, though a thorough-

ly competent man and a good fellow, was a little too fond of stimulant. On one occasion he went down with a pretty good cargo of spirits aboard, and the men above not knowing his condition, became seriously alarmed when several hours passed by without their receiving any signals from him or any response to those they made to him. Another diver was sent down to look for him, and found him lying on his back on the bottom of the ocean, sixty feet below the surface, fast asleep.

"What is the greatest depth I ever descended to? Well, about ninety feet, and it takes me about three minutes to go down that far."

"Must not a diver be a practical shipbuilder also?"

"Oh, yes; the diver who could do nothing but dive would be of very little use. He must be both a ship carpenter and a boiler maker as well, that he may repair sunken ships. The holes must be patched and the water pumped

out before a ship can be raised."

"Sharks! I have often seen large schools of them. They would advance to within a few feet of me and would then stop and look at me in apparent wonder, as though trying to make out what manner of strange creature they were gazing at. They are most cowardly fish, however, and the slightest menace on my part would frighten them away. As I was repairing the schooner *Shephard* in Kingston one day, I felt something tampering with my left hand middle finger. Looking, I found a baby shark, evidently much too young to leave its maternal parent, trying to nibble it."

"The pay of the diver? That varies. Divers generally work by the job, and when they do that they sometimes make it pay well. A diver will go down, look at a vessel and then state what he will charge to raise her. I raised the schooner *Dauntless* in two days and received \$750 for my time and trouble."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

Reporting for December, 1882, and for January and February of the present year, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG states that after laboring on vessels until the closing of navigation, he proceeded to his usual winter work in maritime villages, and gained access to seamen, among their families. In one parish, after a sermon from 2 Cor., 5th chapter, a man and his wife testified of their conversion years ago, under the influence of a sermon then preached in their hearing, by Mr. L., from the same portion of Scripture. Similar work for souls, with the instruc-

tion of Bible classes, &c., filled the greater part of the three months.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, missionary, who is convalescent, writes "that there is a good awakening here among the working classes which extends to the sailors also."

Denmark.

ODENSE.

In the first quarter of this year, Mr. F. L. RYMKER made 564 visits, 178 being to sailor boarding houses, and to other places

where seamen resort. At the date of his writing (April 2nd), there lay in the hospital a young sailor, twenty-two years old, suffering from a broken thigh and rib, and from other bruises received in a fall "from aloft, on shipboard." "Oh how happy," says Mr. R., "to console the sufferer with the words of Him that was bruised for our iniquities, and on whom was the chastisement of our peace!" It is expected that a reading room will be opened at Odense, next Fall, by the contributions of friends in the city, to the work which Mr. R. has so long and faithfully performed.

Italy.

NAPLES.

The last intelligence from the Harbor Mission was received March 5th, and is the quarterly report of Mr. S. BURROWES, missionary. No permanent minister has yet been appointed to succeed Rev. JAS. GORDON GRAY in the supervision of the work for seamen, but Mr. B., who steadily continues his work among the shipping, reports for the closing quarter of 1882, to the effect that in the three months public services in the Bethel and on board ships numbered 31, visits to ships, 348; tracts distributed, 2,230, and magazines given away, 120. "We have had," he writes, "the largest attendance, as yet, of seamen in the Bethel this winter, especially on Sunday morning. The Museum, Pompeii, and other attractions, are free on Sunday forenoon, yet the Gospel had an increased attraction which has gladdened our hearts.

"Capt. Smith of the *Finlaggan*, Campbelltown, Scotland, testified here in December, that in no other port had he seen such good behavior as among the fleet of sailing vessels in the port of Naples, and he attributed this happy change to the influence of the Bethel. This opinion of a seaman who has been at sea for thirty years is an answer to those who say, 'what good are those missions doing?'

"The bark *Adolph Engler*, of New York, was here for two months. The captain and his wife were very attentive

at the meetings. The mate, a Hanoverian, settled in America for some time, was a very earnest Christian. Though the weather was unusually stormy he never missed a service. The crew were very civil and I had much pleasure in visiting them. This vessel put to sea three times and was driven back to Naples; no accident happened.

"The Rev. Mr. Morrison, of the U. S. S. *Lancaster*, was very kind and preached with much acceptance in the Bethel. Some very rough firemen in the S. S. *Buteashire*, had given up all religion; they had hearty invitations to the Bethel and at length came. Thereafter these wild men were more steady and were in the Bethel several times.

"One Sunday morning, on board the *P*— I met several atheists; their rough reception took me by surprise. I cried 'is any one on the Lord's side?' the 2nd engineer replied, 'I am;,' he then took tracts. Forward I found a godly sailor who was doing good among his shipmates. This dear fellow helped me in the services."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

In the *American Messenger* for April we find the following letter from Rev. H. LOOMIS, a missionary, who writes from Yokohama in a way that illustrates and emphasizes what we ourselves have already printed as to the recent outpouring of God's Spirit in connection with our work for seamen at that important port. Readers of the MAGAZINE will also be interested in his references to the past history of the Seamen's Mission at Y.

Beginnings and Progress.

"It is now about ten years since the organization of 'the Total Abstinence Society of Japan.' Its membership at first consisted of about one half-dozen, the most of whom were missionaries. An effort was soon made to secure a suitable place for seamen, where they would be free from the temptations thrown around them whenever they are on shore. Rooms were secured for this purpose, and the work has gone on with increased influence and success. The number of total abstainers has continually increased, and

now there is a commodious building that was built, and has been well fitted up, expressly for the use of the seamen. A man who was discharged from an English ship of war, Mr. Austen, with his good wife, is in charge, and they have won the confidence and respect of all whom they meet. During the past ten years several hundred have signed the pledge, and large numbers of formerly intemperate men have reformed.

The Present Religious Movement.

"But there is now a work going on at the Sailors' Home of special interest and power. It has been confined mostly to the men from the various ships of war, but is also reaching the residents of the place. During the past four months there have been upwards of forty conversions, and the work is increasing daily. On five men-of-war which are now or have recently been in this port there is now an earnest, strong band of Christians. Last evening one of the most active scoffers and opponents came out boldly on the Lord's side. So deep and powerful has been the work that the wicked are in terror and dismay. One of them said recently, 'I wish the government would put all Christians on a ship by themselves.' And, 'I would get on that ship at once,' said one of his companions. There has been no excitement, but a quiet, genuine work of the Holy Spirit. In a letter which I enclose you will see the character of the men and the reality of their conversion (a heart-full letter of thanks from a converted drunkard). Many such letters are being received

by Mr. and Mrs. Austen, to whose efficient labors these results are largely due. Thus the Week of Prayer in this Land of the Sunrise is opening with great promise. The hearts of God's people are being stirred up and encouraged as never before.

Not Limited to Seamen—Bible Distribution.

"There is also an awakening among the natives, and many conversions are reported.—The work of the American Bible Society was never so prosperous as now. During the last month there were circulated over 1,000 Testaments and 2,500 portions of the Scriptures. Thirty men are now employed as colporteurs and agents, and it will not be long before every town and hamlet will be reached by the gospel. Only ten years ago the doctrines of Christianity were prohibited, and Scriptures were printed and circulated in secret. Now the government press publishes and the government organ has advertised the Word of God.

Hostility of the King of Corea.

"The King of Corea has recently issued a proclamation against Christianity. This is an evidence that the doctrines of Christ are already a recognized power in these Eastern lands. The priesthood have great influence, and know that when the true religion comes their own must pass away. But, as in Japan, all this opposition of men must fail. The kingdoms of this world are surely and we trust speedily, to become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ."

At Ports In the United States.

Maine.

PORTLAND.

The last number of the *Bethel Flag*, gives this picture (in part) of a recent sailor's prayer-meeting at the Bethel:—

"A young brother is in the chair. It is the practice at the Bethel for the brethren to lead one half the social meetings. There is no distinction made; old and young take their turns. We are persuaded that our meetings lose nothing by this arrangement, but gain much, and the effect upon the brethren is very marked, and will be more so in future life when this education develops itself. The meeting is taken up with all the more readi-

ness, and hearty cheerfulness on account of the leader being new in his place.—Prayers followed in which he was specially remembered, and all the young people,—also those most often mentioned in prayer, 'such as have been with us and gone out upon the sea requesting us to pray for them.'

"One rises to speak of the value of religion: what it is to one in this world, and how it reaches forward. 'A humble, faithful christian life brings a peaceful death. A few days ago I called on one who was on his death-bed. I asked him if it was all well with him. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I can trust in God. He will keep his promises to the end.' It is a joy to stand by such an one. But there is a life that does not lead to that peaceful,

joyous death-bed. People are very apt to reap what they sow. According to the mode of life such will the end be. My dear friends it is a serious question how we are living. What are you doing in view of eternity? How are you living, or as the Bible says, sowing? One or the other kind of harvest you must reap. I beg of you to take it home to yourselves. Are you sowing for a harvest of peace and eternal life? If you have entered upon that new life, don't be weary in well doing: you shall reap by and by."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

"During January, February and March, '83," says Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, "my time has been employed in visiting vessels of all classes lying on the water front between Hamilton Avenue and Atlantic Avenue ferries, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front, South Brooklyn, the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, Eastern District, and on the water front between Grand and Stanton Streets, East River, N. Y.; also in visiting sailor boarding houses in the fourth and seventh wards (New York City), and the hospitals for seamen on Staten Island and Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor, and at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn.

"In these visits distribution of religious reading was made, religious conversation held, prayer offered, and invitation given to attend church or mission services.

Varied Labor.

"In pursuing these labors others follow, such as assisting the aged, disabled or sick seamen into hospitals and homes, visiting the needy and bereaved, together with letter correspondence, and I have frequently to perform the last sad rite of consigning to mother earth the remains of those who, far away from home and dear ones, have died,—for which, during the past inclement season, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in its efficient Christian work, has so often responded to the call of the missionaries by providing respectable burial for those who otherwise might have been interred in the Potter's Field. Of these some gave good evidence before their departure of a blessed hope of immortality and eternal life beyond the grave."

Attendance on Services—Conversions.

"Many seamen continue, by invitation, to attend religious services, and not a few, from time to time, make manifest that they have experienced a change of heart. By their deportment and cheerful greeting, we are blest in 'the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'

Tidings from Christian Gifts.

"The fine bound scrap book, contributed by 'A Friend, in Connecticut,' for the use of sick seamen,—I placed in charge of Mr. PEACOCK, hospital steward, U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, and already it is doing good service. During my visit last Sabbath I saw one of the patients looking attentively over its pages and evidently enjoying both its beautiful engravings and scraps of good reading. The library put in charge, some time ago, of Mr. FINLAY, hospital steward of U. S. Marine Hospital on Bedloe's Island, is well cared for, the books being well read and much appreciated by the patients."

Florida.

PENSACOLA.

"Rev. JOHN S. PARK will conduct services to-day on board Captain Hodgdon's schooner *Carrie E. Norton*, now lying at Perdido Wharf. These services are specially for seamen, and all are invited."—*Pensacola Paper*.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

The *Times-Democrat* of 26th March, reports:—

"The twelfth anniversary of the New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society was held last evening at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. L. H. PEASE, the chaplain of the Lower Seamen's Bethel, who has, for years, devoted his time to spreading the Gospel among seamen.

"The exercises of the evening were begun by a song from the Bethel choir, followed by a prayer by Rev. Dr. TRAVER, pastor of Leland University. At the end of the prayer Rev. Mr. Pease read the following annual report:—

"On this anniversary of our Savior's

resurrection we come to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of our society and the eighteenth anniversary of my labors among seamen here, and to praise God for a year that has been pre-eminently a year of the right hand of the Most High. Commencing in November last, we have held revival meetings on every evening through the winter to this time, and the Lord of Hosts has been with us in our meetings and crowned our efforts with the sheaves of a splendid harvest. As the fruits in part of these meetings, we have received into our church organization, which we style the 'Brotherhood of the Sea and Land,' forty new members. Others are expected to join, and numbers left at once for sea.

"As additional fruits of these meetings we have received since last November on our 'roll of honor' nearly 300 signers of the temperance pledge, making about 2,500 men as our temperance army. This grand army, and all other sailors, whenever they desire it, are furnished as

they go forth on departing ships with a bundle of publications as rations and ammunition.

"Through every day of the year our reading room has been open and thronged. We have there a library of about 3,000 volumes, and receive regularly between 200 and 300 different periodicals in 12 or 14 different languages, dailies, semi-weeklies, and monthlies, and there many hundreds of letters have been written to distant, anxious relatives and friends which would not otherwise have been written. As compared with the state of things eighteen years ago, when I first came here, I report a general improvement among seamen. For all which we offer special thanks to God."

The presentation of this report was followed by an address from Rev. J. G. VAUGHAN of the Ames M. E. church, and remarks by Rev. Dr. J. A. DEAN and Rev. Mr. TRAVER.

KEN YE THE LAN' ?

After Goethe's Song of Mignon.

BY JOHN T. NAPIER.

Ken ye the lan' o' the laigh gray skies,
Whaur the green pine nods, an' the wild bird cries;
Whaur the heather blooms an' the gowan grows,
An' sweet is the scent o' the briar-rose?
Ken ye the lan' ?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the blue hills o' my ain lan' again.

Ken ye the path ow'r the weary sea,
Wi' the loupin' waves an' the blawing bree?—
Alane wi' God, wi' nae lan' in sight;
But the east fornenst wi' the dawn is bricht.
Ken ye the path?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae feel the saut win' i' my face again.

Ken ye the fowk i' the mirk, alane,
Whase ears are gleg for the stap o' their ain?
Their words may be cauld, but their herts are a flame;
"Ye've been lang awa; ye are welcome hame."
Ken ye the fowk?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the dear licht o' their faces again.

Sunday-School Times.

Annual Meeting.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held, in the chapel of the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York City, Monday, May 7th, 1883, at 3 o'clock, p. m., when the reports for the year will be submitted and the usual business transacted.

The Life Directors and Life Members, with the friends of the Society, are invited to be present.

SAMUEL H. HALL,
Secretary.

Letters from Seamen.

It is often asked, and sometimes with an incredulity that exhibits entire lack of acquaintance with the experience of converted sailors, whether they hold fast to the faith of Christ. Waiving the theological question that underlies a fit answer to the query, any candid inquirer will be greatly interested in the following letter, dated March 19th, 1883. It came to our missionary at the Sailors' Home in this city, from Carbonear, Newfoundland,—and its writer is that sea-captain spoken of by Rev. Dr. COE in his sermon at the last year's anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, as follows:—

"Do you wonder that a man whose life is filled with such tremendous experiences as these, (which pertain to seamen) is *prepared* by them to welcome the light and strength, the peace and pardon and purity, which only the gospel brings? Do you wonder that he will seize upon the hope set before him in Christ, as such a man once said, 'with a *death-grip*?' Do you wonder that he will say, as another exclaimed, when, the day after his conversion, he was asked if he should not write to his wife in England of the new life he had found,—'Write to her! why, bless you, no!—a letter would be far too slow for me.—I've *cabled* her already:—'**SAVED, BODY AND SOUL.**'"

And this sea-captain, part of the force of whose despatch lay in the fact that he had just been rescued from shipwreck before he found the Lord Jesus Christ, now says to his valued correspondent, here:—

"I received your very welcome letter and am glad to hear that you are enjoying health, which is a blessing from your heavenly Father. You know it is good to be found on the Lord's side. He has given his angels charge concerning us, and he has said, 'touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.' How sweet it is to know that we are living under the smile of the heavenly Father! My earnest prayer to God is that I may so live that others beholding my upright walk and conversation will have to glorify God. To His holy name we will ascribe the praise!

"Dear brother, do tell to others what the Lord has done for me. Wicked as I was, a sinner of the deepest dye, yet the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin. So I say, and so say you to all,—'Come to Jesus, poor sailor's friend. If you are a Captain you will be a better man than before; then you can commit all your cares to Him that careth for you, brother sailor. In the storm or in the calm, and away on the trackless deep, you may hold sweet communion with a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' How this does and will cheer the poor weather-beaten mariner!

"I am glad to hear of your revival and also of your goodly numbers at the lecture room.

Has been Working for Jesus.

"I am happy to inform you that not a drop of spirits are now allowed to be sold in the district of Carbonear. Twelve months ago eight of us formed a committee and sent a petition to the Governor requesting an election to see if we could not stop the sale of intoxicating drink. Through much opposition we carried the election by a majority of thirty-nine, and now many that were opposed to us are praying for us, for they have peace and plenty.

"I may never see you again, but we know if faithful we will meet in heaven. I often wish that I was in New York. Gladly would I leave here to go there if I was sure of employment; in fact my heart is there. But I know that if it is my Father's will it will be so. What He wills is best."

T. P.

Not every converted seaman walks always in the light of God. Theirs is the lot of most Christians, and there need be no surprise at the following, from another sailor on the ship *Lornby*, dated Calcutta, Dec. 28th, 1882, addressed to another missionary of our Society, in this city. He says, and we emphasize his request to be remembered at the throne of grace:—

"I promised to write to you from here, to let you know how I was getting on. Well, I have not got along well or happily. I have been dark and uncertain. I would ask you to remember me in prayer. But my hope is in Jesus' finished work. He has done what God's law required of me, 'he has made peace.' My sister, mother and another brother have been converted since I left. We are going to Dundee with jute. We got our after boats and bridge badly broken down off the Cape. There were two seas fell on them, also a spare topmast nipped which was lashed on deck.—There was a free dinner at the home here, on Christmas day, for sailors. I suppose about 1,000 were present, and at a tea in the coffee rooms.

"My desire now is to live for Him who died for me. Pray that I may trust Him aright.

The following from a sea-captain, lately brought to the Savior, shows the oneness of all Christian lives, in personal trial and its willing acceptance from the hands of God. It is dated at Galveston, Feb'y 5th, 1883, and reached the same New York sailor's missionary, as did the last preceding letter.

"*My Friend and Brother*:—I would have written to you at the same time I wrote to brother B. but my eyes were none of the best, and I concluded that one would suffice at that time. Since then I have made a trip to Mexico by water and return by land here, in Galves-

ton, where I will remain until I can have my sight restored. While nearing the port of Tampico, by a heavy flash of lightning my eyes were immediately affected and made worse than ever. I am now in the hands of the best doctors here who will not say, positively, what they can do for me. But I have contented my mind in this,—that come what may I will face it boldly like a man, and place my whole trust in my God, for I feel that He is with me though I am afflicted.

Changed View of Earthly Trouble.

"I do not look at trouble now as I used to. I feel more contented than I ever did in all my life, for I know that my time in this world is but short. I shall cling to faith in my Savior. I have many reasons for believing He is with me. My prayers have been answered. I know it. I am now afflicted for awhile, but still there is something that causes me to feel happy.

"I prayed sincerely to my God to pardon my sins and He, as I am sure, has done so. I am a changed man from what I used to be, and that change is evidence that God has pardoned my sins which were many. Rest assured I mean to continue unto death in obeying the commandments. I have to thank you and brother B. for this change. It is truly the sincerity of your friendships towards me which led me to notice the action of good true men trying to serve God. I cannot write more, for my eyes are growing weak. Farewell for the present. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends, whosoever they may be. I have been writing this letter with double focus glasses.

A. S. A."

Features of San Francisco.

A population of three hundred thousand is not extraordinary, as populations go nowadays, but San Francisco is also cosmopolitan beyond its actual size. We are here in an entirely new commercial situation, which gives rise to what the French call a new *milieu*. San Francisco faces Asia, the great English-speaking colonies of Oceanica, and the islands of the sea, just as New York faces Europe. It enjoys already a trade with the Orient amounting to ten millions per annum in imports and eight millions in exports. The possibilities of the extension of this trade among the teeming populations in the cradle of the human race and of civiliza-

tion, now that the circuit of the world has been completed, seem almost limitless. A way must be found sooner or later out of the imbroglia into which inexperience has plunged us on the Chinese question, and in the close intercommunication of nations which is at hand trade must flow unimpeded. Between countries separated by water, and demanding each other's productions, cities arise at the places of transfer and receipt, and with its situation San Francisco can not escape its destiny of greatness.

The Oriental trade is but a small item in the total as yet. The ships which sail out, besides those bound for the regular Eastern and European ports, are going to the British and Russian possessions in the North, to Mexico, Central and South America, to Tahiti, Fiji, Manila, the Sandwich, Navigator's and Friendly islands—to all those far-off islands in the South Pacific, in short, which now in their turn promise to shine with the light of civilization, and become principalities and powers of the earth. Coals are burned at many a fireside—not of the most desirable quality, it must be confessed—which come from that far coast characterized by the poet in his line—

"The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore."

Seventy million pounds of sugar a year are brought in from the Sandwich Islands, which slew Captain Cook, and are now a peaceful modern state. But it is particularly Australasia, and our coming relations toward it, that awaken admiring speculation. Melbourne has already more than 280,000 people, and Sydney 225,000, while along the coasts of that cannibal New Zealand which sends us its insurance companies are scattered also a line of flourishing cities like Dunedin, with 43,000, Auckland, with 40,000, Christchurch, with 32,000, Wellington, with 22,000, and I know not how many more.

Astoria and Portland, in Oregon, San Diego, and no doubt, in time, ports to be created along the Mexican shores, will receive their share of these new influences arising in the world, but at San Francisco they touch us first and nearest.—*W. H. Bishop, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

For The Sailors' Magazine.

Captain Robert Creighton, of Antwerp.

It is noticed in the April MAGAZINE that an effort is being made by officers of the Red Star Line of steamers between

New York and Antwerp, Belgium, to erect a tablet in memory of this brave man, who recently died at Antwerp. Capt. CREIGHTON was in many respects a model seaman. Of a fine, commanding person, with a clear and ringing voice, a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a generous heart, he was deservedly popular and respected. The act of his life which made him best known, and gave him, at the time, a great American reputation, was one of unusually brave and gallant seamanship. The story of the sinking Atlantic steamer and the captain of the "Three bells," is historic. It has been recalled and repeated in all notices of his death; and certainly it makes this idea of a memorial tablet most appropriate. Of late years Capt. Creighton has been shore captain of the Red Star Line at Antwerp. He was, at the time of its erection, one of the building committee of the Antwerp Bethel, and was interested in it as one of the Antwerp committee, coöperating with the American and British Seamen's Societies, at the time of his death. We hope the effort to honor so brave and manly a seaman will be abundantly successful.

V.

Obituary.

CAPT. W. DE P. STAGG.

The death of Capt. WILLIAM DE PEYS-TER STAGG, says a recent number of the *N. Y. Times*, should recall to the minds of men the memories of an elder time, now rapidly becoming historic, so far as that time related to the early days of the Republic. Capt. Stagg was one of the adventurous seafarers who sought employment from JOHN JACOB ASTOR. In 1811 he went to the North Pacific coast of the continent in search of furs. In company with others he formally took possession of a town site in what is now known as the State of Oregon, naming the embryo city after his patron. "Astoria." The settlement was made on the south bank of the Columbia river, about ten miles from its mouth. For many years Astoria was, to use a debased phrase of the present generation, the emporium of the Northern Pacific. It has now dwindled into insignificance, Portland being vastly more important as a commercial point, while several inland cities are numerically and po-

lity stronger than the village that was once the chief American settlement on the Pacific coast of North America. Capt. Stagg died at the age of 90. The recollections of his busy seafaring life, if preserved in an intelligible form, would constitute one of the most entertaining chapters in American commercial history.—From the Astoria of 1811 to the Oregon of 1883 is an enormous stride.

Naval Courtesies.

Commander A. D. BROWN of the U. S. S. *S. Jamestown*, reports under date of Fort De France, Martinique, March 28th, that on the 16th of that month, in response to the request of the owner and master of the British ship *Neva*, lying at anchor near the *Jamestown*, he sent an armed boat, in charge of Master J. O. NICHOLSON, with Lieut. HENRY WHITING, of the Marine Corps, and a file of marines, to suppress an outbreak on board that vessel. The duty was promptly performed. Four of the ringleaders were placed in irons and the rest of the crew returned to their work. Subsequently Commander Brown received a letter from the owner of the vessel, cordially thanking him and his officers and crew for the assistance rendered.

Commodore LUCE, commanding the training squadron at Newport, R. I., reports that when her Majesty's corvette *Tenedos* arrived at that port on the 14th inst., having as passengers the Marchioness of Lorne and suite, the civilities of the port were extended to the *Tenedos* and the customary visits and salutes exchanged.—*New York Times*.

The Rescued Gilbert Islanders,

Whose most interesting record, as narrated by Capt. SLOCUM of the *Northern Light*, (see April MAGAZINE, p. 101,) was presented to the Christian public in most of the April religious monthlies,—although nowhere so fully, we believe, as in ours,—reached San Francisco, Cal., safely, in the *City of Tokio*, from Yokohama, in the later part of March.

Christian and Sanitary Commissions, Chaplains, et al.

We cheerfully comply with a request received from the Secretary Mr. JOHN O. FOSTER, *Waterman, Ill.*, and state that the Fourth Reunion of the Christian Commission, the Sanitary Commission and all the Chaplains of the late war will be held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, 1883. The official announcement adds:—"As we have been assigned three days for our exercises, we shall have more time to hear from workers than at any former gathering. We are requested to conduct all the services Sabbath, July 22nd. Thousands of people will be residing at Ocean Grove at that time, and the names of distinguished men, who expect to be present, assure a grand Re-union. *Notify the Secretary by a postal card, if you can attend.*"

Books, Etc.

SONGS OF CHRISTIAN PRAISE, WITH MUSIC: a manual of worship for public, social and private devotion. Selected and arranged by Rev. CHARLES H. RICHARDS. With SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE for public worship, topically arranged by same compiler. New York: Taintor Bros., Merritt & Co., pp. 394, 126; the two books in one volume.

This Hymnal has been before the Christian community for some time, and, we learn, stands the practical test of use, giving very high satisfaction. A careful examination assures us that what has been said of it, in the way of appreciative praise, is thoroughly well deserved. The compiler has made a book, which, for working purposes, and for capacity of edification in both music and hymns, will not suffer by comparison with any other. To say this in these days of increasingly meritorious hymn books, is no slight commendation. The addition of copious and well chosen Scripture selections is a welcome feature of the beautifully printed volume.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 155
 Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,045
 of which \$688 was sent to relatives and friends,
 \$30 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and
 \$953 was returned to depositors.

Planets for May, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 21m., and north of west 29° 1'; is in conjunction with Saturn on the evening of the 1st at 11 o'clock, being 3° 54' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 8th at 8h. 6m., being 4° 49' north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 10th; is at its greatest eastern elongation on the forenoon of the 14th at 7 o'clock, being 21° 55' away from the sun, and setting on the evening of this day at 9h. 2m., and north of west 33° 54'; is stationary among the stars in Taurus on the 26th.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 13m., and north of east 14'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 4th at 7h. 3m., being 4° 52' south; is in conjunction with Mars on the morning of the 10th at 1 o'clock, being 48' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 47m., and north of east 8°; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 4th at 11h. 4m., being 3° 55' south.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 47m., and north of west 31° 38'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 8th at 7h. 17m., being 4° 1' north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 6m., and north of west 23° 43'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 18m. past noon on the 8th, being 18' south; is in conjunction with the Sun at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 20th.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, March, 1883.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 29, of which 17 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 4 missing, 3 foundered, 1 capsized, and 1 sunk by collision. The list comprises 1 steamer, 3 ships, 10 barks, 4 brigs and 11 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *m* missing, *f* foundered, *c* capsized, and *s c* sunk by collision.

STEAMER.

Gloucester City, *f*. from Bristol for New York.

SHIPS.

John Bertram, *a*. from New York for Rotterdam.St. John Smith, *m*. from Liverpool for San Francisco.Adelheid, *m*. from New York for London.

BARKS.

Enrique, *w*. from Mobile for Aspinwall.Figogna, *f*. from Carthagena for Baltimore.Angela, *w*. from Carthagena for Baltimore.De Courcey, *w*. from Rio Janeiro for Pensacola.Wolverton, *w*. from Cardenas for New York.Sara, *a*. from New York for Hamburg.Sarpen, *a*. from Philadelphia for Bremen.Giorgio, *a*. from Hamburg for Baltimore.Anna, *a*. from Pascagoula for Caen.Hildegard, *w*. from San Francisco for Queens-town.

BRIGS.

Henry C. Bucknan, *w*. from Portland for Cardenas.Sarah Gilmore, *w*. from Matanzas for Sagua.Pomare, *w*. from Kahului for San Francisco.Catherina, *w*. from Philadelphia for Lisbon.

SCHOONERS.

Enoch Robinson, *s. c.* from Baltimore for Providence.John N. Colby, *c*. from Wilmington, N. C., for Baltimore.G. C. Burdette, *w*. at Stonington.Geo. L. Treadwell, *w*. from St. Pierre, Mart., for Baltimore.Starlight, *w*. from Frontera for New York.W. R. Knighton, *w*. from Port Limon for New York.J. W. Sawyer, *w*. from Portland, Me., for Georges Banks.Robert Foster, *w*. from Philadelphia for Wareham.Jane Emson, *a*. from Norfolk for Philadelphia.Ethel Granville, *w*. from Port Williams, N. S., for New York.Emma L. C. Winsor, *w*. from Frontera for Tonala.

Receipts for March, 1883.

MAINE.

Augusta, E. A. Nason, to refit lib'y... \$ 5 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Antrim, bequest of Eveline P. Boyd,

late of Antrim, N. H., per James

W. Perkins, ex'r..... 500 00

Exeter, Mrs. G. L. Soule..... 1 00

Milford, 1st Cong. ch., for lib'y..... 22 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Alford, Rev. John Jay Dana, for a

memorial library to be called the

"Esther Dana lib'y," in memory of

his deceased mother..... 20 00

Andover, South church.....	50 00	Mary M. Stone, for lib'y.....	23 00
Attleboro, 2nd Cong. ch., add'l.....	10 00	Mizpah Chapel, 10th Ave., for lib'y.....	20 00
Barre, Cong. church.....	8 78	Cash.....	20 00
Boston, Schr. A. E. Edwards, Capt. Dottridge.....	1 00	T. B. Meigs, for library.....	20 00
Chilcopee, 2nd ch., of wh. for lib'y \$20.....	31 03	New York Episcopal Seamen's Mission, for library.....	20 00
East Douglas, Cong. church.....	27 00	Geo. F. Baker.....	10 00
Grafton, a Friend.....	2 00	E. L. Owen.....	10 00
Hinsdale, Cong. church.....	41 00	Thomas Scott.....	10 00
Longmeadow, Ladies' Benev. Soc'y.....	16 25	H. C. Loud & Co.....	10 00
Lowell, John St. ch., of wh. \$30 from J. Tripp and J. Bancroft, for lib'y.....	30 50	Ezra White.....	10 00
Emily Rogers, for library.....	20 00	Frederick F. Thompson.....	10 00
Malden, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00	F. A. Palmer.....	10 00
Marion, S. D. Hadley.....	10 00	Geo. S. Fraser.....	10 00
Northampton, 1st ch., add'l, Prof. B. C. Blodgett, for lib'y.....	20 00	Theodore Gilman.....	10 00
Plymouth, Church of the Pilgrimage.....	60 06	Capt. I. P. Crossley, bark <i>Spartan</i> of Bath, Me., for library work.....	10 00
Rockport, Cong. church.....	16 90	W. H. Tailer.....	5 00
Pigeon Cove Cong. church.....	5 41	W. G. Langdon.....	5 00
Scituate, Cong. ch., for library.....	20 00	J. Wm. Beekman.....	5 00
Springfield, Olivet church.....	27 58	O. P. C. Billings.....	5 00
South Hadley, Cong. ch., of wh. for library, \$30.....	20 80	D. B. Whitlock.....	5 00
Westford, Rev. L. Luce.....	2 50	Henry Rowland.....	5 00
Worcester, Salem St. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00	H. F. Lombard.....	5 00
Whitinsville, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, of wh. \$30, for libraries.....	188 10	Zophar Mills.....	5 00
RHODE ISLAND.		James Cruikshank.....	5 00
Kingston, Cong. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00	W. B. Kendall.....	5 00
Providence, Union Cong. ch. S. S., for libraries.....	40 00	Mrs. L. P. Siebert.....	5 00
CONNECTICUT.		Isaac H. Bailey.....	5 00
Black Rock, Cong. ch.....	23 50	Capt. W. R. Farnsworth, ship <i>J. V. Troop</i> , for library work.....	5 00
Bloomfield, Cong. ch.....	6 62	Capt. Whitmore, ship <i>Parker M. Whitmore</i> , for library work.....	5 00
Greenwich, Solomon Mead.....	5 00	Capt. Rich, schr. <i>H. Hickman</i> , for library work.....	1 00
Hartford, 2nd ch. of Christ.....	51 00	Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Julia P. Wicks.....	10 00
Meriden, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00	Rome, 1st Pres. ch.....	12 17
Naugatuck, Cong. ch.....	30 00	Southampton, A Friend, for library.....	20 00
New London, 2nd Cong. ch.....	142 00	NEW JERSEY.	
Torrington, 3rd Cong. ch. and S. S. to const. Mrs. Sarah C. Lathrop a L. M.....	20 00	Cape May Point, G. L. Corwin to const. Aaron W. Hand of Cape May Point, a L. M.....	30 00
Wallingford, Cong. ch.....	25 00	Madison, Pres. ch.....	31 42
NEW YORK.		Morristown, South St. Pres. ch., of wh. W. L. King, \$30.....	190 70
Brooklyn, Clinton Avenue Cong. ch. 269 89		Children's Miss'y Society 1st Pres. ch.....	40 00
Missionary Association of Bethany Chapel of Brooklyn as a donation for library to be known as the "Whitehurst Library.".....	20 00	Newark, 2nd Pres. ch.....	6 73
Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch., add'l.....	1 00	Trenton, 1st Pres. ch.....	6 00
Newburgh, Miss A. L. Kimball's S. S. class, in 1st Pres. ch., to refit lib'y No. 3, 683.....	10 00	Union, 1st Pres. ch. of Connecticut Farms.....	5 00
Union Pres. ch. S. S., for fourth lib'y sent from the "Helen Lefferts Prime Memorial Fund.".....	20 00	PENNSYLVANIA.	
New Lebanon, Associated Cong. and Pres. ch.....	9 00	A Friend.....	10 00
New Rochelle, Simeon Lester, for lib. 20 00		KANSAS.	
New York City, Edward S. Jaffray.....	100 00	Rock Creek, Mrs. F. L. Savage.....	1 00
Higgins & Cox, attorneys.....	50 00	NEW YORK.	
Miss S. Rhinelander.....	50 00	New York City, Mrs. Julia F. Noyes, (omitted in February).....	20 00
Stamford Mfg Co.....	25 00	ERRATA.	
Naylor & Co.....	25 00	On page 124 of the MAGAZINE for April, an announcement erroneously made, should have read:—	
John T. Terry.....	25 00	RHODE ISLAND.	
Frederick Billings.....	25 00	Newport, Benjamin Alderman, Boat-swain's mate on U. S. S. <i>New Hampshire</i> , to be distributed among needy seamen's widows..	\$30 00
James G. De Forest.....	25 00		
Anson Phelps Stokes.....	25 00		
Wm. P. Douglas.....	25 00		
Gerard Beekman.....	25 00		
David Dows.....	25 00		
A. W. Kilborne.....	25 00		
Mary S. Stone, for Morning Side Lib'y, No. 3.....	20 00		



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Child-Martyr at the Gate.

The pastor of St. John's church, (Lutheran,) New York, among other incidents of his ministry, contributes the following:

"Part of the wall of a burned house had fallen on a six or seven year old boy, and terribly mangled him. Living in the neighborhood, I was called in to see the stricken household. The little sufferer was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breast-bone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying. I spoke a few words to him of Jesus, the ever-present and precious Friend of children, and then, with his mother and an older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the lad's hand in mine, and repeating the Children's Gospel—'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' he disengaged his hand from mine and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother. 'I'm sleepy, mamma, and want to say my prayers.' 'Do so, darling,' replied the sobbing mother.

"Now I lay me down—to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul—to keep;—
If I should—die—"

"He was beyond the river of death. On the wings of that simple prayer, that has borne so many of the lambs into the Good Shepherd's bosom, his soul had sped to Him that gave it.

"I can see his little pale figure, with clasped hands and closed eyes, like a sleeping angel before me this moment, though more than nine years have passed since the incident occurred.

"How that mother treasured that prayer! No sermon, probably, ever made the impression on her heart that those few lines made, coming from the lips so soon to be speechless forever.

"God bless the unknown hand that wrote these four beautiful lines!"

The Tailor's Apprentice.

"When shall we know that the enemy has given in?" asked a lad who had once been a tailor's apprentice, but afterward entered the British navy, as a common boy, about the year 1680.

"When that flag is hauled down," answered the sailor addressed, "the ship will be ours."

"Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!"

The vessel on which the speakers stood had had the fortune, a few hours earlier,

to fall in with a French squadron, and a warm action, bravely fought on both sides, was maintained. After a time the boy had become impatient for the result, and addressed the above question to a sailor. No sooner was he told that the withdrawal of the flag from the enemy's mast-head would be the signal that the action had been decided than he determined to "see what he could do."

At that moment the vessels were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and were obscured in the smoke of the guns. In an instant the boy mounted the shrouds, passed from the yard of his own ship to that of the enemy, ascended with agility to the maintop-gallant-mast-head, struck and carried off the French flag unperceived, and got back to the yard-arm of his own ship in safety.

Before he could get down to the deck the British saw that the flag had disappeared, and shouted "Victory! victory!" The French crew, seeing also that the flag was gone, and thinking that it had been struck by order of the Admiral, fled from their guns; and although the officers attempted to rally them, the confusion was hopeless. Then the British, availing themselves of the opportunity, boarded the French vessel, and captured it.

In the midst of the excitement the new boy came down from the shrouds with the French flag wrapped around his body, and displayed it with no little glee to the astonished tars. The news spread quickly to the quarter-deck, and the blushing boy was led into the presence of the Admiral, who praised him for his gallantry, and rated him there and then as midshipman.

It was not long before promotion followed promotion, and the tailor's apprentice became known as one of England's most gallant sailors.—*Harper's Young People.*

Wolseley on Success.

The following letter from Lord Wolseley addressed to the children of Wood-

ville (Eng.) National School, was lately read at their gathering:—

"*Dear Sir:*—I hope your children's entertainment will be a complete success. Please tell them from me that I believe success in life is within the reach of all who set before them an aim and an ambition that is not beyond the talents and ambitions that God has bestowed upon them. We should all begin life with a determination to do well whatever we take in hand, and if that determination be adhered to, with the pluck for which Englishmen are renowned, success according to the quality and nature of our brain power, I think a certainty. Had I begun life as a tinker my earnest endeavor would have been to have made better pots and pans than my neighbors, and I think I may venture to say without any vanity, that with God's blessing I should have been fairly successful. The first step on the ladder that leads to success is the firm determination to succeed; the next is the possession of the moral and physical courage which will enable one to mount up, rung after rung, until the top is reached.

"The best men make a false step, now and then, and some even have very bad falls. The weak and puling cry over their misfortunes and seek for the sympathy of others, and do nothing further after their first or second failure; but the plucky and courageous pick themselves up without a groan over their broken bones or their first failures and set to work to mount the ladder again, full of confidence in themselves and with faith in the results that always attend upon cheerful perseverance. Please wish the children 'A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.'

From yours faithfully,

WOLSELEY."

Difference between Nine and Ten;

OR, HOW GIRLS MANAGE A QUARREL.

"That makes ten times that I have caught it," Emma said in a satisfied tone.

"No, it doesn't; it makes nine times, just exactly as many as I have."

This was what Ada said; and she kept her hoop poised in the air while she waited to settle the question.

"Why, Ada Brooks! you are mistaken. I have caught that hoop ten times."

"And I know *you* are mistaken: you have caught it just nine times. Hasn't she, Fannie?"

"I didn't count," said Fannie.

"Well, I did; and it is quite likely I know how many times I have caught a hoop."

"And I should think it was quite likely I should know how many times my own hoop was caught."

Both girls began to have red cheeks and very bright eyes. Dick, down in the grass at their feet, laughed.

"Now you are getting angry," he said, gayly, as though he thought it was fun. "If you were boys, you would pitch into each other and fight it out. How do girls manage these things?"

"I don't want to play any more," said Ada, dropping the hoop.

"O!" said Dick, "I know what girls do: they sulk. I think it is just as nice to fight, and a great deal more interesting. Now you will go off in a huff, and not speak to each other for hours."

"What is the use?" said Fannie. "What is the difference between nine and ten, anyway?"

"The difference between nine and ten, Miss Fannie Mills, is a quarrel between two girls." This from Dick.

Then Emma, after a minute of silence, "No, it isn't either: it is a kiss." And she put her arms around Ada's neck, and gave her a hearty one. "Come, Ada, never mind: perhaps I was mistaken."

"May be I was," said Ada, cordially. "Let's begin all over again."

"There, Dick!" said Fannie, in triumph, "that's the way girls manage those things."

"Some girls," said Dick. Then he went to whistling.—*The Pansy*.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During March, 1883, fifty-six loan libraries, thirty-one new and twenty-five reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,674-7,699, inclusive, and Nos. 7,691-7,694, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,829, 7,833-7,841, inclusive, and No. 7,845, at Boston.

The twenty-five libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,031, No. 4,792, No. 5,465, No. 6,185, No. 6,393, No. 6,886, No. 7,103, No. 7,338, No. 7,454.
 " 3,083, " 4,876, " 5,853, " 6,180, " 6,654, " 6,954, " 7,171, " 7,348,
 " 4,727, " 5,125, " 6,105, " 6,262, " 6,681, " 7,052, " 7,323, " 7,394,

You Have Gone Right Over It.

One Sabbath morning a gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was a singular man and would sometimes do and say what children are apt to call very "funny things." As he was going along he met a stranger driving a heavily-loaded wagon through the town. When this gentleman got right opposite the wagoner he stopped, turned around, and, lifting both hands as if in horror, he exclaimed as he gazed under the wagon. "There! there! you are going over it! you have gone right over it!" The driver was frightened. He drew up his reins in an instant, cried "Whoa! whoa!" and brought his horses to a stand. Then he looked down under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or pig that had been ground to a jelly; but he saw nothing. So, after gazing all about, he looked up to the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "Pray, sir, what have I gone over?"—"Over the fourth commandment," was the quick reply. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*S. S. Visitor.*

Take Me on Shore.

A godly minister had a careless son, who left his home and sailed for a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him and send him good advice. The ship which bore their boy reached a distant port, and was waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore, and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music.

He amused them for a long time; but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore."

The sailors told him he must not go yet. "O, I can't stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you

why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ. This is about the hour when he meets us under a tree to tell us more; I want to go and hear him."

The sailors were overcome by the boy's entreaties, and rowed him ashore.

The minister's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus than that poor boy, and yet caring far less for him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the Word of Life, while I am stupid and careless."

In great distress of mind he retired that night to his bunk. There his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation he so much needed. He became a sincere Christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.—*Foreign Missionary.*

THE DEVIL has a great many servants, and they are not only very busy and "desperately wicked," but "deceitful above all things." They are so deceitful that they often make children, and grown-up people too, think they are their servants. And none of them are worse or more deceiving, or do more harm than these four, whose names we give:—

There-is-no-danger.

Only-this-once.

Everybody-does-so.

By-and-by.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass
 U. S. A.



Vol. 55,

JUNE, 1883.

No. 6.

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Fifty-fifth Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was celebrated on Sabbath evening, May 6th, at the Broadway Tabernacle, 34th St. and 6th Ave., New York City. An audience, goodly in numbers and representative quality, listened with close attention and evident edification to the annual sermon then delivered, which is printed herewith in accordance with the request of the Society at its Annual Meeting held on the succeeding day. The sermon will also appear in connection with the publication of the Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Society. Prior to its preaching, a review of the Society's work for the twelve-month ending March 31st, 1883, was read by Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., the Society's Secretary, as follows:—

SUMMARY OF

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT,—MAY 7th, 1883.

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which was organized in 1828,—was chartered by the Legislature of the State of New York, in 1833,—making this the FIFTIETH YEAR SINCE ITS INCORPORATION. From that time until now it has been steadily prosecuting its work, with significant tokens of the Divine favor, and ever widening and acknowledged usefulness.

In the MISSIONARY WORK of the Society during the FIFTY-FIFTH year of its history, the *Chaplains, Missionaries, Bible and Tract Distributors, Colporteurs, Helpers* and others, who have been aided (wholly or in part) from its Treasury, have wrought on the *Leeward Coast* of North America;—in the countries of Sweden, Norway and



Denmark;—at Hamburg in Germany;—at Antwerp in Belgium;—in France, at Marseilles and Havre;—at Genoa and Naples in Italy;—at Yokohama in Japan;—in the Sandwich and Madeira Islands;—at Valparaiso, S. A.;—and in the United States, at Portland, Or., and on the waters of Puget Sound;—also in the ports of Galveston, Tex.;—New Orleans, La.;—Pensacola, Fla.;—Savannah, Ga.;—Charleston, S. C.;—Wilmington, N. C.;—Norfolk, Va.;—and at Boston, Mass.;—as well as in the cities and vicinities of New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, including the U. S. Navy Yard,—numbering forty-two laborers at thirty-one seaports;—eighteen foreign, and thirteen domestic. The labors of these devoted men have been blessed to the rescue, comfort and conversion of very many seamen. They have preached the Gospel in Bethels and on ship-board, have visited sailors in the fore-castle, hospitals, and elsewhere, conversing with them, giving them the Scriptures, and in every possible way befriending them, with reference to their temporal and spiritual good.

We acknowledge, with profound gratitude to God, our helper, the general progress of the year which closed on the 31st of March last. The *Mariner's Home and Bethel at Portland, Oregon*, which, under the energetic exertions of Chaplain STUBBS, has been in process of construction for several years, and towards which the parent Society contributed \$1,000, was dedicated with appropriate services on the 9th of May last, and has already realized the success that was anticipated for it. The extension of our commerce to the North-west calls for like Bethels and Homes at *Seattle*, and *New Tacoma, W. T.*, where local auxiliary organizations are taking hold of the work with a zeal that deserves substantial encouragement.

From various quarters in this and other countries, calls have been made upon the Society to enter doors of usefulness, increasingly numerous and promising.

LOAN LIBRARY WORK.—During the year the Society has sent out SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT loan libraries, (of which TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE were new, and THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE refitted) containing 11,838 volumes, and placed on vessels carrying 10,232 seamen. This makes the whole number of new libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the Society at New York City, and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9 to April 1st, 1883, 7,764, and the reshipments of the same, 8,100, the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, accessible by original shipment to 301,425 seamen. Of the whole number sent out, nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes, have been placed upon United States Naval Vessels, and in Naval Hospitals, and have been accessible to 107,995 men. One hundred and six libraries have been placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and Surfmen. In the record of results from our Library Work for the twenty-fourth year of its systematic prosecution, there is no abatement of encouragement and cheer.

NEW YORK SAILORS' HOME.—This Home at 190 Cherry St., is the property and

under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842; reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. During the past year it has accommodated 2,003 boarders. These men temporarily deposited with the Lessee, \$21,267, of which amount, \$7,147 were sent to relatives and friends, \$1,897 were placed to their credit in the Savings Banks, and the balance was returned to the depositors.—The whole number of boarders since the HOME was established is 102,713, and the amount saved by it to seamen and their relatives during the forty-one years since its establishment, has been more than \$1,500,000. Shipwrecked sailors are cheerfully provided for within its doors.

Its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but hundreds of seamen have there been led to Christ as the Sinner's Friend and Savior. These results have come, under God, from the facts that family worship has always been regularly maintained in the chapel of the Institution, accompanied by other religious meetings, and evangelistic labor. During the past year, as heretofore, missionaries have been steadily in attendance at the Home; daily meetings for prayer have been held, and stated temperance and devotional meetings have been sustained on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week.

SHIPWRECKED AND DESTITUTE.—At the SAILORS' HOME, and at the Rooms of the Society, there has been expended, during the year, for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen, and of seamen's families and widows, the sum of \$788.61. Seamen discharged from the hospitals as incurable, and some permanently disabled from accident or other causes, have been provided, as heretofore, with transportation to their friends, assisted in their applications for admittance to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, or aided in such other ways as their necessities demanded. Burial permits have been issued in the case of seamen who have died in hospitals and boarding houses.

PUBLICATIONS.—The Society has published during the past year, 81,000 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE:—and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, 18,000 copies of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND; with 145,000 copies of the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath Schools. It has also printed for distribution, 1,000 copies of its Fifty-fourth Annual Report, and numerous tracts and leaflets illustrating and emphasizing its work.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.—In making acknowledgment for the books sent in 1882, to the last graduating class at the Academy,—Cadet-Midshipmen and Engineers,—through this Society,—Rev. J. S. WALLACE, U. S. N., then Chaplain at the Institution, states that "the presentation took place on the last Sunday of the Academic year, in the chapel of the Institution, in the presence of a large congregation. Each cadet came forward to the chancel, to receive his designated gift. The volumes cannot but be useful, for the recipients will keep them by them, and will value them the more as they advance in intelligence and understanding."

SPECIAL GRANTS.—As in past years, the Society has continued to respond, to the extent of its ability, to applications for help from Auxiliary Societies; and from inde-

pendent seamen's missions and individuals in the Naval and merchant service, when such help seemed to be worthily called for.

FINANCES.—A statement of receipts and expenditures is made by the Treasurer at each monthly meeting of the Trustees, and upon approval is referred to an Auditing Committee. These monthly statements for the year just closed, have been examined, and pronounced correct. During the year ending March 31st, 1883, the disbursements of the Society for Missionary Work, Publications, Loan Libraries, expenses, investments of Legacy received for Permanent Fund, etc., amounted to \$79,455.55. The receipts from all sources, inclusive of balance from preceding year, amounted to \$80,762.60.

LIFE MEMBERS AND LIFE DIRECTORS.—Thirty-three persons have been constituted Life Members, during the past year, by donations of \$30, each,—and two persons by donations of \$100, each, have been constituted Life Directors of the Society.

OBITUARY.—The year just closed has been marked with serious bereavement to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. We record with very great sorrow of heart, the death, on the 29th of July, 1882, of our brother, the Rev. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D., for twenty years a Trustee, and a most earnest, devoted and useful friend of the Society, and the cause of the sailors' evangelization. Since then, (March 18th,) we were called to a similar bereavement in the death of C. HENRY KING, M. D., another of our Trustees, (since 1880,) and at the time of his decease Surgeon-in-Chief at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I.

Among the prominent men in church and state, who have been called away during the past year, this Society has lost many valuable patrons and friends. We would profit by the lesson of their useful lives, and be moved by their death to a renewed consecration to the work committed to us. May we be found ready when the Master calleth!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Thanks are tendered, as in previous years, to the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY for generous grants of the Holy Scriptures,—and to the AMERICAN TRACT, with other Societies as well as to various publishing houses in this and other cities, who have furnished us books for our libraries at reduced rates. The Trustees of the LINDLEY MURRAY FUND have also shown us generous favor.—Prof. R. H. BULL of the University of the City of New York has continued to furnish the monthly record of the Position of the Principal Planets, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.—The leading private, as well as public hospitals, of this city, have received and gratuitously ministered to such sick seamen, as we have sent to them,—and the Colored Home and Hospital in 65th Street has done the same.—Railroad, Steamboat and Ocean Steamship Companies have kindly responded when asked to assist in the transportation of disabled seamen to their homes.

CONCLUSION.—The work to which we have been providentially appointed, along with the philanthropic and evangelistic forces of the day, opens invitingly as ever; and entering upon it for another year with grateful and encouraged heart, we trust in the strong arm that has supported us hitherto, and given success to our endeavors.

Asking the friends of the sailor to remember us in their prayers and their gifts, we shall seek henceforth with new earnestness to make the sailor a better and a happier man, and everywhere enlarge for him the circle of his usefulness.

THE
UNIVERSAL OBLIGATION OF BENEVOLENT SERVICE:—

A DISCOURSE BEFORE

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

AT ITS

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY,

SABBATH EVENING, MAY 6TH, 1883,

BY

REV. W. L. PHILLIPS,

PASTOR OF SUMMERFIELD M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

In the Broadway Tabernacle, Sixth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

Proverbs, xi, 25.—"The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

It is a very difficult thing to find untrodden ground on which to plant oneself, particularly at the anniversary of so ancient and worthy an association as this, whose objects are so well known, whose work is so well understood, and at whose annual gatherings so many and so able men have spoken. I offer as my theme a thought, old at least as Christian civilization, but one still feebly grasped and imperfectly incarnated,—"*The Universal Obligation of Benevolent Service.*" I use the word benevolent to distinguish between that class of activities in the behalf of others for which a full equivalent is asked and given,—and those for which no immediate material recompense is made, the class represented by this Society.

There is a word against whose legitimate use no possible objection can be urged, but which has been so bedraggled in the mire of selfish and narrow thinking, that, in the popular conception, it has come to bear a significance utterly unwarranted by its original use. I mean the word *charity*, which,—the best our English tongue could offer for the interpretation of the apostle's idea of all-embracing, all-enduring, all-sacrificing love, the center and perfection of Christian graces,—has been sunk to mean mere almsgiving, or the favorable construction of others' actions. From the thoughtless dropping of a penny in the palm of a wayside beggar to the endowment of a hospital, from the feeding a hungry tramp to the paying a preacher's salary, from the binding the bleeding finger of a babe to the rescuing a man from death, everything is charity, and that means a gratuity, the overflow of one's kindly heart, too often born from a passing emotion, an unanswerable whim, or the result of a base truckling on the part of the applicant to the lowest passions of the one approached. It is not the satisfaction of a just claim, the payment of a debt, the manful meeting of an obligation, but a gift, a largess, a bonus, to which no one has any right, for the withholding of which no one can censure us, and in the bestowment of which we cherish a self-congratulatory feeling and expect the applause of our fellows. Such I take to be the common though perhaps unwritten idea concerning charity. Oh word, almost divine! to what base uses hast thou come at last?

There must be something higher than this, as order and law are higher than irregularity and unreasoning free will, as duty is a more sacred thing than emotion, and sacrifice diviner than selfishness. In a word, there must be somewhere a law that shall authoritatively govern and define responsibility and action in this direction. Two fields seem to me to be offered for the searching out of this law. The first is the teaching of social philosophy;—the second, the teaching of divine requirement. Of the the former may we not say at its very gateway, “he who runs may read?” “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” If investigation in this field has produced any result, it is most surely this conviction: that men are so intimately related, so interdependent, that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the fortunate and the unfortunate so perceptibly touch and affect each other, that their interests lie enmeshed like warp and woof in the web, and the denial of a single right or obligation on the part of one class brings distress and weakness to all classes. The only safe and successful principle for society is the principle of mutual helpfulness. No man stands or can stand alone, none ever attained to eminence, but somebody helped him in his climbing. For a man to boast of being self-made is a moral absurdity, for the very conditions which made his success were created by others. Whatever may be a man's pre-eminence, whether in the line of culture, wealth, position, he has received help from all the past and is constantly receiving it from the present. He rests under obligation to give back to that present and to send out into the future, help as he has been helped. It is not charity, it is the payment of a debt, and unless room is left for the free play of this principle no civilized society can exist. Whatever a man possesses, talent, time, skill, money, he owes the world a percentage, he must meet his obligations or the future will cast out his name as unworthy.

The application of this principle in the instance of benevolent institutions that have for their object the bettering the condition of the unfortunate, the tempted and the needy, is self-evident. Every man of right principles and pure desires owes it to society to help cleanse and lift up all below him. The upper classes of society,—and I use these distinctive terms in no invidious spirit,—the upper classes of society are never safe so long as there are moral combustibles in the lower; want, temptation, neglect are the forces which, given place and play at the bottom, will surely breed discomfort and disaster for the top. We cannot afford to close our eyes to this teaching of the past, to neglect or trample upon the urgent demands of these classes. This is the lesson of revolutions, insurrections and communes;—forgetfulness of kinship and obligation has brought disaster and it ever will. Look at the condition of France just prior to the first revolution, what were the signs of the times? Pompadourism and Du Barryism in the palace, a licentious, spendthrift court, a haughty, pampered, intolerant nobility, a debauched public sentiment, an overtaxed, degraded, spit-upon, ground down, common people. Everywhere in the so called upper classes, greed, selfishness and forgetfulness of kinship and obligation; everywhere among the lower a sullen, revengeful, revolutionary spirit which manifested itself

in low mutterings and uneasy tossings portentous of the gathering storm. These were the signs. It needed no prophetic gift to foretell the result. The scowling, starved, forgotten giant raised his shoulders, threw off the hateful yoke, and seizing the musket and the torch began his wild revel and his feast of blood, and in ashes, tears and anarchy the top of society paid the penalty of its selfish unmindfulness of the wants and woes, the rights and privileges of the bottom. Thus ever, the fact that misfortune, ignorance, temptation, crime exist is not only a standing menace but a standing challenge, it throws its gauntlet, and righteously so, at the feet of the intelligent and able classes, and must be respected; if we do not lift up those directly afflicted by these miseries, they will bruise our feet. The flying Achilles is struck in the point by which he was held to be dipped in the immortality-giving waters, and the wounded heel of the goddess' son bleeds to his death. If I may be allowed the figure, the lower classes form the vulnerable point of our social life. That point must be covered, protected, or all our other armor and precautions will be vain.

If I have made my meaning, thus far, clear, then you are prepared for the proposition that the institutions or organizations whose aim is the amelioration of the physical or moral condition of the lower and combustible classes, are accomplishing an invaluable work for society in the direction of peace, preservation and the permanence of right conditions for business success and home happiness. Every agency which relieves want removes the causes of discontent, lessens temptation or improves the mental condition among these classes, by so much blesses and protects society as a whole, makes property more safe, and the whole round of life's employments and pleasures more profitable and enjoyable. If this be true then the appeal of these institutions for sympathy and support is one to which no man can rightfully shut his ears; through them he can repay society for what she has done for him, and meet the obligation imposed by his acceptance of a place under the social compact. Not all, nay, but few have either time or aptitude for engaging in a hand-to-hand contest with these forces which make for weakness and corruption, but through these various avenues of benevolent activity, each can send his moral influence, his strength, himself, by contributions to their establishment and support in a way that shall have a profounder, more far-reaching effect than any individual harrangue or crusade could produce.

Rightly conducted eleemosynary institutions appeal irresistibly to the hearty sympathy and cheerful liberality of all who appreciate the blessings of enlightened society and seek the moral welfare of their race. Through them, better than through indiscriminate private giving, can the end sought be compassed, and through them is presented to the world the grand moral idea of united action in matters of reform, and to the individual an opportunity to meet his obligations and do his part. And no man who proposes to bear his share of this responsibility should leave his work for old age, for the time when fortune shall have satisfied his ambition, or seek to accomplish it by *post mortem* endowments through his will. Something may arise to cripple him or interfere with his plans, greedy relatives may fail to carry out his wishes, or he may die before time is given for the com-

pletion of his arrangements, and there over against his name and the record of his opportunity will stand the other record of his unfulfilled obligation, his uncanceled mortgage. Here, as elsewhere, the words are profoundly true: "through the pass of by and by we come into the valley of never." While he lives let each one do that part of this work which belongs to him, and thus add the moral force of his example to the good-producing power of his gift.

Seeking practical application of our thought to this AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY we may say, without being charged with undue enthusiasm, no humane work of the present day plants itself more squarely on this broad principle of social philosophy than does this. There is hardly a great enterprise, hardly a human need that is not directly or indirectly touched by the sailor. His interests and welfare are united with the interests and welfare of every business concern, every home and individual. His restless energy and hardy courage have instigated exploration and provoked discovery. His skill and patient toil make great schemes practicable; open new media of exchange for commodities; make every quarter of the globe pay tribute to every other quarter; furnish opportunity for wider travel and broader culture. He flies from shore to shore, bearing in his hands costly cargoes, precious messages and still more precious lives. He feeds warehouses, mills, libraries and homes; lays his tribute on every table and every human form; brings production and consumption face to face, and touches with his beneficent fingers every life. The hand of the sailor snatches wealth from the waters, gathers it from distant lands, and pours it into the lap of every nation. It is true that owners and agents furnish capital and ships, but most of them would make but a sorry figure on the quarter-deck or handling oar and rope.

The common sailor, in face of hardship and yawning death, with not an astonishingly large recompense in prospect, gathers and carries this wealth, and performs this valuable service. You rehearse to me the names of battle-fields, you sing of the thousands who have faced their country's foes and won their nation's liberties, but what of these battle-fields of the sea? What of the heroism of these men who strive with the elements, who face the roaring storm, the biting cold and the hungry waste of gnashing waves that they may do the world's business, bear messages of love, and defend the priceless lives entrusted to their hands? Pacing the deck through the lonely watch; aloft in the tempest clinging to spar and rigging; peering out into the darkness for signs of danger's approach; separated from home and friends; wanting the poor comforts of the commonest laborer's home, these men display a peerless courage and a matchless devotion. And when enemies threaten and the call "to arms" rings through the land and over the sea, what lips respond more promptly than his? What arm is more readily lifted in defense of flag and fireside? You wait in your office for tidings of the cargoes you have sent or expect; by the glowing grate you read the letter from your distant friend; speeding on your voyage you sleep in peace in your stateroom. But what of the men whose heroic endurance, whose patient, skilful toil makes it all possible, the men who dare so much in the interests of the world's business,

necessities and pleasures? What lip can withhold its "bravos" at the recital of their story? What cheek does not flush with pride at the remembrance of their brave achievements?

But our path to-night lies for the most part through the lowlands of selfish philosophy. Looking out, then, from this point of view upon these men to whom such vast concerns are entrusted, what is society's best interest as touching them? Just here history has a startling threefold truth to whisper in our ears. It is this. Incompetence in service is the great curse of enterprises. Nothing breeds incompetence like immorality, nothing fosters immorality like the feeling in the heart of the servant that he is forgotten by the better conditioned. Society owes it to itself to strike down this curse by removing its deepest cause. This AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND organization lays its hand at the very root of the evil. Society can make no better investment than to give it encouragement and support. By its intercessions with owners, agents and officers, it makes his physical condition more tolerable; by its libraries freely placed in every ship it furnishes his mind and enlightens his soul; by its loving teachings it opens to him the sweets of a new life and points him to real happiness; by its comfortable homes for the infirm and worn-out, it tells him he is not forgotten of his fellows; by its influence and legislation it seeks the defeat of his natural enemies, the land-sharks,—rescues him from the clutches of the saloon and concert hall runner and the boarding house agent, leads him to the reading-room, the home and the church, instead of the grog shop and the gambling hell, and so makes it possible for him to save his health, his character, his earnings and his soul. Modern nautical science has placed at the entrance of every port, near every dangerous point and reef, the light-ship and the beacon, to give guidance and welcome to the perplexed navigator. This Society has anchored the Bethel-ship alongside the light-ship, and lifted its warning and inviting beacon in almost every port. By its clear shining it is pointing out the safe channel, revealing the moral reefs and ledges on which many a sailor has laid his bones. Now, inasmuch as a sober, virtuous, intelligent sailor is a better and more trustworthy servant than a drunken, licentious, ignorant one;—inasmuch as a man taught to respect himself, save his earnings, and make for himself a home is a more desirable force in society than a reckless, prodigal rover; inasmuch as a renewed and white-robed soul is a better commentary upon our Christian civilization than a soul ragged and be-draggled by sin, by so much does society owe countenance and support to this institution. Helping the sailor we help ourselves; striking down his foes we strike down our own; preparing him for the heavenly harbor, and "the sea of glass which is before the Throne," we make our earthly harbors purer, our earthly seas safer and more profitable. As with one hand you reach out to cheer this organization, with the other you build up society, fortify business and enrich your own life. This is not sentiment or pulpit theorizing, it is the cold conclusion of the severest social philosophy. We have not yet compassed its teachings, but when instead of a purblind selfishness, an enlightened self-interest becomes the dominant authority in society, the higher classes will appreciate this great truth and every agency will be employed,

every force will be marshaled that can in any wise reach the lower classes, for their moral strengthening and exaltation.

But leaving for a moment this low plane, let us, as Christians, remember that here is a great evangelizing agency stretching its beneficent hands into almost every corner of the navigable globe. At this port it receives men of every nationality and grade of morality. While here, by its kindly offices, ignorant Jack is given an idea of a Christian land and Christian institutions he will never forget. And when he sails he finds on board his ship, placed there by the same watchful, kindly power, Bibles and pure books in his own language. He is brought to face the truth, in many instances is ennobled and saved, and moving among his shipmates or going to his own land, with a new light in his eye, a new dignity in his bearing, he helps to exalt some other life. Who can measure this influence? What man who believes in the Gospel, and loves the souls of his fellows, can fail to appreciate the Christly character of this Society's work viewed as a *missionary enterprise!* The record of its results thrills the devout soul, the thought of its possibilities fills us with a holy joy.

And here Christianizing effort finds one of its most fertile fields. The sailor is the most simple-hearted and susceptible of men. At bottom among the most religious—one of the Society's chaplains writing from Antwerp, states the whole case. He says:—"I love the sailors. They are hearty, whole-souled fellows, when good, very good; when bad, very bad, decidedly one way or the other." In this fact we find a great element of hopefulness. They are easily approached, readily influenced, quick to yield to the strongest influence, but with a bias towards religion. The proof of this is found in the multitude of superstitions and beliefs which he holds unquestioningly, in the absence of a better creed. His thirsty nature, open to mysterious influences, has drank these in; they have become his religion, a religion oftentimes not without great spiritual force and beauty. Few sailors, however bad, are infidels. Their life brings them very near to God, because it brings them into such close contact with the heart of nature. Vast stretches of space unobstructed by artificial works, a wide horizon and constant familiarity with magnificent displays of energy, broaden, purify and exalt the soul. The sailor sees the power and glory of God in the sea whether on silent and peaceful nights with soft caressings of his ship it smiles and tosses in the moonlight, or in the raging tempest, rising in its might, shaking its brawny arms, snapping its massive foam-flecked jaws it seems bent upon the destruction of the disturbing keel. In all and back of all is the revelation of Jehovah, and the sailor learns to love and fear. To a nature thus prepared for its ministrations this Society goes, to teach the true name of the God it ignorantly worships, to testify to the soul-saving energy of this power with whose physical displays it is so familiar. What more inviting field, what richer soil could be found? In the very existence of this organization, therefore, viewed either from the point of view of enlightened self-interest, or missionary zeal, there is imposed upon this community an obligation to society which it cannot safely disregard.

Two things have ever hindered, are still hindering, the perfect

grasp and working of the principle we have tried to enunciate. The first is "man's inhumanity to man," manifested in the cursed greed and unhallowed ambitions of many in the more exalted circles, which make men forgetful of all but their own immediate interests; manifested in the short-sighted selfishness that regards only the present expenditure, seeing not the future gain; made apparent in the moral obliquity of vision which sees in the lower classes only unfortunates or criminals to be restrained and gotten out of the way, or tools for the carrying out of its purposes, never searching behind the sin-daubed casket for the immortal life, the soul kindred to all souls, the intellect of the same fibre, if not the same fineness of texture, with that of more favored men. This greedy ambition, this selfishness, this moral myopy, has stood between many and the comprehension of their obligation, or the payment of their debt to their fellows; has blocked the wheels of beneficent enterprise, sneered at the zeal of the broader and more humane, and refused support to all schemes looking towards the moral elevation of the mass.

The second obstacle is found in the false ideas and vicious systems of self-help that have so abounded, and have been urged as an obligation. It is an easy work, and the only idea of philanthropy some men ever conceive, to stand upon the vantage ground of respectability and an assured moral position, and shout to the seething mass beneath,— "Be virtuous, restrain yourselves, climb up, help yourselves," and just as useless as it is delightful. Of what avail is it to shout to one bound hand and foot, "Climb up this steep ascent," or to say to the fallen and helpless, "I'm sorry for you, when you get up don't fall again." Systems of self-help for the helpless are false in theory and valueless in practice. They harden the hearts of all classes and dry up the streams of benevolence. Make for me a chance, bind up my wounds, take off my hand-cuffs, lend me a hand at the start and a prayer as I progress, and I will help myself. But bound, bleeding, under the ban, it is the most cruel mockery to say to me, "Be a man, help yourself." Has the world forgotten the Jericho Road and the Master's commendation? The leaven that is to work salvation for the unfortunate and sinning is not moral maxims, half averted looks of priestly compassion, or schemes of labor reform, but the wine and oil from the humane, helpful hands of the upper classes who hold the balance of power, make sentiment and mould opinion,—the cheerful, manly meeting of the obligation that rests upon all men who stand in favored places.

Kindred to this principle which works for social preservation, is one which works prosperity for the individual and so increases obligation. It may be broadly stated in the proposition, "Service, usefulness is essential to the highest success." For growth along the highest lines, for symmetry in the loftiest ranges of being, self-sacrifice and helpfulness are just as necessary as opportunity. Every man owes it to himself that he develop. Productiveness is the high ambition set before every true soul. When in the misty beginning God said, "Be fruitful, multiply and fill the earth," He used the words in their broadest possible significance. He addressed the whole man, and on the line of moral culture, of influence, of result, fruitfulness, multiplication is

demanding by the call, as well as on that of procreation. And out from Judæa; a little later, comes a voice which spoke as no other had spoken or can speak, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Is this sound philosophy? Then it lays on every earnest man the binding obligation to build up his own life, to increase his own strength, to adorn his own character, by building up, strengthening, adorning his fellow. Here lies the broadest, most fruitful field, before you here stretches the most beckoning prospect of success. There is enjoyment in service, there is reward in doing. In this broad sense is it most grandly true, "the world's most royal heritage is his who most endures, most loves, and most forgives." Do you covet greatness, a crown, a monument? Do you long for abundant success in living? Serve, be helpful, sacrifice, give yourself for others, and the cross shall lift you to the throne. "If thou wilt be a hero, and will strive to help thy fellow and exalt thyself, thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors, thy heart shall seem a thousand hearts, each single heart with myriad raptures filled, and thou shalt sit with princes and with kings, rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul." Thy field may be small, thy talents meagre, thine opportunities few, but in that field, with that chance, thou mayest do wondrously, if thou wilt, for others and thyself. What ground is narrow, that place is wide and grand where faithful hands do till the soil and faithful feet beat out the grain.

For a man to be mean, penurious, selfish, to refuse his aid, is not only to injure others but to wound himself. He who strikes his fellow strikes himself, and he who refuses help and cheer darkens his own soul and tarnishes his own prospects. It is one thing, a commendable thing no doubt, for a soul to be able to make answer at the last, "Here am I," but a nobler, more jubilant thing, is it for one to say, "Here am I, and those whom thou hast given me." And the only path to that prominence, that joy, is the path of patient, persistent service, the way of cheerful, self-sacrificing helpfulness.

I have said that the second field in which we may search for this law of obligation is the field of Divine requirement. Little time is left,—and in this presence there is little need,—to hold this thought before you. To that man who listens for the voice of God, who accepts the authority of the word, the "love thy neighbor as thyself" is all sufficient, the "golden rule," the highest announcement concerning human relations. That religious experience is faulty in the most essential particular which does not recognize and build upon this principle. Nay, it is not a religious experience, but a superstition, a baseless hope, for "whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The very condition upon which truth unveils herself to a seeking soul, is that the soul impart to others; and further revelation depends upon further impartation. This seems to be the irreparable law announced at the beginning, repeated age after age with new emphasis and authority, and finally restated and crystallized by Christ when he said, "If any man would be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross and come after me." Go

stand beside that rich, withholding, shriveled farmer, as he casts off obligation and looks beyond him for new self-gratification, and listen to the awful anathema of heaven, "Thou fool!" Listen, and dare not to be selfish, to shun sacrifice, to refuse the duty thou owest thy fellow. "Not every one that sayeth unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven."

Here, then, lie the two fields wherein is to be found this law; or rather, if we may change our figure, on these two immutable foundations it rests, the teaching of social philosophy and the Divine requirement. What man is here so blind, so foolhardy, so warped by present self-interest, that he will refuse to meet his obligation and withhold his just return of helpful service? How much owest thou? Pay up! I have great faith in humanity. I have greater faith in the truth. I believe the time is coming when the dominant low idea of charity will be succeeded by a lofty sense of obligation, when the teaching of the past and the voice of heaven will be regarded; when monopolies, consolidations, selfish combinations, always in the interest of the few, will be done away, and in their place a helpful, benevolent spirit reign, which shall make the golden rule and the sermon on the Mount its law of action, when the kinship of humanity shall be recognized by all classes, and every man shall seek his own interests through mindfulness of those of his fellow. Then shall dawn the blessed era of which the prophet dreamed, and on the bells of the horses it shall be written, "Holiness unto the Lord,"—because as a governing principle in the heart of man and an incarnation in his life, there shall be justice to his fellow.

At the Society's Fifty-fifth Annual Meeting, held at the Sailors' Home, in the City of New York, on Monday, 7th May, the following persons were elected by ballot to serve as Trustees for three years, or until May, 1886, viz.:—

Rev. E. B. COE, D. D.,
ENOS N. TAFT, Esq.,
JAMES W. ELWELL, Esq.,
MARSTON NILES, Esq.,

ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF, Esq.,
JOSEPH A. SPINNEY, Esq.,
Rev. A. G. VERMILYK, D. D.,
LEWIS B. HENRY, Esq.

The following officers of the Board of Trustees were also chosen for the ensuing year:—

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents*.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D. *Secretary*. WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

Attendance upon this Annual Meeting was very encouraging, being much larger than in many previous years. Addresses (informal) were made thereat, by Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, D. D., Capt. C. C. DUNCAN, Rev. L. H. ANGIER, Rev. R. WEBB, the Society's chaplain at Savannah, Ga., and Rev. E. N. CRANE, formerly chaplain at Norfolk, Va.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

HOMEWARD BOUND,

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

Speed, speed, my ship! across the main;
God keep thee safe and sound!

I'm longing for my home again,
And I am homeward bound.

A path of light, my guiding star
Is tracing on the sea;

And loving voices, from afar,
Are calling out for me.

Blow, blow swift gale, and fill my sail!

My home is sweet and fair,
Among bright hills, beyond the vale;
And my dear friends are there.

I see them now,—the tears they shed,
When struck the hour to part;
I feel their hands upon my head,
Their blessings in my heart.

I hear the soothing hum of bees,
The song of singing birds,
The whisperings of the door-yard trees,
And loving human words.

I see the pathway on the sod,
Up to the dear old door,
Where oft their gentle feet have trod,
Who tread that path no more.

How oft they sang sweet hymns of home,
In soft and wooing rhymes,
To win me, when I longed to roam
O'er distant seas and climes.

I'm weary of my wandering,
I'm weary of the sea;
O, my dear home, where loved ones cling
How I do long for thee!

And they are waiting for me there,
And watch to see me come,
But not with that foreboding care
That followed me from home.

No, not with tears and sorrow now
They see my swift-winged ship,
But with a glory on their brow,
A gladness on their lip.

Among bright hills, beyond the vale,
They're standing at the door;

O, when I reach them,—speed my sail,—
I'll never leave them more!

New York, May, 1883.

THE "DAVID CROCKETT."

ONE OF THE LAST OF A LINE OF FAST AMERICAN CLIPPERS—
AN INTERESTING RECORD.

The days of clipper-built ships are numbered. Killed by steam might be the verdict. Notwithstanding that it is still some satisfaction for those who have compassed the globe in them, and who, under shelter of their sturdy oak planks, have ridden out many a gale that would have made a steamer "touch bottom," to know that there have been many clippers, and there still rest a few who could, under favorable circumstances, have shown a clean stern to the fastest "coal-burner" ever launched. Among such is the *David Crockett*, still bravely holding her own against steam and steel, as she has done for nearly the last score and a half of years.

Probably no vessel ever built has permitted underwriters to make so many entries to the credit side of their profit and loss account as has the *David Crockett*. To them she has proved all profit and no loss. To her owners her record has been much the same. A gentlemen of this city, familiar with her history, and in earlier times one who "went down in ships into the deep waters" said, that the *Crockett* had, since her launching, cleared for her owners over \$400,000, and had never cost the underwriters a cent. She was built in 1853 at Mystic, Conn., by Greenman, for Lawrence Giles & Co., of New York,—from whom she never parted until last year, when she became the property of John Rosenfeld of this city. Named after the noted member of Congress from Tennessee, she has been the means of adding to the fame of a remarkable career. Green-

man designed her for speed on the true clipper model. On her completion the owners put her in the Liverpool trade, but she was in a few years withdrawn and placed in the San Francisco trade, where, with few interruptions, she has remained ever since. Her average time between New York and San Francisco is about 115 days. Her quickest trip this way was 103 days, but to New York she has made several within the hundred. The regularity and even average of her trips soon attracted attention. Fair wind or foul, the *Crockett* was always "on time," punctual as a clerk on pay day. She was built of white oak and hackmatack, the Indian name for the tamarack tree. She made one or two odd trips to this port, after which she came regularly consigned to the firm of George Howes & Co., and so on, year after year, until purchased, on July 27th of last year, by John Rosenfeld.

Captain Colby of this city, who for many years commanded the ship *Cutwater*, mentioned a circumstance that shows what an extraordinary capacity the *Crockett* has for standing up before almost anything that blows. The *Cutwater* and the *Crockett* left this port on the same day—the former for Boston, the *Crockett* for New York. They kept—as they afterwards knew by comparing logs—pretty close together all the way to the Horn. There they encountered some bad weather, which obliged the *Cutwater* to heave-to under close-reefed topsails. So heavy was the sea running that Captain Potter and the Second

Officer were both lost, being washed overboard. The *Crockett*, only a few leagues off, was encountering the same boisterous weather, but apparently only enjoyed it, for away she scampered with full top-gallant sails set, nor did the captain think it necessary to take them in once through stress of weather during that entire trip of some seventeen thousand miles.

But the secret which makes her, as stated by Jabez Howes, the representative member of the firm in this city to which the ship was for so many years consigned, so uniform in the time of her voyages is that she is fast with light winds. The *David Crockett* and the *Young America*—the latter built by W. H. Webb, of New York—are said to be two of the prettiest models of the fast-sailing clipper ever launched. Ships of that model and class are no longer built. Steam has disjointed the ship-building ideas of thirty years ago; “but let them build as they like,” growled a skipper of the old oak-hackmatack school, “with all their new-fangled notions, they’ll never put between a sailor’s life and

Davy’s locker a surer bit of stuff than was in those old clippers.”

The most unfortunate accident that ever befell the *Crockett* was in 1874, when Captain Burgess, commanding her, was lost, being washed overboard off the River La Platte, in the South Atlantic. He had commanded her for fourteen years, and looked upon her with all the pride and affection of a fond father upon a worthy child. A peculiar circumstance in connection with his death, one spoken of and published at the time, was that prior to his leaving port he remarked to some friends that it was the last trip he intended to make at sea. So it was, although at that moment he hardly looked forward to his wishes being realized in so sudden and fatal a manner. The present commander, Captain Anderson, was then mate of the *Crockett*. On his arrival in port he qualified as Master, and as such has remained on board of her ever since. The Masters of the old ship have been scarcely more numerous than have her owners.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

THE LLOYDS.

HOW THE GREAT SHIPPING BOURSE ACQUIRED ITS CELEBRITY.

A large number of the great commercial houses and corporations of England, says *Lloyd’s Mirror*, of New York, and indeed of all countries, are carried on under names no longer borne by the members. Lloyd’s is still more singular in this respect, for there has never been a prominent, certainly not a leading, member of the association bearing that name. Mr. Lloyd, to whom thousands of letters are addressed annually by shipowners, captains and crews, is

a myth. From about 1705 to 1750 there was one Lloyd who kept a chop, or coffee-house on Lombard street, London, to which many merchants engaged in maritime adventures resorted for meals.—But, though his house was the focus of news, Mr. Lloyd seems to have had no direct agency in making it so, beyond the preparation of the roast beef and the dispensing of the ale so enticing to all Britishers. He doubtless made a point of listening to and then re-

peating to new-comers the maritime news which he had heard from his customers, so that his place became noted therefor. But he probably never took risks on vessels at sea, as the merchants who dined at his house were accustomed to do. He simply knew how to keep a hotel, and doubtless died without dreaming that the name of his obscure coffee-house was to be given to the busiest and most peculiar department of that busy institution, the Royal Exchange of London, the greatest Bourse of the world. Entering the open court of the Royal Exchange, in which the merchants and brokers meet, the seeker for Lloyd's is referred to a glass mahogany door, which forms the entrance to the place he seeks. On opening this he finds himself at the foot of a high, broad staircase. Passing the statue of Huskisson, the tablet to the *Times*, the red-robed beadle in his box, and the numerous officials of the numberless life and fire assurance companies, he reaches the great hall to which the merchants daily resort to pick up seafaring news, and which is known by the name of the old coffee-house, Lloyd's.

The first object which attracts the attention of the merchant, and which is to be explained to the stranger on entering the hall, is the bulletin board. There are, in fact, many bulletin boards, but each is a duplicate of the other, and a number of them are used for the greater convenience of the crowd. These bulletins contain the news of the day, showing the vessels which have cleared at the Custom House, those which have sailed, those which have arrived at home and at various foreign ports; the latitude and longitude, and the whereabouts of vessels spoken at

sea, giving also the date when seen, and the condition of the vessel; the vessels in port at all sorts of places; such events occurring at sea as would affect the rate of insurance, as, for instance, changes in the lighthouses, signal stations, etc., and everything of the kind interesting to shippers, insurance men, captains and pilots.

On a high desk by itself on one side of the room is the loss book; or, as it is commonly called, the "Black Book." This volume contains all the information not usually registered on the bulletins in regard to disasters at sea. In fact, the bulletin board is the register of good news; the "Black Book" is the recorder of bad news. The announcements in each are made in the most laconic style which the practical clerks at Lloyd's can command. They seldom occupy more than a couple of lines, and are, of course, written by hand. In the "Black Book" the number of pages thus covered varies with the season. In summer, one or two pages are used daily; in winter, the season of heavy gales, as many as a dozen pages are filled. It is seldom that anything is said in the loss book of the loss of life. Lloyd's takes no cognizance of the doomed beings; it is property, not life, which the underwriters at Lloyd's insure.

The entries on the bulletins and "Black Book," the indications of the meteorological instruments, and reports of the various insurance inspectors on vessels, combine to make up the daily paper published by Lloyds, known as *Lloyd's List*.

Heroism at Sea.

Tales of heroism at sea never lose their charm for landsmen.

The last one is found in *The St. James' Gazette*. A passenger on board the Orient Line steamship *Liguria*, on her voyage from Simon's Bay to Melbourne, gives, in a private letter, the following account of an act of bravery and devotion on the part of one of the officers and several of the crew of the ship:—

"While the sea was tremendously high, a sailor fell overboard. There was no chance of his recovery. The ship was stopped as soon as possible, but after the first minute he was never seen again. Nevertheless, in five minutes a boat was launched, without the orders of the captain, who cried when he

heard it,—'There go ten more men.' It was an awful time while the boat was out. The officer in charge said that twice he gave up all hope of ever getting back again. After about an hour, during which we were turning, backing and stopping, rolling fearfully all the time, we and the boat got near to each other again. Ultimately she reached the side of the ship, and amid the greatest excitement the men were hauled up one after the other with ropes, but the captain said he would have no lives lost in trying to save the boat, which was immediately smashed by a blow from the rudder."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

"In January, February and March, '83," says Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, "the Lord granted me to hold religious meetings almost every day, and His Spirit has been present and moved the hearts of sinners. Many have awakened from their sleep in sin and received peace in believing in Jesus. Sometimes one and sometimes from three to seven souls have confessed their sins and asked for prayers. About fifty persons have believed in Jesus, and thirteen of them have already united with the church. During the last three months in '82, and the first three of this year, sixty-six souls have here united with the people of God. Among these were a sea-captain's wife and two of his children, he being yet unconverted. So another sea-captain's wife was brought to Christ, her husband remaining unconverted." Among the converts are those who have been "great sinners, drunkards

and blasphemers." "Dear brethren," he writes, "think of me, and our work in Sweden, in your prayers."

—
GEFLE.

And Mr. E. ERIKSSON reports similar blessing in the outpouring of the Spirit of God in connection with his work for the same quarter. "We were compelled to continue the prayer meeting for four weeks after the prayer-week, and I have had much labor." Meetings have been protracted in some cases, apparently of necessity, until midnight. "Men and women came weeping and said, 'I am not yet saved;—I will not go home unsaved.' I have had the joy to see some sailors converted, and many sailors' wives. Many sailors, however, have hardened their hearts. Dear brethren, pray for the Finlander, Swedish, Danish and German sailors. They are more closed against the Spirit of God than the French and Norwegian seamen."

ISLE OF GOTHLAND.

Here, in the towns of Wisby and Butle, as for years past, JOHN LINDELIUS, during the opening quarter of the year, pursued his labor for Christ among the seafaring population, as far as the infirmities of his age permitted.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

"In many respects," writes Rev. A. WOLLESON, chaplain, dating March 31st, 1893, "our most sanguine expectations have been more than realized during the past three months. The week of prayer was observed at the Bethel, in January, and large numbers of mariners who stay on shore in the winter season came every evening to worship. On the first evening while I offered the first prayer, I heard one crying aloud. After prayer I observed a seaman buffeting his comrade and telling him to behave like a man, but the heartbroken fellow cried still louder. I asked two of our lady workers to go into another room to pray with him, and I spoke briefly on the appointed text, after which the opportunity was given for prayers and testimony. A stream of sweet and solemn blessings from the river above then flowed through our sanctuary and among others that seaman who had told his comrade to behave like a man, now arose and with penitent tears said that he called to recollection his childhood, his pious mother's advice and prayers and his own desperate wicked life in sin and forgetfulness of God.

"I realized that in both these instances there was a true sorrow for sin and a self-aborrence and fear of the wrath to come. A desire for pardon and a looking to God for mercy. We all united in prayer and before we parted that evening, they were both received into divine favor through Christ our Redeemer. Several others through the week of prayer were enabled by divine influence to believe with the heart into righteousness, and through faith in Christ were brought into the liberty of the Gospel.

"During the past three months we have had services four or five times every week and the reading-room has been open daily, where every effort has

been given to accommodate seamen's requirements, temporal as well as spiritual. The result we shall see on that great day when He shall make up his jewels.

Going Home—'I Shall not Want.'

"A seaman twenty-one years from Sandeid Stavanger, Norway, came, sick and destitute, to our Bethel-ship. Through my influence a bed in King Frederick's Hospital was provided for him. On his death-bed he was convicted of the truth of Christianity, and with painful regret for his conduct, but the Lord God who does not desire the death of the wicked had compassion on him and he was regenerated and born again by the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Before he left this world I showed him a card on which was printed 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' and he repeated slowly—'I shall not want,' as his spirit went home. I need not state that I have been in correspondence with his widowed mother."

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, harbor missionary, in his report of operations at the Sailors' Institute for 1892, writes as follows:—

"The past year has been an unusually busy one both afloat and ashore. EDWARD CHAPIN, Esq., chairman of committee, provided a man at his own cost to assist the missionary in his boat, and 2,406 visits were paid to British and American ships, thousands of pages of valuable reading matter distributed, and the scriptures circulated. Books from the library were also lent to read, and prayer books and hymn books supplied to captains to assist them in conducting services on board during the voyage. Several meetings of an encouraging character were held, and it is hoped and believed that much good was done in this direction. At the Institute on shore, in addition to the regular Sunday and Thursday services and the Saturday prayer meeting, special meetings were held for Scandinavians on Sundays, and an entertainment for British and Americans on Mondays. Several free teas were given at Christmas and the new year, which were appreciated and well attended by the sailors, not a few of whom thank God for the Sailor's Insti-

tute, which is to them a moral safeguard from the temptations of the city. Eight thousand seven hundred and eighty-three visits were paid to the Institute and 4,768 of the visitors attended the meetings held for them there; 132 signed the temperance pledge, many of whom have decided for Christ, and are laying themselves out for a life of Christian usefulness.

British and American Resident Ladies.

"The ladies have done much of late for the sailors and the Institute, and have worked hard to help clear off the debt on the latter. In 1882 the sale of their work realized £70 sterling, and again in March, 1883, £400. The sailors are grateful for what is being done for them. The following letter was read at the opening of their Bazaar in Easter week:—

"*To the Ladies' Committee:*—We the undersigned representatives of the sailors visiting the port of Hamburg, at a public meeting held at the Institute on the 26th of March, 1883, when above one hundred seamen and friends were present, were deputed by them to give their hearty and sincere thanks to the Ladies' Committee and other friends who have so kindly assisted in getting up this Bazaar, and for their kind help and very valuable support to the Sailors' Institute, they also respectfully ask the ladies presiding at the sailors' stall to accept of aprons to be worn on this occasion.

Signed,

GEO. SOULSBY, *Master steamship Albano*,
R. S. WALKER, *Master steamship Huddersfield*,

W. H. DAVIS, *Chief Officer steamship Prague*,

W. ALEXANDER, *Chief Engineer steamship Sandringham*.

"The aprons referred to were white, trimmed with deep blue. They also wore a large white collar with blue edging, and on their breasts the British and American flags.

Our Seamen.

Captains, officers and men have alike done what they could. Their weekly offerings in the Bethel Box, this year, amounted to 379 marks, and their annual subscriptions and money brought in mainly through them were 787 marks; besides this they paid off a debt on their piano, and provided two extra tables for the Reading-room.

The Port of Hamburg.

"The importance and extent of this

port as a sailors' mission station may be gathered from the fact that during the past year, including the steamers, 3,719 ships entered it, bringing nearly 60,000 men, and 3,715 passed out with about an equal number of men. Truly the work and the responsibility is great. Who will help if only with their prayers?

Our Friends.

"Several ministers and gentlemen visiting Hamburg have taken part in the services at the Institute, including the Bishop of Edinburgh and Mr. GRATTAN GUINNESS of London. Other friends have given books and papers, some of them coming weekly from friends in New York, and at the winter concerts in the Institute a number of ladies and gentlemen have given their services free. Altogether we have much to encourage us, and thankful for all that is past we will trust for all that is to come."

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

Mr. W. G. SMART, sailor missionary, dating April 11th, says:—

"The work among the sailors at this port, entrusted to my care, is progressing. The Strangers' and Sailors' Rest, which was opened last July, is now looking very well. We still require some more beds and several other things, such as lamps, benches, &c.

"The British Channel fleet consisting of five large vessels paid us a visit the other day. There are altogether five thousand men on board. Leave was given on two days when the men came to the Rest in large numbers, the Admiral having made it known to the men that there was such a place for them on shore. We had three teas, one free one for a temperance party from the *Sultan*, and two general ones for which the men paid a small sum each. I was glad to hear a gentleman say, after the fleet had left, 'Everybody says there was less drunkenness this time.' It was cheering after all the hard work done by ourselves and the kind helpers.

"Several shipwrecked crews have stayed at the Rest this year. You probably well know the work of Miss MACPHERSON and other ladies at the Strangers' Rest, in Ratcliffe Highway, London. I met a man on board a sailing vessel, last

month, who was converted there and corresponds with Miss M. He was pleased to have some words of encouragement from me. I have taken a good number of temperance pledges."

Japan.

KOBE.

The Board of Trustees of our Society has made conditional appropriation for the support of M. L. G. LUNDQVIST, at this port, in response to official application from Rev. R. H. DAVIS of the A. B. C. F. M.'s mission at K, which gave the following, among other facts, as calling for such action.

"Mr. L. is a Christian man, member of a small English-American church here of which I am pastor, a Swede by birth but has served ten years in the English and mercantile marine, and lastly in the American Navy from which he was discharged last May by Admiral CLITZ at his own request, in order to take this work which we called him to undertake. The Trustees of 'Temperance Hall' had to

make a personal application, however, to the Admiral to assure him that we wanted and needed just this man. Mr. L. thus took the charge of the Hall last June. He has carried on his work and has done more than we at first expected. His Christian labor has brought him some opposition and some persecution from the very nature of the community around us, and from the character of the men for whom he works, a thing to have been expected but a thing which shows how much need there is for his work. He has been the means frequently, indeed almost weekly, of bringing from a few to twenty sailors to our missionary prayer meetings held at a distance from the Hall. Temperance meetings and also religious meetings are held weekly, sometimes nightly, at the Hall when ships are in harbor. He also visits merchant ships for religious conversation, and to distribute religious tracts and newspapers and loan books."

The Trustees supervising this movement at K., for sailors' benefit, are Rev. R. H. DAVIS, above named, *Chairman*, and Rev. H. J. FOSS, English Episcopalian, *Secretary*,—with R. S. CABELDUE and A. DE ATH, Esqs.

At Ports In the United States.

New York.

BROOKLYN.

Rev. C. TREIDER, Scandinavian chaplain, reporting April 18th, 1883, writes:—

"We have had a remarkably good time at the Norwegian Seamen's Mission, corner Van Brunt and President Streets, since April of last year. I am satisfied that no less than one hundred and fifty souls have been converted to Christ among us; several times two, three or four from one vessel. We rejoice in the mercy of God, and mean to lift the banner higher and go on.

"Our loan libraries are sought for more and more as they become known. No less than twenty have gone to as many vessels from one port in Norway. I append a few testimonies:—

LAGUAYRA, Jan. 28th, 1883.

"I feel it my duty to send you a few lines.....When we were eight days out from New York we had a strong gale

with heavy seas; we got some water into the cabin and some of your library books became a little spotted, but otherwise they are in good order. May the Lord bless them for the good of the crew! I had thought that we should have had another chance to come to New York, but as we do not we send you our sincere thanks for your kindness to us while there. The books have been of great benefit to me and I hope so to all the rest. As we probably shall go home from England I shall try to return the library with another vessel bound to New York, as soon as possible. May the grace of God be with you in your work! Your humble brother in Christ,

J. C. N. JOHANSEN,
Mate bark *Odd* from Ivedestrand."

SANTOS, Brazil, March 12th, 1883.

"I will now write a few words about the library we received from you in August, 1882. Both the captain and crew have read the books with much interest. For my own part I have read some of them several times. They are indeed very good for those who have any taste for spiritual things. I have received many

a blessing in reading 'Moody's Sermons,' and trust they may have done much good among the crew. One of our men is deeply convicted of sin and I hope he will come fully over on the Lord's side. I rejoice in the grace of God and often wonder at His goodness to me, unworthy as I am. I am trying to lead a holy life and prepare to meet you in the habitations of eternal light. Your humble brother in Christ,

E. OLSEN,

Mate bark *Cito* from Arendahl."

"When the *Cito* was in New York in the spring of '82, four of the crew were converted among us. C. T."

Lisbon, Portugal, April 1st, 1883.

"I received a library from you when we were in New York (January 14th, '83). We arrived here March 25th and shall probably go to Plymouth and from there home to Arendahl. The library we received has been well used all the time, and the whole crew ask me to return thanks for the books. We have tried to take as good care of them as possible, but still some of them have become soiled. As soon as the men have had their meals they immediately come for the books and read them with much interest. We think them excellent. With sincere thanks, yours,

MORTEN ANDERSEN,

Mate bark *Mesina* from Arendahl."

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 21st, 1883.

"The books are all in good condition and have been of great service and encouragement to me and the crew. We are very thankful for the use of them. I have left the library with Capt. LUNO of the bark *Amad* of Arendahl, who will take it to New York. They were very glad to receive the books.

TH. EINERSEN,

Captain bark *Sendemanden*."

"Forty-five vessels have been supplied with libraries, of which two have been wrecked."

We regret to say that owing to the decline of his health, Rev. Mr. Treider, under whose care this work for Scandinavian seamen in Brooklyn has gone forward so successfully, is forced to seek an inland field of Christian labor, going this Spring to Chicago, Ill. The work of supplying Norwegian sailors on the Brooklyn side

of the East River with libraries in their own tongue, aided by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, will be continued by an efficient committee.

As To Loan Libraries.

The steady interest felt in this branch of the Society's work for sailors appears in the following letters and information which have come to hand since the issue of the MAGAZINE for April.

APPRECIATIVE—FROM A PASTOR IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

"There are no publications which I read with deeper interest than the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. The sailor is a missionary the world over for good or for evil. He has long been neglected by the church, and his influence has, therefore, been adverse to the religion of Christ. But thank God a brighter day is opening upon poor Jack, and he is beginning to respond in heart and life to the claims of the Gospel. I follow him to the different ports of the world and rejoice as I see him going to the Bethel, and hear his voice in prayer and praise. I see him also on shipboard reading the word, the books and the tracts which your noble institution is furnishing him. Well may it be called THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"I have long desired to be one of those who have furnished loan libraries for seamen. I therefore enclose and send herewith a money order for \$20, for a library to go to sea. Oh, I wish it were a thousand times more! But it gives me joy to have my name enrolled among those who thus remember them who 'do business in great waters.' My wife and myself feel that we may be doing good after we have passed from the present scene of action and responsibility."

FROM THOSE WHO USE THEM.

We hear from No. 5,465,* now at our

* Contributed by Mr. Colcord's S. S. class, South Berwick, Me.

Rooms in Boston, that the books "have all been read with great care, and thanks to the Society;"—from No. 6,106,* also at Boston, that it "has been four years in the same vessel, and has been much used;"—from No. 6,180,† also now at Boston,—“it has been read with much interest: I pray you to continue to scatter the good seed;"—from No. 6,412,‡ that it likewise "has been four years on the same vessel, and has been read by fifty persons."

—
READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

"Captain BURT of the brig *Mary E. Leighton* has had Library 5,676§ for more than three years. It has been read over and over again by the different crews which have been on board, with general good results.

W. BURT, *Master.*"

—
PRACTICAL GRATITUDE—VALUED TESTIMONY.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1st, 1888.

American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"Enclosed you will find the sum of \$13.25 contributed by master, officers and crew of the American ship *Enos Soule*, on the passage from Boston to San Francisco, as a small token of our appreciation of the use of Loan Library, No. 6,973,] placed on board two years ago last May, at New York.

"It has been read and re-read by the several different crews within that time with interest and profit, I trust, to us all. I feel that such books freely distributed among seamen, to read on these long voyages do have a marked influence for good among them. We often find in this way that there are some trying to lead Christian lives aboard our ships.

* Contributed by F. A. Libbey, New York City.

† Contributed by S. S. First Cong ch., Guilford, Conn.

‡ Contributed by W. J. Riker, Newtown, L. I.

§ Contributed by S. S. Cong. church, North Haven, Conn.

] Contributed by L. P. Hubbard, Greenwich, Conn.

"Please acknowledge the receipt of this by return of mail.

C. M. LAWRENCE, *Master.*"

—
Again, from our Boston Rooms, we have report as to No. 7,046,* that it "has been read through many times and the sailors are very grateful;"—and as to No. 7,385,† that it "has been a great comfort to many."

—
A SEAMAN CONVERTED.

"*American Seamen's Friend Society and Donors of Loan Library 7,372:—*‡

"Please accept the grateful thanks of the captain, officers and crew of the ship *Mount Washington* for the use of the above Library. I have great confidence that the good influences from it, which have been manifest among the crew, will result in the conversion of one or more to a better life.

Very truly yours,

F. B. PERKINS, *Master.*"

—
FROM THE SHIP LIGHTNING.

NEW YORK, May 1st, 1888.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"I return herewith library No. 7,447,§ loaned to ship *Lightning*, fifteen months ago. The books have been freely loaned to the crew, and have been read with interest, both by them and by myself. With many thanks for your kindness, I am

Very respectfully,

JAMES F. ROWELL,
Master ship Lightning."

—
THANKS TO A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

NEW YORK, May 17th, 1888.

American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"The most excellent library, No. 7,467,||

* Contributed by Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, New York City.

† Contributed by Mrs. E. P. Loud, South Weymouth, Mass.

‡ Contributed by S. S. First Pres. church, Geneva, N. Y.

§ Contributed by Joseph N. Tuttle, Esq., Newark, N. J.

] Contributed by S. S. Pres. church, Aurora, N. Y.

which was so thoughtfully and kindly put on board of this ship on her recent voyage to San Francisco and back to New York, has been the means of enlivening many a weary hour, and we desire to return the books and case with our grateful thanks to the kind and considerate donors, praying that the rich blessing of God rest upon them and your Society for the interest they take in the welfare of seamen.

Very respectfully,

E. V. GATES,

Master ship L. Schepp."

FOR THE WORCESTER (MASS.,) "MISSION WORKERS."

"*American Seamen's Friend Society*:—

"Please accept from Capt. A. H. Wood, officers and crew of the ship *Sovereign of the Seas* their thanks for the most excellent Library, No. 7.562,* which was so kindly sent on board of our ship for the use of the officers and men. Be assured it has been greatly appreciated, every book having been read with interest and profit. With the blessing of God this must bring forth good fruit. The voyage has been to San Francisco and back to New York, the time at sea being ten and one-half months."

FROM THE U. S. NAVY.

Dating at St. Thomas, W. I., April 3rd, 1883, W. D. BARTLEY, who has charge of Library No. 7,821,† reports to our Boston Secretary:—

"It is with pleasure that I write to you regarding the Library you kindly sent us. It has been a blessing to my soul and I hope may be a blessing to many others. What a blessed volume is the one entitled *Christ in the Home, in the Heart and in the Market Place!* It has been a great comfort to me.

"We have had a delightful passage

* Contributed by Mission Workers, Salem St. Cong. church, Worcester, Mass.

† Contributed by Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.

from Boston to the Barbadoes, and from there to Martinique, which place we happened to be in on Good Friday and Easter. I climbed a large mountain there which represents Mount Calvary and the surroundings that of Gethsemane. As we ascended the mountain we came to what is called, in the Romish church, the Stations of the Cross, representing Christ in his different characters on his way up the Mount carrying his cross; on the top of the mountain is our dear Savior, in statuary, nailed to the cross with the weeping women around him. The sight greatly impressed me and brought to my recollection what the Lord Jesus had suffered for me. O how I ought to praise and bless God for his love to me.

"I love the Lord Jesus Christ and I love his people, and to-night my trust is stayed on Him; I love the service of my blessed Master and I do so want to live a holy life, a life entirely consecrated to Him. Sometimes I am cast down feeling how weak I am, having no one to speak to in religious matters, but then I think Jesus is with me and what have I to fear.

"I shall write to the kind lady at Newburyport as soon as possible, I wish you would remember me to her and thank her for the good books. And now I hope you will pray for me, that God may keep me, and that I may be the humble instrument in His hand of leading souls to Him."

AN APPLICATION.

We close this series of library letters with extracts from the application made by a captain in the southern coasting trade, received by us May 18th.

"I wish to ask of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY if they will grant me one of those libraries for the use of my vessel..... I am a man that followed the sea about twelve years and was on board several different vessels that had the libraries on board. I found them to be a great benefit to me,—more so to read those useful books than to spend my

money for worthless novels as a great many do. I have a desire for good reading and to obtain all the knowledge I can.... I was converted seven years ago at Perth Amboy, N. J., and have been trying to serve the Lord since that time. I have many reasons to be thankful to Him for His blessings and mercies. My prayer is that I may be faithful to the end and be with my Redeemer, and see my Lord and Savior as He is. Amen!

W. J. R."

Some friend of our work may count it a privilege to send us the means to answer to this call. We shall be glad to hear from such an one.

Good Influence From the New York Sailors' Home.

At the annual meeting of the Society, May 7th, Rev. Dr. JOHN SPAULDING said:

"The first Sailors' Home in New York City under the auspices of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was opened Oct. 2nd, 1837, Capt. ROLAND GELSTON, Superintendent. Sixteen, or one half of the first thirty-two boarders, under the Christian influences there brought to bear upon them, became pious, and in 1841, four of them in their sailor-way were preaching the Gospel. One of them was FREDERICK OLOFF NEILSON, long one of the missionaries of this Society in Sweden, who is believed to have done more to introduce spiritual religion and religious liberty into that country than any other man.

"This Sailors' Home was commenced Sept. 7th, 1841. The ground cost \$14,000, the first \$1,000 having been given by DANIEL FANSHAW, Esq., as an expression of his gratitude for the preservation of his printing house from imminent peril by fire. The contract price for the building was \$22,670. The corner stone was laid Oct. 14th, 1841, and the house opened for boarders in May following. since which time it has had 102,713 boarders, for whom, and their relatives, it has sav-

ed at least a million and a half of dollars, and given to many of them what is worth more than money,—manhood, the elements and principles of noble characters, and not a few of them Christ-like qualifications for doing good around the world.

"In this work we may learn useful and encouraging lessons by contrast. On the 11th of April, 1842, said Capt. JOHN REES:—'I have commanded a vessel more than twenty years, and sailed nearly over the world,—seventeen years out of New York,—and have had but one pious, praying sailor. He was a Scotchman.'

"Now the contrast is so great that we are justified in asking,—what ship of 400 or more tons burden leaves this port without one or more pious sailors?

"Perhaps one who has watched the progress of the work of this Society more than half century and has attended over forty of its annual meetings, sees and feels the contrast more clearly and deeply than others can."

N. Y. East M. E. Conference on The Seamen's Cause, in 1883.

Extract from the Minutes.

The Committee on the Seamen's Cause beg leave to report that they are happy to find that much is being done for the elevation and salvation of seamen, that not a few vessels that float our seas in these modern times have on board Christian captains and more or less God-fearing and God-honoring sailors, that many of our ships are furnished with well selected libraries, and that in many of our ports Seamen's Bethels and Homes are established and maintained by Christian men and women looking well to the sailors' present and eternal welfare.

Still further, your Committee find that among the most efficient organizations seeking the seamen's welfare is the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, organized in the year 1828, and constantly enlarging the sphere of its influence ever since.

This Society, in addition to establishing and maintaining Seamen's Bethels, Chaplaincies, and Sailors' Homes, in general, publishes a most excellent Christian monthly, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and a little sheet entitled the LIFE BOAT, (for Sabbath-Schools,) and has sent out over 7,000 well selected libraries, which have resulted in the instruction and conversion of hundreds, if not thousands of sailors, therefore;—

Resolved, That the New York East Conference most heartily endorse the operations of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and bid them God-speed in their good work, and will, so far as we can, co-operate with them in prayerful sympathy and financial aid.

J. VINTON,
Secretary.

JOSEPH JOHNS,
Chairman.

The Rescued Gilbert Islanders.

Our readers will not wish, and must not be permitted to lose sight of these people, whose singular but interesting fortunes are now before the Christian public. The MAGAZINE for May brought the record down to their arrival in San Francisco, from Yokohama, in March. We quote from the *Christian at Work*, for May 17th, which says:—

“The Bay Conference was in session in San Francisco, in Plymouth (Congregational) Church. The Auditor of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific, hearing of their presence on board the *Tokio*, invited them to attend the meetings of the Conference. He and Captain Gelett, of the *Morning Star*, waited upon them as a committee of invitation. They found them at prayers, in which they did not allow themselves to be interrupted, but proceeded with their reading of the Scriptures and the singing of a hymn; then one of their number prayed, after which they advanced to receive their guests. At the Conference they partook of the Lord's Supper with the delegates, with the exception of one of their number who, it is supposed, was not a member of the mission church in the islands. At lunch they looked sur-

prised that the Christians commenced their meal without giving thanks. In every particular their conduct has been most devout. The captain of the *North-ern Light* said that though they were starving, weak and emaciated, as they were helped up into the ship from their little boat, their first act was to fall on their knees in gratitude to God for their deliverance. Nor could they be persuaded to taste the brandy which was offered them, although the islanders are noted for their love of strong drink.

“These facts were related in the church in Oakland, with these strange people sitting there,—four men and one woman,—survivors of the little band of twelve. Their skin is black, but their features are good, and their faces have a sweet, gentle expression which makes them very attractive. Their ears are pierced, or, rather, slit, after the manner of the islanders, and, though they once probably hung nearly to the shoulders, they have so far given up barbarous customs as to allow them to grow nearly together again. How surprised they must have been to find Christians with holes in their ears! Indeed it seems as if their innocent, devout, wondering ways were the most searching criticism this coast has had in a long time. They are the missionaries! Their well-worn Bible was exhibited, also their Hymn-book. Of course they could not understand a word of sermon or song, but it was interesting to see that during the prayer they did not merely cover or close their eyes, but *their bodies were bowed*. They visited the Sunday-school and sang one of their hymns which sounded like ‘Ortonville.’

“Those who, as children, bought stock in the missionary ship *Morning Star*, would have been interested in seeing these dark-skinned islanders and in thinking that, perhaps, *their* ship helped in the conversion of these very souls. They sailed for Honolulu, in the *Suez*, March 3rd. There they will be able to communicate with Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, who made a translation of the Scriptures into their language. Through friends of the Binghams we shall be able to learn more about their experiences and history. At Honolulu they will wait for the *Morning Star* to take them home when she makes her annual trip to the islands.

Books, Etc.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE: a Thanksgiving Sermon preached in the

Collegiate Reformed Dutch church, New York City, Nov. 30th, 1882, by Rev. E. B. Coz. Printed by the Consistory, pp. 21.

Rev. Dr. Coz proves himself a strong thinker by the skill with which in its vital and vulnerable points he pierces the philosophy and pretensions of the "scientific" (so called) thinkers of the day, and demonstrates the fundamental position upon which the Christian religion and church have stood from the first in their relations to and work for humanity. It was a wise thing to print the discourse, and we trust its circulation may be amply provided for.

SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Society for Promoting the Gospel among Seamen of all Nations in the Mariners' church of the port of New York.

We can only announce our receipt of this interesting record of the New York Port Society's operations for the year 1882. We shall refer to it more fully in our July issue.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

APRIL, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 153
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,052
of which \$935 was sent to relatives and friends,
and \$1,003 was returned to depositors.

Planets for June, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 7th at 11 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is a morning star during the remainder of the month; is invisible during the first half of the month, being very near the Sun, but rises on the morning of the 30th at 3h. 22m., and north of east 25° 42'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 5th at 8h., 11m., being 52' north; is stationary among the stars in Taurus on the evening of the 19th at 8 o'clock.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 11m., and north of east 17° 58'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 2nd at 1h. 7m., being 1° 31' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 42m., and north of east 14° 52'; is twice in

conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 2nd at 5h. 42m., being 1° 43' north, and then again on the evening of the 30th at 10h. 45m., being 37' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 1° north and 65° south.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 11m., and north of west 31° 32'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 6th at 3h. 39m., being 4° 21' north.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 8m., and north of east 24° 56'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 4th at 4h. 7m., being 2' north; is in conjunction with Venus on the evening of the 19th at 7 o'clock, being 85' south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, April, 1883.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 23, of which 9 were wrecked, 6 abandoned, 3 missing, 5 sunk by collision, and 3 burned. The list comprises 3 steamers, 7 ships, 7 barks, 3 brigs and 6 schooners.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *m* missing, *s c* sunk by collision, and *b* burned.

STEAMERS.

Calvert, *s. c.* from Baltimore for P. Antonio, Ja.
Wm. Akmann, *w.* from Westport for San Francisco.
Valetta, *w.* from Halifax for Boston.

SHIPS.

Zorka, *b.* from New York for St. John, N. B.
Southern Chief, *w.* from Shanghai for Victoria, V. I.
Gettysburg, *w.* from Honolulu for Victoria, V. I.
War Hawk, *b.* from San Francisco for Point Discovery.
British Enterprise, *s. c.* from Newcastle, E., for San Francisco.
Oracle, *w.* from San Francisco for Liverpool.
Freydis, *m.* from Pensacola for Amsterdam.

BARKS.

Lepanto, *a.* from Pensacola for Cienfuegos.
Dahlia, *a.* from Brunswick, Ga., for London.
Emma, *a.* from Pensacola for London.
Mary S. Gibson, *m.* from Baltimore for Antwerp.
Albert, *w.* from New York for Havana.
Colchagua, *w.* from Iquique for Hampton Roads.
Rosy Morn, *m.* from Beaufort, S. C., for Newport, E.

BRIGS.

Marie, *a.* from Galveston for Queenstown.
Athalia Lord, *a.* from Wilmington, N. C., for Hamburg.
Monjuich, *s. c.* from Rio Janeiro for Savannah.

SCHOONERS.

Gov. Goodwin, b. (Fisherman.)
 Kit Carson, s. c. from Pautuxet for Boston.
 Liz Thompson, s. c. (Fisherman.)
 Mary J. Russell, a. from Jacksonville for Lees-
 burg, N. J.
 Geo. Lewmon, w. from Onancock, Va., for Key-
 port, N. J.
 Dora S. Prindall, w. from Boston for New Or-
 leans.

Receipts for April, 1883.

MAINE.

Bangor, 2nd Bap. S. S. \$ 10 00
 Kittery, Rev. W. W. Dow 2 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Atkinson, Cong. church 4 88
 Hinsdale, Cong. church 10 00
 Hudson, Cong. church 4 25
 Mount Vernon 4 12

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury, Union Evang.
 church 6 00
 Attleboro, Miss Mary J. Capron and
 her S. S. of 2nd Cong. ch., for lib. 20 00
 Auburn, Cong. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
 Boston, a Friend 10 00
 Schr. James R. Morse, Capt. Col-
 cord 1 00
 A Friend 50
 East Hampton, Payson Cong. ch. S.
 S., to refit Lib. No. 3,580 7 00
 1st Cong. church 88 30
 Gloucester, Evang. church 20 00
 Leicester, 1st Cong. church 15 56
 Lowell, Belvidere Mission School, for
 lib's, per Sam'l Lovell, Sup't. 40 00
 Montague, 1st Cong. church 4 87
 Natick, Cong. church 15 00
 Peabody, Cong. church 20 00
 Randolph, Cong. church 75 89
 Sheffield, 1st Cong. church 11 50
 Southampton, Cong. ch. and Soc'y 27 00
 Topsfield, Cong. church 5 87
 Uxbridge, Cong. church 8 50
 Warren, Cong. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
 Worcester, Central church 22 49

CONNECTICUT.

East Windsor, 1st Cong. church 10 00
 Essex, 1st Cong. church 15 14
 Groton, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church 3 00
 New Britain, 1st ch. of Christ 32 89
 North Greenwich, Cong. church 15 00
 Old Lyme, Mrs. Elizabeth Griswold 10 00
 Sherman, Cong. church 10 00
 Stonington, Mrs. Jerusha Pomeroy 5 00
 2nd Cong. ch. and Soc'y 35 50
 Wethersfield, Frances Wright 5 00

NEW YORK.

New York City, on acc. of legacy of
 John S. Kenyon, deceased, per
 Erastus T. Brown, Ex. and Trustee. 1000 00
 Henry Day 25 00
 Arnold, Constable & Co. 25 00
 John Monroe & Co. 25 00
 Hoyt Bros 25 00
 Cash 25 00
 Robbins & Appleton 25 00
 W. B. Dinsmore 25 00
 Mrs. Lispenard Stewart 20 00
 Mrs. James Brown 20 00
 Mrs. A. C. Kip 20 00
 J. E. McGregor, for lib'y 20 00

"Lyons," for lib'y \$ 20 00
 Bethlehem Mission S. S., for lib'y,
 per D. M. Devoe 20 00
 George F. Betta 15 00
 Phelps Mem'l Chapel, E. 35th St.,
 per Geo. E. Marshall, Treas. 11 89
 Lazell, Marsh & Gardner 10 00
 Willard Parker, M. D. 10 00
 Wm. Alexander Smith 10 00
 T. A. Brouwer 10 00
 Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin 10 00
 Wm. M. Halsted 10 00
 James L. Banks, M. D. 10 00
 James C. Carter 10 00
 W. W. Kip 10 00
 Capt. Alexander Slater, of ship *New-*
man Hall, of Liverpool, Eng., for
 library work 10 00
 F. H. C. 10 00
 H. G. M. 10 00
 D. M. & Co. 10 00
 Cash 10 00
 Cash 10 00
 D. Clarkson 5 00
 John H. Boynton 5 00
 S. Wilde's Sons 5 00
 C. G. Landon 5 00
 Alfred C. Post, M. D. 5 00
 A Well Wisher 5 00
 Gaylord Watson 5 00
 Mrs. P. Bullard 5 00
 C. Butler 5 00
 E. N. Tailer 5 00
 Capt. Thomas F. Sproul, ship *Alex-*
ander McNeil, for lib'y work 5 00
 Capt. Turner, bark *Elgin*, for lib'y
 work 8 00
 Capt. F. B. Perkins, ship *Mount*
Washington, for lib'y work 2 50
 Capt. H. Nickerson, schr. *H. B. Di-*
verty, for lib'y work 2 00
 D. A. Grant 2 00
 Saugerties, Ref. ch., of wh. \$20 from
 S. S., for lib'y 26 32
 Southampton, Pres. Congregation 34 55
 Springfield, Mrs. A. A. Cotes Winsor,
 for lib'y 20 00
 Tarrytown, 1st Ref. ch., of wh. "G.,"
 for lib'y, \$20 35 00

NEW JERSEY.

East Orange, Miss Emma Towne, for
 library 20 00
 Elizabeth, Westminster Pres. ch. 28 00
 Newark, Central Pres. ch. 20 00
 Miss Abbey Coe, to refit library
 No. 5,514 6 00
 Newfield, Mrs. Hannah Howe 5 00
 Plainfield, Mr. L. Myers, to const.
 self L. M. 30 00
 Princeton, Chas. H. Macloskie 2 00
 Trenton, Mrs. P. Katzenbach 5 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, legacy of Alida V. R.
 Constable, deceased, per Thomas
 L. Kane, Ex. 1015 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, for
 lib'y, in memoriam Mrs. Edith
 Harlan Child 20 00

GEORGIA.

Ways Station, Miss E. J. Clay 10 00

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, master, officers and
 crew, ship *Anos Soule*, for lib'y
 work 18 25

\$3,406 77



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Percy and his Pastor.

BY REV. GEORGE L. SMITH.

"Percy, my boy," said the Rev. Mr. Patterson to a lad about eight years old in his congregation, "do you pray?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "every night before I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' &c., the little prayer that mother taught me when I was a real little bit of a fellow, and in the morning I have another, which begins, 'Now I wake to see the light,' which I say."

"Well, that is a very good thing, certainly, to pray every night and morning, but don't you ever pray at any other time?"

"No, sir; I don't often think about it at any other time, and then if I do think about it when I am out-doors I haven't got my bed to kneel down beside, and so I couldn't pray very well."

"Percy, do you ever speak to your father or mother at any other time than just as you are going to bed or just getting up?"

"O, yes; I speak to them a great many times through the day, and a very time when I feel like it."

"Well, do you always go into your little bed-room before you speak to them, asking them to come there with you?"

"No, sir; I just speak to them whenever I happen to be when I want to say something, if they are there; and if they are not I speak to them wherever I can find them."

"Well, now, Percy, why do you not do with your Heavenly Father just as you do with your father and mother on the earth—speak to Him often? When you go to bed at night you kiss your father and mother and bid them 'Good-night,' and when you get up you say 'Good-morning' to them, and then all along through the day you frequently speak to them, sometimes asking them for something, and sometimes thanking them for something, and sometimes telling them something that has given you pleasure or caused you grief. Why won't you do the same with your Heavenly Father? Speak to him in the morning and at night as you do, and then speak to him all the while through the day whenever you wish to ask anything, or thank him for something that he has given you, or tell him about something that has caused you pleasure or pain. Then you speak to your parents wherever you can find them when you want to speak; you can find your Heavenly Father always present

whenever you wish to speak to him. You do not have to go into your bedroom and kneel down by your bed to find him; he is everywhere, and he can hear you standing up or walking along; and he can hear you whether you speak out loud or not, for he can see into your heart and know your thoughts. Besides, Percy, you do not always say just the same things to your parents, do you; you just say whatever you feel like saying at the time, do you not?"

"Yes, sir! It would be funny if I should always say just the very same things to my father and mother and never anything else. I guess they would think I was a queer boy."

"Well, now, if you don't always say the same thing to your father and mother here why should you always say the same thing and nothing else to your Heavenly Father? Don't you sometimes want to ask him for different things, or thank him for different things, or tell him about different things?"

"I suppose I would if I should think about it."

"Yes, very likely you would, Percy, and that is what I want you to do, my boy—'think about it.' Remember that your Heavenly Father is everywhere present, and you may always speak to him, not only morning and evening, but every hour and every minute of the day and the night."

Found at Last.

A little girl stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her last words:—

"Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbor could give her.

One day she wandered off with a little basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped, from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A

young man staggered out of the door and almost stumbled over her. He uttered the name of Him she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where He is?" she inquired.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him."

The young man looked at her curiously for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly:—

"I don't know, child—I don't know where He is."

At length the little girl's wanderings brought her to a park. A woman, evidently a Jewess, was leaning against the railing, looking disconsolately at the green grass and the trees.

Jessie went up to her timidly.

"Perhaps she can tell me where He is," was the child's thought. In a low, hesitating voice she asked the woman:—

"Do you know Jesus Christ?"

The Jewess turned fiercely to face her questioner, and in a tone of suppressed passion exclaimed:—

"Jesus Christ is dead!"

Poor Jessie trudged on, but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet—and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night they knew that she could not live until morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over her, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it:—

"O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.
—*Old Colony Herald*.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During April, 1883, seventy-one loan libraries, twenty-four new and forty-seven reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,690 and 7,695-7,710, inclusive, with Nos. 7,719, 7,720, and 7,731, at New York;—with Nos. 61, 7,842, 7,843, and 7,849, at Boston.

The forty-seven libraries reshipped were:—

No. 2,707,	No. 4,851,	No. 5,755,	No. 6,556,	No. 6,829,	No. 7,046,	No. 7,324,	No. 7,454,
" 2,872,	" 5,180,	" 5,777,	" 6,606,	" 6,894,	" 7,177,	" 7,382,	" 7,460,
" 3,880,	" 5,178,	" 5,934,	" 6,638,	" 6,838,	" 7,272,	" 7,354,	" 7,486,
" 4,008,	" 5,406,	" 5,937,	" 6,660,	" 6,966,	" 7,276,	" 7,373,	" 7,493,
" 4,606,	" 5,449,	" 6,106,	" 6,692,	" 7,012,	" 7,310,	" 7,385,	" 7,519,
" 4,834,	" 5,633,	" 6,401,	" 6,697,	" 7,045,	" 7,317,	" 7,402,	

Working for Jesus.

A preacher in England was once talking about the heathen, and telling how much they needed Bibles to teach them of Jesus. In the congregation was a little boy who became intensely interested. He wished to help buy Bibles for the heathen. But he and his mother were very poor, and at first he was puzzled to know how to raise the money.

Finally he hit upon the plan. The people of England use rubbing or door-stones for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or freestone begged from the stone-cutters or marble-workers.

This little boy had a favorite donkey, named Neddie. He thought it would be nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent work. So he harnessed him up and loaded him with stones, and went around calling:

"Do you want any door-stones?"

Before long he raised fifteen dollars. And then he went to the minister and said:—

"Please, sir, send this money to the heathen."

"But, my dear little fellow, I must have a name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated, as if he did not understand.

"You must tell me your name," repeated the minister. "that we may know who gave the money."

"Oh well then, sir, please put it down to Neddie and me; that will do, won't it, sir?"

Weaving Sunshine.

"You can't guess, mamma, what Grandma Davis said to me this morning, when I carried her flowers and the basket of apples?" exclaimed little Mary Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks as red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary. "She said, 'Good morning, dear; you

are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try to weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful poetry. 'Four Little Sunbeams,' you read to me the other day? If those sunbeams could do so much good, I think we all ought to try to be little sunbeams!"

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed to pop into Mary's little head, and she said:—

"O, mamma, I have just thought! When Lizzie Patton was here she told me that her Sabbath-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees.' Now next Sabbath I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go on weaving sunshine."

It is a good plan. Sunshine weavers will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.—*The Sunnyside.*

"Would you Leave the Little Lambs Out?"

There had been continued service in the church of ——— a number of days, and the religious interest throughout the community was intense. It was the most powerful revival I have ever witnessed. Among those who had constantly been attending the services was ———, the grandson of Judge ———, a distinguished man in the community, and the grandson of one of the founders of the Christian church in Kentucky. Our pastor announced one day that on that evening there would be a meeting of the session for the reception of members. ——— was only eleven years old, but his heart had been touched by the Spirit of God. He asked the permission of his grandmother, under whose charge he was, to present himself to the elders. She was astonished and embarrassed, and said:—

"My dear child, you are too young. You must wait until you are older."

This was more than young ——— could endure. He burst into tears, and hid his head in her lap. It was some time before he regained composure. He then said:—

"Grandma, if you had a flock of sheep and lambs, and it was winter time, would you put all the big sheep in stables and leave the little lambs outside in the snow and the cold?"

The little boy's faith and earnestness triumphed. His grandmother assented. He was examined as to his faith in Christ and received into the church.

It is many years since. He was afterwards a student at college under my tuition. He was a bright and diligent student. He became a physician, and the head of a public institution of the State of Kentucky. He is still an earnest and devoted follower of Christ. Early piety is apt to become eminent piety.—*American Messenger.*

Do you Think to Pray?

Ere you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield to-day?

When you meet with great temptations
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit
Did you claim his Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed with sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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From the New York Tribune, May 31st, 1883.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

ITS HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION—ADVOCATED BY THE TRIBUNE

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO—DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME—

THE ROEBLINGS' CONNECTION WITH THE ENTER-

PRISE—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The origin of suspension bridges is unknown. One in China is said to date back 2,000 years, and another in Thibet, India, to the year 65 A. D. Humboldt found rudely constructed suspension bridges in South America. In Europe they are common, but the system has been brought to the highest degree of perfection in this country. The application of the suspension system to bridging the East River was the subject of more or less discussion in this city and Brooklyn for at least over half a century before the work was begun. In 1819 an engineer by the name of Pope published an octavo volume on Bridge Architecture, in which he advocated spanning the East River by a single arch. The matter, however, did not attract much

attention until it was vigorously advocated in *The Tribune* in 1849. Numerous articles were printed on the subject, one of which appeared in October, 1849, and was as follows:—

“A BRIDGE TO BROOKLYN.—The great project of municipal improvement now occupying public attention in this city and Brooklyn is the building of a splendid bridge connecting the two shores of the East River, and thus making New York and Brooklyn emphatically one. All jealousy between New York and Brooklyn is preposterous and absurd, and is never seriously thought of, save by a few speculators whose interests are concerned in keeping alive such feelings. It is in the inevitable course of events that the sea-

ward point of New York Island should constantly be overrun with the pressure of business and population and should be seeking outlets for the excess in every possible direction. The great natural remedy for this commercial and populatative plethora is Brooklyn. . . . Ferries are rapidly becoming unequal to the immense and swiftly increasing intercourse between counting-house and home to so many thousands of our citizens. The only thing to be thought of is a Bridge built from some high point in New York to another in Brooklyn—thus permitting vessels of every kind to pass freely under at all times, and affording passage to a steady stream of vehicles and pedestrians. Such a bridge would become instantly an immense and important thoroughfare, second scarcely to Broadway itself."

A Free Bridge Wanted.

In various other articles the project was advocated. The position was taken that the Bridge should be free, and that upon its completion the two cities should be united in one municipality. On October 29th, 1849, it was stated in *The Tribune* that the Bridge should be 100 feet wide, and "to make it easily accessible it should start at a distance of some 1,500 feet from the shore on the New York side. It should be entirely free, as well for carriage as for foot passengers." On Christmas night of 1849 a gale caused the water in the East River to become so low that ferry-boats went aground while crossing, and travel was entirely stopped from 8 p. m. to 9 a. m. Thousands of men, women and children remained about the ferry-houses all night, waiting for the water to return so that the boats could run again; and many a Christmas entertain-

ment was spoiled in consequence. After that event there was renewed and vigorous discussion of the Bridge project, and estimates were made of its cost. One engineer, whose estimate was published in *The Tribune*, thought that it could be built for about the same cost as the High Bridge over the Harlem River. No practical steps were taken toward erecting a bridge until 1865.

Mr. Roebling's Early Interest in the Enterprise.

John A. Roebling, of Trenton, N. J., the distinguished engineer, was the only member of his profession in this country who, thirty years ago, had a thorough practical knowledge of the suspension system of bridging. He first became interested in the subject of bridging the East River, according to a member of his family, in 1853. In the month of February in that year he was detained with his wife and son, Washington, then a lad of fifteen years, on a ferry-boat in the East River for several hours, while the boat drifted helplessly about in the ice. He is said to have resolved at that time to build a bridge across the river. Not long afterward a letter from him discussing the feasibility of the project was published.

The matter slumbered until 1865, at which time Mr. Roebling was engaged in building the Covington and Cincinnati Suspension Bridge. In that year Oliver R. Ingersoll, of Brooklyn, addressed a letter to Mr. Roebling asking for an estimate of the cost of a suspension bridge across the East River. According to testimony given by Mr. Ingersoll before a committee of the Legislature, he received a letter from Mr. Roebling in 1866, offering to build a double suspension

bridge 200 feet high, with one roadway for passengers and another for cars, at a cost of \$4,000,000. He interested Granville T. Jenks in the matter, and the plans and specifications were procured. About the same time S. B. Chittenden caused to be published in a local magazine an article on a supposititious bridge over the East River and this led Mr. William C. Kingsley, then a rich contractor, to become interested in the project. He also consulted with Engineer Roebling on the matter. Whether it was the plans procured by Mr. Kingsley or those secured by Mr. Ingersoll that were sent to Henry C. Murphy, then a State Senator, and caused him to take action on the matter, is a question now in dispute. Mr. Ingersoll has once testified that he sent his plans along with the draft of a bill to incorporate a company, of which Mr. Ingersoll and friends should be members, to build a bridge.

The New York Bridge Company.

Mr. Murphy introduced the bill in 1867, but Mr. Ingersoll's name was not among those mentioned in the act which became a law in the same year. A company was formed consisting of John T. Hoffman, Simeon B. Chittenden, John Roach, Henry E. Pierrepoint, and many others some of whom afterward attained distinction as members of the Tweed Ring. The cities of New York and Brooklyn were authorized to subscribe to the capital stock such amounts as two-thirds of their Common Councils, respectively, should determine.

Under the name of the New York Bridge Company the work was prosecuted until 1874, when a law was passed by which the control of the erection and completion of the Bridge was invested in the

two cities. Eight trustees for New York are appointed every two years by the Mayor, Controller and President of the Board of Aldermen, and eight for Brooklyn by the Mayor, Controller and Auditor of that city. The Mayors and Controllers are *ex-officio* trustees. In June next the terms of all of the present trustees, except the *ex-officio* members, will expire. When the old bridge company was dissolved in 1875 the money subscribed by individuals was returned to them with interest. The cost of the Bridge was limited to \$8,000,000, one-third of which amount was to be furnished by New York and two-thirds by Brooklyn, it being considered that the latter city would derive so much greater benefit from the completed structure. The original estimate for the Bridge was \$7,000,000. The total cost will be about \$16,000,000.

The Death of the elder Roebling.

As soon as the New York Bridge Company was formed under the act of 1867, John A. Roebling was employed as chief engineer, and his son, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, as assistant. The young man, who served honorably in the war, had been associated with his father in the erection of the Cincinnati Bridge. When that was finished he went to Europe to collect the latest scientific information upon the subject of pneumatic foundations, for use in overcoming the difficulties of securing foundations for the great piers of the Bridge. He returned to this country in February, 1869, and selected his present home on Columbia Heights where he has lived the greater part of the time for fourteen years. From his window he can view the structure, which he has been unable personally to in-

spect since 1872, because of a peculiar disease he contracted in the prosecution of the work at that time. His mind has not abated in vigor, and he has full control of every part of his body, and can walk about the house, but he is unable to talk or listen save for a short time. When he exerts himself he has a sudden attack of weakness that prostrates him. He has been the chief engineer of the Bridge since the death of his father in 1869.

The elder Roebling drew the original plans and estimates, which were approved by General Newton at the head of a Commission of Engineers, appointed by John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War, in 1869. After a Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, consisting of Henry Worthington, Sinclair Tousey and George Opdyke, had approved the plans, Congress passed an act authorizing the construction of the Bridge. The elder Roebling made the initial surveys. While standing on a string-piece of the pier next to Fulton Ferry slip, in 1869, fixing a location for the Brooklyn tower, a ferry-boat in entering the slip drove the fenders against the pier so as to crush the engineer's foot. He was a firm believer in hydropathy, and on going to bed he put his injured foot beneath a faucet of running cold water, and allowed it to remain there until over chilled. He died sixteen days later from lockjaw. Not a stroke of work had then been done on the Bridge. The plans were most general in character, the details not having been considered. They have been matured by Mr. Roebling's son, and executed by his assistants, C. C. Martin, Colonel W. H. Paine, Francis Collingwood, George W. McNulty and S. R. Probasco, and by E.

F. Farrington, master mechanic. Many new problems in bridge architecture have been solved in erecting this bridge.

The Caisson Work.

The work of construction began on January 3rd, 1870. The greatest difficulty was to secure firm foundations for the towers. To build these foundations below the level of the bed of the river was a work of great magnitude. Wooden caissons were used to support the towers of the bridge. A caisson is merely a great box bottom turned up. The Brooklyn caisson was fifteen feet thick on the top, of large, solid yellow pine timbers, and the sides were nine feet thick and nine feet high. The measurement across the box from edge to edge was 102x168 feet. It was divided into six compartments which were connected by means of doors. This great box was made watertight and then anchored on the spot on which the tower was to stand. The caisson was protected from the river by a coffer-dam of piles and sheeting. The work of building the tower on the caisson was at once begun and continued until enough weight was on top of it to keep it on the river bottom. There were large wrought-iron tubes or shafts in the roof of the caisson through which earth and stones excavated on the inside could be taken out, and there was an air-lock for persons to enter the caisson.

When it was sunk on the river bottom the water was forced out of the caisson by compressed air, and men could go in and work. One pound of air pressure equals two feet of tide water, so for every two feet the caisson was lowered, one pound had to be added to the pressure inside. Gauges in the

engine-room above indicated the height of the tide and the pressure of air. The highest pressure attained in the caisson was 34 pounds to the square inch, in addition to atmospheric pressure. At that pressure a man could not whistle, and a candle blown out would immediately ignite again. Fresh water springs appeared. Beneath this caisson blasting and excavation went on for months, when a depth of 45 feet was reached, and the caisson was then settled on rocky foundation. The inside was then filled with broken stone and concrete until the whole thing was a solid mass; and then the work of erecting the tower went on rapidly.

Solving a Great Engineering Problem.

Greater difficulty was encountered on the New York side, and the caisson was made stronger and bigger, and had to be sunk to a depth of seventy-eight feet. Even at that depth solid rock was not discovered. But jagged points of rock stuck up here and there, amid a bed of quicksand. The points of the ledge which appeared only under one end of the caisson were levelled off and the quicksand was confined within a wall of concrete, the whole area of the caisson was filled with the same material, after which the tower was erected and finished like the one in Brooklyn.

There were many interesting incidents in the work of building the foundations. The pressure of the compressed air would sometimes tilt up a caisson and a portion of the air would escape, throwing up a large column of water fifty to sixty feet high. One Sunday morning a neglectful watchman caused a blow-out which covered the adjoining buildings and

shipping with a coat of mud and injured two or three persons. Under extreme pressure some of the workmen became subject to certain physical derangements which have received the name of caisson disease. The Brooklyn caisson caught fire several times and twice had to be flooded with water. In December, 1870, a careless laborer placed a lighted candle on a shelf in close proximity to the oakum caulking of a timber joint, which ignited, and under the pressure the fire made its way into the timber and out of sight. As the pressure was all outward no flame or smoke could be seen in the caisson, and it was some time before the fire was discovered. Colonel Roebling was summoned and he entered the caisson at 6 o'clock, p. m., and did not leave it until 5 a. m. Overwork and anxiety, in addition to the many hours in the compressed air, had its effect, and he was partially paralyzed before he reached home. This was the beginning of the disease that has so long prostrated him.

The Towers and Anchorages.

The towers, built of granite brought from Maine, are 276 feet 9 inches above high-water mark. The Brooklyn tower reached its full height in May, 1875, and its New York mate in July, 1876. The New York tower above the top of the caisson weighs 93,000 tons. The firmness of the foundation is shown in the fact that the tower has not settled two inches. At a height of 119 feet there are two arched openings in each tower, through which will pass the streams of travel. On the top of the tower are saddle-plates, huge iron castings, on which rest the weight of the cables.

The cables are fastened in an-

chorages 930 feet distant from the towers. The anchorages are built of stone, and are 129 by 119 feet at the base and 89 feet high. Over the top of them run the roadways. Imbedded in the two anchorages are huge plates of iron weighing twenty-three tons each, to which are fastened iron bars formed into chains, at the end of which are the cables that hold up the suspended part of the bridge. There are vaults in the anchorages, where the cables join the anchor chains, and they can be inspected at any time by the engineers. The remaining stone work of the bridge consists of granite approaches, which are lofty viaducts. The Brooklyn approach begins at Sands St., and it is 971 feet long to the anchorage. The grade is two feet nine inches in each 100 feet. In this distance, Prospect, Main and York Streets are spanned by iron bridges. The New York approach is 1,562 feet long from Chatham St. to the anchorage. The streets are spanned by stone arches, except at Franklin square, where an iron bridge crosses over the station of the elevated railway. Beneath the arches of the approaches are spaces which will be utilized as warehouses. At each end of the bridge are station houses of iron and glass, from which the cars will run.

Making the Cables.

After the towers were completed the next engineering problem was to get the wires over them. The cables could not be made and then lifted into place. The first wire was carried across by a scow on August 14th, 1876. It was lifted into place over the towers and fastened to the anchorages. A second wire was then run across and the two were fastened together,

making an endless wire running over driving wheels. It was then an easy matter to run across other wires, and cable-making really began on June 11th, 1877. On Aug. 25th, 1876, E. F. Farrington, the master mechanic, crossed the river in a rigger's chair, which was attached to the "traveler" wire rope. A foot-bridge running over the top of the towers was stretched across the river to assist in making the cables. That bridge was four feet wide and was laid on two small cables 200 feet high. Two five-eighths-inch wire ropes served as hand-rails to this "pathway in the sky." Many persons made the perilous trip over it while it was in existence.

The making of the strands for the cables, which were begun on June 11th, 1877, was not completed until October 15th, 1878. Each of the four cables contains 5,296 parallel (not twisted) galvanized steel, oil-coated wires, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder, and is 15½ inches in diameter. So many wires could not be handled at once, so that each cable is divided into 19 strands. When twelve strands were finished in each cable, seven of the central ones were clamped into the form of a small cable nine inches in diameter. This was made into the center core. On June 14th, 1878, the first serious accident in the operations of spanning the river occurred. A strand was let loose at the New York anchorage. It swept over the top of the tower and into the river, killing two men and injuring three more. Altogether some twenty persons have been killed during the erection of the bridge.

One of the Bridge Frauds.

In the course of the delivery of

the wire in the bridge yard it was carefully tested, and what failed to come up to the standard was rejected. It was afterward found that some of the rejected wire had again been delivered and was admitted into the work. Just how much of this was used no one can tell, but the engineers assert that there is enough extra strength in the cables to offset any weakness from this cause.

When the cables were ready for their loads, suspended bands made of wrought iron were fastened on at intervals of seven and one-half feet. To these bands were attached suspender ropes made of sheet wires. These ropes are made to hold 100 tons each, but not more than 10 tons weight will come upon one of them. The suspender ropes hold up the steel structure which forms the roadways.

On the approaches the width of the bridge is 100 feet. Here the wagon ways are paved with Belgian blocks, and the footway, which is only three feet above the roadways, has an asphalt pavement. But from anchorage to anchorage the bridge is different. It is a deft combination of steel beams, trusses, girders and chords, 85 feet wide, floored with timber except in the space reserved for the railway tracks. The total weight of steel in the bridge is 6,620 tons. The great delay in the delivery of this steel according to contract postponed the completion of the bridge for nearly one year.

As now completed there are five parallel avenues on the bridge. The outer two, nineteen feet wide each, are devoted to vehicles. In the center is an elevated foot-path fifteen and one-half feet wide. On either side of this are the railway tracks,—one for cars going to Brooklyn and one for those coming to New York.

Capacity of the Bridge for Travel.

The promenade has a capacity, if persons move at the rate of 200 feet per minute, of allowing 45,000 persons to pass over every hour. The roadway will admit the passage of 1,440 vehicles per hour of an average weight of $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, estimating three moving vehicles in every 100 feet. The bridge will sustain 10,000 soldiers marching, better than any ordinary bridge.

The cars are to be propelled by an endless chain, but when they reach the center of the main span they will run to the end by their own gravity and momentum, being under the control of brakes. Passengers will get in at one end and will be unable to get out until they reach the other end of the bridge. It is calculated that eighty cars, such as are used on the elevated roads, can be kept in operation at once, twenty of which will be on the bridge at one time. Each car can accommodate 100 passengers, and 80,000 persons can be taken across in an hour.

The total length of the bridge is 5,989 feet. The length of the river span is 1,595 feet, and at the center it will be 135 feet above high water in summer, and 138 feet in winter, the difference being caused by the effect of the heat and cold on the steel. The wind blowing at a velocity of 160 miles an hour would not hurt the bridge. The greatest velocity of the wind here is 76 miles an hour. The center of the suspended structure is 15 feet higher than the roadways of the towers. Not over 3 per cent. of the vessels that enter this port would have to strike their top-masts in passing under the bridge. From anchorage to anchorage the bridge is 3,460 feet long, and the total weight of the suspended structure is 17,780 tons. The cables, Chief Engineer Roe-

bling says, are strong enough to pull up the anchorages, which weigh 60,000 tons each. The bridge is to be lighted by 100 electric lights.

Opposition to the Undertaking.

Like all great local enterprises the bridge has met stout opposition. A memorial signed by 200 leading citizens was sent to the Legislature in 1879 asking that the work be stopped, that the bridge would obstruct navigation and would be useless. A long investigation followed without any

particular result. In 1873, under the pressure of public opinion and as the result of an investigation, Mr. Kingsley resigned the office of Superintendent. The management, however, was changed only in appearance, and the result was the passage of the act dissolving the original company. But the same managers were reappointed under the new law and they have managed to keep control ever since. By bad management and the delays caused by political opposition over \$1,000,000 at least has been added to the cost of the bridge.

From The Youth's Companion.

A BALLAD OF BRAVE WOMEN.

Off Swansea—January 27th, 1883.

With hiss and thunder and inner boom—
While through the darkness the great waves loom
And charge the rocks with the shock of doom—
A second sea is the hurricane's blast:
Its viewless billows are loud and vast,
By their strength great trees are upturn and downcast.
To-night falls many a goodly tree,
As many a ship, through the raging sea
Shall go with the strange sea-things to be.
At times through the hurry of clouds, the moon
Looks out aghast: but her face right soon
Is hidden again, and she seems to swoon.
Oh, the wind waves, and oh, the sea waves,
The gulfs of wind, and the sea-gulfs for graves,
Fast through the air how She flies and raves;
Raves with a magical, mad delight,
The viewless spirit of storm and night,
Heart of the wind, and soul of his might.
Hark to the voice which shouts from the sea,
The voice of a dreadful revelry!
The unseen hunters are out, and flee
Over the crests of the roaring deep,
Or they climb the ways that are wild and steep,
Or right through the heart of their light they leap.
Roar of the wind and roar of the waves,
And song and clamor of sea-filled caves,
What ship to-night such a tempest braves?

Yet see, ah, see, how a snake of light
Goes hissing and writhing up all the night,
While the cry, "*Going down!*" through the winds' mad might—

Through the roar of the winds and the waves together—
Is sent this way by the shrieking weather:
But to help on such night were a vain endeavor.

See a glare of torches; and married and single,
Men and women confusedly mingle—
You can hear the rush of their feet down the shingle.

Oh, salt and keen is the spray in their faces:
From the strength of the wind they reel in their paces
Catch hands to steady them there in their places.

How would a boat in such seas behave?
But the life-boat! Quick! The life-boat will save.
She is manned, with her crew of strong fellows, and brave.

See! They ride on the heights, in the deep valleys dip,
Until, with a cry which the winds outstrip,
Their boat is hurled on the sinking ship.

Its side is gored, for the sea to have way through—
"It is over!" they cried. "We have done all men may do!
Yet there's one chance left!" and themselves they threw

Right into the wrath of the sea and the wind!
It rages all round them, before, behind.
Their ears are deafened; their eyes are blind.

Then in the middlemost hell of the night,
Yea, in the innermost heart of the fight,
They strain and struggle with all their might—

With never a pause, while God's mercy they cry on,
Their teeth are set, and their muscles are iron—
Each man has the heart and the thews of a lion.

Wave spurns them to wave. They may do it! Who knows?
For shoreward the great tide towering goes,
And shoreward the great wind thundering blows,
But, no! See that wave, like a Fate bearing on!
It breaks them and passes. Two swimmers alone
Are seen in the wave, and their strength is nigh gone.

Quoth three soldiers on shore, "They must give up hope.
Neither swimmer nor boat with such surges could cope,
Nor could one stand steady to cast a rope.

"For he who would cast it must stand hip-high
In the trough of the sea, and be thrown thereby
On his face, never more to behold the sky."

But a woman stepped out from those gathered there,
And she said, "My life for their lives will I dare.
I pray for strength. God will hear my prayer."

And the light of her soul her eyes shone through,
But the men they jeered, and they cried, "Go to!
Can a woman do what we dare not do?"

Spake another woman—"I, too! We twain
Will do our best, strive with might and main,
And if what we do shall be done in vain,

"And the great sea have us to hold and hide,
It were surely better thus to have died
Than to live as these others. Haste! Haste!" she cried.

They seized a rope, and with no word more,
Fearless of death, down the steep of the shore
They dashed, right into the light and the roar

Of the giant waves, which sprang on them there,
As a beast of prey might spring from his lair,
While the roar of his triumph made deaf the air.

Oh, loud is the Death they hurry to meet—
The stones slip shrieking from under their feet—
They stagger, but fall not. Beat, mad billows, beat!

They raise their arms, with their soul's strength quivering—
They pause—"Will it reach?"—Then they shout and fling,
And straight as a stone driven forth by a sling—

Driven far afield by a master hand
The rope whizzes out from the seething strand:
A shout—"It is caught! For land, now, for land!"

A crash like thunder! They drop to their knees,
But they keep their hold in the under seas.
They rise. They pull. Nor falter, nor cease.

The strength of ten men have these women to-night,
And they shout with the rapturous sense of their might—
Shout, as men shout, when they revel in fight.

They reel, but they fall not. The rope winds in, fast;
Hark, hark! what a shout answers their shout, at last—
"That will do! We touch bottom! The danger is past!"

Then the women turn from the raging water
With the two they have snatched from its lust for slaughter,
But their feet flag, now, and their breath comes shorter.

Hardly they hear in their sea-dimmed ears
The sound of sobs, or the sound of cheers—
Their eyes are drowned, but with spray, not tears.

When deeds of valor, Coast vaunts over Coast—
As to which proved bravest, and which did most,
Two Swansea women shall be my toast.

Philip Bourke Marston.

From "Science" in N. Y. Independent.

DEEP-SEA FISHES.

The knowledge of the existence of deep-sea fishes is one of the recent discoveries of ichthyology. "It is only about twenty years ago," says a writer in the *London Quarterly Review*, in a review of Dr. Gunther's recent work on fishes, "that, from the evidence afforded by the anatomical structure of a few singular fishes, obtained in the North Atlantic, an opinion was expressed that these fishes inhabited great depths of the sea and that their organization was specially adapted for living under the physical abyssal conditions. These fishes agreed in the character of their connective tissue, which was so extremely weak as to yield to and to break under the slightest pressure, so that the greatest difficulty is experienced to preserve their body in its continuity. Another singular circumstance was that some specimens were picked up floating on the surface of the water, having met their death whilst engaged swallowing or digesting another fish, not much inferior or even superior in size to themselves.

"The first peculiarity was accounted for by the fact that, if these fishes really inhabited the great depth supposed, their removal from the enormous pressure under which they lived would be accompanied by such an expansion of the gases within their tissues as to rupture them and to cause a separation of the parts which had been held together by the pressure. The second circumstance was explained thus: A raptorial fish, organized to live at a depth of between 500 to 600 fathoms, seizes another usually inhabiting a depth of between 300

to 500 fathoms. In its struggle to escape, the fish seized, nearly as large or strong as the attacking fish, carries the latter out of its depth into a higher stratum, where the diminished pressure causes such an expansion of gases as to make the destroyer, with its victim, rise with increasing rapidity toward the surface, which they reach dead or in a dying condition."

It was also shown that, as the same species and genera are found in very distinct parts of the globe, these deep-sea fishes are not limited in their range, and, consequently (as has since been admitted on other grounds), that the physical conditions of the ocean depths must be much alike all the world over. That the deep-sea fishes are not of a peculiar order, however peculiarly organized, but for the most part modified forms of surface-types, was another conclusion arrived at from the scattered evidence available before dredging at great depths was systematically practiced, and a conclusion that has since proved to be right. Nevertheless, it still remained to ascertain more precisely the bathymetrical horizons in which the different kinds lived; and this has been to some extent attained by observations made during the voyage of the *Challenger*, though these cannot be received without further critical examination; for, unfortunately, no precaution seems to have been taken to keep the mouth of the dredge closed during its descent or ascent, and, therefore, it is probable, if not in some cases certain, that fishes were occasionally entrapped while the machine was passing through the

surface water. On the other hand, the majority of the examples taken in the dredge literally offer internal evidence that they were inhabitants of the abysses, being so organized as to be unable to live near the surface, and, consequently, that they were captured at the greatest depth to which the dredge reached or nearly so.

The physical conditions of the deep-sea affecting the organization and distribution of these fishes, which it is so hard to realize to the mind, are thus formulated by our author:—

“1. *Absence of Sunlight*.—Probably the rays of the sun do not penetrate to and certainly do not extend beyond a depth of 200 fathoms; therefore, we may consider this to be the depth where the deep-sea fauna commences. Absence of light is, of necessity, accompanied by modifications of the organs of vision and by simplification of colors.

“2. *The Absence of Sunlight* is in some measure compensated for by the presence of phosphorescent light, produced by many marine animals and, also, by numerous deep-sea fishes.

“3. *Depression and Equality of the Temperature*.—At a depth of 500 fathoms the temperature of the water is already as low as 40° Fahr. and perfectly independent of the temperature of the surface water; and from the greatest depths upwards to about 1,000 fathoms the temperature is uniformly but a few degrees above freezing point. Temperature, therefore, ceases to offer an obstacle to the limited dispersal of deep-sea fishes.

“4. *The Increased Pressure of the Water*.—The pressure of the atmosphere on the level of the sea amounts to fifteen pounds per

square inch of the surface of the body of the animal; but the pressure amounts to a ton weight for every 1,000 fathoms of depth.

“5. *With the Sunlight Vegetable Life Ceases in the Depths of the Sea*.—All deep-sea fishes are, therefore, carnivorous; the most voracious feeding frequently on their offspring and the toothless kinds being nourished on the animalcules which live on the bottom or which ‘like a constant rain,’ settle down from the upper strata, toward the bottom of the sea.

“6. *The Perfect Quiet of the Water at Great Depths*.—The agitation of the water caused by the disturbances of the air does not extend beyond the depth of a few fathoms. Below this surface stratum there is no other movement except the quiet flow of ocean currents, and near the bottom of the deep sea the water is probably in a state of entire quiescence.”

Now the effect of these conditions in some part or parts of their structure is such that all deep-sea fishes are easily recognizable without positive evidence of their having been caught at a great depth; and in many of them the most striking characteristics relate to the pressure of the water they inhabit. Their bones and muscles are comparatively feebly developed. The former “have a fibrous, fissured, and cavernous texture; are light, with scarcely any calcareous matter, so that the point of a needle will readily penetrate them without breaking.” They are loosely attached to each other, the vertebræ especially; and, unless carefully handled, the body will almost fall to pieces. But that this is not the animal’s normal condition we may be well assured. It is due simply to the absence of the pressure, which keeps the whole

organization compact; for, as has just been stated, most of these fishes are rapacious, and, to indulge their voracity (enormous, as we shall presently see), they must execute rapid and powerful movements, to effect which their muscles must be as firm and their vertebrae as tautly braced as in their surface-swimming relatives. Marvelous as this is, it is far from being all that is marvelous in the structures of these dwellers in the profundities. We pass over the modifications of the eyes, for such are found in plenty of other groups of animals; but many of them are furnished with "more or less numerous, round, shining, mother-of-pearl colored bodies imbedded in the skin."

"As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems."

Here let us again quote Dr. Gunther:

"These so-called phosphorescent or luminous organs are either larger bodies of an oval or irregularly elliptical shape placed on the head, in the vicinity of the eye, or smaller round globular bodies arranged symmetrically in series along the side of the body and tail, especially near the abdominal profile, less frequently along the back.... The organs of one kind consist of an anterior, biconvex lens-like body, which is transparent during life, simple, or composed of rods, and of a posterior chamber, which is filled with a transparent fluid and coated with a dark membrane, composed of hexagonal cells or of rods arranged as in the retina.... In the other kind the organ shows throughout a simply glandular structure, but apparently without an efferent duct. Branches of the spinal nerves run to each organ and are distributed over the retina-like

membrane or the glandular follicles. The former kind of organs are considered by some naturalists true organs of vision (accessory eyes), the functions of the latter being left unexplained by them."

There can, it seems, be no reasonable doubt that the function of both these kinds of organs has reference to the conditions of light under which the animals possessing them live; but further than that our judgment concerning them must at present be suspended. Dr. Gunther briefly states the three hypotheses which have been broached as possible. *First*, that both kinds are "accessory eyes;" to which there is the objection that several fishes, having well developed and even large eyes, perfectly adapted for seeing in the dark, are endowed with them, while in the other deep-sea fishes, without external eyes, they are absent. *Secondly*, that only the organs with a lenticular body and a retina-like membrane behind it are visual, but that the glandular organs are phosphorescent; and more may be said for this view than for any other, since the glandular organs are certainly luminous. *Thirdly*, that all the organs are producers of light, in which case it must proceed from the inner cavity and be emitted through the lens-like body as through a "bull's-eye" lantern. We hope we shall before long learn which of these suppositions may be adopted; but it will not be easy, we think, to decide the question. It might be different if we could but capture some of these remarkable beings alive and unhurt, and removing them to an aquarium, reproduce in a glass tank the conditions of the deep sea. That may in time come to pass; but, meanwhile, we must depend on

the investigations of anatomists.

Among other properties of the deep-sea fishes and in connection with their visual powers, it may be observed that they display few colors, and gay tints, would, indeed, be useless amid "the gloom of Tartarus profound." Their body is generally either black or silvery; but the silveryness has a most brilliant sheen, which is preserved even after years of immersion in spirit. A few are "picked out," as a coach-painter might say, with bright scarlet, either on the fin-rays or the filaments attached thereto. Such filaments, developed in connection with the fins or the end of the tail, are, we may remark, eminently characteristic of fishes that inhabit still water, and many of the deep-sea forms are adorned by them—a fact perfectly in accordance with the belief in the unvexed state of the nethermost abysses. Another remarkable property of some of these creatures

"That woo the slimy bottom of the deep,"

is the stomach, so capable of distension that it can hold a prey of twice the bulk of the destroyer. Figures of two of these are given by Dr. Gunther (pp. 311, 473), reproduced by Mr. Ford's beautiful plates in the "Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society" (1866, pl. ii, and 1864, pl. xxv). Even with

such a meal, they are not always content; for, though a fish seven inches and a half long was found in the latter specimen, itself not four inches in length, yet, we are told, "it was tempted to take a bait." One of the earliest recorded instances of this extraordinary voracity was observed by Mr. Johnson, who wrote as follows of a specimen (of another and very rare species, however), he procured at Madeira, which had been found floating on the surface:

"The man from whom I obtained it stated that he had a fish with two heads, two mouths, four eyes, and a tail growing out of the middle of the back, which had astonished the whole market; and the fishermen one and all declared they had never met anything like it before. At first sight it really did appear to be the monster described; but a short examination brought to light the fact that one fish had been swallowed by another, and that the features of the former were seen through the thin, extensible skin of the latter. On extracting the fish that had been swallowed, it proved . . . to have a diameter several times exceeding that of its enemy, whose stomach it had distended to an unnatural and painful degree."—*"Annals of Natural History,"* October, 1862, p. 277.

From The Missionary Herald, Boston, Mass., June, 1883

THE RESCUED GILBERT ISLANDERS.

The story of the Gilbert Islanders picked up at sea has awakened great interest wherever it has been received, and we are glad to present on the next page a picture of the group. The engraving is from a photograph taken in San Francisco, and well represents them as

they appeared when in that city. It is difficult to believe that, less than five years ago, these persons were half-naked savages. The face of the old man has suggested to several who have seen it the portrait of a good New England deacon. We have received from Rev.

HIRAM BINGHAM, of Honolulu, H. I., a brief account of these wanderers, as he learned it from them when they reached the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Bingham was the first person they met after their

rescue who could speak the Gilbert Island language.

It seems that they were sent by King Tem Benoka, of Apemama, to Maiana on a business errand. The party, consisting of nine men



THE RESCUED ISLANDERS.

and three women, sailed at midnight, probably about the middle of October last, reaching Maiana on the afternoon of the next day. After a stay of two weeks, they set out one forenoon to return.

The wind continuing light, they were not able to reach the island on the next day. The second morning dawned, but no land was to be seen. On that day, by an accident, one of their jars of water

was broken. They attempted to row to the eastward, toward a spot where they thought the appearance of the clouds indicated land. Failing to find land, they decided to return to Maiana, but only to discover that they had utterly lost their reckoning. On the eighth day their supply of water was gone. A slight rain enabled each one to collect about one quart of water. A month passed, but no rain; and although they were still supplied with food and cocoanut molasses, their thirst became so intense, that about two weeks after the slight rain spoken of, one of the parties, a woman died. The next day, two men, died. In the course of a week, seven out of the twelve had died from thirst. The day after the death of the seventh, there came a rain, and in their mats they caught water enough to satisfy their thirst. It was on the morning after this day, December 10th, 1882, that they sighted the *North-ern Light*, Captain SLOCUM, which took them to Yokohama, Japan.

Our readers will recall Captain Slocum's account of the party, and his statement that he never met a more devout band of Christians. They were sent by kind friends in Japan to San Francisco, where they were welcomed by many Christian people who saw in them delightful evidence of the elevating power of the gospel of Christ. A friend, in writing of their visit at the "Bay Conference," held in

the Plymouth Church, San Francisco, says: "They sang a hymn in their own language to a tune recognized as Ortonville (with variations). I think their visit made a deep impression, and that nothing was said at the meeting more convincing as to the power of the gospel of Christ."

Mr. Bingham, writing from Honolulu, March 22nd, says of them: "These people, four men and one woman, are now staying with us, in the hope of securing a passage to Apemama on the *Morning Star*, if not by some earlier opportunity. They seem eager for instruction, and we are daily striving to make them more and more acquainted with God's Word, and as I write, they are gathering in the parlor to receive their lesson in vocal music from Mrs. Bingham, that they may be able to sing Ortonville, and other tunes, with fewer variations. Two of the young men can read; one of them has with him a well-thumbed Gilbert Island Testament, going to pieces from being wet in the boat, where for some forty days they drifted those six hundred miles over the wide Pacific. The old man, a noble temperance hero, is trying to learn his alphabet. Compelled as we are, from poor health, to labor for the Gilbert Islanders at a distance from them, we esteem it a great privilege to have these strangers under our care and instruction."

WORK OF THE FISH COMMISSION.

THE OUTFIT OF THE ALBATROSS—ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN SUBMARINE
PHOTOGRAPHY—HABITS OF MIGRATORY FISH.

The United States Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* is lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard receiv-

ing a fresh coat of paint and being cleaned and repaired generally after a cruise of several weeks along

the coast. It is not yet definitely decided, but it is probable, that the *Albatross* will receive orders to sail for Europe when the repairs are finished, to be present at the International Fishery Exhibition now in progress at London. The object in sending the *Albatross* to London will be to make an exhibit of her as a model in every respect for the purpose for which she was built. In case the vessel is sent to London she will lie at anchor in the Thames and be open for inspection during the remainder of the Exhibition.

A *Tribune* reporter yesterday found the *Albatross* high and dry on the docks, her sides and bottom shining in fresh paint. There were various signs of life on board notwithstanding the vessel was out of water. The officers were giving orders to the sailors, the cooks were scouring their saucepans and a few colored sailors were scrubbing the decks vigorously. The officers of the vessel are as follows:—Lieutenant Z. L. Tanner, commanding; Lieut. Seaton Schroeder, executive officer; paymaster, George H. Read; surgeon, C. G. Herndon; past assistant engineer, G. W. Baird; lieutenants, S. H. May and A. C. Baker.

The *Albatross* is in length 234 feet over all, with a beam of 27½ feet, and a depth of hold of 16 feet 9 inches. She is brigantine-rigged, and is propelled by compound engines and twin screws. Her speed is about twelve knots an hour. The screws are arranged one on each side of the rudder and can be worked in opposite directions so as to turn the vessel squarely about in her length. The steering is done by steam. The vessel is constructed with a high poop-deck to enable her when going

astern to free herself of the heavy seas she might otherwise ship. The vessel is lighted by 130 of Edison's incandescent lamps of eight candle-power each. One of these lamps is attached to a flexible cable, and may be lowered into the sea to the depth of 500 fathoms. There are two of Dr. Moses' arc lights of 750 candle-power each, run off the Edison circuit, which is considered an important advance in electric lighting. Edison's Z dynamo, driven by an 8½x10 engine, is used, the dynamo making 1,200 and the engine 300 revolutions a minute. The use of electricity in the scientific investigations of the vessel is yet purely experimental. The light has been used under the water to attract the fish, and has been found very useful for this purpose. At a depth of 150 fathoms, however, the pressure of the water is so great that the globe is broken, consequently it remains to perfect a globe that will withstand the great submarine pressure before the electric light can be used at a great depth.

The vessel is provided with two large laboratories, one on the spar deck in the amidship house, and the other on the deck immediately below. In these laboratories the reporter found yesterday specimens recently taken in soundings and dredgings in 1,200 fathoms of water. There were star fish, differing entirely from those common in shallow water, submarine worms of curious forms, crabs and various kinds of vertebrates and invertebrates. In one jar of alcohol were several young sharks which were taken alive from the mother. There were specimens of plants and of the mud at that depth—making in all a curious and inter-

esting collection. The specimens will be taken to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

There is also in the vessel a complete photographic apparatus for taking instantaneous photographs of specimens raised from the bottom of the sea. The photographic apparatus will be used also in taking micro-photographs of minute organisms by aid of the electric light lowered in the sea. Photographs of the intensity of light will be taken at different depths, the photographic plates being sent down, opened and closed, raised to the surface for comparison, and preserved to be sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

The steamer is equipped with two Herreshoff steam launches, one of which is sheathed with mahogany and carries her screw amidships beneath her keel, so that in heavy seas it will always be in the water. These boats are also arranged to be used as life-boats, and they are provided with the necessary apparatus for capturing cetaceans. A large Gloucester sailboat and several row-boats complete the squadron. There is on the vessel every appliance for catching fish.

The fish-food found in salt water is one of the principal points for investigation, which will be carried on by the use of electricity and the trawl. Much valuable hydrographic information is gained incidentally, as it is always necessary to ascertain the exact depth of water before the trawl is lowered, to accomplish which the vessel is furnished with the most perfect appliances for deep-sea soundings, steel wire—of which there are 8,000 fathoms—taking the place of the hemp rope. Accurate serial temperatures are observed, as well as the chemical constituents of the

water, their points having a direct bearing upon the subject under investigation.

The first work of the *Albatross* was done about two months ago off Cape Hatteras in investigating the movements of migratory fishes which make their first appearance on the coast in that vicinity. The object of the work was to gain knowledge that would lead to the discovery of the winter quarters of those fishes. It has always been alleged by scientists that mackerel hibernate every winter off Newfoundland. Professor Baird has maintained, on the contrary, that the mackerel are a migratory fish. The trip to Hatteras by the *Albatross* settled the question. The vessel lay off Hatteras until the mackerel appeared, and then followed them up along the coast. The shad, salmon, bluefish, menhaden and others appear on the coast in the spring, most of them in good condition, indicating good feeding grounds during the winter. After remaining some time in the shallow waters of the Atlantic seaboard, and its bays and rivers, they suddenly disappear, no one knows where. They reappear in the following spring. It has been settled that they do not visit any other coast in the meantime, and as they have never been seen on the surface after they have gone away, it follows that they hibernate at the sea bottom in a region where food is plentiful. If the *Albatross* discovers the winter resort of these fish it will only remain to take them at a season when they are not spawning, and are, in consequence, in fine condition.

The *Albatross* has been ordered to report at Washington for further orders June 15th.—*N. Y. Tribune*, June 4th, 1883.

PROF. JOSEPH HENRY AND THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

BY E. S. PORTER, D. D.

A statue in memory of Prof. Joseph Henry has just been unveiled. What the statue itself may be as a work of art we do not know. But the world knows that any material representation, be it marble or brass, local and measurable of a man whose fame is celebrated wherever the tick of a telegraph is heard, or the voice of a telephone resounds, must needs be very inadequate. And yet his fellow countrymen surely do honor to themselves when they erect monuments to perpetuate the fame of great writers, philosophers and teachers. The streets of Edinburgh are illustrated and illuminated by the marble forms and figures of Scott and Wilson and Playfair, and the missionary, Livingstone, and others who triumphed in the fields of literature, science, art and philanthropy. These all seem to say in chorus to all who behold them:—"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the sermons preached and the hymns sung are in honor of the Prince of Peace; but the walls of the vast structure and its alcoves are used in the main to show forth the military genius of Great Britain. Warriors look down upon the visitor as if to receive homage for their great achievements on sea and land. It has been ever thus, but it will not continue so forever. Men of thought will be honored no less than men of action, and the benefactors of mankind will have their laurel wreaths no less than they who have writ their deeds in blood. It is a good augury for any people, to show their disposition to extol the services of the pioneers of human

progress in all that constitutes christian civilization.

Prof. Henry was placed at the head of the Smithsonian Institute when first opened in Washington, D. C. At that time he enjoyed a distinction among the *savans* of the old world far greater than had been accorded to him here, where scientific experiments had not yet covered so large a field as they do now. It may perhaps be doubted whether American readers or students, as a class, know or appreciate the value of Prof. Henry's scientific labors and discoveries.—While principal of the Albany Academy, he constructed the famous horse-shoe magnets, without which Prof. Morse could not have operated an electrical telegraph. While connected as Chief, with the Natural Science Department at Princeton College, Prof. Henry extended his researches in magnetism and electricity, and by his papers published in this and other countries, contributed to bring on the new age, wherein all parts of the world are made adjacent and contiguous by the nerve-wires that transmit the magnetic messages ever upon them.

In June, 1858, I was sent to Washington on a special service for the American Bible Society. Having been a pupil of Prof. Henry at Princeton, I was glad to call upon him at the Smithsonian. He invited me to luncheon, after which he took me into a large lecture room, on one side of which hung an immense map of the United States. It was covered with bits of slight paper, of many colors, each color having a language of its own. "Here," said the Professor, "we are trying to

ascertain and determine the meteorological system or systems of our country. Through the telegraph instrument there in the corner we receive reports from all sections of the Union respecting the course of the winds, the state of the thermometer and barometer, and the gathering and progress of storms; in short, of everything that will help us ascertain, with something like certainty, the changes of the weather which may be soon expected. If we succeed in these experiments, they will prove to be of very great utility to agriculture and navigation. While the weather is commonly thought to be fickle, nevertheless we are learning that its variations are produced by fixed laws, which lead back to the study of natural causes not entirely beyond physical research."

Then taking in his hand a long slender index pointer, he stepped forward to the map and directed my attention to the recording papers, of many hues, fastened by pins to the map, as the telegraph signalled the places for their almost constant transpositions. And thus, then and there, I beheld the beginning of that signal service, which daily, all the year round, supplies the whole press of the United States with its weather news, which is born not of conjecture, but of scientific deductions from an immense mass of observations extending over a continent. Prof. Henry then proceeded to explain to me in brief the thermometrical and meteorological systems of different portions of our country and through differing seasons. He added that it would require long, patient and minute observation to reduce all the phenomena of earth and sky to a meteorological system. "One of the most active causes," said he, "in

producing sudden or very violent changes is electricity, which seems to flow hither or thither like tides, but without the regularity of tides. However, if we cannot comprehend causes, we can study their phenomena, and infer probable results as likely to occur, with very considerable regularity."

The Professor then gave some reasons for doubting whether western Kansas would have a sufficient rain-fall in the summer to make it a very safe region for agricultural investments. "During the early spring," said he, "the supply of moisture from the Pacific may be enough to pass over the mountains and reach the great inter-continental plains. As the spring recedes and summer comes on the moisture will be winnowed out by the mountain ranges, and then western Kansas must suffer more or less." What to Prof. Henry was scientific foresight has proved, on several occasions, to be verified history.

But my purpose in this sketch is simply to show that while Prof. Henry laid the foundations of the telegraphic system of the world, to him also is largely due the honor of having laid the foundations of our present signal service, as established at Washington. Prof. Henry, as all who knew him will bear witness, was a modest, retiring scholar. He loved genuine science, and he loved and honored God. For him the inspired Scriptures were full of life for the soul, and of medicine for the heart. In short, he was a thoroughly true man,—a natural philosopher, who valued facts above theories, and a sincere believer in Him who is the life and the light of men. Let his statue be altogether eloquent of real greatness.—*Christian Intelligence*.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Mission.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Reports from this field reach us infrequently, but work is steadily carried on by faithful laborers among the fishermen and native population, and, in the winter, on behalf of the last named. Rev. Mr. MACKAY was the resident missionary from May to September, 1882, and during that time held regular Sunday services in the chapel, morning and evening, with a Bible-class and prayer-meeting in the afternoon. During the week a meeting was held for prayer and reading, classes being made up from the young people. The population at the Harbor decreases rather than otherwise, for "the young men with any push feel that they can never do much on the coast." Fisheries were poor there last summer, consequently vessels did not remain long, but each one, as it came, was visited, the sailors spoken to, and tracts and books given which were readily received. On the Sabbath the seamen came ashore and attended worship,—some took part in the prayer meetings and appreciated the privilege of joining in the worship of God.

"When Rev. Mr. Mackay wrote," continues the Treasurer of the Montreal Missionary Society at Montreal, Canada, which in conjunction with our own sustains the mission at the Harbor,—“Mr. and Mrs. ROGERS and a lady teacher entered on the work. These missionaries are from Newfoundland. . . . We have only heard from them there soon after their arrival, as all communication ceases in October.”

Germany.

HAMBURG.

The annual (printed) report of the British and American Sailors' Institute,

covering operations for 1882, has been delayed until quite recently, but is now in hand. Its retention was owing to the desire of the Institute Committee "to give as complete account as should be possible of the special effort recently made to reduce the mortgage debt on the building. This arose from an offer made in a most generous and sympathizing spirit by Messrs. JAMES CURRIE & Co., of Leith, Scotland, in May, 1882, to add one-fourth,—up to £250,—to any sum that could be raised for this purpose by the 31st of December of that year, subsequently extended to the 30th of June, 1883. It seemed to the Committee impossible, at first, to get together the £1,000 they required in order to have the full benefit of this offer. But others came forward with similar generosity,—they refer especially to the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY and Mr. R. M. SLOMAN,—and the start was made which has issued in the complete success of this movement. The ladies put the finishing stroke to it in their Bazaar which was held in Easter week; and the Committee have now happily to report that they have received £250 from Messrs. Currie & Co., and £100 from Mr. Sloman, the condition on which this money was promised having been fulfilled. To these gentlemen the Committee beg to give thus publicly their warmest thanks, and to all others who have helped with their gifts. The final and very satisfactory result is that the debt upon the Institute will be reduced from 56,000 marks to 28,000 marks.*"

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

It is a pleasure to state that as a result of correspondence for some time past between our own, the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY in London, England, and the ANTWERP SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—and in deference to the earnest wishes of the resident attendants upon the MARINERS' CHURCH AND INSTITUTE,

* A mark is one English shilling.

Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, for the past two years chaplain of our own and the London organization at this important station,—the third in the world in its numbers of shipping. (following London and New York),—will continue at Antwerp for at least another twelvemonth, in the same capacity. The chaplain speaks of much encouragement in his work, and the third Annual Report of the local Society (for 1882,) affords ample ground therefor. We summarize it:—

The year has been a quiet one. The Institute Building has been maintained in thorough repair, and has been made attractive to seamen. Fortnightly entertainments to sailors and their friends have been given in the large hall. Religious services, under the charge of chaplain Potts, have been well attended, the hall (church) being constantly utilized to its full capacity. The library, reading, billiard and smoking rooms have been extensively used, many sailors resorting thither. Twelve libraries (266 volumes) were shipped, a total of 24 libraries with 517 volumes,—besides many parcels of illustrated and miscellaneous papers; fifteen hundred volumes having been loaned out at the reading-room. About 10,000 sailors are estimated to have visited the rooms during the year.

Thanks are tendered to the two Societies which provide the chaplain's service, and an acknowledgment is made of fourteen bound volumes of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE received from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for the Institute Library. It is added that coffee, tea and other refreshments are provided for seamen in the "coffee-room," at very moderate charges. A special fund has been started for the erection of a Sailors' Home, some of the foreign consuls interesting themselves in the matter.

On the whole, our readers may be assured, substantial and steady progress has been made in our work at Antwerp, during the year thus reported on.

France.

HAVRE.

We feel certain that our friends will be deeply interested in the first report submitted by the new missionary lately appointed, Mr. C. J. HEPPELL. He is re-

resented as being very popular among sailors: surely, as our informant writes,—"a good sign." His report is to the end of 1882, as follows:—

The Port—His Way of Labor.

"This station not only includes the port of Havre, with its large docks and vast shipping, but also takes in Honfleur, on the east side of the Seine. Since coming here last April, I have endeavored as far as possible, to board all vessels coming into port, but the numbers being so great, I have found it quite impossible to reach all. Some of the steamers have over eighty hands, all told, so that it is nearly a day's work to have personal dealing with each one. I often have short services in the fore-castle during the dinner hour. Still personal dealing is most essential. Often I am above four hours on board one vessel, my object being, to do all I can while on board, rather than hurry over a great number of vessels.

Fruitful Services on Shipboard.

"I have service every Sunday, at 10 a. m., in the saloon of the Royal Mail Steamers, from Southampton. These services first began with the men in the fore-castle during their dinner hour, and at their request were changed to Sunday morning, the captain of each steamer kindly offering me the use of the saloon. We began with an attendance of sixteen men, which has increased to forty, and sometimes has reached eighty, when there are many English and American vessels in port. Captains, officers and men have shown me every kindness and help, in carrying on these services, which God has been pleased to make a means of salvation to several who have attended them.

Witnessing to His Work.

"I have had letters from America, from Reed City, and from Philadelphia, from New York, and from Halifax, N. S., also from captains of English steamers, 'thanking me for blessings received here, and praying that I may long be spared to do good to others, as I had done to them.' Some of those thus brought to the Lord, have since been gathered to their rest.

Utilizing Sea Captains—Extra Service.

"I have enrolled six captains as 'Missions to Seamen' helpers, and one associate: these were thoroughly godly men.

"After our Sunday morning service is over, I often have another service on board

some large vessel, where some of the officers and men from the Southampton steamers go with me, carrying my little harmonium for me, and help me both in the singing and responses.

Open Air Worship.

"During the autumn we had forty English fishing smacks here, every Sunday; we had some very interesting, hearty open air services on board, reminding me of my work at Whitby, Eng. Some hundreds of French people gathered on the quays listening to the music. They were most orderly and quiet during the whole time, and when I stepped on shore after the service was over, I was completely besieged for tracts in French; I am often asked for these as I go along the docks.

At the Reading-Room—Temperance Labor, etc., etc.

"Besides dealing with the men on board their vessels, I meet with them every night at the Reading-Rooms, where I have further conversation with them. Here they get, read and write their letters, and post them in the Rooms, stamps, paper, &c., being kept there for them. They also read the papers, books, &c., smoke, chat, or have their games, and often music. In fact they are quite at home there. The attendance has largely increased; we have temperance entertainments every Saturday night, at which 70 men have signed the pledge. These entertainments are also a counter attraction to the *cafés*, with the drink and its long train of evils. On Sunday evenings there is sacred music from 7.30 p. m. to 9 p. m., then we have a short service, closing up at 10 p. m., when it is time to go on board, without going into the *cafés*. There are often eighty men present.—Mrs. BERNAL, wife of H. B. M. Consul, takes a warm interest in all that is done here, and is ever ready to help in any way she can.

Summary of Work.

"Visited 686 vessels, 12,455 men; paid 278 visits to the Seamen's Reading-Rooms, attended by 10,469 men; held 193 services, 19 readings of the Scriptures, and 26 temperance meetings, gave 70 pledges, sold 20 Bibles and Testaments, 38 copies of 'Forms of Prayer for Use at Sea,' 8 copies of 'Lay Work in the Royal and Mercantile Navies,' distributed some thousands of tracts, &c., in various languages; at work, 2,136 hours.

MARSEILLES.

Acknowledging, under date of May 9th,

remittances for quarters ending December 31st, 1882, and March 31st, 1883, Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON, chaplain, writes:—"The work here is far the most important and laborious of any port on the Mediterranean. * * * I am assisted by a Scripture reader, a young man of earnest piety and zeal, and who, having completed his studies at a Theological college, will soon receive orders. * * * We need to have more frequent services on board ships, as the English chapel is about four miles distant from the docks where the large vessels lie. The services at the Sailors' Home are well attended in the evening. In these I am occasionally aided by ministers of different denominations passing through the city."

Gibraltar.

We have been interested by a note from Rev. D. S. GOVERT, Archdeacon at G., formerly chaplain at our mission at Marseilles, France, to the effect that he, with others, is about establishing a sailors' mission at G. The project has been repeatedly and heartily endorsed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, and, it would appear, is one deserving execution. Last year ('82) the English speaking mercantile seamen in the port numbered 95,000, and they are increasing by some 5,000 to 6,000 per year. Up to this time nothing has been attempted for their spiritual interests while in harbor.

Italy.

NAPLES.

The Fourth Annual Report (for '82) states that H. B. M. Consul GRANT, at N., presiding over the Harbor Mission's annual meeting, stated that it is now a rare thing for him to have to exercise his consular authority in connection with seamen, so marked is the good effect of the spiritual services and other labor now put forth in their behalf.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

In the "Annual Report of the Evan-

gical Alliance of Japan for the year 1882," forwarded to us by Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor missionary, we find the following statistics of his work for the year:—

Missionaries, 1; Services ashore and afloat, 423; Temperance Meetings, 81; Pledges taken, 48; Visits of seamen to Mission rooms, 5,679; Visits of officers to Mission rooms, 164; Visits to ships, hospitals and prisons, 296; Bibles and Testaments sold, 59; Number of conversions, 45.

The Evangelical Alliance comprises nineteen missions and churches in the Empire, of various denominations.—Rev. Mr. Austen's last report came to hand May 4th, and covers labor for the three months ending 31st March. He writes:—

Best Time to Reach the Men.

"Our best opportunities for reaching the seamen have been when they are gathered together in our fine mission rooms of an evening, when their working hours are over and leave is given them from their respective ships. We have held a large number of meetings for them at the Mission, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, for prayer, for advocating total abstinence, for social entertainment, for the delivery of popular lectures, &c., all of which have proved successful in furthering the great object we have in view, viz., of bringing them to Christ.

Conversions to Christ.

"Some twenty-one have been hopefully converted, many others have been led to think seriously, while not a few who were already on the Lord's side have testified that they have been brought much nearer to Him as the result of our poor efforts. I have a great cause for thankfulness in the faithfulness of my dear wife who is proving herself a true helpmate in more than seconding my efforts to win souls.

A Service of Special Interest—Sailors Join the Church.

"On Sunday evening, January 28th,

we had a very interesting and solemn service at our rooms, when a number of seamen united with the Union church on a profession of their faith. They had previously been examined by the church officers, and a special session of the church was called to meet at the Seamen's Mission at eight o'clock, at the close of our usual Sunday evening service, when the Rev. J. DAVISON, of the M. E. church mission, the Rev. J. H. BALLAGH, of the R. D. church mission, and the Rev. H. LOOMIS received the candidates into church membership, one man having first to receive the rite of baptism. At the conclusion of this service the holy communion was administered to some fifty or sixty persons, the candidates included.

Testimony of Missionaries.

"Several missionary brethren at this meeting spoke of the great blessing that had come to them through the meetings they had attended from time to time at the Seamen's Mission. A large number of our American missionary brethren have from time to time attended our meetings, and have expressed their great interest in the work.

Revival Work Spreading.

"This revival which has been going on for six months past, has spread to the native churches, which have received large accessions of members, and evidences are multiplying on every hand of the fact that God's Spirit is being poured out as never before on this land of the rising sun, in answer to the prayers of his children.

Statistics.

"For the quarter these are as follows:—Meetings held, 153; visits to ships, 43; visits to hospitals, 23; visits to prisons, 18; bible classes, 11; conversions, 21; pledges, 17; bibles and testaments sold and given, 13; seamen's letters received and sent, 46; visits to reading-room, 1,648; attendance at meetings held at the Mission, 3,548."

At Ports in the United States.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

Chaplain J. B. MERRITT's report for year ending April 1st, 1883, states that the Bethel services have been well attended, not a single one being omitted. Both

the shipping and the hospital have been regularly visited and the good seed has been scattered among the seamen, who seem highly to appreciate the work done for them. Prisoners in the city jail have been visited; temperance meetings have been frequently held and scores of sailors have signed the total abstinence pledge.

On all occasions seamen have been respectful, attentive and even cordial.

"My heart," he says, "goes out after them. I am glad to work for their welfare. May God give more and more power to help him to accomplish his salvation!"

"I have visited 2,511 vessels, distributed 33,984 pages of tracts, 3,316 seamen's papers, 2,095 other papers, 911 SAILORS' and other magazines, and 155 Bibles and Testaments. I have relieved the wants of thirty-four distressed seamen and have buried eleven."

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

In March, Capt. POTTER, missionary, visited forty vessels, as also the Sailor Boarding Houses and the Hospital. At the latter place, a dying colored seaman accepted Jesus as his Redeemer.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Rev. L. H. SHUCK, D. D., chaplain, in his quarterly report, ending March 31st., '83, states that services have been regularly maintained at the Bethel, and the chaplain has visited the shipping, the hospital and the jail. Through the kindness of one of the directors of the Port Society, pecuniary assistance has been rendered to the poor and the destitute. Tracts, Testaments and Bibles in various languages have been distributed and the usual number of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE. The faithful mission colporteur, Mr. A. L. YATES, is at present in feeble health, and Mr. C. NELSON, a converted seaman, has been requested to assist in the work. Various religious denominations have been represented at the Bethel services on the Sabbath. The Sailor's Home has been repaired and arrangements have been made to open it at once, for the entertainment and comfort of seamen. The changes at the Home and its present accommodations are thus set forth in the *Charleston News and Courier*, of May 12th, '83:—

"It has been thoroughly cleaned and repainted inside and will be painted and

repaired on the outside. All the rooms have been supplied with new furniture and bedding, and the establishment has been placed under the management of Capt. SAMUEL R. DAVIS, as superintendent, and of Mrs. S. C. CLARK, as matron. Capt. Davis, who comes from New York, has had thirty years' experience as a shipmaster, and ten years' experience as a hotel-keeper, and is consequently thoroughly competent for the work he has undertaken. Mrs. Clark is a lady of skill and experience, and thoroughly understands the difficult science of house-keeping. There are twenty sleeping rooms in the building with accommodations for about forty persons. The sleeping rooms are on the third floor, are all well ventilated and neatly furnished, and all open into a spacious hall which has been fitted up as a library and reading room, the library having been promised by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"The mess-room on the second floor is furnished with a number of circular tables seating four persons each. The pantry and kitchen are on the same floor, and are both models of neatness and cleanliness. Sailors who may desire to obtain a decent and comfortable abiding place while on shore will find at this place a comfortable home, and at reasonable rates. In addition to this the Home will provide apartments for the masters and mates of vessels who may have their families with them. For the accommodation of these a separate dining-room neatly fitted up has been provided.

"The Home will supply a want long felt in the city. Vessels which arrive here during the summer months and have to go to the phosphate works up the river to load or discharge cargo cannot take their crews with them. The masters are compelled to board their men in the city, and have frequently to entrust them to the very sharks whose business is to steal seamen from one ship and sell them to another. Masters of vessels will find at the Sailors' Home, comfortable quarters, good wholesome fare and kind treatment for their men, who can, if they desire it, be quartered together, a large room having been fitted up for the purpose. For ships' crews under these circumstances arrangements can be made at reduced rates of boarding."

For The Sailors' Magazine.

Our Seafaring Men.

By this term I do not mean to be understood as intending all sorts of men who

spend their lives mostly on the sea,—but now I intend a certain class with whom I have been familiarly acquainted from my early years. I do not speak here of the common sailor who goes before the mast, in our steamers, and on our sailing vessels, for all their lives.

With this class I have no personal acquaintance, though I hail with great pleasure every movement for their temporal or spiritual good. But I refer to another class who never design to go before the mast for a longer time than may be necessary to attain sufficient knowledge to fit them to be masters or officers of steamers or sailing vessels. This class is numerous, even in our days, in all the maritime towns of New England.

As a rule, these men are not ignorant or debased, although many in the inland portions of our country suppose them to be so, judging from the specimens they have seen in our large cities of the common sailor. Those of whom I write take to the sea from choice or from necessity at an early age. As soon as they have acquired in our common and high schools a sufficient knowledge of Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and Navigation, they ship off, “square rigging,” hoping soon, by these menial steps, to become officers and masters. This class of seafaring men gain a living, and often a very comfortable one, for their large and respectable families. They are not regarded by us as a low and ignorant set who live in little huts on the sea shore, as some writers, indeed, would make them out to be.

Those in whom my sympathies are most deeply interested comprise the officers and masters of our steamers and sailing ships. They, like all seafaring men, are subjected to the hardships, dangers and trials incident to their calling. As a rule they have wives, children and pleasant homes to leave behind them, which the common sailor seldom has to care for. They have, too, a heavy weight of responsibility resting on them when on ship-

board, for not only the property of their employers, but the safety, comfort and lives of all on board depend on the skill and good judgment of the masters and officers as well as the prompt and ready obedience of the sailors. Their trials and privations are hard to bear, especially when starting out on a long voyage with a crew half foreign, and oft times unfitted for duty by strong drink. It is, of course, in cities that the sailor meets his greatest foe and is robbed of his courage and manhood and sent to sea half clothed and half crazed with rum.

Now it is for the masters and officers that I ask the prayers of all Christian readers of the *MAGAZINE*. It is to them we owe all our foreign and many of our domestic luxuries and comforts. What could the common sailor do in navigating a ship around the globe or across the ocean? Let us never forget how much we stand in debt to them, or how much we depend on them. They have but few comforts. It is true that they have time for reading and writing, but they enjoy few other privileges. I have seen some good libraries on board ship consisting of books of travels, history, astronomy and philosophy. I knew one officer, not then twenty, who had purchased and read six volumes of philosophy on one voyage to Smyrna. As a class they are intelligent, and possess more general knowledge than college students who come among us as school teachers.

And yet, however intelligent, honorable or useful they may be, they are not angels but *men*,—frail, sinful human beings like all the rest of our race, and need the Divine and holy influence of pure religion to make them what they need to be and may be, if they are brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit and the Bible. One of my intimate friends (not a professed Christian) told me that he read his Bible through in one voyage, perhaps for want of other reading, as Loan Libraries were not then in use. I have heard another ship-master say that

he had not been on a voyage since his conversion to Christ (which took place some years ago off Cape Horn) without having one or more of his officers or crew hopefully converted.

Oh! if all our ship-masters could say that, truly,—what a blessed improvement would be made among them! We should not so often be pained by hearing or reading of quarrels between officers and sailors, or cruel treatment and mutinies on shipboard.

Now, I by no means think all the complaints against ship-masters to be just or true. I know at least of one instance where mutiny had been caused wholly by avaricious motives, to get money, and the mutiny would have been carried out but for the faithfulness and kindness of a colored cook who overheard the plans of the mutineers and gave timely warning.

And there seems to me no more efficient and direct way of raising the character and promoting the comfort and interest of those who follow the sea than to labor for the spiritual benefit of this useful and important class of men for whom I am pleading. Make them what they should be and it may be that our sailors would become a more honorable and useful set of men. May the Spirit of God come down upon us and beget in our hearts a more earnest and persevering cry to Him in their behalf! Then life and property will be safer on the ocean, and the hearts of many on the land be happier and more grateful to Heaven when "the abundance of the sea shall be converted," and every sailor become a missionary of the Gospel to lands where men have not heard of a Divine Savior.

M. S.

East Orleans, Mass., June, 1883.

U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Chaplain McALISTER writes, June 5th, 1883:—

"Last Sunday morning at the close of the morning service, in the presence of the Secretary of the Navy and a number

of the Board of Visitors, I presented the books sent from the Rooms of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. To every graduate of the Naval Academy this year, there was given a copy of the recent work of Rev. C. L. BRACE, entitled *Gesta Christi*, which we are confident will interest the young men and lead their studies in the right direction. It will assure them of thoughtful and prayerful Christian friends, and perhaps induce some of their number to commence and adorn the Christian life."

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MAY, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	175
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,770

of which \$674 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$943 was returned to depositors.

Planets for July, 1883.

MERCURY during this month is a morning star until 6 o'clock on the evening of the 29th when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun; during the remaining two days of the month is an evening star; is at its greatest elongation at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd, when it is 21° 39' west of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the same day at 6h. 38m., being 17' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 19° north and 33° south; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 5th, when it rises at 3h. 18m., and north of east 27° 50'; is twice in conjunction with Venus during this month, the first time at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd, being 2° 3' south, and then again at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 8th, being now 1° 18' south; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, being 32' north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 7m., and north of east 29° 42'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 2nd at 6h. 10m., being 2° 31' north; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 8 o'clock on the forenoon of the 26th, being 10' north.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 1h. 38m. and north of east 24° 21'; is in conjunction with Saturn on the forenoon of the 30th at 8 o'clock, being 1° 28' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 29th at 2h. 48m., being 2° 44' north.

JUPITER is an evening star until the forenoon of the 5th at 10 o'clock; during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunc-

tion with the Moon at 2m. past noon on the 4th, being 4° 38' north.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 26m. and north of east 25° 55'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the evening of the 1st at 6h. 5m., being 29' north, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 14° north and 48° south; and then again on the morning of the 29th at 5h. 13m., being 44' north, also at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between 7° and 70° of south latitude.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for May, 1883.

MAINE.

Augusta, South Cong. ch. \$ 14 20

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Atkinson, Cong. S. S., in full for lib'y 15 64
Concord, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, per Mrs. G. E. Jenks, for lib'y 20 00

VERMONT.

Bennington Centre, 1st Cong. ch. 12 50

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Officers and students of Amherst College 49 60
Boston, Schr. John H. Chope, Capt. Buell 2 00
East Longmeadow 18 00
East Medway 8 00
Fitchburg, Rev. John Woods and wife for lib'y 20 00
Bequest of Aaron Eaton, deceased, of Fitchburg, Mass., for a library, through Ezra R. Rockwood, ex'r. 20 00
Groton, Mrs. C. E. Blood, in full for lib'y 10 00
Longmeadow, Gents' Benev. Society. 18 15
Lowell, Sarah Stickney, for lib'y 20 00
Sewall Association, for lib'y 20 00
Middleboro, Methodist ch., for temperance 5 00
Monson, Cong. ch. 25 00
Nantucket, S. S. of 1st Cong. ch., for lib'y 20 00
Peabody, South ch. and Soc'y 25 00
Randolph, Cong. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
Springfield, 1st Cong. ch. 13 88
South Cong. ch. 10 13
Southboro, Pilgrim ch. and Soc'y 11 78
Uxbridge, Bequest of Willard Judson, deceased, late of Uxbridge, Mass., per Jacob Taft, ex'r. 500 00
Westfield, 2nd Cong. ch. 17 35
Westhampton, Cong. ch., for lib'y 21 50
A friend, for lib'y 20 00
Wilbraham, Cong. ch. 10 00
Worcester, The Mission Workers of Salem Street ch., for lib'y 20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, Mrs. M. De Wolf Rogers, for lib's 40 00

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 1st Cong. ch. 17 69
Enfield, 1st Cong. ch. 29 60
Mount Carmel, Cong. ch. 6 10

Southport, Southport Cong. ch. for lib's, seven of which in name of S. S., \$140; \$20 for lib'y as a memorial of Daniel G. Osborn, deceased, from his former S. S. class, and \$20 for lib'y in name of Carrie and Oliver Perry, per John H. Perry 186 52

Thomaston, Cong. ch. 23 26
Waterbury, 2nd Cong. ch. 100 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Church of the Pilgrims, of wh. R. P. Buck, \$100, and for lib's, viz.: \$20 from Misses C. L. and Evelina Smith for lib'y in memory of their mother, Mrs. Caroline A. Smith; \$20 from Mrs. R. P. Buck and Miss E. Buck; \$20 from Mrs. Dennis; \$20 from Mrs. Edwin Bulkley and family, and a friend \$20, through Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs. 469 24
Puritan Cong. ch. 30 50
Mrs. M. L. Hollis 1 00
Florida, Pres. ch. 6 00
Homer, Louisa A. Schermerhorn, for lib'y 20 00
Newburg, Union Pres. ch., through Rev. Mr. Savage 7 25
New York City, Frederick A. Libbey, for lib's 60 00
Solon Humphreys 50 00
Richard Irvin 25 00
William H. Osborn 25 00
Mrs. Valentine G. Hall 25 00
E. M. Archibald 20 00
Central Pres. ch., S. S. for lib'y in memorial Miss Katie M. Hack, per A. Low 20 00
Wheeler de Forest Edwards 12 50
Walter Edwards 12 50
Mrs. E. M. Maxwell 10 00
Wm. H. Maxwell, M. D. 10 00
Mrs. Dr. A. D. Wilson 10 00
Abiel Abbot 10 00
H. R. Winthrop 10 00
H. C. Fahnestock 10 00
M. W. Cooper 10 00
Samuel Wetmore 10 00
Jared Linsley, M. D. 10 00
Brooks & Co. 10 00
Capt. W. A. Rogers and crew of bark Josephus, for library work. 10 00
Miniature Bethel ch. 8 00
Davis & Benson 5 00
Mrs. L. Halsey 5 00
W. W. Niles 5 00
P. Townsend 5 00
R. L. Belknap 5 00
Cephas Brainerd 5 00
A. F. Warburton 5 00
J. B. Hoyt 5 00
Capt. S. Watts, schr. N. Bartlett, for library work. 5 00
Contents of a Library Collection-box, returned from sea. 08
Palsades, Mrs. A. S. Gilman 10 00
Prattsburgh, Pres. ch. 5 00
Rhinebeck, Thomas H. Suckley 100 00

NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, Rev. Dr. D. Kennedy, for the Kennedy Library 20 00
Montrose, Mrs. Theodosius Strang for lib'y 20 00
Newark, 3rd Pres. ch. 24 81

PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, A friend 5 00

\$2,563 45



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Cap'n Sam's Little Sermon to the Boys.

"STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FURROWS," BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"Well, I never saw anything like that Capt. Crofts round that old lady in all my life. He's dancing attendance from morning till night, and sakes alive! if he isn't tying on her sunbonnet for her.—Well I never! Wonder what 't would seem like to have my Billy grow up to be as attentive as that?" and the voice, half scornful at first, took on a longing, yearning expression, suggestive of tearful eyes, at the mention of "my Billy."

The speaker, Mrs. Bowles, lived in Seaport, usually spoken of as a fishing village, owing to the fact that many fishermen had lived there in years gone by; but the town was an old one, and possessing great natural attractions, and being a suburban town, many fine residences graced its winding avenue.

About two years before, a weather-beaten, sun-burned man, unmistakably a sailor, had bought a tasteful little cottage near the beach. This he had fitted up, beautified and embellished, until Mrs. Harris declared it to be a "perfect pink of a place."

Over this pretty house, Cap'n Sam, as the boys learned to call the genial man, had installed his white-haired mother as mistress and chief, and a more attentive,

loving son, it would appear, had never lived.

In a small barn at the rear of the cottage was kept a fine, steady horse, and a low basket carriage, and every fair day the Captain and his mother "went abroad," as Mrs. Bowles expressed it, on long, pleasant drives.

As we have hinted, Cap'n Sam was a great favorite among the boys of the place. Who else would harness up the sturdy horse into a big wagon, and give them such grand drives upon occasion? Then the great hickory and chestnut trees at the foot of his lot were free for the boys to visit as often as they liked, only they must never damage in any way the fine old branches; but when it came to spinning a yarn, ah, then! who so beguiling, nay, so perfectly bewitching, as the sea-bronzed man?

It had long ago become a subject for harmless bantering among the boys, and rather relished than otherwise by the captain, that he was gallant and unceasingly attentive to his "sweetheart." "My fair old sweetheart," he had once in their hearing called his mother, and they, of course, lively little wretches that they were, would never forget it.

But one day, the boys, quite a little crowd of them, found Cap'n Sam on the rocks at the beach. There were breakers that afternoon, and particularly at such times it was a favorite diversion with the sea-faring man, to sit high on the rocky beach and watch his "second love," the sounding sea.

It was at times like these the boys delighted in finding their old friend, and coaxing him for one of their "heart's delight," which he well knew meant a story of tempestuous seas or foreign lands.

But on this particular afternoon the captain was brooding somberly, a habit he often had when by himself, and this time he could n't throw off the mood, even at the approach of the merry boys.

In vain the better reared of them bantered, declaring "he'd had a jilting, but never mind, they expected to be jilted themselves in time to come;" while the less mannerly Billy Bowles had guessed "there'd been a candle lecture at home."

At length, partly emerging from his brown study, the captain said soberly:—

"Boys, do you know what I've been trying to do every day for the last two years?"

Oh, why, for certain, they knew all about it, they,—the merry youngsters of the town.

"Been a-courtin' chiefly," Jimmy Hollis observed, while Freddie Hollis remarked, "he'd worn himself all out a-pettin' his sweetheart."

The last opinion evidently struck the tender spot, and the boys found that for once Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards termed "a perfec' brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows,—and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise

towards the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case;' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray, and punish,—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After a while, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea;—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something beside empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew I had helped blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the

furrows were still there! I had'nt succeeded in straightening them out,—and —I—never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother,—my fair old sweetheart,—in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it need n't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go chop some wood mother spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward, that Billy was "really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma,—Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always *meant* to be a good boy, but he was actually *being* one now-a-days.—"Guess your stories they like so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Capt. Sam, with folded arms and head bent down, said softly to himself:

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their moth-

ers' brow: for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows!"

"Knock."

Where am I to knock? "I am the door," says the Savior. "No man cometh to the Father save by me."

When am I to knock? "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

For what am I to knock? "Knock, and it shall be opened; seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive."

How shall I knock? "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest;" "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me."

You are to knock, then, at the door, which is Christ—now, for admission into the fold of Christ by coming to Christ by way of his commandments.

Little Gems for Little Folks.

1. Give God your heart; for He asks it, and it is His due.
2. Give Christ your burdens to carry; for they are too heavy for you.
3. Give yourself to God, to Father, Son, and Spirit—the three-one God.
4. Give all you have to God—your body and your soul, your time, your health, and your money, your hands, and feet, and eyes, and lips.
5. Give your heart and soul to the Holy Spirit; be made clean and new.—*Children's Friend.*

Parental Prayers.

At a meeting in London "for special prayer for the children of Christian parents," the Rev. Marcus Rainsford delivered an address on the encouragements to parental prayers. In the course of his address he related the following circum-

stance as happening in Ireland:—At a meeting for united prayer an aged gentleman was pleading very earnestly for his own son, an abandoned prodigal. While in the act of prayer a drunken brawl was heard outside, which occasioned a temporary interruption of the service. After the audience had dispersed, and the minister of the chapel was alone in the vestry, a stranger knocked at the door; on being admitted he asked for advice and prayer, saying, that in company with six riotous companions, he was passing the church, when his attention was attracted by a loud voice within, and after listening awhile he exclaimed, with an oath,—“There’s my old father preaching!” Presently he heard the earnest prayer for himself. Even in the midst of his drunken revelry the arrow of conviction pierced his heart. He quitted his companions, and now came to seek the minister’s aid, exclaiming,—“My mother’s prayers of long ago are answered, as well as that prayer of my father.” Under God’s blessing this young man has become a converted man.”

Church Moorings.

An old sea captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said:—

“Young man, where are you going?”

“I am going to Philadelphia to live.”

“Have you letters of introduction?”

“Yes,” said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

“Well,” said the old sea captain, “have you a church certificate?”

“O yes,” replied the young man; “I did not suppose you desired to look at that.”

“Yes,” said the sea captain, “I want to see that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon as I can get into port,

to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide.”—*Presbyterian*.

Sailors’ Lingo.

Most persons who have special trades are apt to introduce the technical expressions of their occupation into ordinary talk, especially when using metaphor. But this is notably a characteristic of the sailor. He much prefers his own “lingo” to the common language, and is more easily managed when spoken to in the former than in the latter.

During the war in Egypt the forces included a raval brigade composed of sailors, who were sometimes directed by military officers. The orders of the latter were often unintelligible to the Jack Tars, and some ludicrous hitches resulted. On one occasion a staff-officer tried in vain to get a battalion of sailors to manœuvre round the corner of a house.

He gave all the orthodox and regulation words of command—“Right wheel,” “Bring the left shoulder forward,” etc., but Jack remained obstinately fixed. At last a naval officer, who was standing by, on being appealed to, solved the question. “Get them round that house? Is that all you want? Here, Blue-jackets!” he cried, “luff, and weather that house!”

The sailors were round the corner in a twinkling.

American Seamen’s Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong’l House, Boston, Mass.
U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN MARCH, APRIL AND MAY, 1883.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

MARCH, 1883.

During March 1883, thirty-one new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,674-7,689, inclusive, and Nos. 7,691-7,694, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,829, 7,833-7,841, inclusive, and No. 7,845, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7674..	Prof B. C. Blodgett, Northampton, Mass.	Ship Red Cross.....	Portland, Oregon..	23
7675..	Mrs. S. L. Wells, East Windsor, Conn.	Bark Spartan.....	Honolulu, H. I. . .	15
7676..	D. W. and Helen M. McWilliams, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memory of Walter McWilliams	" Isaac Jackson.....	Callao.....	13
7677..	D. W. and Helen M. McWilliams, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memory of Walter McWilliams	" Carrie Winslow....	Portland, Oregon..	20
7678..	D. W. and Helen M. McWilliams, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memory of Normand McWilliams	" Arngunda.....	Java.....	20
7679..	Mrs. Mary M. Stone, New York City...	Ship Normandy.....	China and Japan..	26
7680..	Mary S. Stone, New York City.....	Bark Norway.....	E. London, Cape of Good Hope.....	15
7681..	Mission'y Ass'n Bethany Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Ship Oakland.....	Zanzibar and Bombay.	23
7682..	Cong. ch. and Soc'y. Whitinsville, Mass.	" Paul Jones.....	Shanghai.....	25
7683..	" " " "	" St. Lucie.....	Portland, Oregon..	25
7684..	" " " "	" Vendome.....	Queenstown.....	22
7685..	Mrs. L. F. Cuyler, Brooklyn, N. Y., as Mary Cuyler Cheesman Library.....	" St. John.....	San Francisco.....	28
7686..	S. S. Union Pres. ch., Newburg, N. Y., as Lib'y No. 4, from the Helen Lefferts Prime Memorial Fund.....	" Parker M. Whitmore	" "	30

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7137..	Cong. ch., and Soc'y, Whitinsville, Mass.	Bark Nehemiah Gibson..	Adelaide.....	15
7183..	Simeon Lester, New Rochelle, N. Y....	Ship Minnie H. Gerow...	Melbourne.....	22
7139..	A Friend, Southampton, L. I.....	" J. V. Troop.....	Japan.....	94
7691..	Rev. J. J. Dana, Alfred, Mass., for the <i>Ether Dana library</i>	Bark Vesuvius.....	San Francisco.....	15
7692..	1st Cong. ch., Milford, N. H.....	Bark Kelverdale.....	Sydney.....	24
7693..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Meriden, Conn....	Ship E. J. Spicer.....	Liverpool.....	20
7694..	Mrs. T. B. Meigs, New York City.....	Schr. Wm. Hays.....	Coastwise.....	9
7639..	Prospect St. Cong. ch., Cambridgeport, Mass.....	Three mast schr. Ed- ward Fisher.....	Porto Rico.....	8
7333..	Union Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.....	Bark Wheatland.....	Madagascar.....	14
7634..	" " " ".....	Brig Ida C.....	W. Indies.....	10
7335..	S. S. Cong. ch., Kingston, R. I.....	Schr. Rising Sun.....	Whaling.....	16
7836..	Cong. ch., Waltham, Mass.....	Ship Emily L. Whitney.....	Australia.....	18
7837..	S. S. Cong. ch., Malden, Mass.....	Bark Arthur.....	Buenos Ayres.....	11
7838..	J. Tripp and J. Bancroft, Lowell, Mass.	" Freeman.....	New Zealand.....	15
7839..	2nd Cong. ch., Chicopee Falls, Mass....	" Carrie Wyman.....	Valparaiso.....	12
7840..	Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass..	" H. E. Sleeper.....	Sydney, N. S. W..	12
7811..	Cong. ch. South Hadley, Mass.....	" Zalma.....	Hayti.....	10
7845..	Cong. ch. Scituate, Mass.....	Brig Jane Adeline.....	Madagascar.....	9

APRIL, 1883.

During April, 1883, twenty-four new loan libraries, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,690 and 7,695-7,710, with Nos. 7,719, 7,720. and 7,721. at New York;—and Nos. 61, 7,842, 7,843, and 7,849, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7693..	S. S. Mizpah Chapel, New York City...	Ship Wm. McGilvery....	San Francisco.....	22
7695..	"Lyons," New York City.....	" L. L. Sturges.....	Calcutta.....	28
7696..	J. E. McGregor, New York City.....	" Thiorva.....	Buenos Ayres and Acapulco.....	20
7697..	Mrs. J. O. Mahon, Washington, D. C., for library in memory of <i>Mrs. Edith Harland Child</i>	" Joseph B. Thomas.	San Francisco	28
7698..	Mrs. A. A. Cotes Winsor, Springfield, N. Y.....	" Arabia.....	" ".....	30
7699..	Miss Emma Towne, East Orange, N. J.	" Southern Cross.	Hong Kong.....	25
7700..	Miss M. J. Capron's S. S. class, 2nd Cong. ch., Attleboro, Mass.....	Bark Itronus.....	Valparaiso.....	16
7701..	S. S. Cong. ch., Groton, Conn.....	" Antioch.....	Sydney, N. S. W..	17
7702..	"G," Tarrytown, N. Y.....	Ship Mount Washington.	Portland, Oregon..	28
7703..	Bethlehem Mission S. S., New York City,	" Minnie N. Watts...	" ".....	25
7704..	S. S. Ref. ch., Saugerties, N. Y.....	Bark Moonbeam.....	Valparaiso.....	18
7705..	S. S. Central Pres. ch., New York City, for library in memory of <i>Miss Katie M. Hack</i>	Ship Ernest.....	London.....	25
7706..	Mrs. Theodosius Strong, South Orange, N. J.....	" Ruby.....	".....	22
7707..	Mission Workers, Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....	" Alex McNeill.....	Japan.....	17
7708..	Mrs. Edwin Bulkley and family, Brook- lyn, N. Y.....	Bark Belt.....	London.....	17
7709..	Mrs. Edwin Bulkley and family, Brook- lyn, N. Y.....	" I. Sargeant.....	Valparaiso.....	14
7710..	Rev. D. Kennedy, Bloomfield, N. J., for the <i>Kennedy Library</i>	Ship Newman Hall.....	Calcutta.....	25

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7719.	F. A. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. Life Saving Service		7
7720.	" " " "	" " " "		7
7721.	" " " "	" " " "		7
61.	Emily Rogers, Lowell, Mass	Bark Nellie May.....	Melbourne.....	12
7842.	S. S. Cong. ch., Warren, Mass.....	Brig McDermott.....	South America.....	10
7843.	S. S. Cong. ch., Auburn, Mass.....	" Eugene Hale	St. Thomas.....	9
7849.	S. S. Cong. ch., Randolph, Mass.....	Schr. C. R. Washington.	W. Indies.....	9

MAY, 1883.

During May, 1883, twenty-seven new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,711-7,718, inclusive, and Nos. 7,722-7,731, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 7,844, 7,846-7,848, 7,850, 7,851, 7,852, 7,854, and 7,855, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7711.	Mrs. Dennis, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Phineas Pendleton.	Anjier, E. I.....	25
7712.	Estate E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.....	Bark J. A. Ropes.....	Zanzibar.....	14
7713.	S. S. class D. G. Osborn, Cong. ch., Southport, Conn., for library in his memory.....	Ship Governor Robie....	San Francisco.....	24
7714.	Misses C. L. and Evelina Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., for library in memory of Mrs. C. A. Smith, their mother.....	Bark George Moore.....	Java.....	17
7715.	Mrs. Edwin Bulkley and family, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship L. Schepp.....	San Francisco....	28
7716.	Bequest of Aaron Eaton, Fitchburg, Mass.....	" Loanda.....	Calcutta.....	25
7717.	Cong. ch., Southport, Conn., for S. S.....	" Hercules.....	Anjier and Java...	24
7718.	" " " "	Bark Hudson.....	Valparaiso.....	14
7722.	" " " "	" Rose Inness.....	"	16
7723.	" " " "	" Mary E. Russell.....	Brisbane, N. Z.....	15
7724.	" " " "	Ship Alfred D. Snow....	San Francisco.....	30
7725.	Estate E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.....	" Sovereign of the Seas	"	25
7726.	Cong. ch., Southport, Conn., for S. S.....	Bark Cambusdoon.....	Amsterdam.....	25
7727.	" " " " for Carrie and Oliver Perry.....	Ship Wm. A. Campbell..	San Francisco.....	24
7733.	Mrs. Louisa A. Schermerhorn, Homer, N. Y.....	Bark Mary E. Reed.....	Rosario.....	14
7729.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Nantucket, Mass....	Ship Tillie E. Starbuck..	Portland, Oregon..	30
7730.	Cong. ch., Southport, Conn., for S. S.....	Bark Shetland.....	Valparaiso.....	16
7731.	Estate E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.....	" Florence L.....	Sydney, Australia.	14
7844.	Mrs. De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R. I.....	Schr. Oliver Ames.....	Philadelphia.....	7
7846.	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, Concord, N. H.....	Chelsea Hospital, Boston, Mass.....		150
7817.	S. S. Cong. ch., Atkinson, N. H.....	Bark John C. Smith	New Zealand.....	10
7848.	Sarah Stickney, Lowell, Mass.....	Schr. Henry Lippitt....	New Orleans.....	9
7850.	A Friend, Westhampton, Mass.....	Bark Henry Warren....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7851.	Belvidere Union Mission School, Lowell, Mass.....	Steamer Alpha.....	Yarmouth.....	20
7852.	Cong. ch., Westhampton, Mass.....	Bark Wave.....	Atlantic Ocean....	28
7854.	Belvidere Union Mission School, Lowell, Mass.....	" Sarah.....	Fayal.....	12
7855.	Mrs. De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R. I.....	Schr. Parker H. Hooper.		10

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

During May, 1883, forty-one loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 481,	No. 4,834,	No. 4,919,	No. 5,514,	No. 6,412,	No. 6,979,	No. 7,321,	No. 7,522,	No. 7,584.
" 3,929,	" 4,463,	" 5,027,	" 5,597,	" 6,421,	" 7,015,	" 7,843,	" 7,541,	
" 4,014,	" 4,733,	" 5,272,	" 5,682,	" 6,485,	" 7,162,	" 7,372,	" 7,554,	
" 4,098,	" 4,853,	" 5,468,	" 6,152,	" 6,910,	" 7,245,	" 7,447,	" 7,804,	
" 4,203,	" 4,895,	" 5,488,	" 6,204,	" 6,943,	" 7,289,	" 7,460,	" 7,806,	

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in March, 1883—31</i>				<i>Libraries Reshipped in March, 1883—25</i>			
"	"	<i>April,</i>	" —24	"	"	<i>April,</i>	" —47
"	"	<i>May,</i>	" —27	"	"	<i>May,</i>	" —41
82				113			

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German. Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

ERRATA.

IN QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT issued with the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for April, 1883, under the head, "January, 1883,"—library 7,653 should have been thus entered:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7653..	Mrs. H. B. Kaufmann, Plainfield, N. J., for library in memory of Mr. Harry B. Kaufmann	Ship Armenia.....	San Francisco...	25



Vol. 55,

AUGUST, 1883.

No. 8.

MISSIONS FOR SCANDINAVIAN SEAMEN.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is under obligation to Pastor ANDERSEN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the following extremely valuable statistical article,—the first presentation of its kind, so far as we are aware, in any English periodical.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN MISSIONS TO SEAMEN FROM SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES.

NORWAY.

The *Candidatus Theologicus*, J. C. H. STORJOHANN, was the first worker for a Seamen's Mission Society in Norway. He had been in England and Scotland, had seen the mission work for sailors there, and when he came back to his native land, called a meeting,—and, August 31st, 1864, the Society was organized at *Bergen, Norway*. by the following persons:—Captain Clausen; Pastor Daniels; Messrs. B. K. Dietrickson; Cand. Theol. Holck; School Inspector Irgeus; H. Lous, Captain in the Navy; Messrs. B. C. Vedeler; L. Wessenberg. and Pastor Walnum. The Society's first officers were:—School Inspector Irgeus, *Chairman*; Cand. Theol. Storjohann,

Secretary; B. C. Vedeler, *Treasurer*. Its name is,—FORENINGEN TIL EVANGELIETS FOKYNDELSE FÖR SKANDINAVISKE SÖMEND I FREMMEDE HAVNE,—or, in English, THE SOCIETY FOR THE GOSPEL'S PREACHING TO SCANDINAVIAN SEAMEN IN FOREIGN HARBORS. This Society publishes a monthly paper, *Bud og Hilsen*, now (1883) in its eighteenth year of issue.

ITS STATIONS AND LABORERS.

At Leith, Scotland.

Pastor HANSEN worked in Leith from 1865 to 1873. He is now a pastor in Norway. At first he preached in the Sailors' Home, then in the Mariners' Church, hav-

ing secured a room from Rev. Mr. THOMSON. He also held services at Grangemouth, Alloa, Dysart, Dundee, Glasgow and Greenock. The corner stone for a church was laid January 30th, 1868, and on the 31st August of that year the edifice was dedicated as a Norwegian Seamen's church.

Pastor S. H. JENSEN was in Leith from 1873 to 1878, when he was sent to London.

Pastor J. F. LUND succeeded him in 1878, and is now pastor, with an assistant, P. SÖRENSEN. His residence is No. 10 Summer-side Street; the church is in North Junction Street, and the Reading-room at No. 9 Dock Place.

At North Shields,—New Castle, Eng., with Hartlepool and Sunderland as outstations.

Pastor P. J. N. MEYER, now pastor in Norway, was seamen's minister here from 1865 to 1873. A Norwegian seamen's church edifice was dedicated December 21st, 1868.

Pastor G. OLSEN preached and labored from 1873 to 1881; is now pastor in Norway.

From 1881 to the present time, Pastor H. N. HAUGE has ministered here;—his residence in West Stanley Street,—the church in Borough Road.

At Antwerp, Ghent, Löwen, Belgium;—with outstations at Amsterdam and Nieuwediep.

Pastor S. SKAVLAN labored here from 1865 to 1869. He is now pastor in Norway.

His successor from 1869 to 1874, Pastor A. K. MEYER, is now in Norway. A church for sailors was dedicated August 3rd, 1870.

In 1874, Pastor L. R. HIRSCH began labor, and is still at work. The church is on Avenue De Commerce; his residence, 63 Rue dela Constitution. Pastor H's assistant is Mr. T. JACOBSEN.

At Cardiff, Eng.; outstations,—Newport, Swansea and Bristol.

Pastor L. OFTEDAL wrought from 1866 to 1868.

Pastor C. H. LUNDE served from 1868 to 1872, was next Scandinavian pastor at Paris, France, until 1881, and is now pastor at Risør, Norway. The seamen's church and reading-room was dedicated Dec. 16th, 1869, at West Bute Dock; pastor's residence is at 51 Oakfield St. In 1872 the station was vacant for a season, but during that time was supplied by Cand. Theol. W. BODTKER.

L. J. WORMDAHL was pastor from 1872 to 1876; is at present pastor at Falden, Norway.

Pastor J. W. G. DAHL labored from 1876 to 1878, and since 1878, Pastor J. B. GILHUS has been in charge at C.

At London, Eng.

Pastor J. C. H. STORJOHANN was seamen's minister from 1868 to 1872. He is now in Norway, where he works for Home missions. He has founded a seminary for ministers for Norwegians in America, and in Australia. A Norwegian seamen's church was dedicated May 1st, 1872. Cand. Theol. T. KRAG became a worker at the mission in 1873.

Pastor M. KJERNLIF was sailor-minister at L. from 1873 to 1878, and is now pastor at Sondre Undall, Norway. Cand. Theol. P. DE SEVE worked as assistant from 1878 to 1881.

Pastor S. H. JENSEN, now in Norway, was minister at L. from 1878 to 1881.

Pastor A. GRÜNDAHL began his ministry in 1881, and is still there; his residence, 24 Donatts St., New Cross, S. E. Cand. Theol. B. HALL is assistant missionary, and Mr. E. BERG, second assistant. The church is near Commercial Dock, Steamboat Pier.

At Havre, France:—outstations at Honfleur and Rouen.

Pastor C. H. LUNDE was at work from 1873 to 1876. He is now pastor in Norway.

Pastor H. S. S. VANGENSTEN labored from 1876 to 1881.

Pastor H. M. KAAS, beginning his service in 1881, is still at H. The church and reading-room are in Rue Dubocage de Bleville; the pastor's residence is in Rue St. Thibault.

At Amsterdam and Rotterdam, Netherlands.

Pastor J. A. DAHL was here from 1876 to 1880; now at Kongsberg, Norway.

Pastor O. KNUDSEN, minister from 1880, is now there. In 1882 a church was dedicated. The church and the pastor's residence are at No. 116 Prins Hendirkade. At Rotterdam, meeting is held in the reading-room, Groote Draisteeg, No. 8.

At Pensacola, Fla., U. S. A., and Quebec, Canada.

[The pastor lives at Pensacola, in the winter,—at Quebec, in summer.]

Pastor L. J. WORMDAHL was here from 1876 to 1880; now pastor at Folden, Norway. A church

was dedicated at Quebec, in 1877, and another at Pensacola, Dec. 15th, 1878.

J. SÄTHREN, pastor at P. from May, 1880, died there in April, 1881.

Pastor P. O. OLSEN is now there.

At New York City, U. S. A.

Pastor O. JUUL, with aid from Norway, worked for seamen from 1867 to 1876, when he accepted a call from Chicago, Ill. After him came Pastor C. S. EVERSON from 1876 to 1883. The church is at No. 56 Monroe St.

In 1878 it became a station supported from Norway.

Pastor O. ASPERHEIM was stationed at New York from July, 1878, to August, 1880. He is now pastor at Hjertdal Thelemaken, supported from Norway.

The M. E. church at No. 117 William St., in Brooklyn, N. Y., an English seamen's church, was bought for a Norwegian seamen's church, and the pastor's residence is at the same place. In Sept., 1880, Pastor A. MORTENSEN began work, and is still there. Beginning with the present year (1883), C. HANSTEIN is second pastor, the assistant being Mr. O. A. OLSEN.

Rev. Mr. BERRY preached for Norwegian sailors, at *Wick, Scotland*, when he was there.—Rev. A. CAMPBELL preached in Norwegian, at *Montrose, Scotland*, having some support from this Society.—At *Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*, the Norwegian Synod in America have had a station: the pastor, O. MANDT, died Sept. 27th, 1880. Pastor A. C. ANDERSEN was there for a short time. The station has been given up.

The RECEIPTS of this Society, so far as obtainable, have been as follows:—In 1867–8, 20,000 kroner,* including 5,600 kroner, “capital”; expenditures, do., 16,800 kroner. Receipts, 1878–9, 42,779 kroner; expenditures, do., 55,722 kroner. Receipts, 1879–80, 47,514 kroner; expenditures, do., 55,056 kroner. Receipts, 1880–81, 62,191 kroner; expenditures, do., 55,747 kroner. Receipts, 1881–82, 103,855 kroner; expenditures, do., 58,297 kroner.

DENMARK.

In November, 1867, a Society for Seamen's Missions was organized at Copenhagen, by Grosserer J. Adolph; Captain C. Børnsen; Etasraad Grosserer A. N. Hansen; E. I. Hvidt; Dr. H. Kalkar; Licent. Theol. Provost C. Rothe; Cand. Theol. V. Styhr, and Pastor L. A. Warburg. Its name was,—DEN DANSKE FORENING TIL EVANGELIETS FORKYNDELSE FÖR SKANDINAVIKE SOFOLK I FREMEDE HAVNE;—or, in English, THE DANISH SOCIETY FOR THE GOSPEL'S PREACHING TO SCANDINAVIAN SEAMEN IN FOREIGN PORTS. Its present members are Provost Dr. C. Rothe, Provost L. A. Warburg, Professor Licentiat V. Sthyr, Pastor D. C. Prior, Grosserer J. Adolph, and V. Beck, Kammerherre Kontre Admial R. C. M. Brunn, Mönstingsmaster C. Børnsen, Grosserer L. H. Hvidt and H. J. Ronne. In 1871 the Society published a paper, *Havnen*, edited by Provost L. A. Warburg. *Havnen* has since been edited by Pastor D. C. Prior; published once in two months.

STATIONS AND LABORERS.

At Hull and Grimsby, Eng.

Pastor G. L. R. HEDEN was

here from 1868 to 1872; then in London, Eng. The Danish (St. Nicolai) church in H. was dedicated May 10th, 1871, by Provost Dr. C. ROTHE.

Pastor C. U. HANSEN labored at H. and at G. from 1873 to 1883, but has lately accepted a call to a pastorate in Denmark. August 18th, 1875, the corner stone of a Danish church was laid at Grimsby;—the church was dedicated in 1876.

Pastor L. D. NIELSSEN has been at these stations since June, 1883. The church is on Osborn St.

At St. Petersburg, and Cronstadt, Russia.

Pastor N. A. BUCHWALDT was sent hither in 1869–70, and worked a short time, but then went to his home in Denmark.

At London, Eng.

In the time of Queen Anne, (1702–14,) a church was built in Wellclose Square, for Danes, and for Danish seamen in London. The Queen married a Danish prince, Jörgen, or as he was called in English, George. He was a Lutheran and for many years there was a Royal German Lutheran Chapel, (St. James) in L., with Lutheran Court chaplains, BÖHME, ROBERT, WACKSELL, and Dr. F. M. ZIEGENHAGEN, the latter much the best known. They took great interest in the American Lutheran church and in a Lutheran mission from Halle. The church at Wellclose Square had Danish pastors from the time of Queen Anne to 1817,—the best known being pastor U. F. ROSING (1802–11). He was a great blessing to Danish and Norwegian prisoners in the prison ship *Bahama*, at Chatham,

* A kroner is about 26 cts. U. S. currency.

Eng., where were gathered 1,400 captives. Subsequently to 1817, the church was rented to others,—lastly to the Puseyites. When a Danish pastor or candidate was in London, there were Danish meetings. This church was afterwards sold. The Danish Seamen's Society then took up London, again, as a station, receiving some of the money gotten by the sale of the old church edifice.

Pastor C. NIELSEN was their first minister in London, being at work from 1869 to 1872.

After him came pastor G. L. R. HEDEN, who continued at his work from 1872 to 1875. Then a new church was built, (begun in pastor NIELSEN's time); dedicated Aug. 26th, 1873, by Provost Dr. B. Fog of Copenhagen, now Bishop at Aalborg, in Jutland, Denmark. Some pictures from that old Danish church in Well-close Square were hung in the new one. At the door were statues of Moses and St. John the Baptist; at the altar, of the apostles John and Paul,—all these from the old church building.

Pastor O. BERTHELSEN was at L. from 1875 to 1878; is now a pastor in Denmark.

Pastor H. L. LEVINSEN, the present minister, has been at London since 1878; his residence, Adelaide Road, Chalk Farm, N. W.:—the church in King St., near the West India Docks.

With help from the Danish Princess Alexandra (of Wales), pastor LEVINSEN now uses the old Lutheran Court Chapel (St. James) for Danes residing near by.

At Newcastle and Hartlepool.

Pastor A. C. HANSEN was at these stations from 1872 to 1877. Oct. 19th, 1875, the Danish

church (St. Johannes) was dedicated by Provost Dr. B. J. Fog of Copenhagen.

Pastor C. W. KIOBORE came next, from 1877 to 1882. The artist RASMUSSEN, in 1878, presented a fine altar piece to the church,—“Christ Asleep in the Ship.”

Since 1882, pastor S. JENSEN has labored here;—his residence, 40 Crown St., the church being in Maple St.

At Hamburg and Altona, Germany.

Pastor G. L. R. HEDEN wrought here from 1875 to Jan. 12th, 1879, when he died, at H. and no successor has yet come to his place.

At New York City and Brooklyn, U. S. A.

Since 1878 there has been a mission for Danes resident in New York and vicinity, and for emigrants and sailors, in charge of Pastor R. ANDERSEN. Meetings have been held at several places and on board ship. In 1880, when Danish steamers lay in the East River, there were Danish meetings, each Tuesday evening, at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., owned by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. In the winter of 1881, Pastor A. made a trip to Denmark, as chaplain, on the Danish emigrant steamer *Thingvalla*. On this line pastors and missionaries are often to be found. Since February, 1883, the mission and the worshiping congregation have hired the dwelling 193 9th St. near 3rd Avenue, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and used it as a church (Our Savior's Danish Evangelical Lutheran church), and also as a pastor's residence. Services are held at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. on Sundays,—and on Thursday

evenings. On the first and third Sundays of each month there are Danish meetings at St. Johannes' German Lutheran church at Greenpoint, L. I., and in the winter at Jersey City, N. J. The pastors are supported partly by the congregation, and partly by the Seamen's Mission Society in Denmark. The people in attendance are poor, and need aid to secure a building of their own for church services.

At the Danish West Indies,

Are stationed Danish Lutheran pastors who preach to Danes resident there, to sailors and to the colored people. They are located (1883) as follows:—

Pastor J. F. FEILBERG, at *Fredrickstdd, St. Croix* ;

Pastor E. V. LOSE, at *Christianstadt, St. Croix* ;

Pastor E. C. TEISNER, at *St. Thomas and St. Jan.*

At Paris, France.

Here a Danish Lutheran pastor, M. LARSEN, is now laboring under appointment from two Societies.

At Madras, India.

The Danish Foreign Missionary Society has a missionary, who preaches to Scandinavian sailors, —pastor H. JENSEN.

At Bombay, India.

There is another Danish missionary, Mr. ROBKE, now supported, however, by an English Seamen's Mission Society.

At Brisbane, Australia.

Pastor J. C. PEDERSEN preaches for sailors, and to a Danish Lutheran congregation.

There is also now in Denmark

a SAILORS' HOME SOCIETY, which has been at work for some years, —at first in a hall rented for the holding of meetings, at Holbergsgrade, Copenhagen, but now having a Bethel ship. The missionary, A. WOLLESON, (of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, New York,) preaches there. There are Sailors' Homes in Denmark, at Helsingor, Korsor, Aarhns, Kolding, and Odense (on Fünen).

The RECEIPTS of this Society, so far as obtainable, have been:— In Nov. 1867, a special gift from King Christian IX of Denmark, 1,000 kroner; this being a partial report for the year. In 1872, receipts were 14,645 kroner; expenditures, do., 14,181 kroner. In 1877, receipts were 23,989 kroner; expenditures, do., 12,576 kroner. In 1878, receipts, 24,125 kroner; expenditures, do., 19,495 kroner; in 1879, receipts, 22,457 kroner; in 1882, receipts, 22,034 kroner; expenditures, do., 10,421 kroner.

SWEDEN.

The FORTERLANDSSTIFTELSE is a Society for Home and Foreign Missions; and since 1869, a Society for Seamen's Missions, as well.

STATIONS AND LABORERS.

At Constantinople, Turkey.

From 1869 to 1873, pastor T. J. SWARD was stationed here; from 1874 to 1878, pastor J. L. ASPLING, who then died, at C.

At Alexandria, Egypt.

Here pastor A. LINDHOLM labored from 1869 to 1871.

At Liverpool, Eng.

Pastor T. G. TEGNER was stationed at L. from 1870 to 1881, the year of his death.

Pastor LUNDQVIST, his successor, is still there.

At Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Since 1873, pastor C. F. JOHANSON has wrought at B.: the church is in Emerald St.

At Marseilles, France.

Pastor LUNDQVIST began here in 1877, and continued his labors until 1881.

At Grimsby, Eng.

Pastor K. WINQUIST, beginning in 1878, was followed by pastor STENBERG who is now at G.

At St. Ubes, Portugal.

Here pastor S. SVENSON began work in 1878.

At Gloucester, Eng.

Pastor OLSSON has served since 1882.

At Cadiz and Malaga, Spain.

In 1871, pastor A. W. ANGLIN labored here, but the stations have since been abandoned.

The State Church, in Sweden, has service from Pastors DAHLEEN at Hartlepool, Eng., ALANDER, at Kiel, Prussia, and FROST, at London, Eng.

FINLAND.

FÖRENINGEN FÖR BEREDANDE OF SJALEWARD AT FINSKA SJÖMAN I UTLANDSKA HAMNAR was formed in 1880.

Pastor E. BERGROTH was sent in that year to Grimsby and Hull, Eng., on a traveling mission. He is now in London. A laborer is to be sent to Grimsby.

For some years a Danish Luth-

eran pastor, C. L. CLAUSEN, worked for sailors in Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A., preaching at the Sailors' Home, 422 Front St. Now Pastor C. J. PETRI of the Lutheran Augustana Synod has this mission, preaching at the S. H.—The Synod of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church in America has sent Pastor L. CARLSEN to Australia. His address is *Sydney, G. P. O., N. S. Wales, Australia.*

RECAPITULATION.

I.—The Seamen's Mission Society in NORWAY was organized at Bergen, in N., August 31st, 1864.

STATIONS.—At Leith, Scotland; North Shields, London, Cardiff, England; at Antwerp, Belgium; Havre, France; Amsterdam, Holland; New York, U. S. A.; Quebec, Canada; Pensacola, Fla., U. S. A. The Society owns churches at all its stations.

LABORERS.—Ten (10) ordained pastors; one (1) Cand. Theol.; 5 or 6 assistant missionaries, unordained.

ADDITIONAL.—At Montrose, Scotland, is a chapel and a Scotch pastor who speaks Norwegian, and ministers to Norwegian seamen,—making an aggregate of *eleven (11) pastors and eleven (11) churches.*

II.—The Seamen's Mission Society in DENMARK was organized at Copenhagen, in November, 1867.

STATIONS.—At Hull and Grimsby, London,—Newcastle and Hartlepool, England. This Society owns churches for each of these five stations. At New York City, U. S. A., supported partly by the Society and partly by the Danish Church in America.

LABORERS.—Four (4) ordained pastors.

In addition to the above, the Danish Society for Home Missions to Seamen has a Bethel ship at Copenhagen, and five (5) Sailors' Homes, with reading-rooms, at Helsingør, Korsør, Aahrs, Kolding and Odense (on Fünen).

The Society partly sustains a pastor at Paris, France. It is administered by the People's Church (name changed from *State* to *People's Church* in 1848). It has besides the laborers above stated, three (3) ordained pastors in the Danish West India Islands, over churches at Frederickstadt and Christianstadt, St. Croix; at St. Thomas and St. Jan.

The Danish Foreign Missionary Society supports one seamen's pastor at Madras, India;—and at Brisbane, Australia, an ordained pastor also gives a portion of his time to the interests of Scandinavian sailors.

III.—The SWEDISH Missionary Society began its labor for seamen in 1869.

STATIONS.—At Constantinople, Turkey; Alexandria, Egypt; Liv-

erpool, Grimsby and Gloucester, Eng.; Boston, Mass., U. S. A.; Marseilles, France; St. Ubes, Portugal. Church edifices at five (5) stations.

LABORERS.—Five (5) ordained pastors. Three (3) stations now vacant.

The State Church in Sweden also has three (3) ordained pastors laboring for seamen, at London and Hartlepool, Eng., and at Kiel in Prussia.

IV.—The FINLAND Seamen's Mission Society, organized 1880, has a station at London, Eng., with one (1) ordained pastor in charge,—and is about to establish another at Grimsby and Hull, Eng.

V.—The SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN AUGUSTANA SYNOD IN AMERICA, has a station for Scandinavian seamen, with one (1) ordained pastor, at Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

VI.—The Synod for the NORWEGIAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA, has a mission in Australia, with one (1) ordained pastor.

RESCUED IN MID-OCEAN.

THIRTEEN MEN FOUND UNCONSCIOUS IN A LEAKY BOAT—

PRIVATIONS OF THE CREW OF THE UMBERTO GALA-

TOLA AFTER SHE FOUNDERED—SAVED BY

THE SAMUELE FROM PALERMO.

A tale of misery and suffering such as has not been recorded in the history of sea life for several months past came to light yesterday by the arrival of the Italian bark *Samuele*, from Palermo, with Captain Esposito and a crew of twelve men of the Italian bark *Umberto Galatola*, which foundered at sea June 19th. The wrecked mariners are all natives of Italy

and cannot speak English, but their haggard features and wild-staring eyes told the story of their hardships more strongly than words.

The story of the sufferings of the wrecked seamen was told to a reporter of *The World* by Captain Corroa, of the *Samuele*, and, as the captain said, "Coming second-hand as it does, it but faintly

portrays their actual experience."

The bark *Umberto Galatola* left Torraveha, Spain, early in April last with a cargo of salt, bound for this city. Fair winds were experienced and good time was made up to June 16th last at 10 o'clock a. m., when in latitude 28 12, longitude 55.37, a terrific squall struck the vessel, washing everything movable from her decks and causing her to leak badly. Two men were kept at the pumps night and day, but the water gained on them. The storm had moderated somewhat and Captain Esposito still stood by his ship, believing that he could repair the damage as soon as the sea became calm. Several ineffectual attempts were made, but still the gallant captain and his crew would not abandon their vessel.

Going Down Bow First.

In the meantime the water was slowly but surely filling the ship. It flooded the hold and washed the salt forward, so that the stern of the vessel was almost above the water. On the 19th, at 11 o'clock at night, while the men were at the pumps, the vessel suddenly gave a lurch forward, raised almost perpendicularly and sank head foremost into the sea.

The men, who had been ready at any moment to take to the boats, had scrambled into one boat and were just ready to row away when the stern of the vessel struck them as it disappeared beneath the waves, nearly causing the boat to capsize and almost filling it with water. Two of the thirteen men set to work to bail out, but it was found that the small boat had also been damaged and was leaking.

At this discovery a cry of despair went up, and as many as could do

so frantically began to bail out with their hats, shoes and hands; but they only succeeded in keeping the boat from filling up, and did not gain an inch on the water.

There was not a mouthful of food on board, and only a small canteen of drinking-water with which one thoughtful seaman had provided himself. This supply, however, was hardly sufficient for one man.

Two Days Without Food.

For two whole days the party drifted about at the mercy of the waves without any nourishment whatever. Four men were kept bailing out until exhausted, when four more would take their place. Had they discontinued bailing for even an hour the little craft would surely have filled and sank. On the first day the sufferings of the men were not so great, but on the second day a feeling of exhaustion came over the party and several times the seamen wished to lay down and meet their doom, which they considered inevitable.

Captain Esposito, however, talked with them in a hopeful, assuring manner and succeeded each time in bringing the half-starved and almost lifeless seamen to their right senses. The men attempted to eat their garments, but the brave captain prevented this and also kept them from drinking the salt water. At last, on the 21st, shortly before midnight, a light was seen in the distance, and with a shout of joy the men sank unconscious in the boat, all save Captain Esposito and one man.

These two, fully realizing their position, out of sight of land, in an open and leaky boat, with eleven helpless men, with almost superhuman strength began to bail out and after a few minutes

one or two of the exhausted seamen regained consciousness and a consultation was held as to how to attract the attention of the approaching vessel.

Their Clothes a Burning Signal.

One seaman suggested that he had a dry match, but the question was, what could they burn? Suddenly a bright thought came to Captain Esposito and he made them take off their clothes. This was done and everything that was partially dry was piled up forward and set on fire. For a moment the mass of clothing smouldered and despair seized the hearts of the men whose lives depended upon the success of the experiment.

Slowly, however, a little flicker of fire was seen, which gradually developed, and soon a fierce flame sprang upwards. With eager eyes the wearied men watched the rescuing vessel for an answering signal. It came five minutes after their fire had started, and every man, faint and exhausted, gave way with a feeble shout of joy and sank, half dead, in their leaky boat.

"And this was how we found them," continued the reporter's informant:—"thirteen naked bod-

ies laying as if dead, in four feet of water, which was rapidly reaching the sides of the boat. The weather was exceedingly cold and our hands were numbed in conveying the unconscious men to our ship. At first we despaired of bringing the breath of life back to some of them, but several glasses of brandy were forced down their throats and slowly, one by one, they came to and realized that the great destroyer had once more been cheated of his prey.

"But how they ate and drank! We were compelled to use force with some of them, for fear that they would gorge themselves to death. It was over a week before the poor men were able to walk about without assistance, but from that time they rapidly improved."

Captain Esposito and crew will visit the Italian Consul to-day and will probably be sent back to their native land by the first steamer. The wrecked bark was built in 1876 at Gaeta, Italy, for her owner, Mr. A. Galatola, of Naples. She has made several trips to this country. Her gross tonnage was 670 tons. Her dimensions were:—Length, 138 feet; breadth, 28 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet.—*N. Y. World, July 7th, '83.*

THE PERILS OF THE SEA.

They are fitly emphasized;—and other things appear, as well, in the following extract from the address of the P. E. Bishop of Cork, Ireland; at the last annual meeting (10th May) of the London (Eng.) *Missions to Seamen Society*:—

"It had been said that one out of every sixty of British sailors employed in the Merchant Service was lost at sea last year. Could they realize all the suffering and sorrow which that simple statement told of? Last winter they

had some very severe weather, in the midst of which a noble bark was seen making her way past the head of Kinsale. She had no pilot on board, or she might have made for Kinsale, but the Captain put back, and at last found that

he was getting nearer and nearer to the rocks. He let go two anchors, and they held her for awhile, but gradually he saw his ship drifting nearer and nearer to the rocks. A great crowd of people gathered on the cliffs watching the noble vessel, but they could do nothing to help. The coastguard got out their apparatus, and by means of the rocket succeeded in reaching the vessel with a rope, and brought one of the sailors ashore. As soon as he leaped on the cliff, what was his first anxiety? 'Be very careful,' he said, 'the next man who is coming is badly hurt.' He was a poor German who had fallen from the rigging and was lying helpless on the deck. The sailors used to call him 'Bismarck.' It so happened that in their anxiety to land this poor man, the rope broke just as he was being landed. Happily he was not much hurt and he was at once taken to the hospital. The last to leave the ship was the Captain who, when he was landed, turned to have one more look at his ship, she was gone, engulfed by the waves! Such an incident as that, added the Bishop, might serve to show them the dangers to which our seamen are exposed. In the town of Kinsale he had, at different times during the fishing

season, addressed large congregations of English fishermen,—the church was crowded by these hardy sons of the sea, resting on that day from their usual toil.

"It was not only in the storm that there was danger to our seamen. A gentleman had told him that not long since he was watching an American liner going by, and all at once he saw something like a black ball fall from the mast head. Then he saw a little boat pulling about, but taking up nothing, and the grand ship went on her way. The passengers arrived after one hour's delay, but when they landed there was sad news for some poor relative, perhaps for the widow or the mother; it might have been the breadwinner, or the joy and hope of some aged parent, who was gone. In the storm and in the calm there was danger to these men, and it should be the privilege of those who have the means to do so to help and to do them good. One of the difficulties which the Missionaries of the Society had to encounter was, that they might never meet the same men again. The chaplains endeavored to meet that by enrolment of Mission-Helpers and Associates, and by the temperance work."

ANOTHER USEFUL PREACHER ONCE A SAILOR.

REV. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D.

At a session of the recent meeting of the American Home Missionary Society at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Rev. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D., was one of the speakers. A writer in a local paper brings out the facts of his early career at sea, and the influence it has had upon his present position and work in Boston, Mass.

"Rev. R. R. MEREDITH, D. D., one of the distinguished speakers who thrilled the vast audience as-

sembled in the First Methodist Episcopal church on Thursday evening, commenced his religious

life, while a member of Jonesville, N. Y., Academy in 1858, under the principalship of Prof. H. A. WILSON. Several years of his early life were spent on the sea as a common sailor before the mast. As an ocean rover he had visited almost every part of the world, and being a close observer of men and things he had acquired a large store of a certain kind of knowledge during his 'life on the ocean wave.' When he entered Jonesville as a student he brought with him many of the peculiar habits and customs of forecastle life—especially of spinning 'sailor's yarns' and narrating marvelous stories of sea life, painted and set off with such bright and glowing colors as he well knew how to throw upon the canvas from his fruitful imagination, so as to keep his fellow students all agape with 'wonder on tip-toe.' At the same time all his yarns were verified and clinched, sailor-like, with such words and phrases as absolutely violated one, at least, of the 'Thou shalt nots' of the decalogue.

"But when he bowed his proud heart to the majesty of divine truth, and when the love of Christ, of which he spoke so eloquently the other evening, took possession of his willing soul, he became transformed into the image and life of Christ—'Old things quickly passed away and behold all things became new.' We well remember the time, the place, the change, as freshly as though it were but yesterday. We distinctly remember his penitential tears, his earnest faith, his first, clear, intelligent, joyful testimony for his new Master and Captain. From that hour he consecrated himself to the great work of preaching Christ and the great salvation. Scarcely could we keep back the blinding tears as we listened the other even-

ing to his eloquent description of Christ's love as the great root and central thought of Christianity in the great work of human redemption, pondering all the time the wonderful contrast between the young sailor as he first presented himself to us, and the eloquent preacher and popular speaker of the hour.

After a most successful career of nearly twenty years as a Methodist preacher, Dr. Meredith left the church of his early choice to accept a call to a Congregationalist pulpit in South Boston, Mass. Under his pastorate of some five years the congregation has outgrown its place of worship, necessitating an extensive enlargement. There seems to be a wonderful magnetic power in his manner of presenting and expounding the great basilar truths of the Gospel which attracts to his pulpit all classes of society.

"Rev. Dr. Meredith is not only an eloquent pulpit orator and platform speaker, but he is doing the church and the world eminent service as a commentator and expositor of the scriptures for Sabbath schools and Bible students. Tremont Temple, in Boston, has been packed week after week and month after month for years, with Sunday school teachers and Bible scholars from Boston and twenty miles around, to obtain the benefit of his instructions as a preparation for their own Sunday school work. We should have had the great privilege of listening to Dr. Meredith on the morrow had he not felt in duty bound to meet his great Bible class of twenty-five hundred this afternoon."

Animal Life in the Sea.

The carchardon (shark), the forefather of the man-eater of to-day,

was from 100 to 150 feet in length. A good sized horse and cart could have been driven into its mouth.

The coral insect deposits in its body particles of lime, and when it dies its body washes away and leaves its skeleton—the wonderful formation known as coral,—behind.

The little sea animal called the phelias penetrates into the hardest rocks, and yet its boring apparatus is simply a fleshy substance somewhat resembling a tongue, soft and yielding.

The sea urchin has several movable spines. Each spine looks very knowing, and apparently makes its own little excursions without regard to what the other spines are doing. In large specimens, where the claws can be seen round the spine, the effect is very comical.

The analeps, a viviparous fish of the rivers of Eastern Asia, has a singular kind of eye. The ball of each eye is divided horizontally into two hemispheres by a membranous band, and each half is a perfect organ of vision; the two upper halves are long-sighted, and the two lower halves near-sighted.

A white alligator is found in Brazil which travels far and well on land. The skulls and bones have been frequently seen in the forest, and the Indians say that its eggs are deposited in the woods. The flesh resembles veal in appearance, but has a fish taste. The natives roast this animal alive. They say that to kill before cooking would spoil the meat.

A fish of heretofore unknown species was recently captured near the Isle of Shoals. It is fifteen feet long and weighs 2,430 pounds, and in its stomach were found a codfish weighing fifty pounds, two smaller cods and two coots. It

somewhat resembles the shark in general appearance. What is the most singular is the fact of its being uncommonly well supplied with respiratory organs. It has a mouth, gills, nostrils and blow-holes.

Difference between a Cyclone and a Tornado.

The difference between a cyclone and a tornado is defined by Mr. William Ferris, of the United States Coast Survey, to be this:—A cyclone is usually a broad, flat, gyrating disc of atmosphere, very much greater in width than altitude; a tornado is a column of gyrating air, the altitude of which is several times greater than its diameter. Cyclones are born of conditions extending over large areas; tornadoes depend rather upon the vertical relations of the atmosphere, and occur when, owing to local changes of temperature, the under strata of air burst up through the overlaying strata. The enormous velocities of the ascending currents of tornadoes are supposed to be caused by the difference between the gyrating velocities above and those on the surface. It is these ascending currents which carry up the vast bodies of water afterward precipitated in the form of a deluge of rain. The water is sometimes kept from falling by the ascending currents, and is often projected outside the area of the tornado, when it falls in a gentle shower over a larger area. When the weight of the water overbears the force of the ascending currents, there occurs the tremendous fall of rain known as a cloud-burst. When the area of a tornado is very small, a land-spout or a water-spout may be formed, according as it is over land or water. The

width of these spouts ranges between 2 feet and 200, and their height from 30 to 1,500 feet. A white squall is an invisible spout, formed when the dew point is low. The accompanying cloud is invisible because of its height, but below there is a raging and boiling sea, with a gyrating current of air above it. Land-spouts and water-spouts are hollow.

Bible Theology.

BY N. W. W.

Death for Sin.

"The soul that sinneth it shall die." Ezek. xviii. 4

Remission.

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission." Heb. ix. 22.

"This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Matt. xxvi. 28.

Propitiation.

"Whom God had set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God." Rom. iii. 25.

Justification.

"But God commendeth his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more, then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him." Rom. v. 8, 9.

Redemption.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." Eph. i. 7.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things,

as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Rev. v. 9.

"The church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." Acts xx. 28.

Reconciliation.

"Now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Eph. ii. 13.

"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven." Col. i. 19, 20.

Purification.

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot unto God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." Heb. ix. 13, 14.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." Heb. xiii. 12.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7.

To Scoffers at a "Blood-Theology."

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall

he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" Heb. x. 28, 29.

To Believers in a "Blood-Theology."

"Now the God of peace, that

brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever, amen." Heb. xiii. 20, 21.—*Presbyterian.*

BRACE, THE SAILOR BOY.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

One Sabbath morning, a day or two after reaching port, Captain Strong rose early, and, as was his custom, walked down to the ship, which he had left the day before. It was hardly sunrise, but as he came near, a young boy of about twelve years of age with a tiny bundle under his arm, and in neat and cleanly attire, ran up to him and eagerly asked him if he was the captain of that ship.

"Well, suppose I am, what do you want?"

"I want to go to sea, sir," said the boy.

"To sea, do you, and pray who with?"

"I should like to go with you, sir, that is, if you'll take me. I am not afraid of work. I can work real hard."

"Have you ever been to sea before?"

"No, sir."

"What is your object, my boy, in going to sea?"

"Only to help my mother, and save her from having to go to the poor-house, for we are very, very poor."

The captain saw in a moment that it was no ordinary boy that stood before him, and he was at once much interested in him. He liked the honest look of the boy,

and, above all, the way he spoke of his mother, and his desire to work for her. He told him that they had just come from the far West, and were very destitute, that his father had recently died there, and with only a few cents in their pockets, and with a boy's love for roving he had worked their passage in a boat bound for that port, and now, with money all gone, and in a strange land, he did not know what to do.

"Well, then," said the kind hearted captain, "if you can give me a 'character,' I will take you."

"Character! I've got none, sir!"

"No character! not a word to say you are all you seem, then I can't take you. I'm very sorry to disappoint you. You must seek a place elsewhere."

"Oh, sir! if you only would take me. I'd be such a good boy."

"But I can't do it, it's against our rules. We never take anybody without a character of some sort."

Poor Brace was about turning away with a heavy heart, for he could never retrace his steps now to secure so important a thing as a reputation, when the captain's eye fell upon the bundle.

"What have you got in that bundle, boy?"

"Only my clothes, sir."

"What else? You have something else there, I'm sure."

"Oh, that's my Bible, I never go anywhere without that."

The captain was not very much used to a Bible. He had never had one on board his ship, but as he took this in his hand, and turned to the fly-leaf and read in bold, manly letters, "This is given to Brace Hewlett for good conduct and persevering effort at Sunday-school," he felt that this was recommendation enough and agreed to take him, feeling sure that he would be all he could wish.

He took him on board and ordered him to stay at his post. The good ship sped on her way with fair winds, and was likely soon to reach her destination, but a storm came on so terrible as to mock every effort that skill and energy could invent. It was an hour of great distress, and it seemed inevitable that all must be lost. Just then Brace came to the captain and said, "Captain, let us kneel and pray to One alone who can still this tempest." "*Pray, boy, I'd like to know who can do it on board this ship, no one knows how.*" "*I'll try, captain, I've prayed with my mother many a time.*" And so he did, and in the awe of that awful scene, knees that never bent in prayer and hearts that knew not God, were bowed under the few simple, but touching words that Brace offered up to the throne of the most High. Many a tear rolled down their weather-beaten faces, and when the storm soon after ceased, there were none of that little company who did not feel that they had listened to the prayer of *faith*, and that it had been signally answered.

The captain had had a Christian mother, but apparently no im-

pression had ever been made on his youthful mind, but the seed long ago sown was left to spring up and bring forth rich fruit in his own weather-beaten heart, even though he should be laid low in a far-away land.

* * * * *

"I'm very ill," said the captain, "worse than the doctor thinks I am. Sing to me, Brace; sing about the beautiful city above. How often, when you have been singing, it has brought sweet memories of the past, like perfume from a far-off land. Do sing it again: for while I listen I think I am sitting once more by my mother's side in the little church where so often we have sat together, and my sweet little sister, long ago gone to heaven, on the other.

Brace did as he requested, and after he had done singing, knelt down to pray with the poor sick man. He prayed for him, and then he prayed for all those he had left behind in the fatherland, and home. Amen, Amen, uttered the captain most fervently at its close.

"Are you afraid to die?" inquired Brace.

"I wish I had a little longer to live, I've been so wicked," the captain answered. "I have known about my Savior ever since I was a little child, and, oh, how I have neglected Him. *Can He, will He forgive me now do you think?*"

"To be sure He will. I don't quite know how to talk to you, but He says in the Bible He'll take the red all out of the sins, and make them just like lamb's wool, and you know how white *that is.*"

"Thank you, my lad, thank you. I'll try to ask Him myself."

Brace left him for the night, as he was now second mate, he had

much to do, and must be at his post. The next day as he drew near the bed, said he to the sick captain, "Do you love Him now, and are your sins made white?" "Yes, yes, the great Lord came in the dead of the night, and whispered in my ear, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace,' and now I am so happy. Now I want you to sing to me once more," and in a soft and melodious voice Brace sang those comforting words:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Before the first verse was finished he fell into a deep sleep. "He must die," thought Brace, "he cannot live."

* * * * *

Again it is Sunday. Mortal lips had said the captain must die, but, God be praised, health came at last. What joy to the sailor-boy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with health, and the rosy flush mantle the pallid cheek once more!

And now with the offer and acceptance of a great salvation, the promise of a new and holy heart, and above all "a peace which passeth all understanding," Cap-

tain Strong once more resumed his duties on board ship, a happier, better man, but not until he had appointed himself guardian over the boy who had done so much for him, pledging himself to educate him and care for him as his own,—and you will not be surprised, dear young readers, to know that Brace Hewlett, the once poor sailor-boy, has left the sea and taken up the Master's cross, patiently and hopefully working in His vineyard. Again and again has he cast his bread upon the waters, and scattered seed by the wayside, uplifting bowed heads and broken hearts, while following his Savior's example, he goes about doing good.

In the happy home he has made for his mother there is one quiet little room, where in child-like faith the old captain lifts his voice daily to the Father of all good, never forgetting to pray for the young heart who first taught him a Savior's love, and who has become to him now more than son.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—*New York Observer*.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies;
Through thickest glooms I see Thy light arise;
Above the highest heavens Thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee in far distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

Eliza Scudder.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

The last letter from our missionary, Rev. A. WOLLESON, is dated July 1st. He says:—

"In regard to our being fishers, here, of men, it is my privilege to state that multitudes of seamen and emigrants have thronged into our Bethel Ship. The cross has appeared, and God has been revealed as ready to pardon. The gift of His Son has trickled warmly over obstinate bosoms, and brought to them childlike sorrow and melting contrition.

Increasing Work.

"As time goes on our work increases, and the station becomes of greater importance. I have often been sorry to observe that nothing has been done for the emigrants, who, in multitudes, go through this city to free America. Since February 1st I have employed a young Christian brother to be my helper for these poor neglected people.

"The past three months have been employed as usual, in preaching the word, and in visiting vessels and boarding-houses, where invitations have been given to seamen to attend our Bethel services. Large numbers have accepted these invitations. Weekly visits have also been made to Hospitals and Homes, and efforts have been put forth to lead the sick and dying to believe on Jesus who shed the blood of the New Covenant making propitiation for our sin.

Feeling Sailors' Work Done in Japan.

"The influence of religious work for seamen in Yokohama, Japan, has just been well illustrated here, in connection with the case of a Danish sailor, on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy*,* converted, last winter, in Y., through the instrumentality of Rev. Mr. AUSTEN (the sailor-missionary there of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY). Since that time he has sent to his aged mother in Copenhagen, 500 kröner,† telling her what the Lord had done for him, and beseeching both

her and his sisters to come to our Bethel ship. Coming, one sister was convinced of her own lost condition, and when laid upon a bed of affliction found the Lord precious to her soul. In a transport of joy (at sins forgiven) she believed that the Son of God had redeemed her soul. The mother and another sister are now diligently seeking the Savior.

ODENSE.

Reporting for the three months ending June 30th, Mr. F. L. RYMKER records 256 visits to ships, sailor boarding-houses, etc. He sold 19 Bibles, 145 Testaments, and distributed about 19,000 pages of tracts, mostly to Danish, but in part to Swedish, Norwegian, German and English vessels. Two rooms have just been rented by the friends of seamen, in O., and fitted up as a reading-room for their benefit. The work of enlarging the harbor has been commenced, to be finished in three years, at a cost of 500,000 kröner. This will be a decided advantage to the commerce of the port.

Italy.

GENOA.

Mr. J. R. YOUNG, an Elder in Rev. DONALD MILLER's Scotch Protestant church at G., sends us the following letter as to the *Harbor Mission Work*, dated 19th June, '83:—

"I send you a copy of the recently issued Tenth Annual Report of the Genoa Harbor Mission, to which your Society kindly continues the yearly grant of \$300, so much needed and so well spent. I wish I could forward copies for all the readers of your MAGAZINE. The perusal would doubtless produce in very many Christian hearts a deep feeling of thankfulness to God for the good work being done here, and also a desire to help it on. All who are impressed with a sense of the

* Vide in this connection, Chaplain Crawford's letter from Hong Kong, page 245, *postea*.

† A kroner is about 26 cents, U. S. currency.

priceless value of the soul, as the Savior Himself was, must be delighted to know that the means of grace are efficiently provided for the thousands of seamen who come to this port.—last year, 16,768 British and 1,342 American,—and that minister and lay missionary alike are as earnest, as they are capable, for their work. Your countrymen, mostly belonging to your war ships, if fewer in number than the British, have been most welcome visitors and friends, some of the officers having distinguished themselves by setting a praiseworthy example of love to Christ and anxiety for the souls of the men under their command.

Services Held.

"The Report, drawn up by the Rev. DONALD MILLER, our esteemed pastor and the founder and director of this mission, states that at 171 meetings on board the Bethel the attendance was 4,929, and at 41 on shore it was 284. The missionary's visits to ships numbered 2,292, and to sailors in hospital, 45. The attendance at meetings would have been considerably larger but for the unusually stormy weather we had this winter and spring. Alas! those storms proved fatal to several ships well known to us, some of whose entire crews were lost. While mourning their loss we are comforted with the hope that many of those so suddenly called away may have been mercifully prepared for their departure by the Holy Spirit's blessing on the Gospel preached to them in this place. We have the Almighty One's promise that His word shall not return to Him void, and we are also encouraged in our hope by the frequent testimonies of officers and men who have experienced the goodness of the Lord on board our Bethel in hearing and receiving into their hearts the Word of Life.

"In proof of this I should like to give your readers some extracts from the simply worded but heart-stirring diary of Mr. JONES, our sailor missionary, but as I dare not encroach too much on your space with this letter, I would suggest your taking such extracts as you can, from the printed report.

Developing Trade.

"The trade of Genoa is increasing rapidly since the opening of the St. Gothard Railway, and will be further augmented by the additional line being made from Genoa to the interior, and by the extension and improvements of the harbor which are being pushed forward. With

the increase of shipping, our *Harbor Mission* will grow in importance, and those who have the superintendence and working of it are fully alive to their responsibilities, to the need of more work and workers, of more faith and prayer,—and at the same time to the need of what they trust will not be denied them, the sympathy and aid of Christians everywhere.

Present Needs.

"For the first time in its fourteen years' history the mission has fallen into debt, to the extent of £65 sterling, arising partly from smaller receipts during the periods of boisterous weather, and partly from necessary extra expenses; but He whose work has to be done can incline the hearts of His people to furnish the means for carrying it on.

"A new and most gratifying feature of the work which I have the pleasure of announcing is that now our esteemed minister preaches regularly on Sunday evenings on board the *Caledonia* (the name of the Bethel), when members of his congregation are also present. All who have had the privilege of listening to Mr. Miller's preaching will easily appreciate the assistance and encouragement thereby given to Mr. JONES in his daily labors among the sailors.

Work for Emigrants.

"With your permission I shall write for another issue of your MAGAZINE, some details of the other branch of our Harbor Mission Work,—that so ably and zealously done by our missionary colporteur, Signor DELFINO, among Italian seamen and emigrants, and also on board ships of other flags. Meanwhile, I make mine the words with which Rev. Mr. Miller has closed his interesting report,—'*Reader, pray for the men of the sea.*'

"Yours faithfully,
J. R. Y."

The last extract from colporteur Jones' diary, printed in the Report sent with Mr. Young's most interesting letter, is as follows:—

Deciding for Christ.

"23rd April, 1883, Monday.—On board the *E*—, the chief engineer said,—'Come here, and I'll tell you something that will gladden your heart. Two of my men decided for Christ after coming from the Bethel last night. One man said,—'Mr. Miller clenched it, and I dare not go to bed without being saved,' so

they all went down on their knees, and the engineer for the first time in his life prayed before others. One wept bitterly, but finally rejoiced in a Redeemer's love, while the other had made up his mind before he left the Bethel."

NAPLES.

For the three months ending March 31st, '83, Mr. S. BURROWES, sailor-missionary, reports that there were 26 public services at the Bethel and on board ships, at which the attendance of seamen was 1,130; meetings ashore, 8; temperance pledges taken, 30; visits to ships were 452; to hospital, 5; Italian testaments distributed, 20; magazines, tracts and books, 2,100. He writes:—

"We have a vigorous temperance movement,—'The Seamen's Temperance Union.' Every day seamen are joining this Society, and with benefit. The natives here are very active in selling drink on board the ships.

Peace Found.

"January 21st a carpenter on *S. S. A*— found peace in believing and became a God-fearing man through reading a tract on Eternity.

Reading Wanted.

"Seamen frequenting this port have an increasing desire to read religious literature, and often when giving them the daily papers they say, 'do not forget religious papers.' Our religious literature is really attractive. The dullness of some years ago is fast disappearing from the pages of our pure evangelical literature.

"January 31st I visited *U. S. S. Alaska* at Pozzuoli. The men were almost in a state of mutiny through getting drink on shore, and leaving the captain to pay for it. I held a meeting in the fore-castle. The men seemed to have listened seriously. The sound of praise and of the gospel brought more satisfactory influences than what existed before.

"March 8th I instituted a Temperance Union at the close of magic lantern entertainment. Ten seamen joined. The first man who put down his name told his captain afterwards that during the meeting he had, also, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, started for the celestial city. We have had many such conversions here and only hear of them through others."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Rev. W. T. ARSTEN, whose attendance at the April Evangelical Alliance Meeting at Osaka, we have before noted, says over date of May 21st:—

"The conference from beginning to end was a success in every way. There was a greater drawing together of the various missionary bodies, many of the members of which had never met before, greater union manifested by men of different faith and theological training, a sinking of differences, and a hearty appreciation of each other's work for the Master that did one good to witness. The papers read embraced a variety of subjects connected with mission work, and were both practical and good.

Relations of the Foreign Communities to Mission Work.

"This most important subject would have been welcomed and have received a hearty support by the Conference, but was not brought up, owing to the large number of papers crowding the programme, and from the fact that it was not known that I should be present until the last moment. But I felt it to be my duty to go, and I do not regret having gone, as I was enabled to talk on the subject privately with many of the brethren, and found that there was a growing feeling of the importance of the work among the foreign population, and especially of the work for seamen, one of the American Board's missionaries resident at Kobe deeming it of sufficient importance to devote the greater portion of his time to it.

Influence of Work for Seamen.

"It has been seen, and that especially during the past winter, that any revival taking place among the seamen has a direct and far reaching influence among the native population, and a number of missionaries realizing this fact, often left their own meetings to come and take part in our meetings at the Seamen's Mission, during the past months. So at the present moment there is a revival going on in the native churches both here and in Tokio, which is the outcome of the work to which reference was made in my last quarter's report.

Prayer Acknowledged.

"A short time since I received a letter

from the Rev. Mr. ———, a good minister, in New York, aged 80 years, I think. I have unfortunately mislaid his letter, but he stated that he had been much encouraged and blessed in reading my report in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for April. His vocation after a service of 53 years in the ministry, was prayer. How helpful it is to know that prayer is ascending continually in the home lands for the work of God in these ends of the earth! May God bless abundantly these beloved brethren, who so constantly remember those who go down to the sea in ships!"

The following letter received by Rev. Mr. A., from chaplain CRAWFORD, of the U. S. S. *Richmond*, dated at Hong Kong, China, March 10th, 1883, is somewhat lengthy, but as a portraiture of existing religious interest on more than one of the vessels of our own navy—will, we are certain, prove very welcome to our readers.

Continued Blessing.

"The good work continues with us. Not so many come to God as we could wish, but those who do come understand what they are undertaking, and mean business. The Christians are growing daily. When I know the training that some of them have had, I am astonished at the readiness with which they grasp religious truth. Our congregations are now larger than ever before since I joined the ship, and our Bible classes are very precious seasons. My own experience is very rich and full. My trust is complete.

Work for Sailors at Hong Kong.

"The *Curacoa* arrived two or three days ago. I hope to see some of them to-night at the tea and entertainment which our lodge gives at Temperance Hall. There is a great deal being done here for sailors and soldiers. At Temperance Hall four lodges and the Naval League hold meetings every week, and there is a Gospel meeting nearly every night. Meetings are held for seamen several times a week at the London Mission Chapel. There is a Seamen's Home here, but as it is not a total abstinence place, I have had nothing to do with it.

There is no missionary to seamen here, and there certainly ought to be. The manager of Temperance Hall is not a Christian, which is also unfortunate.

"The chaplain to the garrison, Rev. Mr. LEE, is an earnest temperance worker and a Christian. Maj. CARDEN, Assistant Military Secretary, spends all his spare time in doing good, and is a noble man in every way. Taking everything into account, I think Hong Kong is a good place for seamen.

On U. S. S. Monocacy.

"We see a great deal of some of the Christians on the *Monocacy*.* B. ——— is a host in himself: I presume that you hear, from him often. I was very glad to hear from the *Curacoas*, that Alpha Lodge had taken a new lease of life. We hope to find it in a flourishing condition on our return to Yokohama. One man, K ———, who used to be so active in our lodge and then fell by the way, took a private pledge about two months ago, and now has rejoined us. He comes regularly to church, and I am praying for him especially. You may remember D ———, who would not go forward for prayers on that memorable Sunday night, when so many of our men started. I have been praying for him especially, and he has recently commenced attending the prayer-meetings in the fore hold. He was brought up a Catholic, and has been sceptical for a long time, but I feel that we shall have him soon. Recently a man has come, for whom I had been praying especially. What a glorious work it is, and how my soul rejoices that God called me into the ministry!

Remembering Yokohama.

"Since we left Yokohama, I think that there has been but one Wednesday evening that I have not remembered your special meeting for the promotion of holiness. As a rule I have been with you in spirit. I trust that the good work will go on, and that no one will be led into the excesses which in many places in the U. S. have brought a grand doctrine into disrepute. The 13th chapter of first Corinthians is a good one for us to study often. 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' I am learning, as never before, the meaning of that word *peace*. A sense of *restfulness* pervades my soul. 'No

* Vide in this connection, report from Copenhagen, Denmark, page 242, *ante*.

storms can shake my inmost calm,' because my trust is in Him who quiets every tempest with the command, 'Peace; be still!' How much I shall enjoy meeting you all again, and telling you how God has been leading me during the period of our separation! Remember me often in your prayers, and pray particularly for this ship's company. It seems evident to me that there is a very general conviction among the men, and that there may be a very general coming to God, if the ice can be broken. Please remember me to those assembled at the next meeting after you receive this.

"With warmest regards and Christian love for Mrs. A. and yourself, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

G. A. C."

KOBE.

We have a letter from Rev. R. H. DAVIS, of the A. B. C. F. M., chairman of the committee having in charge the new work for seamen, to be carried on by Mr. L. G. LUNDQVIST, missionary, dated June 11th, in which he expresses the highest satisfaction at the grant lately made to sustain this work, by our own Society.

South Africa.

PORT NATAL.

We find in *Chart and Compass* (London, Eng.) for July, the following statements as to evangelistic work for seamen in this port, contributed by Rev. D. RUSSELL, pastor of the English church in that harbor.

Free Seats For Sailors—Invited to "Come In."

"In our new church we have reserved fifty sittings for seamen, free. They are

in the best part of the church, and we have no collection, save a stand at the door for free-will offerings. Every Sunday morning, two, and sometimes three of our workers visit every ship in the harbor, pulling from ship to ship in a little dingy, built for the purpose. Two of these men are English, the third a Swede—faithful fellows; everyone of them not afraid of the Gospel and able to speak its truth to some purpose. They distribute tracts, books, illustrated papers, Bibles, &c., and invite the men to services. As a rule they are fairly successful, and love the work. We have occasionally special services,—I send you a copy of the *Natalian*, with a short notice of a recent meeting,—during our cool months. We have seamen's tea-meetings, when Gospel and Temperance addresses are delivered; no charge is made. Our regular congregation is to a large extent seafaring,—captains of tugs, pilots, engineers, boatmen, &c.

"Splendid Fellows"—Getting a Hold on Them.

"I find these men when converted to God, splendid fellows, and my most reliable supporters. You will be glad to know that recently several have given evidence that they have been with Jesus. As a sign of the times, I may mention that the Port Natal Boatmen's Society, which have had their meetings for three years in the Anchor Canteen, have shifted into our school-room, where, instead of brewer's cards, they see beautiful texts of Scripture on the walls. Many of these men have told me recently, 'they are tired of this sinful life,' and it is quite cheering to see them drop into the services.

Moving for a Reading Room.

"A movement is on foot here to build a hall and reading-room for seamen,—the Harbor Board have promised a site, and I have no doubt that in time we shall see it built."

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

In reporting for the quarter ending June 30th, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., states that "Bro. SLATER and myself have been greatly honored by the Divine

blessing upon our efforts for the salvation of others. Although at all times we, at the old Home, feel the droppings of God's mercy, we have been most signally and especially blest of late. The seed sown in our little meetings, held daily, has had abundant waterings from heaven, and has borne fruit to the glory of God.

Conversions.

"Among those who have come to Jesus are some very interesting cases. One is an English sailor-boy, aged 18 years, who came to New York in a vessel from England. After his arrival here he became ill, and was sent to the Seamen's Hospital, where he remained for some six weeks. Coming out of the hospital, destitute and alone, he was sent, (like many others) by the Society, to the Sailors' Home to be cared for. The day after his arrival we invited him up to the little upper prayer-room, where he professed to be hopefully converted, telling us that his little brother's prayer had now been, after much struggling, answered. Grateful to God and to the Society for their unspeakable kindness to him, a poor boy, he at once went down to the Rooms in Wall Street, to tell what the Lord had done for him, thanking God and them for the interest taken in him. The Society afterwards procured a free passage for him to his home in England.

"Another case was that of a promising young man, the son of a Lutheran minister in Germany, who had for a long time been halting between two opinions, in attending our meetings at the Home. But now conviction was brought to bear upon his soul, which he could no longer withstand, and at last he cast himself at the Savior's feet, and left us rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

"An elderly man, notwithstanding many invitations to attend our meetings, always refused to come, until one morning he was as it were dragged by Brother S. into our prayer-room, where the Spirit of God took such hold upon him that he trembled from head to foot. From that time on he was ever with us, and before leaving for sea he professed to be a changed man, born of the Spirit.

"Two others, a German and a Swede, have manifested a change of heart within the last month.

Returning Christian Seamen.

"Within the last month or so, we have had quite a number of converted seamen arrived at the Home after an absence of three years, eighteen months, six months and less. Some of them went away babes

in Christ, but they have come back strong in the Lord.

Testimonies at the Morning Prayer-meeting in the 'Upper Room.'

"One young man who had served three years in the U. S. Navy, during which time he was promoted to be Quartermaster, for Christian conduct, testified as follows:—'Dear brethren, I thank God for the privilege of being with you this morning to tell what the Lord has done for me; three years ago I came into this little room, where I learned what it was to be born again. It was here that the Lord spoke peace to my soul, I have been a better and happier man ever since. It has been the best three years of my life and I do praise God.' Another stood up and said:—'I cannot say much, but I can say that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ has done everything for me, thank the Lord, and I would not part with my hope of heaven through grace for all the world.' Another:—'When first I came to the Home, I did not think to find any friends, being a stranger, but I have here found the best of friends who have interested themselves in both my spiritual and temporal welfare, and I shall never forget them. God be praised. Pray for me!' Another:—'Six months ago I came into this little room where I was convinced of sin, and where God forgave me; before that work was done in my heart, I had no power to overcome the evil of strong drink, since then I have had complete victory, thanking the Lord.' Another gave glorious testimony of the power of Jesus to save, and to keep safe. Several others have testified of the sweetness of redeeming grace, more by tears of gratitude than in words.

"By Their Fruits ye shall Know Them."

"These are men we can speak of as living epistles known and read of all men. During their stay with us the Home has been very much blessed, and so has the Church of Sea and Land, of which they are members, ever ready and willing to speak for Jesus, to work for Jesus, and to give for Jesus' sake. One of them, when the Sunday collection was taken up in the church, placed thirty dollars on the plate, another a twenty dollar gold piece, another a five dollar note, and two others five dollars each. According to their several abilities they gave, although they were never asked to give a cent. Besides this, one of these men gave \$10 to dis-

tribute among the poor, \$5 to the Union Temperance Society, and \$10 to other causes of Christ. Another seaman gave \$5 to the poor, and another \$2 for the same purpose.

An Interesting Letter.

"During the past three months several interesting letters have been received from seamen in different parts of the world, bearing marks of penitence and conversion. One young man who was converted at the Home some five months ago writes from San Francisco, June 6th, '83, as follows:—

The Voyage Out.

"I arrived in San Francisco after a good voyage, and am pleased to tell you that God was good to me and kept me all the way. I had, of course, the usual amount of opposition and sneers which you know every Christian sailor has to contend with, but God's grace was sufficient for me and I withstood it all by His help. I remember gratefully the little room in which God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins, and shall often look back to it as the place where I began to live the life of faith.... I stop in the Home here, and have attended meetings at the Mariners' Church, and the Y. M. C. A., and elsewhere as well as in the Home. I will leave in a day or so for Australia on the steamer *City of New York*. The trip will last about three months, and about one third of that time will be spent in the harbor of Sydney, where I hope to be able to go to meetings.

Asks for Prayer.

"One needs the benefits of frequent services when the opposition is so strong, and the friends of Jesus so few as they are on shipboard. How much I wish and pray that God may convert the men of the sea, and consecrate them to the work of carrying his message of love to those in darkness! I want you to pray for me, that God may be near me every day and hour, and that I may do his will faithfully. I am so much happier and better contented since I gave myself to the Savior, that I am sorry I did not do so long ago; I must try to make up for the lost time, in the past, by faithfulness and earnestness for time to come. I pray for you and your work that God may prosper you.

Yours in Christ,

G. K."

"My labor in the seamen's hospitals, where I always carry with me a good deal of religious reading matter and Testaments in the different languages for distribution, and where my aims have been to comfort the sick, by telling them of the sympathizing Jesus, and by prayer, has been blessed of God.

"A number of destitute seamen's families have been aided through the kindness of the Society and other Christian people, for which kindness both they and I feel very grateful.

"A part of my time has been taken up in getting sick seamen in the hospitals, and old seamen in the Sailors' Snug Harbor. Seamen on going to sea have been supplied with religious reading matter. Bibles and Testaments in their own language."

For the same three months (April, May and June, '83) Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, missionary, reports of his labor for seamen in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and on the islands in the harbor. He says:—"To give place to the Bartholdi statue the Marine Hospital on Bedloe's Island has been vacated; the patients have been removed, and now occupy the Seamen's Retreat Hospital buildings on Staten Island. Frequent visits have been made here, with occasional visits to the Mariners' Family Asylum, and to the Orphan Home for Seamen's Children, also on Staten Island. In all these visits I have freely distributed religious reading. The good results are apparent in the number that attend the church and mission services, and the many who testify of the benefits received therefrom.

Have Found the Savior.

"Some I have met at the meetings after recovery from sickness, who had sought and found the Savior, and resumed their duties on ship with happy hearts and cheerful faces. Others, in the providence of God, were not permitted to enter again upon the toils of the sea, but have closed life's voyage in peaceful resignation to the will of the 'captain of their salvation.'

A Happy Death,

"A young sailor named R— whom I visited in all his long and protracted

sickness, after having fully put his trust in Christ, manifested a marvelous power of physical endurance without complaint, through the power of God's grace. Just before he died he requested me (as usual) to kneel by his bedside in prayer. When I arose from my knees he whispered.—'Now it is all well with my soul.' Patient under severe bodily affliction, till his departure,—his end was peace.

Reflex Influence of Labor.

"The missionaries who visit these poor sick ones to minister unto them, often receive from them great spiritual benefits, which enable them to more fully enforce simple gospel truths when they are engaged in other fields of labor. In one of the sick wards, opposite each other, were two young sailors. They both came in the same ship and were afflicted with the same disease. While conversing with one who was convalescent, upon the necessity of securing his soul's salvation, he directed my attention to his shipmate opposite, saying, 'There is no hope of his recovery. If I had done as he did my case would be hopeless also. He insisted on being taken to the city, and after a few days would enter the Hospital. I requested the captain to take me from the ship to the Hospital at once. I have learned a great lesson.' I took occasion to point the moral of which I had been endeavoring to impress upon him, the necessity of acting at once in the more important concerns of securing eternal life.

At the Sailors' Home.

"The Gospel and Gospel Temperance meetings held in the chapel have been well attended. A number of the boarders have, during these meetings, manifested much interest about the 'way of salvation,' and several have been truly converted to God.

Visitation.

"Visits to sailor boarding houses in Baxter Street, assisting the sick and the needy into Hospitals and Homes, conducting religious services at Good Cheer Mission, East Street, and Sabbath services on the water front, East River,—which meetings have been much blessed of late,—with other incidental labors, have fully occupied my time."

Two months since, in acknowledging the receipt of the last (65th Annual) Report of the New York Port Society, we

promised further reference to it. This we could not make in our last issue, but we say, summarily, here, that it is the record of a year of continuous labor for sailors, which appears to have been blessed of God. In connection with the declaration that religious service has been held at the church cor. Madison and Catharine Streets, every evening, followed by an inquiry meeting, the Report declares that "scores of sailors in these rooms while listening to the earnest, tender, personal appeals from the word of God, by these" (our) "Christian workers, have been pricked in their hearts and have been led to a saving knowledge of Christ."

Out of eight pages of the Report proper, seven are given to a statement of the origin and history of work for seamen in New York City, and an exposition of the methods of the Port Society in prosecuting it. Exception is very justly taken to the excessively confused and incorrect statements made by the author of this Report, in the former particulars,—and in the interest of the truth of history we have been requested to publish the following record of facts, prepared by a gentleman conversant with them, from *data* in his possession:—

In the year 1812 was formed,—the Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Improvement of Seamen.

In 1816 some of the members of the Brick Presbyterian church, New York, Rev. Dr. GARDNER SPRING, pastor, became interested in seamen, and held prayer-meetings in Water and Front Streets for their benefit during the summer of that year.

On the 20th of December following (1816) a meeting was held in a school-room at No. 37 Cherry Street, and Rev. WARD STAFFORD preached the first sermon to seamen in this country. These efforts were greatly blessed.

1817, February 12th.—A meeting of merchants and shipmasters was held at the house of Capt. CHRISTOPHER PRINCE to take into consideration the subject of forming a Marine Bible Society, which was organized at a public meeting held at the City Hall, March 14th, 1817.

1818, June 5th,—the Society for Pro-

moting the Gospel among Seamen in the Port of New York was organized.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

In the quarter ending June 30th, Rev. J. B. MERRITT, chaplain, visited 760 vessels, and distributed 6,810 pages of tracts, besides other reading matter. He reports his work as interesting and successful. "Yesterday," he adds, "I buried an aged seaman with whom I had labored for fifteen months,—and a most unpromising case he was, at the beginning,—who has now, I trust, reached the better land. Many a time I have been discouraged about him, but I have persevered, until, I hope, the grace of the Lord Jesus has triumphed."

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

Reporting for the same quarter, Rev. R. WEBB, chaplain, gives the following record:—Visits to vessels, 202; pages of tracts distributed, 9,554; SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 144; SEAMEN'S FRIENDS, 330; religious papers, 410; Bibles and Testaments, 16; sermons preached, 31; visits to hospitals and jails, 18.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We have "Proceedings at the Twenty-third Anniversary of the S. F. Port Society," May 20th, 1883, covering the annual report of the chaplain, Rev. J. ROWELL. The whole number of hopeful conversions to Christ, among sailors, during the year, he records as being 135, saying, in explanation, "we do not suppose that all these conversions proved genuine. Many of them, indeed, we have very little opportunity of testing, because they leave so soon, but on the other hand we have good reason for knowing that a good number have been led to Christ, who did not give us their names. We expect to

find a good many in heaven who will tell us there for the first time, that they found salvation in the Mariners' Church in San Francisco."

All branches of the work, the chaplain declares, have been prosecuted vigorously and with good success. The printing press has been kept busy, sending out tracts and circulars, and it is intended that this shall be an efficient aid in the work, if funds for its needful expenses are furnished.

Obituary.

RICHARD LEWIS, ESQ., SEC'Y.

The annual report of the Royal National Life Boat Institution, (London, Eng.) for 1883, just at hand, has a postscript, in mourning, announcing that since the report was read to the Annual Meeting, on the 13th March, the Committee have had regretfully to record the death of their late Secretary, Mr. RICHARD LEWIS, who had held that important office, to the great advantage of the Institution, for the long period of thirty-three years. We can attest the zeal of Mr. Lewis in his chosen life-work, and his great courtesy in aiding others to its comprehension. His was a career of almost the highest usefulness to men, and we are pained to note its ending.

REV. D. H. EMERSON, D. D.

This honored disciple of Christ died in Philadelphia, Pa., July 6th, 1883, at the age of 73 years. He was born in Salem, Mass., January 17th, 1810, and graduated at Dartmouth College, 1830. Converted in college, he studied at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, two years, and in New Haven (Conn.) Theological School for one year. He was ordained as a Congregationalist, in Northboro, Mass., in 1834. A year after that he joined the Presbyterian Church, and became pastor of the church in East Whiteland, Chester county, Pa. He was the first pastor of this church. While there he was the first

Presbyterian minister who ever preached in Downingtown, Pa.

The church in York, Pa., was his next field of labor, and he remained there for ten years. The failure of his eyes was the cause of his removal from that interesting charge. A year spent in traveling in the service of the American and Foreign Christian Union recruited him to such an extent that he was, in 1855, able to accept the call of the Presbyterian church of St. Georges, Del. He spent nearly thirteen years in this field, and it was the scene of some of the greatest triumphs in the whole course of his ministry. Revival followed revival. At one time from forty to sixty were added to the fold, the lad in his "teens" standing by the side of the aged and the infirm.

From St. George's he went into the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, with headquarters in Philadelphia. This paved the way for his pastorate of the Eastburn Mariner's Bethel, in Philadelphia. Oswego, N. Y., was the scene of his next service. Here he worked under the joint auspices of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the Oswego Young Men's Christian Association, doing excellent service.

Returning to Philadelphia he labored with the Howard Mission of the First Presbyterian church, and afterward as missionary of the church itself. He has been very useful in this capacity. He held this position up to the time of his death, although for the past year he has done almost no active work.

This is the record of a busy and useful life. We join in the declaration of the *Presbyterian*, from which we have taken its history, as now noted, in saying that Dr. Emerson was a devout, tender, faithful preacher of the gospel, consecrated in heart and life to the work of his Lord.

headed "Marine Disasters," which has been made in our pages, for years past, will henceforth be omitted.

It is needful at times to remind all writers whose "copy" is to be published in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, that printers have a standing rule to the effect that *authors shall write on but a single side of their paper*. And to this we beg to call the attention of our missionaries, and other friends.

The Lutheran Church's Work for Seamen.

The extent to which the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Sweden, Norway and Denmark is prosecuting missionary work for Scandinavian sailors, as shown by the opening article of this month's *MAGAZINE* will be, we suspect, a revelation to many persons who have counted themselves as well informed in regard to the aggressive Christian movements of the day. The exhibit is certainly no less gratifying than surprising, and reflects very high honor upon the Lutheran clergy, and the whole denomination. Especially satisfactory is it, to find the church of Christ in those countries which now supply the greater number of sailors for the world's marine, alive to their spiritual needs. May the God of all wisdom direct the servants of these noble Societies, at home and abroad, in the administration and discharge of their respective duties!

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JUNE, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	144
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$4,545
of which \$2,850 was sent to relatives and friends, \$95 was deposited in the Savings Bank, and \$1,600 was returned to depositors.	

Planets for August, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month setting on the 1st at 7h. 29m., and north of

Memoranda.

The regular publication of the table

west 25° 2', and on the 81st at 7h. 28m., and south of west 2° 50'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 8rd at 10h. 52m., being 7° north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 8h. 51m., and north of east 29° 5'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 1st at 6h. 2m., being 5° 34' north.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 52m. past midnight, and north of east 80° 14'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 27th at 10h. 59m., being 4° 80' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 8h. 19m., and north of east 29° 55'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 48m. past midnight on the 29th, being 5° 17' north.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 31m. past midnight, and north of east 26° 35'; is in conjunction with Taurus at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, being 8° 40' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 15th at 1h. 48m., being 1° 8' north, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 32° and 70° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for June, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. ch.	\$ 1 25
Bristol, Cong. ch.	4 84
Haverhill, Cong. ch.	12 12
Henniker, Cong. ch. to const. Dea.	
Worcester Carter & L. M.	30 00
Wilton, 2nd Cong. ch. for lib'y.	20 00

VERMONT.

Bernard, A friend.	5 00
St. Johnsbury, North ch. S. S.	20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, North Cong. ch. to const.	
Mrs. Harriet L. Guerton, a L. M.	30 00
Andover, South ch. Miss C. L. Swift's	
S. S. class for lib'y.	20 00
Boston, Mrs. C. A. Spaulding for lib'y.	20 00
Cambridge, 1st ch. for lib's, of wh.	
\$30 for lib'y in memory of Ed-	
ward Bartlett Curton, by his sister;	
\$20 for lib'y in memory of	
Grace P. Tilton, by B. R. T.; and	
\$30 from Our Boys' Mission Club	
for lib'y.	170 58
Lowell, Mrs. A. Blanchard for lib'y.	20 00
R. Kitson.	10 00
Lynn, Central ch.	10 00
Marshfield, 1st Cong. S. S. to repair	
Library No. 4,612.	5 00
Massachusetts, A friend.	2 00
Pittsfield, South Cong. ch. and Soc'y.	24 08
Princeton, Cong. ch.	5 00
Springfield, Olivet ch. S. S.	23 63
Mrs. P. A. Eldridge for lib's.	200 00
South Abington, Cong. ch.	33 00
South Deringfield, Cong. ch.	16 61
South Wellfleet, Alvin F. Paine for	
library work.	1 00
Taunton, West Cong. ch. S. S. for	
lib'y.	20 00
West Boxford, Cong. ch.	7 36

West Springfield, 1st ch. S. S.	20 00
2nd ch.	7 80
Whitinsville, received from executors	
of estate of E. W. Fletcher of	
Whitinsville, Mass., per Charles	
P. Whitin, ex'r., of wh. \$300 for	
lib's.	500 00
Worcester, Central ch.	25 08

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford, Pearl Street Cong. Soc'y.	45 52
New London, Church of Christ.	58 54
North Haven, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y	20 00
Whitneyville, Cong. ch.	16 25

NEW YORK.

Bergen, 1st Cong. ch.	12 70
Brentwood, E. F. Richardson.	3 00
Brooklyn, Reformed church on the	
Heights.	48 08
Nathan Stephens, to refit Library	
No. 7,070.	8 00
Newburg, 1st Pres. ch.	44 08
The Bethel Mission School for a lib'y	
to be known as the "Rankin Li-	
brary."	20 00
New York City, Sawyer, Wallace & Co	
A friend.	100 00
Young Ladies of 4th Pres. ch. for	
two lib's to be called the "Silver	
Link Band Library," and "The	
Rev. Dr. J. Spaulding Library,"	
per Mrs. J. R. Kerr.	40 00
H. O. Havemeyer.	25 00
C. N. Bliss.	25 00
Miss A. H. Sutton, of wh. \$30 for a	
lib'y.	25 00
Mrs. A. C. Brown for lib'y.	20 00
M. L. S. for lib'y.	20 00
R. G. Dun & Co.	10 00
S. H. Wales.	10 00
C. B. Waite.	10 00
J. H. Reed.	5 00
S. M. Swenson.	5 00
J. H. Reed.	5 00
P. W. Gallaudet.	5 00
R. Battell.	5 00
J. H. Abbot.	5 00
L. N. Lovell.	5 00
Cash.	5 00
Cash.	5 00
S. V. Bagley.	3 00
Cash, C. H. R.	2 50
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Margaret Jane	
Myers.	25 00
Troy, Union Meeting, 1st Pres. ch.	
and 2nd Street ch., a friend "two	
mites" for two lib's \$40, and 1st	
Pres. ch. S. S. \$30 for lib'y.	100 72

NEW JERSEY.

Orange, 1st Pres. ch.	72 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. ch.	7 08

IOWA.

Poweshick County, received on ac-	
count of bequest of Wm. N. Ford,	
deceased, late of Poweshick Coun-	
ty, Iowa, per Robert M. Haines,	
adm'r.	600 00

\$2,782 40

The following persons were constituted Life Members of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, by the Board of Trustees, at their meeting, June 27th, 1883:—

Miss Lizzie Bates, Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Belle F. Baldwin, Newark, N. J.
 Miss Clara F. Conkling, Newark, N. J.
 Mrs. Louisa N. Conkling, Newark, N. J.
 Mrs. Mary Conkling, Mount Vernon, N. Y.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From the Youth's Companion.

Caught up in a Cyclone.

BY AN ILLINOIS BOY.

Out here in Illinois we young people who read the *Companion* have enjoyed its many interesting adventures of boys in the East and in Canada; and now, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I have an adventure to relate, which I think will interest your Eastern readers.

Perhaps, however, I should call it an incident or accident, instead of an adventure; at all events I shall tell it just as it happened, and you can call it what you please. It happened to me and a friend of mine a few months ago.

It was on Saturday, the day of the week on which we had no school, the 8th of August, I think, but am not quite sure, though I know it could not have been very far from that date. For good reasons, as you will presently see, I was not in a condition to make an entry in my diary on that evening, nor indeed for a week afterwards.

At any rate, it was Saturday, when there was no school, and Harvey Robinson and myself were fishing in the Illinois River. We had not been fishing for some weeks, and we went prepared to have a good time. We were in a row-boat which belonged to Harvey's brother, and we had

started out about three o'clock in the afternoon. Besides our fishing-rods and a pound of beef for bait, each of us had taken a biscuit and a pocketful of pears to eat by the way.

It was a very warm afternoon; we were aware of that before setting out. But we thought there would be a breeze on the river, and we said we could take a bath in the shade of the elms if the sun was too hot.

Unlocking our boat we paddled down to a bend, some half a mile below, and there, in the deep water, threw out our hooks.

But it was warmer than we had thought, and no breeze came. At last it really seemed as if the sun would bake us. There was a belt of rather dark, misty clouds away up in the northwest, but they did not keep the sun from reaching us.

"I wish some of those clouds would rise a little higher and cover the old hay-maker up!" Harvey said, and he dipped up a handful of water to wet his head.

Just then, however, a fish bit at Harvey's hook; then another took my bait, and I hauled a big fellow in. Then the

fish seemed to all wake up at once. We caught five in less than three minutes, and the sport grew so exciting that we forgot how fearfully hot it was.

But suddenly we became conscious of something unusual; a strange sensation which came from the air, and of an unnatural stillness. The air seemed *dead* and oppressively heavy; it fairly bore us down, and the effect was such that it seemed as if my head would burst. At any rate, my head felt very strangely.

"This is queer weather," Harvey said, drawing up his line and looking around; and when he spoke, I noticed, and so did he, that his voice sounded strangely.

"Let's pull back to the landing-place," I said, for I thought that possibly an earthquake, or something of that kind, was at hand.

"Yes, let's do that," replied Harvey, and we both took to the oars. We had pulled no more than a dozen strokes, when a strange noise,—like nothing I can describe,—a sort of murmur, caused us both to look round up the river. And there, all up in the north and west, was the strangest, wildest sight I ever saw.

The clouds were not very black, but they seemed to be swirling round and round, streaming up with frightful swiftness toward the zenith! It was just awful! But where we were not a breath of air was stirring.

"It's a tornado! There's a cyclone coming!" Harvey exclaimed. "We must get ashore."

Almost before the words were spoken, I caught sight of something out through the trees, above the landing-place, that fairly made my hair rise.

It was black as ink, three or four hundred feet high, and looked like an immense balloon painted black, with the lower end just touching on the ground!

"For mercy's sake! what's that?" Harvey cried out.

We both dropped our oars and grasped the side of the boat—for we saw that

whatever it was, it would be on us in another minute!

The strange murmuring sound had increased to a horrible roaring, and above it we heard loud crashes like thunder-claps!

It struck the oil-nut trees by the boat-landing, and every leaf and small limb seemed to fly up off them, as if sucked into the vast, black globe. Not leaves and branches alone; the great whirling, roaring sphere gathered up everything in its course!

In that moment of its sweeping down upon us, I saw fence-rails, cart-wheels, calves, boards, green corn, pigs, tons of hay and lots of sheep, all whirled round and round together, a hundred feet up in the air! And on each side of it a shower of all these things, living and dead, was rained down like hail.

When the lower end of this horrible maelstrom touched the river, the water rose up in a white stream into the black, dusty mass, with a shrill, hissing noise, like the tearing of a thousand pieces of cloth!

All this in a moment; then it struck us—that whizzing, roaring whirlwind of dirt, grass, corn, fence-posts, dust and water! and up we went *into the dark!* The boat, with us in it, was whirled out of the water into the swirling air like a leaf!

I remember feeling a swift succession of heavy thuds and blows, as I clung to the gunwale; then I was dimly conscious of being whirled over and over in the air; and then, for a time, I knew nothing more about it.

The next I did know—though I hardly knew that for a while—it was raining softly on me; I heard drops pattering on leaves.

Then a terrible sense of pain and dizziness came upon me. I could hear my heart *flutter*; my whole body felt prickly, as one's arm will when by chance he hits the end of an elbow.

I felt chilled, too; and it seemed as if months passed, while I still lay in that painful, half-conscious condition.

At last I became fully conscious, and roused up. I was cold and in great pain, and for awhile I could not move my arms.

It was dark, and raining gently. I felt the rain on my face, and heard it on the broken-down corn, in the midst of which I lay. I was wet through and covered with mud and dirt.

A long time passed before I could get up; and then I kept tumbling over the corn, which lay snarled and prostrate all about.

I wandered around in the dark, among the corn, for I know not how long; but at last I got out of the corn-field, to a rail-fence, which I followed till I came to the river.

Here I sat down, being very faint and in great pain, and did not move again till it began to grow light. I then discovered that I was on the opposite side of the river from home, and at a place more than a mile below where we had been fishing.

Not far from where I sat, there was a boat; and after a time I mustered strength enough to paddle across the river in it. On that side the road ran along the bank, and getting into it, I staggered on towards home, feeling the worst that I had ever felt in my life.

I had not gone far when I saw a man with a horse and wagon coming towards me; and I soon recognized one of our neighbors, Mr. Goldby. When he saw me, he seemed astonished.

"Harry Lincoln!" he at length exclaimed, "is it you or your ghost?"

I answered that I could not be quite sure which it was, as yet.

Mr. Goldby turned his horse round in the road, and said, "Get in here, quick! It will be the gladdest morning there ever was at your house!"

"Why, my dear boy," he said, after I was in, "the folks are about crazy at your house! They think you were drown-

ed yesterday afternoon. Harvey was picked up, just over the river from where you were fishing, with a broken arm. Close beside him was a dead calf and about two hundred feet of wire-fence. We hunted till dark for you, and gave you up for lost in the river. The tornado's done no end of damage, but your folks won't care for that now."

You should have seen that man drive. He seemed in a hurry to see how glad my folks would be. And to tell the truth, they were rather rejoiced to see me. In fact, my mother shed some tears over her boy, "come back to life," as she said. I had never known, until then, that they cared so much about me at home.

It was a week before I went out of the house again. And the next time I saw Harvey we agreed to dig a "tornado-hole," before another summer—a cellar out of doors, to be covered over with planks and turf, with a trap-door to drop into it by.

We dug the hole—it is all ready—and when we see another *black balloon* coming, we are going to cut and run for it.

A Drop of Oil.

The sewing machine went hard. Brother Will came and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works and said:

"Did you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no; I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. For cold mornings, when tempers are apt to get frosted as well as toes and finger-tips, there is no magic like a few sweet, cheery words. So when one is in anger and ready to do or say rash things, just give him a "soft answer," and you will see how it can cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.

Young Reaper.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During June, 1883, eighty-five loan libraries, forty-four new and forty-one reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,732-7,760, inclusive, at New York;—with No. 7,853, with Nos. 7,856-7,867, inclusive, and Nos. 7,869 and 7,870, at Boston.

The forty-one libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,857,	No. 4,612,	No. 5,137,	No. 5,926,	No. 6,435,	No. 6,806,	No. 7,198,	No. 7,397,	No. 7,584.
" 4,145,	" 4,710,	" 5,424,	" 5,946,	" 6,563,	" 6,940,	" 7,338,	" 7,448,	
" 4,383,	" 4,919,	" 5,432,	" 6,144,	" 6,793,	" 7,068,	" 7,311,	" 7,465,	
" 4,440,	" 5,006,	" 5,801,	" 6,175,	" 6,814,	" 7,070,	" 7,362,	" 7,468,	
" 4,437,	" 5,122,	" 5,817,	" 6,421,	" 6,861,	" 7,189,	" 7,369,	" 7,523,	

Never out of Sight.

Thou, God, seest me.—Gen. xvi. 13.

There is a little saying,
Which you'll find is always true,
My little boy, my little girl,—
A saying that's for you.
'Tis this, my darling little one;
With eyes so clear and bright;
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."
No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.
Some one is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest brave and true;
And watchers of the heavenly world,
God's angels pure and white,
In joy or sorrow at your course,
Are keeping you in sight.
Bear this in mind, my little one,
And let your aim be high;
You do whatever you may do
Beneath some some seeing eye.
Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright;
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

A Father's Story.

One night I went home with a lad who had left his father's house, so that he might be free from the restraints of home. I told the father that his son was penitent, but that he feared to come back alone. I shall not soon forget the loving look of reproach on the father's face as he said to his son, "Night after night have I watched for your return, and lay awake listening to the sound of footsteps as they approached the door, in hope that it was yours. As they passed by my heart often sickened with anxiety and longing for your return." How like this is to the beseeching cry of God to his backsliding people! If they could only realize how he longs for them they would rush to his arms and find the unspeakable "bliss of full salvation there."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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U. S. A.



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For the Sailors' Magazine.

BOOKS, OLD AND NEW, RELATING TO THE PACIFIC
ISLANDS.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S
CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, H. I.

More than fifty years ago, when a Sunday-School scholar, in a New England village, I remember taking from the library a volume, entitled,—*A Journal of a Tour Around Hawaii*. I examined the illustrations with great interest, and read the contents with delight. Little did I then imagine that I should live for so many years amid scenes described in that volume and become personally acquainted with many of the missionaries and Hawaiians therein mentioned. A copy of the same volume now lies on my table, and its pages look quite familiar. I have been reading books on the Hawaiian and other Islands of the Pacific ever since, and have collected somewhat of a library of

books relating to Polynesia. Some of the older volumes contain much interesting information relating to these and other islands, long before the missionaries arrived or civilization exerted its good and bad influences among the aborigines.

Here is one of rare interest, entitled,—*A Voyage Round the World, in the years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804; in which the Author visited the principal islands in the Pacific Ocean, and English settlements of Port Jackson, and Norfolk Island,—by John Trumbull*. This volume is a republication from the London edition, and was printed in Philadelphia, in 1810, or ten years before the American missionaries landed on the Islands. It describes the Islanders in their heathen condi-

tion. Intemperance and other vices were already working the ruin of this interesting people. The writer has much to say about Kamehameha I, to whose memory a statue has recently been erected in Honolulu, in front of the Government House.

He witnessed the ruinous effects of intoxicating drinks, and records his detestation for those merchants who should send rum to these Islands, in this language:—"I know no sufficient punishment that the wretch would merit, who should import a cargo of spirituous liquors in the Sandwich or Society Islands; it would, in every respect, be tantamount to the wilful administration of an equal quantity of poison, as the extent of the evil would only be bounded by the destruction of the whole of the population."

I am happy to repeat that there is one mercantile firm in Honolulu that neither does, or has ever allowed rum to be brought hither, as freight. This is the firm of *C. Brewer & Co.* In November, 1881, I published a letter written by the venerable Captain Brewer, now living at Jamaica Plains, Mass., who has for nearly a half century been engaged in sending ships hither, and from this letter I quote as follows:—

"Since 1835, the year I entered into partnership with Mr. Peirce, I do not recollect of the firm importing any spirituous liquors for sale, up to the time we dissolved co-partnership in 1843. I do not recall ever receiving any consignment of liquors but once. We received a lot of poor wines from Messrs. ———, of New York, which were imported from New York in order to receive the drawback of duties which had been paid. The wine was so poor we

could not sell it, and I made vinegar of it, by putting in sliced bananas."

Captain Brewer still owns land and stores in Honolulu, and will not allow rum to be sold on his premises. I could wish that all Boston merchants had been equally honorable! If they had been, what vast regions of Africa, Turkey, and other parts of the world would not have been cursed by their abominable traffic in intoxicating liquors.

I might write a volume upon the review of the books relating to the early voyagers in the Pacific. Those relating to their voyages are full of information, and as years and ages roll away will not cease to find readers. I desire, however, to call the attention of the readers of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* to some recent books on this subject. Among them there are none more worthy of attentive perusal than those written by Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING, an English lady, who has been crossing and recrossing the Pacific, and residing for a season at the Fiji, Society and other Islands of this great ocean. She has written four books, with the following titles:—"At Home in Fiji," "*A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War*," "*Fire Fountains*," two volumes.

These four goodly volumes cover the whole of the broad Pacific, from New Guinea in the west, to Eastee Island in the east, and from the Society Islands in the South Seas, to the Hawaiian Islands in the South Pacific. Very many of these islands she has personally visited, sparing no pains to acquaint herself with the past and present condition of the inhabitants. Their author moves in the very highest circles of English society, and is a sister of the late

GORDON CUMMING, the famous lion-hunter of South Africa, whose adventures were read with so much interest a few years ago.

Her book relating to Fiji gives a graphic narration of her residence on those Islands during the years 1876-7, when she was a member of the family of the Hon. Sir ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, Governor of the Islands. During that period she visited many islands of the group and became most intimately acquainted with the Wesleyan missionaries. Her testimony to the fidelity and success of those noble men and women is deserving of being read by all who love the missionary enterprise. Since the days when Christianity came in conflict with the heathenism of the Roman Empire, I do not believe there has been a conflict more honorable to the missionaries or worthy of record than that of the English Wesleyans with the cannibal Fijians. I regard this testimony as the more worthy of mention inasmuch as Miss Cumming is a member of the English church. She appears most fully to appreciate what a fearful struggle those devoted missionaries have passed through, and from which they have come forth the victors. Had the missionaries themselves depicted the conflict many readers might have thought the narration overdrawn. I could wish that Miss Cumming's volume, *At Home in Fiji*, was in every Sabbath School Library in America, but I am not aware that the volume has been published in the United States.*

The two volumes entitled *Fire Fountains*, relate to the Hawaiian Islands, and I can truly say no

better books have ever been written about them. I am quite astonished at the amount of valuable information the writer has gathered and embodied in these two volumes. These books are favorable to the great missionary enterprise, while the volume entitled *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War*, is of a similar character, but relates to the Friendly, Samoan, and Society Islands. All these books are highly creditable to the author's ability as a writer, and to her enterprise as a traveler. What renders them the more worthy of perusal is the fact that they are written with so much candor, fairness, and appreciation of missionary efforts, and hence merit extensive circulation. I cannot but hope that they all will be republished in the United States and meet with an extensive circulation. I am quite sure no more useful books could be procured for Sabbath School libraries.

In referring to these books of Miss Cumming I am reminded of the writings of another English authoress, Miss BIRD, now Mrs. BISHOP, of Edinburgh. I am somewhat surprised that while her books, *Unbeaten Paths in Japan*, and her volume entitled *Rocky Mountains*, have been re-printed in the United States, her volume on the Hawaiian Islands should not have found a publisher. To my own mind it is really the best of all her books.

The last English mail brought another new book from her facile pen,—*The Golden Chersonese*. This, I notice, has been republished in Boston. It is a choice volume of travels, and I feel quite sure its reading will contribute very much to the store of geographical and other knowledge possessed by North Americans.

* It has been, by Messrs. A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, New York City.—Ed. SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

Perhaps I am writing too long an article for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, but, let me add, that in all these volumes, both "old and new," there is much relating to sailors. They never could have been written, unless the sailor had performed his useful part in the great work of navigation. They

testify abundantly to the good which sailors have done, and alas, also, to much of the evil which they have been the sad instruments of scattering, among the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific.

Honolulu, H. I., July 10th, 1883.

From The New York Evening Post.

OFF-SHORE WHALING.

AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY OF THE HAMPTONS AND OTHER
COAST TOWNS.

EASTHAMPTON, L. I., July 2nd, 1883.

A long, low wooden building at the head of the village street, through whose open doors one caught glimpses of oars, spades, lances, harpoons, and other whaling paraphernalia, directed my attention recently to one of the most ancient and interesting industries of our coasts,—the off-shore whale fishery, the forerunner, if not the parent, of the American whale fishery. Students of nautical history have been much puzzled to determine just when and where crews were organized for the prosecution of the "whaling design" in boats from the shore. Traces of the presence of these crews at an early day still exist on the Massachusetts coast, on both shores of the Sound, and on the south Long Island and Jersey coasts. The contest for priority of inception, however, lies chiefly between Cape Cod and eastern Long Island; but he who carefully weighs the rival claims must decide, I think, in favor of the latter. Provincetown contained only a few fishing huts as late as 1714, whereas the Hamptons were settled in 1640, and as early as 1650 entries appear in their records proving that the

attention of the settlers had already been turned to the whale fishery as a source of revenue. The whites undoubtedly caught this idea from the Montauket Indians, who held the tail and fin of the whale in great esteem as votive offerings to their deity, and who frequently, if tradition may be believed, attacked the monster in their war canoes and towed his carcass ashore.

Whales were very plentiful along the coast in 1640, and for a hundred years later. One of the perquisites of the first minister here was a certain share of the dead whales cast ashore, while the first entries in the town records pertain to the methods by which they were to be cut up and tried. Some of these, showing the gradual growth of the industry, it will be proper to subjoin. In the Southampton town records, under date of March 7th, 1644—four years after the settlement—occurs the following curious entry:—

"Ordered, that if, by the Providence of God, there shall be henceforth within the bounds of this plantation whales cast up, for the prevention of disorder it is

consented that there shall be four wards in the town, eleven persons to each ward, and by lot two of each to be employed in cutting up whales, who for their pains shall have a double share."

The law also provided that the oil, when tried, should be divided to each inhabitant,—counting servants and children above sixteen as such—"in equal proportion." Next year they passed a law prohibiting whoever should find a whale or a part thereof from carrying it away, under a penalty of 20s., but directing the finder to give immediate notice to the magistrates, for which he was to receive a reward of five shillings. If he discovered it "on the Lord's day," however, he was to have nothing. A second order, dated December 5th, 1648, gives further details of the growth of the industry. It provided that the whales should be cut up by the squadrons who were to be divided by the last five men chosen, and who were to have one-third for their pains, "beside their share with the town," also providing that "whatever whale should be gained by any he should lay it above low-water mark, and not meddle with dividing or diminishing it," until it had been brought to town, at the town charge, and laid in or about the town pound, "and said cutters to pay a third part of the said charge." From this it was but a step to maintaining a regular patrol of the beach, the townspeople being divided into squadrons of from twelve to fifteen men each, and sections of the coast allotted to each in turn. Being thus organized, it was natural that the hardy surfmen should next turn their attention to capturing the whales they saw coasting up and down their shores.

The First Crew.

The first hint of the actual formation of a crew is found in the Southampton records, under date of January 30th, 1650, and is as follows:—"Ordered by the General Court that Mr. John Ogden, Sr., of Northampton (now North Sea, on Peconic Bay), shall have free liberty, without interruption from the inhabitants of Southampton, to kill whales on the South Sea within the bounds of said town, for the space of seven years," and no liberty "to kill or strike" any within that town was to be given other parties, provided Mr. Ogden proceeded in the "design" and "did somewhat at it" within the year. He, however, was not to deny "the town's inhabitants" the privilege formerly belonging to them in the drift whales cast upon the beach. From this time the industry assumed form, and was prosecuted with great vigor for nearly 150 years. Never was a business better organized, or carried on more systematically. The Indians, both the Montaukets on the east and the Shinnecocks on the west, were pressed into the service. At its highest pitch there were at least two crews each at Southampton, Bridgehampton, Easthampton and Amagansett, with one at Shinnecock. The whole line of coast about these hamlets was districted and patrolled regularly, the patrolmen being selected from the various crews and serving in rotation. At intervals of a mile great signal poles, with rounds for climbing, were erected on the dunes, from which to signal the presence of whales. A "crew" comprised from twelve to fifteen men, and was provided with two large whale-boats, lines, irons, lances, spades,

and other implements of the chase: all but the boats—which were drawn up on the beach above high-water mark—being stored in little houses built on the sand.

Their method of taking their prey was as follows:—The patrol on “raising” a whale ran to the nearest signal pole, and waved from its summit his fisher’s coat or perhaps a bundle of dried grass: this was known technically as the “weft.” Bright eyes in the village were always on the watch for it, and its appearance usually turned the hamlet into a crater of excitement. The captains ran into the street with their immense fish horns, and blew prolonged blasts one to each quarter of the heavens. This rallied the crews, and told the villagers that whales were off shore. “A weft—a weft,” was then the cry, and men, women, and children, dropping all pursuits, ran, bareheaded, barefooted, and coatless, across the fields, over fences and ditches, to the beach. They found the crews there, however, before them, launching the whaleboat through the surf. The biggest of the “three brothers” always carried her over the bar and out to sea. The whale could generally be seen a short distance out feeding; sometimes his position was marked only by the wake caused by his flukes beneath the surface.

Pursuit and Capture.

The pursuit and capture differed in nothing from that afterward practiced in long-voyage whaling, and need not be described in detail. Sometimes the whale on being struck would put directly out to sea, dragging the boats with him, often as night or a storm was approaching, in which case an old veteran of the chase, usual-

ly an Indian, would be mounted on a white horse and started off down the coast, lantern in hand, to ascend some sand dune at the point where his unerring judgment told him the returning boats would sight the shore, and then sit, an animated beacon, to guide the hunters into port. Sometimes a whale would sink in the death struggle, whereupon the boatmen would buoy and leave it, well knowing that it would float in from twenty-four to thirty hours. If, however, no mishap occurred, and the whale was killed and floated on the surface, it was towed into the surf opposite the try works, and allowed to come ashore with the breakers. The try works were simply huge iron pots set in brick work. That at Amagansett may still be seen; the site of the one at Southampton was pointed out to me by an old whaler, who had often spent nights there, as being on the west side of the pond, on ground now occupied by elegant summer cottages. The whale, being stranded, was attacked at low tide by the squadrons, who stripped the blubber from its upper side and carted it to the try works, where it was converted into oil. One side stripped, the carcass was rolled over at high tide, and the other similarly treated. A cunning limner might make much of the picture,—the men clambering like ants over the monster, the groups of bystanders, the horses tugging at the heavily laden carts, and the night scene at the try pots,—for the work continued night and day until completed. Stripped of its blubber, the carcass was turned adrift to feed the sharks and gulls.

The magnitude of the business at its height,—between 1700 and 1775, we will say,—would scarcely

be credited now. It was no uncommon thing then for the crews to have eight or ten whales on the beach at once. The companies had their factors in London, and shipped their oil and bone directly thither. They show now, in Southampton, a letter written by one Walter Mico, a factor in London, dated there February 21st, 1693-4, in which he informs his employers that of 180 barrels shipped there were but 30 fair barrels among them, the rest being "black and red, and very fowle with dirt," and adds that he had to ship them to Holland to dispose of them. Some years before the Revolution the business expanded out into the long-voyage fishery for which, later, America became so renowned, three sloops,—the *Goodluck*, *Dolphin* and *Success*, fitted out at Sag Harbor,—being the pioneers in the trade. They cruised as far south as latitude 36° north, but were not very successful. In 1785 a vessel owned by Col. Benjamin Huntting and Capt. Silas Howell, of Sag Harbor, was sent still further south, and by her success induced other vessels to proceed to the Brazil Banks, and inaugurate the American long-voyage whale fishery. Members of these companies formed the crews of the first whale ships. Several of the old crews still retain their organization, and now and then take a cetacean in old-time fashion. There is now one each at Shinnecock, Southampton, Easthampton, and Amagansett. The last whale captured, I believe, was by the Southampton company about a year ago.

Two Stories.

One day "Ti," the nineteen-year-old son of Captain Doming, of the Easthampton crew, gave

me so graphic an account of a chase undertaken by his company last December that it will bear repeating.

"It was in the afternoon," he began. "Father was on the lounge asleep, and I was building an ice boat with the boys in the yard, when one of the station men came in with rews of whale off shore. Of course it got pretty lively here then. Father blew the old fish horn, and both boats' crews rallied, and jumped down to the beach. Five minutes later the whole village was there. The sea was so smooth you could have seen a coot a mile away: the whale was perhaps a quarter of a mile out. Our boat got away first,—perhaps because we'd been twitted about not darin' to strike a whale—seven men of us, father, captain, and Sam Green, boat-turner. We followed the whale some time by his wake, and finally Sam struck him ten feet under water. Then there was fun. He breached, just grazing the boat's side, and then put out to sea like a race horse. T'other boat was nowhere. Father took Sam's place at the bows with his gun, and the moment the beast slackened put a bomb lance into him; but the thing didn't burst inside, as we expected, only stirred him up. He gave a terrible spring, snapped the rope like packthread, and away he went carryin' three thousand dollars worth of oil and bone with him."

Later from a grizzled old whaleman at Southampton I gathered other reminiscences of the calling. "Whales used to be pretty thick along-shore," he began. "I remember when there were eight on the beach between Shinnecock Gut and Amagansett all at once. The liveliest time I ever had was sixteen years ago come May. Three

whales were sighted one morning, and four boats put out after them. One whale disappeared. One charged a boat and knocked the captain overboard. Next moment they fastened to him, and soon after got a chance to lance. The lance 'boned' and bent over, drawing the boat, before the warp could be cut, on to the loose whale. He was full of fight, and threw the boat twenty feet into the air, of course spilling out the line. That set the fast whale loose, and off he went to sea, being found some days later off Cape Cod, and claimed by our men from the lance wounds on him. The one that disappeared was killed by the fourth boat some distance out to sea. The loose whale was lanced, but escaped and floated ashore dead at Patchogue a few days later. Again, in 1873, our crew struck a whale close inshore: that

ran four miles to sea, died, and sunk. The next day we tried to raise it, but failed. On the morning of the second day it was seen floating, and two boats went off for it, but after towing a while were obliged to come ashore, the sea growing rough. On the third day a wrecking schooner, at work on a stranded steamer near by, was chartered to look for the whale; she found it twelve miles at sea, off Easthampton, made fast, started back, and got becalmed. At night a gale came on, and schooner and whale started for New York, but parted company in the night, the whale coming ashore near Atlanticville. That was the biggest whale ever killed on the coast. The bone was ten feet long and sold for \$1,000. It proved a dry skin though,—yielding no oil."

C. B. T.

IMPROVEMENTS IN NEW YORK WATERS.

A GLANCE AT WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AND WHAT IS PROJECTED.

From Washington, D. C., August 1st, 1883, the statement is telegraphed that the report of Colonel NEWTON, engineer in charge of the improvements of rivers and harbors in the New York district, has been received at the War Department. Following is a synopsis of the reports on several of the works under his direction:—

Removing obstructions in the East River and Hell Gate.

The engineer reports having been engaged at Hallett's Point during the year in removing some few points of broken rock found projecting above the required depth of twenty-six feet at mean low water mark. The engineer also reports that during the year

the expenditure of appropriations has been confined to building the galleries, to reducing the roof of the cross galleries to a thickness of fifteen feet, and to drilling the large holes for the final blast at Flood Rock. He reports that when work was suspended nearly all the roof-holes had been drilled; that the length of the galleries driven during the year was 204.3 linear feet, and that 12,202.6 cubic yards of stone (measured in place) had been removed from the galleries and roof. He adds that the progress of the work was materially retarded during the year for the lack of sufficient funds to carry on operations with a force equal to the capacity of the plant; that now, when operations are suspend-

ed, it is necessary to continue running the pumps in order to keep the excavation from filling with water, the cost of this being the same as when the full force is employed, and that if the appropriations asked for in his last report had been granted, this reef could have been blown up in September or October, 1883.

The money statement of the engineer is as follows for the year ending June 30th, 1883: Removing reef at Hallett's Point, \$398; excavations at Flood Rock, \$161,894; expenses of steam drilling scow operating on Pot Rock and Frying Pan, \$44,234; total, \$206,526. Total appropriations to June 30th, 1883, \$3,188,300; received from other sources (not specified), \$1,949; total, \$3,190,249. Reverted to United States Treasury, \$3,156; amount allowed to Harlem River, \$11,000.

It is estimated that for the entire and permanent completion of the work of improvement in accordance with the approved and adopted project \$1,963,030 will be required. There remained unexpended at the close of the last fiscal year \$35,820, and this sum, the engineer reports, will be sufficient only for the care and preservation of the work and running the pumps to keep the excavation at Flood Rock from filling with water. He reports that \$500,000 can be profitably expended during the next fiscal year.

Buttermilk Channel.

The originally adopted project for the improvement of Buttermilk Channel was the removal of a portion of the existing shoal, to the depth of twenty-six feet at mean low water mark, for the purpose of increasing the depth and width of the channel. In this

work \$56,356 was expended during the past year, and the engineer reports that as the removal of the shoal continues, the benefit to commerce and navigation is proportionately increased. It is estimated that a further appropriation of \$30,000 will be necessary to complete the work, and the engineer reports that this sum can be profitably expended during the next year. The amount appropriated for this improvement to date is \$180,000, of which the act of 1882 appropriated \$60,000. The amount expended up to June 30th, 1883, is \$119,163, and the available balance on hand July 1st, 1883, was \$60,837. This sum will be expended during the present year in continuing the dredging of the channel.

The sum of \$400,000 has been appropriated for the Harlem River, but none of it has yet been expended. It is estimated that the work will cost \$1,700,000.

Gowanus Bay.

The engineer reports that no operations have been begun under the appropriation of \$20,000 for the improvement of Gowanus Bay in the act of 1882, owing to the pendency of legal formalities for securing the right of way across private property at the southwest corner of Erie Basin, the decision upon which was not received until May 23rd, 1883. He also reports that it has been recommended to the department to modify the existing project, so as to dredge the present channel from Hamilton Ave., Brooklyn, to the southwest corner of Erie Basin, and thus to divide it into two branches, one to the north and one to the south. The cost of this revised project he estimates at \$132,565. He reports that

\$16,289 was expended during the past fiscal year, and that a channel was dredged 1,826 feet long, 100 feet wide and 18 feet deep at mean low water. He estimates the amount that will be required for the completion of the improvement in accordance with the approved and adopted project at \$123,000. Of this sum he thinks \$30,000 can be profitably expended in the next year.

Echo Harbor, New Rochelle.

In the improvement of Echo Harbor, New Rochelle, N. Y., the engineer reports that \$8,126 has been expended during the past year and that a portion of Sheep's Head Reef has been removed. The balance of the appropriation remaining on hand (\$3,366) he reports too small to continue the work on Sheep's Head Reef. He says:—"I am informed that the work which has been done thus far has improved the navigation and gives general satisfaction to the community and has been the means of a reduction in the rates of freight. The inhabitants desire the entire removal of Sheep's Head Reef, as further facilitating the business of New Rochelle and rendering it less difficult to charter vessels for freight to and from this place." The original estimate for this improvement was \$38,955. The sum of \$22,000 has been already appropriated and the engineer estimates that a further appropriation of \$16,955 will be necessary for the completion of the project. The amount expended up to June 30th, 1883, is \$18,634, and the available balance July 1st, 1883, was \$3,367. The engineer reports that \$17,000 can be profit-

ably expended during the next year.

The originally adopted project for the improvement of this harbor was to remove the rocky obstructions and to dredge the inner channel between Hunter's and Flat Islands. The estimated cost was \$40,825, and this project has not been modified. The expenditures during the past year amounted to \$308, principally for surveys. It is proposed to begin the removal of "Corning Rock" with the steam drilling scow, as authorized by the Chief of Engineers, in June, 1883. The estimated cost of the entire and permanent completion of the work is \$5,825 in addition to the appropriations already made. These amount to \$35,000.

Port Chester Harbor.

Of the improvement of Port Chester Harbor the engineer says:—"It was proposed to apply the appropriation of \$15,000 made by the act of 1882 to the removal of a portion of sunken rock, but it seems to be the desire of the business men of Port Chester to apply the money to dredging the channel of Byram River leading to the town, this work to take precedence of the removal of the rock. The amount expended during the past year was \$25. The amount that it is estimated will be required for the completion of the improvement of the harbor according to the adopted and approved plan, is \$69,632. The amount appropriated for the work to date is \$27,000 of which \$15,000 was appropriated by the act of 1882. The amount remaining unexpended July 1st, 1883, was \$16,925.—*New York Tribune.*

From the Naval Brigade News, Devonport, Eng.

"O H, NOBBY!"

"Where shall you lodge, Bill?"

Before Bill had time to reply, another struck in and said,—

"Directly we're paid off, I enter the Sailors' Welcome Home. I——" The rest was not heard, for there was a chorus of cries directed against the lad who was going to the Sailors' Welcome Home.

"Yes," said he, "and I'll tell you why—*because they always treat me like a friend, mates.*"

"Oh, yes," cried another. "I don't want to be treated like a blessed baby, so much to eat, so much to drink. Do they tuck you in, old ship, eh?"

This and a great deal more of fun and banter went on among the crew of the ship *Ellore*, which had just returned from the voyage to Sydney.

The fo'castle was now full of life and noise. On all sides plans of pleasure and enjoyment were being discussed. A few old seamen slept; others, smoking quietly, looked on and chimed in with a word or two from time to time. Some whose chests were filled with "curios," spread them out and sorted them, or prepared them for the friends and relatives who were to receive them.

"I say, Bill," said one, "are you going home this time?"

"Of course I am! Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated the other. "Ah, you can answer that best."

"Do you think I am going to sail out of London for ever," said Bill, "without going to see the dad?"

Poor Bill! three times had he returned from long voyages with his "mind made up" to leave

London directly he was paid off and "go home"—a distance by coach, where his old father and mother waited and prayed, and prayed and waited for his return. But he came not.

One day Bill's father meeting a neighbor is accosted thus:—

"Friend Jones, your son's ship is in port."

"Thank God!" cries the old man, Bill's father. "Only let me see him once more!" And the tears ran down his pale wrinkled cheeks.

"Yes, I've just read it in a town paper."

And the poor old man's heart is filled with joy as he chatters on to his friend about his strong, bold, lad Bill, the only treasure left him.

He is alone now. His old mother who loved her boy so fondly, waited and waited, but he came not. She prayed God to bless the lad continually, but at last tired out, she went to God to rest, praying so earnestly at the last for him who came not, that the old man and the minister were heart-broken, and wept together as she lay down to rest for ever.

Why didn't Bill go home?"

Because each time he put his honor, health and money, his body and soul, into the hands of those "*more cruel than death!*" And when he awoke, penniless and ill, what torment awaited him! Oh, the remorse! It nearly drove him wild.

Just a line went home begging pardon from the bottom of his heart. But he was too proud and ashamed to go home penniless. Then off to sea again he went, with remorse tugging at his heart,

so as to make him nearly mad with himself. Poor lad!

The moment came when the crew must separate. They mustered in the shipping-office with their captain, and were paid off. Seldom were so fine a crew seen there, and never did a captain speak with more admiration for a crew than did theirs for the brave lads who, in "fine weather and foul," had served him so well.

"Hurrah for a 'nip!'" cried one, directly they were outside. "Bear up for a liquor, shipmates!" was the cry.

Close to them was a big garish gin-palace, from which came a confused loud noise of laughter, of snatches of song, and coarse jesting, mingled with the oaths and curses of those who were quarrelling over their drink.

"Stop a moment, shipmates!" said the sailor who at first said he should go to the Sailors' Welcome Home. He went by the name of "Nobby," because, he was pretty well educated and a great reader.

"Stop, lads! listen to that horrid Babel of curses and drunken quarrels; is that the pleasure you seek? Look! Those dirty, cringing loafers who live by your ruin; are they your friends? No! Come away. I'll show you where you are lodged respectably and treated like men, like friends, not like dogs. Come, lads, come. But don't go there to your ruin!"

"Bravo, Nobby!" cried several. "You are right. We're for Nobby!" cried they. "We've been bitten too often."

So they separated. One party plunged into the grog-shop, the other, with Nobby, joined the captain to the Sailors' Welcome Home, and went along laughing and chatting to pack up and say good-bye.

Bill went with the party that chose the grog-shop, and soon got into a state in which he forgot everything till morning, when he awoke with a start.

"Oh, dear!" said Bill, yawning, and trying to sit up. "What's up? I'm stiff, and—" He sat up and stared around. No, he was not aboard. These dirty walls and this tumble-down bed,—ah, he remembered the grog-shop, lots of drink, and—

"I'm a fool," he muttered. "I can hardly move, too. Oh, my poor head! It will split!"

Men's voices in loud dispute in the next room reached him through the thin partition.

Said one voice, "Bundle him out!"

"Not so fast," said the other. "His money first!"

"What!" said Bill to himself, sitting up and staring wildly.

Said the first voice, "He's got no more money!"

Bill was fumbling in his pockets. He found a few shillings and some coppers!

"I'm ruined!" he cried wildly. "I'm ruined! You robbers there! where is my money?"

Then came a rushing of feet, a quarrel, fierce struggling, and Bill, poor Bill, was flung out on the pavement, beaten, exhausted and ill. The door went to with a bang.

"What's in the wind?" said a well-dressed seaman, passing the crowd round Bill on the pavement.

"A chap as is 'keel-out,'" said one with a grin.

"What can I do for you, shipmate?" said the seaman, stooping down.

Poor Bill slowly lifted his haggard face.

"What, Bill! old shipmate," he cried. He knelt down and quiet-

ly raised Bill in his arms. The poor fellow looked up, and made out his old chum, Nobby. He muttered despairingly,—

“Oh, Nobby; my poor dad!”

Nobby took Bill with him to the Sailors' Welcome Home.

“This is jolly,” said Bill, a week later. “Why didn't I find this crib out before? You're right, Nobby, we're treated like friends here. Nobby, old shipmate, give me your hand!”

They gripped each other's hand in silence; but Nobby knew what was in Bill's heart.

Said Bill suddenly, “Tell me, Nobby, how is it you keep square? You don't drink, you don't go on the spree; but you are always jolly, always on the square. Tell me how is it?”

Nobby replied, “Two years ago

I was walking alone ashore. I was miserable. I felt ill. I had lost my money when drunk. I hadn't a friend. I came to a chapel. The nice singing took me inside. I sat down; but the singing cheered me, some how.

“Then I heard these words spoken, ‘*The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*’

“Bill, old shipmate, it's all true. I've found it out myself. I went to Jesus, and told Him how I had sinned. At His feet in earnest prayer I found pardon and peace. The Holy Ghost was given unto me according to His promise, I am happy and respectable now, and I humbly trust in Christ's word for eternal salvation. For His message is ‘*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*’”

From Chart and Compass, London, Eng., July, 1885.

ON BOARD THE “OCEAN.”

SAM AND JACK.

“I thought I was a Christian, Jack; I thought I was a Christian, but I've missed it again, and I'm clean done,—there seems no lasting hope or comfort for such as me.”

“Hi, now Sam, I'm sorry to see you so low-hearted, mate; what's the matter this time?”

“The matter,” answered Sam, “everything is the matter. The devil's own temper has had hold of me again; I've been a-swearing and a-storming, and a throat full of horrid curses and hard words have been pouring out of my mouth at the boy Bill. Didn't you see him pass you on the gang-way just now?”

“I did. I saw the boy had been a-blubbering, and he couldn't give me an answer when I spoke to him. What's gone wrong?”

“Well, he annoyed me. He lost a good bucket overboard on a bit of rotten rope not like to carry a pound weight, and his saying he was sorry wouldn't bring it back again; he contradicted me, too, and I can't stand opposition, never could, it puts me out, one word gives another, and I lose the mastery of myself a deal sooner than I should lose the mastery of this ship in a storm, and it's no good of me trying.”

“Don't say that,” said Jack, soothingly; he was a good friend and true, and remembered the wise man's saying, “that a soft answer turns away wrath.” “Don't say that, Sam, it's something to see *where* the wrong lies, and I should say that it's the first step towards amendment.”

“I tell you, it's all no use talk-

ing," said the other. "No one could make better resolutions than I have made, and when I was last ashore I had a long talk with that good missionary-man, Jenkins, on the subject. He gave me the best of advice, he prayed to God for me, and he prayed with me, and I've got here in my pocket a special list of Bible-verses which he wrote for me; here they are,"—slapping them on his locker—"and I came to sea determined not to be *surprised* again this voyage ('surprised into a passion' was one of his sayings), and I haven't forgot it. But, look you here! we haven't been to sea twenty-four hours before I'm *surprised* again. Talk about infirmity of the flesh, that's *my* infirmity, and I know it to my cost. The drink doesn't tempt me now, but I'm a slave to bad temper, Jack, was luck to it."

The poor fellow seemed so overcome and so humiliated with the consciousness of his infirmity that his friend's lips seemed sealed for a time. He had not the heart to reproach him, and he felt to have no new source of comfort or encouragement to offer. Often before, during former voyages, the topic of bad temper, of surly, angry moods and evil words had cropped up between them. No two men could be more constitutionally unlike, yet there were some strong points of sympathy and good-will between them, which had constituted them friends and shipmates during many foregoing voyages. Both were good-hearted, right-principled tars; both had listened, when ashore, to the voice of the Christian teacher, and had daily read, when afloat, words of solid counsel, wisdom, cheer and hope from the Book of Life. But Sam's constitutional infirmity, a short, fiery temper, had been the bane of

his own life and had caused much misery to others, while it obliterated to the superficial observer many of his underlying good traits of heart and mind. Presently Jack broke in—"I've got it, Sam, I've got a new idea! You're a teetotaler, arn't you? and you wear the Blue Ribbon, too. Let us two make a solemn vow and covenant over this bad-temper business. Let us wear a *Red Ribbon*, and then, *if we take time, with the blessing of God, to think of the Red Ribbon, before we begin with the strife of tongues*, in twenty cases out of a score the breeze will blow over without doing damage."

"No. I don't like the thought of that, Jack. I don't mind wearing the Blue Ribbon; I shall be glad to my dying day that I took that pledge, for if my temper gets the better of me now, to my shame, it made a beast and a roaring tiger of me before; but another ribbon pledge? Can't say I like the idea of it."

"Why not, man?" returned his companion with energy. "If one does good, why shouldn't the other?"

"That's your reasoning. Why? because we might a'most as well wear the Union Jack slung round us, d'ye see. Blue and Red, it would only want the White, would it, now?"

"More's the reason we should tackle the Red, Sam. As English tars the Red, White and Blue are nat'rally dear to us, and if we can think of the Blue a-saving us from the demon drink, and the Red a-saving us from the almost was demon temper, and if we remember that White is the robe of righteousness, that all must appear in if ever they are to reach up yonder, we may be proud of the sign and colors of our trade, Sam,

that's what *I* think. So, as I said just now, it's a good idea, and as delays are dangerous when we've got good resolutions on hand, let's make up our minds at once. I've a bit of Red Ribbon book-marker in the little hymn-book my poor dead mother gave me five years ago. It would please her up in heaven to see me put it to such a good use. I'll sew it on your jacket, if you'll let me, and then I'll sew a bit on mine, and let *us* be the first tars afloat to don the *Red Ribbon* in remembrance of our vow to smother bad temper and silence an evil tongue. And who can tell but we may in time be copied far and near by multitudes, both ashore and afloat, who not only now save their money and health by wearing the Blue Ribbon, but who would *also* save much outward and inward misery by wearing the Red? Why, lad, I can see the millennium beginning at the very thought of it!"

"Well, here goes then," said the other, quite overcome by his friend's unvarying kindness and patience, by his Christian sympathy, tact, and good sense—"Here goes! *The Red Ribbon and no bad temper, God, for Christ's sake, helping us to keep the vow!*" The Red Ribbon was donned then and there, and the good resolve was not broken during that voyage, nor many that succeeded it. When aggravated, Sam's blood would begin to boil and his eyes to flash, but the thought of the Red Ribbon and the prayer which accompanied its institution, took the lead and gained the needed time for reflection, and Sam thus in this matter also, as he had previously done in the matter of drink, came off "more than conqueror, to his own heart's peace,

to the comfort of those who surrounded him, and to the honor of his God.

When they had taken the pledge, Jack picked up the bit of paper Sam had thrown down upon his locker, and read aloud:—

"Death and life are in power of the tongue." Prov. xviii, 21.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi, 32.

"I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." Ps. xxxix, 1.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles." Prov. xxi, 23.

"A soft tongue breaketh the bone." Prov. xxv, 15.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers." Eph. iv, 29.

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own self, this man's religion is vain." James i, 26.

"He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." 1 Pet. iii, 10,—

then, giving it back, he said, "There is wisdom enough for all the world in that bit of paper, Sam. I'll copy it as it stands, by your leave, and shall never see it without thinking of one of the happiest hours of my life. May God bless us both, Sam, and make us blessings! I've got your Amen to that, I know. Our Cap'n calls. I'm off now. . . .

A. G. R.

HOW MRS. PHILLIPS SAVED OLD JOE BLEEKER.

BY ESTHER BLAKE.

Saturday night had come; the shadows were forming an evening crown for the earth, and the hallowed Sabbath-day peace was beginning already to steal into the hearts of the saints who dwelt in the little village of Elmsdale. In the meantime, fathers were hurrying home with covered baskets containing the Sunday dinners, and mothers were sewing on buttons, darning bright red-and-blue stockings, and scrubbing chubby boys and girls that they might be clean and whole, at least one day in the seven.

Mrs. Phillips, the grocer's wife, had been engaged for some time with her boys, and now that her task was accomplished and the brown eyes shut up for the night, she sat down in the little sitting-room over the grocery store and took the baby in her arms with a weary sigh.

Her thoughts formed themselves into words and stole out through her lips: "O, dear! I'm so tired, and yet when baby's asleep I must finish Harry's coat or he can't go out to-morrow. I never get any rest now-a-days, nor ever go any where. They say the Temperance meetings at the hall are wonderful; how I'd like to go to-night! But it's of no use; I shall never go any where again. They say Mrs. Taylor has got Joe Bleeker to sign the pledge; no one ever thought he would reform; he was the worst man in the place. How happy that woman must be to think she's saved him!"

Another sigh, a long silence and the lips move again: "Well, after all, I've got my precious children, and Jesus meant me to work for them, and I must come to Him.

He knows how tired I am, and He will give me rest and help me when I am tempted to murmur." She pressed the baby's head closer to her breast and began to sing:—

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe,
It will joy and comfort give you.
Take it then where'er you go.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather
Breathe that holy name in prayer."

Slowly down the street walked Joe Bleeker; "'Tan't no use, I can't hold out no longer. I must have liquor and I'm goin' to Beardsly's saloon." But as he was about to cross the street, he stopped, for right by the saloon-door stood the minister and Elder Townsend. "Well, I can't go, they wouldn't let me go in; I'll sit on Phillips' stairs until they're gone." He opened a side door as he spoke and crept part way up the stairs leading to Mrs. Phillips' sitting-room. "'Take the name of Jesus with you,'" greeted him as he sat down. The name of Jesus! That old man was a boy again; he lay in the trundle-bed in the old garret; he heard a voice lingering over that name as the winter wind whistled outside and the sleet fell on the roof; he felt a hand stroking his face and he cried out, "My mother, oh, my mother! she took the name of Jesus."

He listened again;—

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe."

Surely he was a "child of sorrow and of woe"; it must mean him, but he was so tempted; even now he wanted his whiskey.

"If temptations round you gather
Breathe that holy name in prayer."

Surely they were gathering round him; should he pray or should he yield to them? His better nature was rising up and urging him to look to his mother's God, but the Devil whispered:—"It's no use, for you've drunk too long; you never could hold out to the end, unless you died to-night." "I guess that's true," said the old man.

He began to rise, when these words came stealing down:—

"Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

"So I an't got nothin' to do with it; He'll carry me through; yes, but that's good folks He carries, and I'm so awful bad."

"Mamma, you've sung me awake and I want to say my verse for to-morrow."

"Well, darling," pausing in her song to listen:—

"We love Him because He first loved us." And, mamma, did He love when I called Joe Bleeker names that day when he was drunk?"

"Yes, Harry, God was sorry, but He loved you."

"Does He love everybody that's wicked?"

"Yes, He hates their sins, but He loves them while they are sinners and wants to save them."

"Does He love Joe Bleeker? And could He make him good?"

"Yes, Harry, He could make him as pure and good as the saints in heaven, but mamma's boy must go to sleep again; good-night, now."

It was late. The stars, God's jewels, long ago were added to the evening crown, and round many a hearth-stone had been breathed the evening prayer and sung the hymn beginning:—

"Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;"

and the people of Elmsdale were lying down to rest: still Mrs. Phillips stitched on the little coat. The door opened and her husband entered the room. Walking up to her, he gently drew the work from her hands, and bending down, he kissed her, murmuring:—"Dear, precious wife, you've saved Joe Bleeker."

"Why, Edward, what do you mean?" Mrs. Taylor got him to sign the pledge."

Then followed a recital of old Joe's struggle on the stairs and his final victory through Mrs. Phillips' words, which she thought fell alone on the ear of her boy; and Joe Bleeker had gone out from that place trusting in a divine power, had told his story at the meeting, and Elder Townsend had repeated it to the grocer, as he called at the store for some coffee on his way home from the hall.

How Mrs. Phillips thanked God that he had let her do something for him is better known to herself than any one else. And now, weary, tired mothers, sing your evening song to your babies;—the remembrance of it in after years may save them, and you cannot tell as it floats out to the passer-by what a power it may prove in lifting a soul toward heaven.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

From The London, (Eng.) Telegraph.

Cricket-Playing on the Goodwin Sands.

On a fine calm day from the height of the cliffs betwixt Ramsgate and Broadstairs you may spy at low water time a yellow vein, like a thin winding of pale gold, a hand's breadth this side of the horizon, the famous and fatal

Goodwin Sands. I suppose there is no shoal in the whole world that a man whose sympathies are with sailors can view with more interest. Starting from the North Sand Head, which is almost abreast of Ramsgate, and looking east the eye follows the southwesterly sweep of the Goodwins until the Downs are embraced with all their dim tracery of spars and rigging and faint sinuous lines of steamers' smoke beyond, while the giant South Foreland acclivity stares down upon the lightship abreast of St. Margaret's Bay, marking the extreme limits in the south and west of the deadliest stretch of sands upon the face of the globe.

I remember once passing these Goodwins and seeing a number of little black figures running about them. A pleasure vessel from one of the adjacent ports was lying at anchor a short distance off, and her boat was against the slope of the shoal. It was a very calm day indeed, the sea just blurred here and there with small draughts of air that gave the water in those places a look of ice, with a pallid streak of the French coast beyond the white mainsail of the pleasure-cutter, hove up by the refraction of the light above the sea-line. I brought a small pocket telescope to bear, and observed that those little black figures running about like the savages Robinson Crusoe saw were Cockney excursionists engaged in playing cricket. They played more as if they wanted to be able to talk of having played than as if they enjoyed the game. Talk of contrasts! A man may be rendered pensive by watching children sporting in a graveyard, by mingling in a festivity held upon a space of ground where once a famous battle was fought,

and where the feet of the merry-makers are separated from the bones and skulls of warriors by a couple of spades' length of earth. But to see those little black-coated creatures running about after a ball on top of such an ocean burial-place that the like of it for the horror of its annals and for the number of those it has sepulchred is not to be found in this habitable world, might well have made the gayest heart sad and thoughtful for a spell.

As I leaned over the rail looking at those happy pigmies the scene in imagination changed, the darkness came rushing out of the east with a moan in it of approaching storm, the three lanterns winked like stars beyond the North Sand Head, and there was a sound of weltering waters and the seething and hissing of surf rising up through the gloom out from the whole length of the shoals. The wind rose fresh and eagerly, with a raw edge in it; the ebony of the swelling waters was broken by the glimmer of the froth of breaking seas. I could hear the muffled thunder of the confused play to windward of the surf, with the shrieking of the blast overhead, while a deeper shadow yet gathered in the air. Then, with a blinking of my eyes, back would come the facts of the thing over again, and yonder were the little figures merrily chasing the ball, the sea spreading like a sheet of silk to the yellow rim of the hard sand, and the blue sky bright overhead. Yet another touch of the magician Fancy's wand, and it was all howling storm and flying blackness, and the sting of hurling spume again with a sudden glare of lightning between, flinging out the shapes of the piles of whirling clouds, like monstrous brandished

wings going to pieces in the hurricane, and throwing up the black fabric of a big ship on her beam ends, her masts gone, and a fury of white water veiling her. There are life boat coxswains who need but close their eyes to see fearfuller things. Just where those little creatures are brandishing their tiny bats and flourishing their shrimp-like legs, the great ship struck, and the men and women shrieked out to God for mercy in one breath. A man's fancy must be feeble, even on the softest of summer days, not to hear the crash of her timbers, the thunder-shocks of the smiting seas, the rending noises of hemp and wire and spar torn by the tempest from their strong fastenings—not to see the ghastly picture she makes in the wild gleam of the signal flare, whose tongues of fire are blown horizontal, like streaming flags, by the furious breath of the storm, illuminating with a dull, horrible crimson light the throngs of human beings who cry and struggle upon her decks, or hang, like streaming suits of clothes, in what remains of her rigging. Is this an exaggerated picture? Alas! the pen never yet was wielded that could portray, in the barest form, any one of the countless horrible scenes which have taken place on that stretch of sands where one summer day I watched, leaning over the rail of a vessel, a number of light-hearted excursionists playing cricket.

by Collector Robertson at the Custom House. The silver was a gift from Her British Majesty Queen Victoria, and was intended, according to a graceful note from the British Minister at Washington, as a slight recognition from Her Majesty of the heroism of Captain Joy in rescuing from death the captain and crew of the British bark *Lenox*.

It appears that on the 7th of October last, the Scottish bark *Lenox*, from Glasgow, took fire at sea, off Cape Horn, near the Falkland Islands, and was burned to the water's edge. The captain and crew,—twenty-five persons in all,—were in great peril and would have been lost had not the American ship come to the rescue. By great promptness and bravery on the part of Captain Joy and his men a boat was launched in a stormy sea and all on board the burning vessel safely taken off.

Captain Joy has distinguished himself on other occasions, also, by risking his own life to save others. Once, when his ship lay in the port of Liverpool, a child fell overboard. The American sailor, who chanced to be by, sprang into the water and, under circumstances of danger to himself, brought the little one safely to shore. For this he was decorated with the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society. On another occasion Captain Joy rescued a passenger who fell overboard at sea.—*New York Herald*.

Heroism Rewarded.

Captain WILLIAM P. JOY, master of the American ship *St. Nicholas*, of this port, was presented with a handsome tea and coffee service of silver yesterday

OVERBORNE by journeying far
Where no resting places are,
Lured by visions of repose
That in fading mock my woes,
Savior! may Thy presence be
Unto me
As the shadow cool and sweet
Of a rock in desert heat.

Harriet McEuen Kimball.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Shall We Keep Our Boys From the Sea?

BY CAPTAIN BRAY, OF THE MISSIONARY PACKET "MORNING STAR."

If all were to do this, who would command our ships? Is it not selfishness on the part of parents to wish for *their* boys to settle on shore? Most of the boys wish to do so, and have neither the desire nor the courage to undertake a sea-life, but there are those who from their youth are constantly filled with a longing to be a sailor, and to extend their business opportunities to all parts of the world. The native town or city is not large enough to give their great souls the scope they require, and their hearts can only be satisfied with the whole world. There is no business in life that has not natures and capabilities exactly suited to it, and many parents are able to see from the earliest years of their boys' lives just the business that is natural to them. But as it does not coincide with their own wishes and plans they undertake to turn all the natural capabilities into an artificial channel, and very often are the means of making sad failures in life for them.

There are boys who have a natural desire for a sea life, and they will generally be found to be courageous of heart, with natures that are honest, liberal and generous. They must have *courage*, for although they cannot realize the dangers of the sea, they have, to a certain degree, heard, read and considered them before deciding upon their profession. I recall the words of a captain who gave his experience of joining the ship as a boy on his first voyage. After fully deciding on a sea life, he shipped as boy in a large vessel bound for California. He went to Boston and was taken with the chest of clothes provided by his good mother, to Lewis wharf, and landed alongside the ship. He then naturally took a look at the ship he was going in; first at the immense length, then at the height, then his eyes ran up the tall masts, and out upon the long yards, and the single little foot-rope that ran out upon them, as the only standing place for the sailor to do his work at that dizzy height. It seemed impossible to do it without a fall first or last, and if he could then have been at home he would have given up the sea life.

He stood there and considered the question, and deliberately determined in the face of what seemed to him so great danger, to go and take the consequences. That was courage, for he realized the danger and did not shrink from it. It is almost needless to say that he went, and had a most successful career, and in a few years commanded as fine a ship as the one in which he began his sea life.

But there are many boys who go to sea for a living, as they would undertake any other job of work, simply for a subsistence. This class are never satisfied, are always speaking disparagingly of their profession, and instead of taking an interest in it and manifesting ambition enough to be promoted, fall into the ways of old fore-castle sailors, and acquire all their evil and intemperate habits. If by any chance they reach the quarter deck, they are the men whose low habits and brute force lead to sad abuses of seamen, and bring disgrace upon our merchant service.

We need boys to keep up the standard and reputation acquired by the class of shipmasters who commanded our American ships twenty-five years ago. There are some such, but their numbers are far less than formerly, and are constantly decreasing, and unless some of our American boys are allowed to choose a sea life for their profession our merchant ships will soon be commanded by foreigners.

It is always spoken of as a dog's life, and one of hardships and trials. I have not found it any more so than a shore-life, and certainly it is not because a sea-life of twenty-two years in all parts of the world has not given me the opportunity of judging.

There are many disagreeable things about a sea-life, we admit, and some hardships when in bad weather, but if faithfully compared with the trials and hardships of a shore life, they certainly show very favorably.

There is really less *hard work* connected with a ship than in most employments on shore, and even the sailors' work in most ships is not hard, and only continues for alternate watches of four hours each.

Certainly there are many advantages in a sea-life, for the gentlemanly master and officers of a ship are respected in whatever port they go, and are privileged to enjoy whatever degree of society the port affords.

But towering above all other advantages of a sea-life is the privilege of a visit to so many different parts of the world. Compare the mind of the average sea-captain with the mind that has only seen his own country, or possibly the one across the Atlantic. The former has a world in his mind, painted there by actual sight, in far more glowing colors than a lifetime of reading and study can do at home, and I have seldom found the captain who does not say that all the knowledge thus acquired is not to be considered dearly purchased even when the long voyages of separation from home and friends has been the cost.

If all parents could be induced to allow their boys to follow their own inclinations and tastes in choosing their life-work, it is perfectly safe to say that there would be far fewer failures in life.

Instead of this, parents choose the employment, and often just what is adverse to the nature of their boys, and thus often make lives useless that would have made a great success if allowed to choose for themselves. And, moreover, the efforts employed to change the thoughts of boys from the employment they desire to enter upon, are often the means of kindling their desires to a brighter flame, and in the end of leading to a greater disappointment, if they are at last obliged to abandon it.

My own parents would never listen to my talk and plans of going to sea, and I well remember how my father read to me every tale of shipwreck and disaster by sea, with a view to discourage me, thinking by that method that I should be led to forsake the dream of my youth. But it had the opposite effect. So far from bringing discouragement, it served to quicken my imagination, and made me long to begin. So has always been shown the uselessness of thinking to change the taste and disposition of boys when they have a natural tendency towards any particular avocation. As much as I desired to respect and please my parents, I felt they were wrong in persuading me to undertake for my life work, business in a Boston banking house, and to forsake the employment exactly suited to my nature and inclinations, and I have never once felt differently in regard to it, or for a moment doubted that I reached my calling when I chose a seafaring life.

Let me, therefore, put in a plea for the boys, and ask parents to allow them to follow their natural desires in the choice of their life work, even if it be that of becoming a sailor boy! You will then

see their young lives and hearts grow and expand like the great ocean over which they bound to behold the great world,—and these conceptions will make them generous, manly, courageous and useful;—boys you will always be proud to call your own.

Story of a \$1,000 U. S. Bond.

The washing ashore, on the New Jersey coast, some two or three months since, of one of our loan libraries, has led to our knowledge of a series of facts that speak for themselves with impressive power. The record is as interesting as it is instructive, and we have no need to point out its moral to the readers of the *MAGAZINE*. The two letters were sent from the State of Maine to our Secretary at Boston, Mass., without thought of their publication.

MARCH 8th, 1888.

"Your letter received this a. m. I enclose \$5 to put in order, for another voyage, Library No. 3,001, assigned to 'J. N.,' in 1869, for contribution sent at that time. I hope it may continue to be useful in the work for which it is sent.

"Allow me to say that the initials 'J. N.' are those of my dear daughter, who, in 1863, was in Massachusetts at a boarding school. I bought a \$1,000 U. S. Government Bond intending to give it to her for a Christmas present. She was taken sick at the seminary and died on Christmas morning, 1863. While stopping at a hotel in Boston on our way home from the seminary, that bond was set apart as a SACRED FUND, called THE J. N. FUND, which will explain to you the reason why the six libraries were requested to be assigned to 'J. N.,'—No. 2,698 in 1868; No. 3,001 in 1869; No. 3,096 in 1870; No. 3,705 in 1871; No. 3,770 in 1872; and No. 4,358 in 1874. They were sent with the hope and prayer that the Lord would make them useful on the errand upon which they were sent; and we have been much interested in some of the reports which you have sent us, particularly in the letter from the pious German sailor, of May 15th, 1868, who had the care of No. 2,698.

"Excuse my sending the above explanation,—but it has always been a source of comfort to act as agent for dispensing

that fund in the dear daughter's name, who has been almost twenty years in heaven.

"Pardon me for adding a few words, to show how much that \$1,000 bond has done in twenty years. The premium on gold at first, and final exchange of bond for other securities, has enabled me to pay out over \$1,950 for various benevolent purposes, from the 'J. N.' fund, and there is still \$1,000 on hand,—but 4 to 6 per cent. interest will greatly decrease the income.

"I think that many a parent or friend would find it a constant source of satisfaction to set aside such a 'Fund' in the name of a dear child, parent or friend, and use it for advancing the cause of Christ, or in doing good to others, and would keep the dear departed one fresh in memory."

JULY 10th, 1883.

"Your kind letter of June 29th in regard to 'J. N.' Library No. 4,358 was received, and I delayed answering as to substituting a new library to replace it. For more than three years my daughter has cared for an orphan girl who was left entirely destitute, and was about giving up school and going into a publishing house; but the 'J. N.' fund has clothed her entirely and furnished her with school books, so that she is now just entering upon her fourth and last year in our excellent High School. Another family has given her board, for what assistance she can render them out of school hours. Besides this \$100 furnished to an orphan relative without means, a young man seventeen years of age, whose parents both died of consumption. He was threatened with the same disease, but has gone to Minnesota where he is working on a farm, strong and robust. These, with some other smaller calls, are the only reasons for not now sending the amount required for a new library. Seldom has \$1,000 done more varied kinds of good deeds than this. We want to have it work on in memory of dear 'J. N.'"

From a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

The following letter from Lt. G. C. FREDERICK, R. N., addressed to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. AUSTEN, our laborers at Yoko-

hama, Japan, was written from Kobe in the same country. It gives a graphic impression of Christian experience on ship-board.

H. B. M. S. MAGPIE.

February 26th, 1883.

"It is a long time since last I wrote to you, but knowing you would hear all about us from other ships going to Yokohama I thought it better to put off writing. Our time at this port is now drawing to a close, and on Thursday next we start for Hong Kong, calling in at Nagasaki on the way. Then we shall spend the summer down in Borneo. It is a very out-of-the-way place and we shall greatly miss the Christian fellowship of dear brothers and sisters in Christ, but wherever God sees fit to send us He has some wise purpose in it, so we need never complain. 'Behold I am with you *always*, even to the end of the world' is a very blessed promise which every one can take to himself.

"What grand news we hear, from every one, of your noble work at Yokohama. And God seems granting a hundred fold to the seed sown. May He continue to pour out His spirit on you both in its fulness! God never does anything by halves and if we open our mouths wide He will fill them. Dr. GULICK has been down here, as you know, but I have only met him once, as our times for doing so do not fit in well; he has been stirring up some of our men, and a few nights ago, at a meeting, five of them threw away their papers and tobacco and determined to give up the habit of smoking entirely, trusting in God to help them, for several were inveterate smokers and nothing else would keep them from it.

"How we should all like to meet you again! But our paths seem marked out in different directions and we must thank Him for having permitted us the pleasure of seeing you last year, a bright and happy era in our lives which it will always be a pleasure to look back on. Oh is not God good to us always! He never makes mistakes. Our whole lives ought to be one of ceaseless praise to Him.

"The *Sheldrake* is just going up to Yokohama and you will find some earnest Christians on board her. What a wonderful change seems coming over our Navy now;—not a ship but what has some of God's children on board, instead of what

it was a few years ago when it was rather a rare occurrence to find them.

"We have just heard of the terrible accident on board the *Daring*. How suddenly some of them were called away, and let us hope they were found trusting in Jesus! It ought to be a solemn warning to their shipmates of the shortness and uncertainty of life and the necessity of accepting the free gift of salvation while it is called to-day. This surely is one of God's voices speaking very plainly and loudly.

"I trust that you are both enjoying good health and that Mr. Austen never feels any bad effects from his knee now, so that he can continue his work on board the different ships. We have had some glorious and happy meetings here, and it does cheer and encourage us to hear some who only a short time ago would ridicule religion, now offering up their prayers with us; but with God all things are possible and He can soften the hardest hearts and by His Holy Spirit lead one to see his sin and forsake it, praying for heavenly aid and the forgiveness of his sin in the precious blood of Christ.

"The temperance cause is also being blessed of God and our numbers are slowly but steadily on the increase. But it is very necessary to continually keep before them the only way by which they can hope to keep their pledges. With kind regards and our united prayers that you may be greatly blessed in your own souls as well as have the blessing of seeing others brought to the Lord by your teaching and example, believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,
G. C. F."

A Sailor's Hearty Gratitude— Kindness Strange, but Welcome.

Writing to Rev. Mr. AUSTEN, our chaplain at Yokohama, Japan, and dating Kobe, Japan, Feb. 13th, 1883, FRANK HERMANSSON, a common sailor, says:—

"You will remember I was not long converted to our dear Savior before I sailed from Yokohama. Oh how I bless God that He ever led my footsteps into your house! There I found sweet peace in Jesus. He has kept me ever since. I was never so happy in my life. To see how friendly I was treated. I never shall

cease thinking of Mrs. AUSTEN who came and shook hands with me, and said,—'God bless you!' That was the first kind parting word that I had received since I left my own home. I have felt very happy from the time that I came into your meeting-house and heard her singing 'Step over the Line.'

"I do thank God that I did that. God has been wonderfully good to me. After I left Yokohama I felt sorry (to go) but I left it all with Jesus. I can say that He has not left me alone. I have never when on my watch, strolling up and down in the engine-room, been so happy and so glad in Jesus, as I am now. It is a joy which I never knew before. How thankful I ought to be to Him who has watched over me. The only desire of my heart is to serve Him. By God's help I am able to do so.

"After a safe arrival at Kobe I can inform you that God has been with me. My heart is full of His protecting love, and everything seems to go along good, because I left it all with Jesus. I send my best respects to Dr. GULICK, and to all who know me. The *Monocacy* has left Nagasaki for Hong Kong. The *Richmond* and the new flag-ship are in Hong Kong. I have not been on board for we have been in dock. We leave Kobe on the 17th for Hong Kong. I must ask you all to remember me in your prayers that I may keep on in this life, serving that blessed Jesus.

Respectfully, F. H."

Ocean Steamships as Fields for Evangelization.

The August number of *The Evangelistic Record*, Chicago, Ill., says,—and in view of its statements we should say that some one ought to "rise and explain:"—

"Crossing the Atlantic recently on the great steamer that boasts of "the fastest time on record," we were surprised to learn that the Captain prohibited the holding of any religious service on board, other than the formal service read by himself on Sunday morning, read, too, with such an evident lack of interest in what might otherwise be an enjoyable service, as to lead one to believe it to be only a

disagreeable duty that would be gladly dispensed with did not the direction of the company compel it.

"A number of the passengers had agreed together to ask a Massachusetts pastor of our company, a man of real piety and many gifts, to conduct an informal service during the Sunday afternoon. Thinking it would be only courtesy to the Captain to ask his permission, the proposed meeting was mentioned, and the use of some Bibles belonging to the ship was requested. The reply was a bluff and blank refusal for either the use of books or permission to hold the service.

"Hearing of the refusal and thinking there must have been some misunderstanding, we went ourselves to the Captain, stating that we wished simply to hold a song service and listen to short addresses, and certainly thought the party bringing us word of his prohibition must have been mistaken. The reply was,— 'There is no mistake, I won't have any service.'

"On this same steamer every day of the passage, by a visit to the gentleman's cabin, one might see going on, without any attempt at concealment, that which upon either side of the Atlantic is considered a criminal offense, viz., gambling for money, little piles of which might be seen on the various tables in the room, surrounded by the eager players. All this without the least protest on the part of the officers of the steamer, and yet when a number of the passengers desired to meet for religious worship on the Lord's Day, they are denied the privilege. This is surely an unenviable reputation for a great steamship line to gain. We should hope the Captain was acting his own desires and not the orders of the company."

Work For French Sailors.

The August number of the *Evangelistic Record*, Chicago, Ill., says:—

"Henry Cook, the sailor-evangelist of Gosport, England, has been laboring in Havre among the French sailors. Rev. John W. Herivel mentions the work as follows:—'On the Lord's Day and every night of the week, crowded French meetings have been held. The word preached has been received with joy and gladness.

Many have asked for a New Testament; others have purchased a Bible. Hundreds of Gospel and other books have been freely distributed by ourselves and Brother Cook, whose visits here will not soon be forgotten. Little children as well as adults have shared the benefit of the visit of the Bethel ship. Several free teas have been given on board, which the English and French children have thoroughly enjoyed. We are now expecting to do a good work among the soldiers. Special meetings for them are to be held every evening one hour before the usual public services commence. Will your readers pray for our brother's work,—also for us who are laboring? We have been cheered and greatly encouraged by our brother's visit to Havre. The vessel will sail early in July for other ports, and will be reinforced by several ministers and evangelists for the preaching of the Gospel. The mission ketch *Annie* has indeed proved a means of salvation to several of our dear French people at Havre, and in other parts of France. Thousands have heard for the first time of full and free salvation."

"Sailors who knew Nothing of the Sea."

The *N. Y. Tribune* of July 27th, in the following item, substantiated the declarations often made in our pages as to the "shanghaeing" of men in the port of New York by the harbor crimps, that they may be possessed of the seamen's advance wages.

"The schooner *Phæbe*, which left this port on Wednesday, returned after reaching Sandy Hook to put ashore two of the crew who had shipped as sailors, but who were found to be totally unacquainted with anything pertaining to the sea and the ships that sail on it. The agent who shipped the men got them from a crimp, who represented that they were able seamen. Two sailors were shipped in the place of the landmen, and the *Phæbe* put to sea again."

Illuminated Scrap-Books for Sick Seamen.

Stirred by an article in the April MAGAZINE which noted the good work of "A Friend in Connecticut," in providing

scrap-books of engravings, etc., for hospital use by sick seamen,—a lady in New-town, L. I., has brought to us another, and one of our missionaries has placed it in the hospital at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I. He assures us that almost as soon as it was put upon the table, it was laid hold of by a patient.

Prayers for Health.

Antoine S.—, a sailor at the Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Naval Hospital, has primitive Christian faith,—and it is evidenced in the following letter to one of our missionaries at the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street, in this city,—as follows:—

"I promised to write you a letter and tell you how I get along with my eyes. But I tell you I am not getting any better at all. I have been praying to God that I might get better. I wish you would pray for me, at the same time, and when you come over next Sunday we will talk it over."

More About Pitcairn's Island.

Readers of the *MAGAZINE* who were interested in "The Continuation of A Wonderful Story," printed in our issue for May, will be glad to read from a late number of *The Congregationalist*, that Miss ROSALIND A. YOUNG, whose letter was a part of that story, is said to be one of the "world's characters." She is now about twenty-six years old, the organist and assistant teacher on the island, her father being the principal of the school as well as pastor of the church. A retired sea captain, who knows her well, says:—"You will be surprised to learn that this young lady weighs 200 pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and, if necessary, could swim off to a ship four miles from the island and back again to the shore, [then] go into their little church and play on the organ nearly as well as any young lady in your State. And they are all as good and pure as it is possible for human beings to be. Yet this same young woman," our correspondent continues, "writes a fine, dainty hand, is a true lady of exquisite delicacy of feeling, with

a keen, strong love of every living thing; and is one whose religious sense is beyond any that I have otherwise known. Yet all her culture is indigenous. Books are all that the outside world has furnished."

As an illustration of this culture, a letter was recently received from Miss Young, containing a list of more than eighty tunes and nearly 140 hymns, which she says, "we have long known and loved here," every one of which is among the choicest that have been accepted into our own hymnology, mostly during the last sixty years. And what is especially significant is that they have adopted all these hymns and tunes spontaneously, from their own religious and artistic sense. Not without reason are those islanders a wonder and delight to all who know them."

The U. S. Training Ship *Minnesota*.

It is worth while, at times, to republish information as to requisites for reception on this vessel. A recent notice states:—"The *Minnesota* is now anchored in the North River off West 23d St., New York City, where she will await the enlistment of boys during the summer. There are at present vacancies for 800 or 400 boys, which must be filled by recent order of the Navy Department. Boats leave the foot of West 23rd St. daily at 10, 11 and 11:45 a. m. and at 1 and 2 p. m. to convey applicants for enlistment and their guardians to the ship free of charge.

"Boys must be over 14 and under 18 years of age, and must agree to serve until they are 21. They must be free from all physical defects, be able to read and write, and have a good moral character. Ignorant or vicious boys will not be accepted, and those whose conduct exerts a bad influence will be promptly discharged. Boys enlisting are paid \$9.50 per month, and by attention and good conduct this can be regularly increased. Pensions are allowed in cases of those disabled by injuries or sickness contracted in the line of duty. Boys are allowed a reasonable amount of liberty and pocket-money, and while not on foreign cruises they are permitted to visit their homes twice a year, if their conduct and the state of their accounts warrant it. The parents or guardians of the boy must ac-

company him when he enlists. The following will show the minimum standard of measurements required for boys at different periods: From 14 to 15 years of age—Height 4 feet 9 inches, weight 70 pounds, chest measurement 26 inches. From 15 to 16 years—Height 4 feet 11 inches, weight 80 pounds, chest measurement 27 inches. From 16 to 17 years—Height 5 feet 1 inch, weight 90 pounds, chest measurement 28 inches. From 17 to 18 years—Height 5 feet 2 inches, weight 100 pounds, chest measurement 29 inches.

"The *Minnesota* has no recruiting agencies on shore. All persons advertising themselves as such are bent upon extracting money from boys about to enlist or their guardians."

Good Words from an Old Friend.

Rev. ALEXANDER MILLER writes us from Edinburgh, Scotland, that he is closing his forty years' connection with the Scottish Coast Mission as its Secretary, in part that he may seek restoration to health which has become impaired. We earnestly trust that his efforts to regain it may be successful. He adds:—

"Your admirable *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* has been sent me every month during the six years which have elapsed since the Pan-Presbyterian Council met in Edinburgh. I have received very many useful suggestions for my work here from the interesting reports of your Society's operations on so many coasts of both hemispheres, as well as from the able and instructive articles appearing in every month's issue. To some of them I have called attention here from time to time, although I have referred to your extensive field of labor only occasionally in the brief annual Reports of the Scottish Coast Mission, of which I send the last issue."

Books, Reports, Etc.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, LONDON, (Eng.): SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1882-83. Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, London, E. pp. 76.

It appears that forty-eight laborers for seamen were connected with the Society for the twelvemonth, stationed at thirty-

nine seaports in Great Britain, at Antwerp, Belgium, at Genoa and Naples in Italy, on the island of Malta, at Hamburg in Germany, and at Rotterdam in the Netherlands. The receipts, including £958 balance from last year, were £10,488 18s. 2d; expenditures £9,735 16s. 1d.

LIVERPOOL. Eng., SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY: SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT, 1882., pp. 31.

Bethels (two), open-air services, a reading-room, tract distribution, Sunday School and temperance work, a Scandinavian mission, ship's loan libraries (717 issued in the year),—such are the agencies by which the good work of this pioneer organization was carried on last year, with an income of £1,993 15s. 3d., and an expenditure of £1,998 17s. 5d. It seems to have been a fairly prospered twelvemonth, and some new facilities have been secured for future work.

SIXTY YEARS' WORK AMONG OUR SAILORS: FIFTY-EIGHT ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LABORS OF THE GLASGOW, Scotland, SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 1882.

The Directors state that "there has probably been no year when there has been more manifest token of the Master's presence and blessing in the work than during the past one. Over one thousand persons have, in connection with the various meetings, professed to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior, while a very much larger number have been personally spoken with about the one thing needful. The year was begun with £18 6s. 5½d. on hand, and although the expenditure has been unusually heavy, we have been able to close the accounts with a balance of £19 14s. 1½d. on hand;" the year's receipts being £1,068 15s. 3d. 2f., and the expenditures £1,067 7s. 7d. 2f. The Seamen's Institute (reading-room, etc.) has been much visited, and its daily Gospel meeting attended by 18,581 sailors,—an average of 48. Seventy-eight ships received loan libraries,—24 books to a

box. Bethel services on the south side of the Clyde, Saturday evening social tea meetings, a Sabbath School, concerts, temperance meetings, visitation aboard ship, Bible and tract circulation, visitation of seamen's families, widows and orphans, the care of the Sailors' Home, and a special "conversazione" of friends interested in sailors, in December last, have all been blessed of God to the result already noted, as well as to other good fruits. £104 5s. 10d. were sent to the Society in the year by captains, officers and crews who received their loan libraries.

CHRISTIAN MISSION TO SEAMEN FOR THE PORT OF HALIFAX, N. S.: FIRST ANNUAL REPORT, 1882, pp. 12.

We welcome this new organization to the list of seamen's societies, and rejoice in its testimony of things already done for sailors. Missionary visitation of seamen's families during their absence, and of seamen in hospital, the placing of loan libraries on West India bound vessels, and open-air services for seamen on the wharves have employed the energies of the Society, which seems to have a place in the regard of the Christian and shipping community at H. \$482 41 has been expended, and there was a balance on hand, July 1st, 1882, of \$20 35.

THE CHURCH BOOK: HYMNS AND TUNES FOR THE USES OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. Prepared by LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1883, pp. 437.

Rev. Mr. Bacon's new book rewards the most patient and careful examination. This we have given to it, and advise all interested in hymnology, or in the development of church music in our country, —specially if they have an eye to practical ends, to do the same. The book may not commend itself to wide favorable regard, so quickly as some of its more "popular" and less thoroughly excellent competitors, —but its sound and somewhat severe taste in hymnic selections, and its emi-

nently judicious preservation of older American standard church music, with its free employment of recent English and German compositions, put it, in our judgment, into the front rank of the many compilations now before the American churches. In its use of the last named sources, it goes as far as it is desirable that any book of its compass (522 hymns) should go. We are confident of its giving satisfaction and delight to those who faithfully test it.

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We acknowledge the receipt from A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, 714 Broadway, New York, of AT HOME IN FIJI, pp. 865, by Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING. The book is so fully noticed and commended by Rev. Dr. DAMON, on page 259 of this issue of the MAGAZINE, that we need only refer, here, to his just estimate of its interest and value.

CONTROL OF DEFECTIVE VISION ON LAND AND SEA, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SUBJECT OF COLOR-BLINDNESS. REPRINTED FROM "THE RAILWAY REVIEW," Chicago, Ill. W. A. Smith, pp. 48.

The extent to which a deficiency heretofore largely uncared for, because largely unknown, affects both railway and other land employees,—as well as sailors,—the dangers resulting therefrom, the need and progress of legislation (in the U. S.) in regard to it, and the extent to which that legislation has been successfully opposed by parties who are interested, are here clearly set forth. The subject demands, and will receive increased attention, at the hands of the public.

The Fifty-Fifth Annual Report

Of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, pp. 70, presented May 7th, 1883, is ready for distribution,—and copies can be had, on application at our Rooms, 80 Wall St., New York City, either in person or by mail, for the asking.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JULY, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 149
 Deposited for safe keeping..... \$1,450
 of which \$499 was sent to relatives and
 friends, and \$950 was returned to depositors.

Planets for September, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month, setting on the 1st at 7h. 21m., and south of west 8° 44'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3rd at 4h. 57m., being 51' north. At this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 24° and 90° south; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 7th; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 11th at 3 o'clock, being 26° 49' east of the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Virgo at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 24th.

VENUS is a morning star during the forepart of this month, rising on the 1st at 5h. 2m., and north of east 15° 18'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 49m., being 6° 5' north; is in conjunction with Uranus at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 17th, being 45' north; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 20th, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 18m. past midnight and north of east 31° 57'; is in conjunction with Geminorum at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 20th, being 49' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 7h. 44m., being 5° 53' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 1h. 52m., and north of east 28° 32'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 23th at 3h. 40m., being 5° 34' north.

SATURN is due south on the morning of the 1st at 5h. 52m., being then 20° 3' north of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 21st at 5h. 3m., being 1° 14' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 55° and 57° south; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at 8 o'clock on the forenoon of the 22nd.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for July, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, For the "Gertrude Ayer Library,"..... \$ 20 00
 South Cong. ch..... 11 91

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, West Parish Seamen's Friend Society to const. Mrs. Fannie T. Burr and Mr. Samuel H. Boutell, L. M.'s..... 72 12
 Ashby, Cong. ch..... 4 75
 Boston, friends, for temperance work..... 15 50
 Falmouth, 1st Cong. ch..... 13 50
 Gilbertville, Cong. S. S. to repair library..... 8 00
 Gloucester, Evangelical Cong. ch..... 15 00
 Kingston, Mrs. Henry L. Chase, of wh. \$30 for the "Charlotte F. Sever Memorial Library,"..... 40 00

Lowell, estate I. K. Chase, for lib's, per C. H. Howe..... 51 92
 Lynn, 1st church..... 12 84
 Millbury, 1st Cong. ch..... 11 90
 North Hadley, Church and Society..... 4 01
 Norton, Wheaton Female Seminary, for lib'y..... 25 00
 South Weymouth, 2nd ch., of wh. \$30 for lib'y..... 24 00
 Taunton, Broadway Cong. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
 Winchester, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. H. A. Wilder \$30 for lib'y..... 79 43

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. ch..... 10 19
 Bridgeport, Park Street Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 15 50
 Bristol, Cong. ch., of wh. \$30 for lib'y..... 48 38
 Danielsonville, Westfield Cong. ch. and congregation, of wh. \$30 for lib'y..... 30 00
 Guilford, a friend for lib'y in name of Hattie C. Leete..... 20 00
 1st Cong. ch..... 4 00
 Kent, 1st Cong. Society..... 28 30
 Middletown, 1st church..... 38 38
 South Cong. ch..... 29 50
 New Haven, College Street Cong. ch..... 57 52
 Norwich, Park Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 76 77
 Old Lyme, Cong. ch..... 88 00
 Salisbury, Cong. ch..... 14 35
 West Stafford, Church and Society..... 6 00
 West Winsted, 2nd Cong. ch. and Society..... 26 88

NEW YORK.

Albany, Madison Ave. Ref. ch S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
 Bridgehampton, Pres. ch..... 24 00
 Brooklyn, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. Mrs. Sammis, \$1..... 11 00
 Churchville, Mrs. Maria Brooks for lib'y..... 20 00
 Huntington, 1st Pres. ch..... 33 06
 New York City, bequest of Daniel Fanshaw, deceased, late of New York, per A. L. Shipman, ex'r., 11,656 19
 Collegiate Ref. Dutch ch..... 54 67
 Mrs. C. H. Ranney for lib'y..... 25 00
 Anonymous friend..... 25 00
 Mrs. William Lambert..... 15 00
 E. P. B., President, contribution of City Directory, valued at..... 6 00
 F. Wolcott Jackson, for shipwrecked seamen..... 5 00
 Capt. J. A. Brown, schr. *Fred Smith*, for library work..... 2 00
 Capt. J. J. Johnson, bark *Ada Carter*, for library work..... 1 00
 Peekskill, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$25..... 49 13
 Sing Sing, Mission School, Mr. John Cockroft for lib'y..... 20 00
 South Oyster Bay, a friend..... 5 00
 Youngstown, Pres. ch..... 7 80

NEW JERSEY.

Morristown, Mrs. R. B. Tomlinson, for lib'y..... 20 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, bequest of Anna Greenleaf, deceased, of Philadelphia, Penn., \$1,000, and bequest of Mrs. Eliza A. Smith, deceased, of Philadelphia, Penn., \$1,000, per Sam. uel G. Dennesson, ex'r, &c..... \$2,000 00

\$14,865 16

Tarrytown, N. Y., Mr. S. B. Schieffelin, 60 copies of "Index to the Bible." for libraries.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From The Youth's Companion.

Sailor Boys in the Navy.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

On a bright morning in May, a steam cutter, towing a heavy launch, puffed up to the port gangway of a United States training ship, then lying at her moorings in North River, off Twenty-third Street, New York City.

It was the eleven o'clock boat from the shore—the recruits' boat—and the launch was well filled with boys of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, eager to enlist in the navy, attended by their parents or guardians. On one of the after-thwarts sat a pale, sweet-faced woman, dressed in mourning, with her son at her side.

Going on Board.

The boy had evidently had a careful training. He was tall, and quite robust. His face showed intelligence and refinement; and his quick eye seemed to take in every detail of the ship and its accoutrement.

The massive hull, glistening with fresh black paint, relieved only by a broad streak of white; the long rows of heavy guns; the tall masts seeming to pierce the sky; the wilderness of ropes and rigging; the sails loosed and hanging in graceful festoons to the yards; the fleet of boats trailing, some astern and some from the

long booms projecting on the sides; the marines on guard on the forecastle and gangway—nothing, indeed, escaped the eager lad.

Suddenly, the mother touched her son with a gesture of alarm.

"See there, Edward, and there!"

A boy in a neat duck suit, with the name of the ship in gilt letters on his cap ribbon, was dangling from the side in a "boatswain's chair," cleaning the brass rim of an air port, and quite indifferent to the rushing water a few feet below.

Another had just run out on the boom projecting from the ship's side, and dropped—overboard seemingly; but no! for he was seen the next moment in one of the boats, lounging in the stern sheets.

Before any comments could be made, three piercing, prolonged whistles, followed by the loud order, given on the ship, to "furl sail," was the signal for crowds of boys to swarm through the port-holes, and over the hammock-nettings, and climb upon the broad ladders which converged at the tops of the masts. On the shearpoles and lower ratlines they paused impatient for the order to go aloft, and when it came, away they went

like monkeys, racing to see which would reach the tops first.

The timid mother looked up at the long lines of boys far above her on the footropes of the yards, tugging at the heavy sails, and then turned to her son.

"O Edward, I never, *never* can consent."

But her son's interested, eager face, flushed with excitement, met her gaze, and before he could make any reply, the boat was at the gangway, and those on board were hastening up the long companion ladder and descending to the deck on the other side.

The Recruits under Inspection.

A bridge was built across the deck just abaft the mainmast. On this the captain was standing, and also the executive officer, the next in command. The latter had "taken the deck" when "all hands" were called to furl sail, and still held the trumpet. Both officers wore their appropriate uniforms. They were looking down at the crowd which had just come on board, and the captain remarked as he left the bridge,—

"Better look those boys over, Mr. B., and sift out those who are obviously unfit, before they go down to the office."

The executive officer leaned over the rail of the bridge, and called to the corporal of the guard on duty at the gangway, who stepped to the bridge and saluted.

"Pick out the boys who came to ship, and form them in line on the port side of the quarter-deck, and have their friends go below."

The corporal again saluted, and went to his duty. In a few moments a line of boys, some twenty-five in number, were toeing a seam and ready for inspection.

The officer came down from the bridge, glanced quickly at the different faces, and then stepped up to an unhappy-looking youth whose bloated face and beery breath showed signs of recent intoxication.

"What are you here for?" he inquired, sharply.

"I want to ship, sir."

"When where you drunk last?"

"I never gets drunk, sir, *never*. Take a glass o' beer, 'casionally, an' I thought, mebhe, it would reform me if"—

"You have come to the wrong place," said the officer, sternly. "This is not a reform school, and we want no drunkards or vicious boys in the service. Fall out of the line! Corporal, take this boy to the gangway and send him ashore in the first boat."

"And what led *you* to come here?" said the officer, turning to a lad whose short, stout figure and clean, good face had attracted him.

"My mother is a widow, sir, and I want to help to take care of her. I heard you paid boys ten dollars a month over and above their board."

"That will do. I am sorry for your mother, my lad, and it is the proper thing for you to do what you can to support her, but you have come to the wrong place. The law forbids that a cent of your earnings shall go for the support of any relative. A part of it is needed for outfit and spending money, and the rest is kept on the books for you until your discharge at the age of twenty-one. Fall out!" And the lad left the line with a look of disappointment, and went to the gangway.

"How old are you?" the officer inquired, stopping in front of a strapping fellow nearly six feet high.

"Nineteen, last December."

"You are too old to ship, and too tall. Our limit of age is from fifteen to eighteen, and our maximum height is five feet, three inches. Fall out!"

The next boy addressed was a terror-stricken lad, who was looking about him as though trying to find a way of escape.

"What brought *you* here?"

"Father made me come," the boy replied, whimpering.

"Don't you come of your own accord?"

"No, sir; I'd rather be thrashed than come. Father swore he'd put me"—

"That will do" Give my compliments to your father and tell him this ship is not a penitentiary, but a school—a school for good boys—boys, that can be trusted. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, fall out then." And the lad hurried away.

(To be concluded.)

The Young Corporal.

A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. This was a very serious offense. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The unhappy youth was cast into prison to await the execution of the sentence.

There was an effort made to secure his pardon, but without success. The colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to procure a pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if ever known to be drunk again he should be shot dead.

The colonel went to the prison to inform the condemned young corporal of his pardon.

"Ah! colonel," said the unhappy young man, as the officer entered; "you see what my folly has brought me to."

"Suppose," said the colonel, "that I should tell you that, on condition that you never in your life drink again, a pardon is extended to you?"

A gleam of hope brightened the young face.

"Your life being the forfeit if ever you taste liquor again," added the colonel.

"Impossible!" said the poor lad. "I cannot live and not drink. Must I never drink?"

"Never."

The poor young fellow relapsed into hopelessness.

"Nothing could keep me from it. It

would be impossible to keep the condition."

"I want but your word and pledge of honor as a soldier!" said the colonel, appealing to the military spirit and high sense of honor he so well knew the youth to possess.

The lad's soul kindled within him. The appeal wrought the effect intended. It was not in vain.

"See! colonel!" cried the young soldier; "see here and now," and he lifted his arm toward heaven, "that never to my dying day will I put liquor to my lips again."

That lad became commander of the Imperial Guard whose very name became such a power, and he kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance,—*"The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!"*

Now, you see, boys and girls, how much that sting of the liquor serpent costs. It came very near costing that brave young corporal his life.

It is a very costly sting to this country in dollars and cents. It costs us three hundred and sixty times as much as it does to pay the salaries of all the ministers of the gospel. The salaries of our ministers amount to sixty millions of dollars. And it costs us twenty-two hundred millions of dollars to keep up the liquor traffic and keep this sting of the liquor serpent doing its work.—*Richard Newton, D. D.*

REV. DR. MARK HOPKINS tells us of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them, as they went, a pledge not to use intoxicating drinks, profane language, or tobacco before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years of age; only one of them has had a sick day; all are honored men; and not one of them is worth less than a million dollars.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1853-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During July, 1883, forty-seven loan libraries, thirteen new and thirty-four reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,761-66, inclusive, and Nos. 7,768-70, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,871, 7,873, 7,874 and 7,879, at Boston.

The thirty-four libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,001,	No. 4,783,	No. 5,461,	No. 6,023,	No. 6,636,	No. 6,845,	No. 7,391,	No. 7,511,	No. 7,547,
" 3,401,	" 4,848,	" 5,498,	" 6,112,	" 6,706,	" 7,031,	" 7,818,	" 7,531,	" 7,555.
4,216,	" 4,839,	" 5,793,	" 6,123,	" 6,758,	" 7,095,	" 7,355,	" 7,538,	
4,633,	" 5,155,	" 6,007,	" 6,493,	" 6,804,	" 7,154,	" 7,471,	" 7,589,	

He Wasn't Driving.

A father and his little son were once riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify the child the father placed the reins in his hand, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on they saw approaching them, at a terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided, and the danger escaped.

When all was over, the little son looked to his father, and with choked utterance said,—“I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?”

So often does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or deliverance has been vouchsafed in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, “Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't.”

It Doesn't Matter.

Ah, dear children, it *does* matter. It matters a great deal, whether you keep your word, or not;—whether you are *true*, or *false*, on the side of right, or on the side of *wrong*. It matters in this world, and a great deal more in the world to come.

Let no one force you to be untrue! Be faithful to yourselves and to God!

S. R. Wince.

The Benefits of The Ocean.

How numberless are the blessings we owe to the ocean, the father and sustainer of all organic life! He it is that feeds the stream, that fills the lake, that bubbles in the spring, that foams in the cataract, or rushes along in the mountain torrent. Should his eternal fountains be dried up, the blooming surface of the earth would be converted into a naked waste. To him we owe the magnificence of our forests, the verdure of our meadows, the beauty of our fields. It is his waters we enjoy in the luscious fruits of our orchards, or quaff in the juice of the exhilarating grape. They circulate in the veins of numberless animals—of the bee, which offers us the sweet tribute of its honey; of the bird, that charms us with its melodious song; of the domestic quadruped, on whose flesh we feed, and whose services are indispensable to our welfare. Nay, our own blood is originally drawn from the wells of the ocean, and is constantly refreshed and replenished from its exhaustless sources.—*Hartwig.*

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. F. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.
 U. S. A.



Vol. 55,

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 10.

THE TIDAL-WAVE AT NANTUCKET.

Under this heading, Rev. Dr. J. H. SLYDAM, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, of September 12th, dating at Nantucket, Mass., August 29th, 1883, describes, as follows, a grandly impressive spectacle, which was observed, no doubt, more or less widely, by many readers of the **MAGAZINE**. On the shores of Long Island Sound, we ourselves noted the extraordinary height of tide, which, for two or three successive days, was a part of its effects.

For ten days past the ocean at this point—Surf-side—has presented an extraordinary exhibition for the delight of the summer tourist. The reports indicate the same all along the coast facing south-ward. Old sailors say there must have been terrific storms,—cyclones,—in the lower latitudes, of which the present demonstrations are the results. Though deprived the privileges of the bath and the trawl for the bluefish, we have had ample compensation. The views have varied from the beautiful through the degrees of the grand and the sublime. Though the sea is one, yet, in aspect, it has assumed all the varieties of color, shape and conduct of a kaleidoscope. It was not even monotonous

in sound. If Charles Dickens with his keen observation and cunning pen, as shown in his description of an ocean storm among the final chapters of "*David Copperfield*," or Victor Hugo, with his poet pencil, by which he limned the pictures in his "*Toilers of the Sea*," had been here they might succeed in conveying to the minds of your readers what to us ordinary mortals must ever remain an unexpressed impression.

When the display first began the moon was in her last quarter. The temptation was not to be resisted to sit upon the bank until nearly midnight. The rising surf increased with the rising tide, and rolled in, billow following billow, slowly, majestically to the shore.



Rearing themselves in awful volume, they bowed their foam-crowned heads in graceful curves. Chambers filled with air burst into jets and fountains forty feet high, the spray spreading fan-like, or rising in clouds of mist, reflected the beams of the moon in golden glory; while the vast bulk of waters rushed forward, combining at once river, cascade, rapids, whirlpool, waterfall—Niagara at sea. It was power, fierce, almost fiendish, seeking to devour yet restrained. It was beauty with the madness of demons we admired, while the soul was filled with awe. It was the Furies in the robes of the Fairies.

Day after day this unusual surf continued, once subsiding long enough to permit the fishermen to venture on their calling, from which they returned without success, their dories with peril riding the breakers to the shore. It then assumed greater proportions, until its culmination at this date. The waves must have risen at least thirty feet, as shown, approximately, by the fact that a surveyor reported the height of the bluff from the point where the break occurred as twenty-six feet. By placing the eye on a level with the earth on the upland and observing the crest of the wave, it was a fair estimate, of from five to ten feet additional. Waves thirty feet high are indeed wonderful. It almost justifies the common exaggeration of the "mountain-high billows" written of in the books. A native of the island, seventy years of age, said he had never witnessed such a surf on these shores.

We were interested in watching the inroads made upon the bluffs, the rapid changes of the beach, and the general devastation. The

row of bath-houses on the sands furnished the first object of attack. They had been pronounced secure. A huge wave, as if scornful of the opinion, came roaring forward and swept off the entire ocean side roof, breaking the rafters as if made of clay. The next took possession of the interior and with its dead weight broke out the extreme ends. Attempts were made with ropes to save what remained. While securing a portion, another huge wave completely submerged the man engaged, and had it not been for the rope fortunately in his hands, he must have been carried out to sea. He was hauled up, and the attempt to save the houses was but an indifferent success.

The stairs leading down to the beach, six steps already buried in the sand, were pronounced fixed beyond a question by the accepted oracle of the place. It was not two minutes afterward when a wave came and swept the whole structure into the ocean, and a whale-boat, which usually lay at anchor half a mile distant, broke her moorings and soon foundered. I started to mark its progress by the tide up the coast. Just as I reached the point opposite it was struck by the sea and, except the mast and oars, among the debris driven on the beach, there did not appear to be a piece of wood longer than my fore-arm. Unconsciously I found myself searching for the dead.

The breakers dashed against the bluff, making deep cavities, which caused the projecting earth to fall in huge clods. In three hours the destruction was greater than in the ten previous years. With the sand driven up by the waves and the mass of fallen earth, the height of the bluff was reduced from eighteen to seven feet.

The changing character of the sounds was remarkable. Not only was there the thundering boom at regular intervals, like the occasional explosion of a bomb from a Krupp gun, but the sound of the more rapid firing of the smaller field artillery, mingled with that of musketry all along the line, the last effect caused by the rattling of the stones driven to and fro on the shelving beach by the force of the waters. All taken together with the march of the waves in regular procession, and often in platoons, the mist rising like smoke, conveyed to the mind a not unreal picture of a terrible battle—a Water-loo. This fancy was aided by the sight in the far distance,—in the open sea,—where a high wave took on a crest, now resembling a huge volcano bursting from the waters and now a ship on fire, and this followed by another and another and still others, until there seemed a perfect picture of a naval contest, the vessels enveloped in their own smoke, and the gun-boom of bursting breakers telling of bloody slaughter.

The variety of colors seen from the bluff,—green, gray, brown, blue,—would have been at once

the delight and the despair of the painter. But all were merged in the tawny waters, so rendered by the soil stolen from the uplands, which in their fierceness seemed a veritable Lybian lion.

Ruskin has said that no one ever yet painted the curve of a snow-drift. And, pleased as I have been with the marine views of Mr. Richards, I never yet saw a real picture of the ocean, nor ever read an adequate description. I turn to the Bible and look over the 107th Psalm, and feel that the medium fails to exhibit the picture in the mind of the writer. I turn also to the 38th chapter of Job and read the appropriate words:—

Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth as if it had issued out of
the womb?

When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come but no
further

And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

And I wonder if David and Job ever witnessed the grandeur of the waters in the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea or the Mediterranean, as we have this week seen it in the Atlantic Ocean.

From The New York Evening Post.

SALEM REMINISCENCES.

A FAMOUS SEAPORT—RISE AND GROWTH OF A GREAT COMMERCE—

STORIES OF ADVENTURE AND PROFIT—THE

MERCHANTS OF FORMER DAYS.

SALEM, Mass., September 1st, 1883.

Salem is still nautical in tone and tradition, although scores of years have passed since she lost her hold on the commerce of the East. Her municipal seal still has the motto, "To the farthest port

of the rich East"; old shipmasters who once carried her flag to the farthest seas still congregate in the municipal offices to recount their conquests, and in the sunny nooks of Derby Street one still

comes on little knots of grizzled tars, their humble allies in adventure. In my first stroll through the thoroughfare I met an aged negro hobbling along, as briny and tarry as though steeped for years in those concomitants of a seafaring life. To my query as to the name of the street he replied promptly, "Darby Street, sah; run along heah, fore and aft," indicating the water-front with his forefinger. This Derby Street is a marvellously suggestive thoroughfare to the dreamer. Visions of it at its best still haunt it. Ghostly shadows of stately East Indianmen, Canton tea-ships, and African treasure ships fall athwart it. Faint odors of the cassia, aloes, gums, and sandalwood of other days linger about it, and shadowy heaps of precious merchandise burden the wharves. The silent warehouses are again open, and porters busy within under the eye of precise clerks and super-cargoes with pens over their ears and ink blotches on their long linen coats. In the counting rooms the portly merchants greet buyers from all countries; the sail-makers are busy in their lofts; in long low buildings spinners with strands of hemp tread the rope-walk; the ship chandlers' shops are thronged; the street is filled with men of all nations.

The Early Growth of Salem.

But, dreaming aside, there is something phenomenal in the early growth of Salem's commerce. Her achievements were largely due to the genius of her own citizens, and they worked, it is well to note, with inherited tendencies. Salem was founded for a trading-post by a company of English merchants, whose agents selected it because of its commercial advantages.

They began a trade with it at once, several cargoes of "staves, sarsaparilla, sumach, fish, and beaver skins" being exported as early as 1630. By 1643, while Plymouth still remained a primitive hamlet, her merchants had a flourishing trade with the West Indies, Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands.

Previous to the Revolution the trade of Salem was chiefly with the colonies, the West Indies, and the principal European ports. The vessels had an established routine, loading at Salem with fish, lumber, and provisions, clearing for some port in the West Indies, and thence running through the islands until they found a satisfactory market. In return they loaded with sugar, molasses, cotton, and rum, or ran across to the Carolinas for rice and naval stores. From this traffic assorted cargoes were made up for the European ports, and wine, salt, and manufactured products brought back in return. Colonial commerce was very hazardous, assaults of pirates, buccaneers, and French privateers being added to the risks of the sea. It was profitable, however. A writer of 1664 speaks of Salem's "rich merchants" and of her solid, many gabled mansions.

The Revolution, of course, stopped all commerce; but with the return of peace in 1783 dawned the golden age of the port. In twenty-four years she had a fleet of 252 vessels in commission, and her merchants were in commercial relations with India, China, Batavia, the Isle of France, Mozambique, Russia, and all the nearer commercial countries.

A Typical Salem Merchant.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due

to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacles could daunt, and determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies. Accordingly in 1784 he dispatched the ship *Grand Turk*, under Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnaissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton, via Batavia. The ship was laden with native products,—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship *Astria* entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as a pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark *Light Horse* in 1784 first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship *Atlantic* first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; a third was the first to open trade with Mocha.

In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

Expansion of Salem Commerce.

From this period until near the outbreak of the civil war, Salem had vast interests on the seas. A brief interval between 1807 and 1815 is to be noted, caused by the Embargo Act and war of 1812. The Canton trade, as we have seen, came first, quickly followed by India and East India ventures. By 1800 records of the customs show her ships trading with Manila, Mauritius, Surinam, the Gold Coast, Mocha, India, China, East and West Indies, Russia, the Mediterranean ports, France, England, Holland, Norway, Madeira, the South American ports, and the British provinces. The chief commodities from the East were cotton, tea, coffee, sugar, hides, spices, redwood and other dye-stuffs, gums, silks, and nankeens; from Russia and Germany iron, duck and hemp; from France, Spain, and Madeira, wine and lead; from the West Indies, sugar, spirits, and negroes. The exports comprised lumber, provisions, tobacco, silver dollars, and New England rum, the Gold Coast affording the best market for the latter.

Famous Ships, Skippers, and Voyages.

Several of the old merchants and captains who directed this vast commerce still linger in the port, and the tourist who is an intelligent listener finds them ready to entertain him by the hour with tales and reminiscences of those stirring days. Of famous ships, notable voyages, adventurers skippers, and mighty merchants these

reminiscences are full. The little ketch *Eliza*, for instance, left Salem December 22nd, 1794, ran out to Calcutta, unloaded, took in cargo, and sailed proudly into the home port October 8th, 1795, barely nine months absent. The *Active*, a sharp little brig, in 1812 brought a cargo of tea and cassia from Canton in 118 days. Her rival, the *Osprey*, beat her, making the same voyage in 117 days. The ship *China* left Salem for Canton May 24th, 1817, and arrived back, with a cargo of tea, silks, and nankeens, March 30th, 1818, barely ten months out. A famous vessel was the clipper ship *George*, of the Calcutta trade, built in 1814 for a privateer by an association of Salem ship-carpenters. The war ending before she was launched, Joseph Peabody, a leading Salem merchant of those days, added her to his India fleet. For twenty-three years this vessel made voyages between Salem and Calcutta with the regularity of a steamer. She left Salem for her first voyage May 23rd, 1815, and made the home port again June 13th, 1816, 109 days from Calcutta. She left Salem on her last voyage August 5th, 1836, and returned May 17th, 1837, 111 days from Calcutta, the eighteen voyages performed between the first and last dates varying little in duration from this standard. One item of her imports during this period was 755,000 pounds of indigo. The ship *Margaret*, in the Batavia trade, has an equally interesting history. She cleared for Sumatra November 19th, 1800, with twelve casks of Malaga wine, two hogsheads of bacon, and \$50,000 in specie, stood out to sea November 25th, arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, February 4th, 1801, reached Sumatra April 10th, and without

stopping to trade proceeded to Batavia. Here her captain, Samuel Derby, found the Dutch East India Company desirous of chartering a vessel to take their annual freights to and from Japan, and engaged his vessel and crew for the service. He left on June 20th, and arrived at Nagasaki July 19th, being met in the open roadstead with a command to fire salutes and dress his vessel in bunting before entering the port. On once getting ashore, however, the captain and his supercargo were very hospitably entertained by the merchants of the place. They were feasted, the lady of the house was introduced and drank tea with them, and they were shown the temples and public places of the city. The *Margaret* got away in November, and reached Batavia after a month's passage. Her voyage was noteworthy, because she was the second American vessel to enter a Japanese port, a Boston vessel, the *Franklin*, commanded by a Salem captain, being the first. The whole trade of the country at this time was in the hands of the Dutch, who, to retain it, submitted to the most vexatious restrictions and to many indignities. Fifty-three years later Commodore Perry's expedition opened Japan to the world.

Among skippers Capt. Jonathan Carnes figures most largely in their reminiscences. Eighty-five years ago he was in Bencoolin, Sumatra, and chanced to learn that pepper grew wild in the northwestern part of the island. He hastened home, and shared his secret with a wealthy merchant, Mr. Jonathan Peele, who at once ordered a sharp, trim schooner of 130 tons on the stocks. She was finished early in 1795, fitted with four guns, and a cargo of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco

and salmon. Captain Carnes with his ten seamen then went on board and stood away for Sumatra, having given out that his destination was Calcutta, and clearing for that port. Eighteen months passed away, and still Merchant Peele heard no tidings. At length one June day in 1797 his schooner came gliding into port, the ship-masters and merchants crowding about her as she was moored to see what she had brought home, her long disappearance and her owner's reticence having caused no little speculation in the port. By and by the hatches were opened, and there the cargo was found to be pepper in bulk, the first ever imported in that way. But as no known port delivered the article in that state, the rumor went round that the *Rajah* had discovered a pepper island where the condiment could be had for the asking, and in twenty-four hours half a score of shipping firms were fitting out swift cruisers to go in search of it. Ere they were out, Captain Carnes had sold his cargo at an advance of 700 per cent., and was away for another voyage, bringing off several ship-loads before his secret was discovered.

Mr. Derby and His Successors.

Elias H. Derby, the pioneer, was the chief of Salem merchants. Between 1785 and 1799 he fitted out 125 voyages in thirty-seven different vessels, most of them to unknown ports. His last voyage was in some respects his most brilliant one. Hostilities between France and the United States had just begun when he equipped a stanch vessel, the *Mount Vernon*, with twenty guns and fifty men, loaded her with sugar, and sent her to the Mediterranean. The cargo cost \$43,275. The vessel was attacked

by the French cruisers on her voyage, but beat them off, made her port, exchanged her sugar for a cargo of silks and wines, and returned to Salem in safety, realizing her owners a net profit of \$100,000. Mr. Derby died in 1799, before his venture became a certainty, leaving an estate of more than a million dollars, said to have been the largest fortune that had been accumulated in this country up to that date.

William Gray, Joseph Peabody, John Bertram, William Orne, and George Crowninshield were worthy successors of Mr. Derby. Mr. Gray was a native of Lynn, and received his business training in the counting-room of Richard Derby. In 1807 he owned one-fourth the tonnage of the port. Salem's chief hotel, the Essex House, was his former mansion. Political difficulties led to his removal to Boston in 1809. The next year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and again in 1811. He died at Boston in 1825, having been as prosperous in commercial affairs there as in Salem.

Joseph Peabody was one of several merchants of Salem who passed from the quarter deck to the counting-room. After serving on board a privateer he became a captain in the merchant marine of Salem, and as soon as he accumulated a little capital engaged actively in commerce. During his mercantile career he built eighty-three ships, which he employed in all cases in his own trade. These vessels made thirty-two voyages to Sumatra, thirty-eight to Calcutta, seventeen to Canton, forty-seven to St. Petersburg, and thirty to various other ports of Europe. He shipped seven thousand seamen at various times to man this fleet, and thirty-five of those who enter-

ed his service as cabin-boys he advanced to be masters. Some of his vessels in the China trade made remarkable voyages. The little brig *Leander*, for instance, of only 223 tons' burden, brought in a cargo from Canton in 1826 which paid duties to the amount of \$92,392 54. His ship *Sumatra*, 287 tons, brought a cargo in 1829 that paid \$128,363 13; in 1830, one that paid \$138,480 34; and in 1831, a third requiring \$140,761-96. Mr. Peabody outlived most

of the pioneer merchants of Salem, dying in 1874.

In 1870 the foreign entries of Salem had dwindled to ten, and in 1878 had entirely ceased, Boston, with her greater facilities for handling and distributing, having absorbed the business of her whilom rival. To-day the old port is almost deserted of shipping: even the fishing craft furl their sails at Gloucester. It is rarely that a dray rumbles over Derby Street. C. B. T.

TALES OF THE SEA.

"Talk about the drink, sir, why we sailors could tell ye stories that would make your hair curl; couldn't we, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, right you are, mate."

"Why, bless your heart alive, tain't no use for chaps to say to us, 'the drink ain't so black as folks paint it,' we know better nor that. 'Tis a curse, that's what it is. And it's as bad on sea as on land; ain't it, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, right you are again, mate."

"Why, 'twas only t'other day Bob and another chap and me was a-cruising about for a job, when what should come bobbing along but a black bottle, all corked and sealed. In course we makes for that bottle, and we nails it, sir, for we knowed well enough that bottle warn't corked and sealed for nothing. And when we'd opened it, we just found what we'd expected to find, a message from some chaps in distress. 'We're sinking! The chaps is drinking. All's up. These spirits has done it all.'

"These was the exact words, sir. And besides, of course, there was the name of the vessel and the port she hailed from.

"Well, we very soon let the owners know how the case stood with their fine ship. We sent 'em the message itself. Arter six months or so we heard tell that that vessel had really gone down and all hands with her; didn't we, Bob?"

"Right you are again; no mistake about that, mate."

"You want to know if this sort o' thing often happens? Why, sir, werry much oftener than some folks suppose. The brandy-keg has done for a good many more than one fine vessel, to my knowledge. Rocks, an' winds, an' breakers is bad enough, but aggerawated with the spirits, they're a thousand times worse."

"There's the

Mary Ann,

Werry nearly new she was. Hadn't gone more than two voyages when she dragged her anchor off that point there. And what d'ye think the crew wor a-doing? Why, they was a-carousin' down below, and they was that boozey when they came on deck, that blest if they didn't steer her right upon a sand-bank. Well, as everybody

about here knows, a craft on that there sand-bank 'll never more get off again. But that wasn't the worst, for when the lifeboat got alongside, or leastways as near as she could get, blest if them chaps could jump straight, and only one was saved out of the lot, and he only by a chance. That was one fine vessel as was wrecked by a brandy-keg.

"Then about a year or so arter, the

Queen Isabella

was druv by the wind upon the shore just under that there cliff. Well, you know, sir, we allers reckons to save life when a vessel gets anywhere thereabouts, for our rocket apparatus 'll do any amount o' that sort of work. Well, sir, we'd got everything in order, and fixed our line, and hit her splendid. We did set up a cheer when we saw as how we'd fired so straight the first time. But it warn't no good arter all, sir. It wor all work throw'd away, and every blessed soul among 'em was drowned. For why? They was too drunk to know what they was about, and instead of hauling in the line, and makin' fast the connection, and all that, blest if they didn't go on drinkin' and boozin' and let the line alone.

"One chap seemed a bit more alive than the others, and tried to put things straight, but he was that unsteady on his legs that afore he'd got very far up the rigging a wave come and washed him off into the sea.

"How could a poor half-drunk chap climb up the rigging with that sea on? Do you know, sir, one of them chaps was washed ashore that night with a half-emptied bottle of Hollands in his hand! I heerd more'n one chap

that day say as they'd never touch the drink no more. They'd got a sickenin' of it.

"Then there was that grand barque,

The Cupid,

which went down in the Bay of Biscay about four year ago. It was the sperrit as did that too, for there warn't no manner o' reason why she should have gone down. She sprung a leak, sir. But if the men had only buckled to, and put their backs into it, they'd have brought her into port safe enough. But they got rebellious over the pumps, and would't work; and, led on by one little soaker, called Bob Twisler, broke into the cap'en's cabin and emptied his spirit store.

"The cap'en belonged to this place, an' he told me arter as it wor an awful sight to see the whole crew, except the teetotal mate and himself, lying dead drunk about the deck. Of course there was an end of all pumping. The two sober men did the best they could, but the water gained on 'em faster than they could pump it out.

"Well, the end of it was that not long after the ship heeled over and sunk. The captain and mate had just time, and that was all, to jump into the boat and push off. They tried to save the others, but they couldn't. They wor too drunk. That cap'en 'll never take spirits aboard now. He's seen the mischief of 'em, he says. He don't want to lose another vessel through the drink.

"More'n one ship as I knows has gone down through the cap'en being a bit too fond o' grog; the

Betsy Jane,

for instance. Perhaps you've heerd tell of that, sir, how the

cap'en, being a bit elevated, put on too much sail in a storm, and wouldn't have 'em took down nother, though the men tried to show him the danger of it. The drunken fool! Well, he deserved to lose his drunkard's life.

"But bless you, sir, I could go on till midnight a-telling you stories o' wrecks, and all that. But this 'll do for now."—*Naval Brigade News, Devonport, Eng.*

MARITIME LAW.

EVERY VESSEL ON THE HIGH SEAS A PART OF THE TERRITORY TO WHICH SHE BELONGS.

A recently-reported decision of the Supreme Court at Washington gives an extension to the operation of the laws of a State over vessels owned by her citizens, but sailing on the high seas, which will become interesting and important in many respects. The particular case arose under the New York Pilot laws, which, as our readers know, authorize a pilot to board an incoming ocean vessel and tender his services; and to recover a certain compensation even though his services are declined, and the shipmaster brings the ship in himself. Several other States with ocean harbors have similar laws. The general understanding in the subordinate courts has been that laws of this kind "have no extra-territorial operation"; and that they can only be deemed obligatory within a certain limited distance from the shore, such as may be deemed within the jurisdiction of the State. There have been several discussions as to what this distance ought to be, but no definite rule has been established. The decision of the Supreme Court is that any discussion as to limits of distance is unimportant; that a State law of this kind travels with the vessel and operates wherever a pilot from the State meets her, even though it should be,—as in

this instance it was,—fifty miles out at sea. A vessel at sea is considered as a part of the territory to which she belongs when at home. She carries with her the rights and jurisdiction of her locality. On the high seas a New York pilot has the same right to demand employment from a New York vessel, and the same legal consequences follow a refusal, as if pilot boat and vessel were within the harbor. The jurisdiction of a local sovereign over a vessel and those belonging to her is, according to the law of nations, the same in the home port and upon the high seas. Under our Constitution the like jurisdiction of a State is simply subject to the commercial laws of Congress and the laws declaring crimes upon the high seas.

The decision goes far to decide a recent controversy of much greater interest to the general public than are pilotage questions; viz., the right to recover damages where a passenger on board a ship at sea, is hurt or killed by negligence or fault of the master or mariners. Until the legislatures interfered, the courts used to hold that if a passenger injured by negligence of the carrier's servants died of his injuries, there was no redress to be had for his family;

for the man's lawsuit, so the courts considered, died when he did. This view was not satisfactory to the traveling public, and in modern times Parliament passed a law,—commonly called, from its authorship, Lord Campbell's Act,—saving alive an injured person's right of action, notwithstanding his death, for the benefit of his widow, children, etc. Many of our States have passed similar laws. But it has always been understood that any rights of this description were dependent on some express statute, and could not be carried any further than the statute expressly authorized. For example: California has one of these laws. A Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong took passage upon the steamer *Eastport*, owned in California, for San Francisco. On the voyage the vessel struck a rock, and the crew and passengers took to the boats. These were so carelessly managed that the lady was drowned. The husband then brought suit for damages, in the United States Circuit Court, but invoking the California law. But the Judge said that that law could not operate out of California; if it could then other States and countries could pass laws on the same subject, likewise operating everywhere, and there would soon be conflict and confusion without remedy. The idea seems not to have occurred to him that the law might be considered as operating on board a California vessel, where no other law could have the same claim to come, and thus all confusion might be avoided. This idea did suggest itself to the New York Court of Appeals, in a case decided in the same year (1879) with the California case. Apparently the Judges had not, in either

decision, heard of the other one. In the New York case, a steamer set sail from New York City for Galveston, Texas, carrying, contrary to law, a great quantity of petroleum. While at sea a fire broke out; it reached the petroleum, which made such a conflagration that one man on board, at least, was burned to death. The Court of Appeals said that his widow could recover damages under the New York law on the subject; for although that law could not run into other States, and would not have aided her suit if her husband's death had occurred in Texas, for instance, where there was, or might be, a law on the subject, yet it did accompany a New York ship on her voyage through public waters over which no municipal laws exist. Every vessel is, while on the high seas, constructively a part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs; and its laws are operative on board of her. In the case of an American ship, whatever takes place on board during the voyage is governed, if the subject is within the United States authority, by Federal law; if it is within State authority, then by the law of the State from which the vessel hails.

It is obvious that the Supreme Court decision in the pilotage case sustains the New York and overthrows the California view. It, in effect, establishes the liability of shipowners to pay damages for the death of a person caused on the high seas, by any act or neglect of the master or crew which would expose the owners to a lawsuit if the disaster had occurred within the State to which the ship belonged, a point, as is plain, of great importance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From *The Boston, Mass., Congregationalist*.

HOW A SERMON WENT ROUND THE GLOBE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

A striking example of the truth that circumstances count for more than men, and that no man can tell what results may flow from an action undertaken without much thought, is found in the story of a sermon that went around the globe, visited many lands, and won for itself a place in religious literature. If the author of *Nothing But Leaves* had dreamed of the singular good fortune awaiting his little work, he would have brought to its preparation deep solicitude and much painstaking. Perhaps his sermon would have been spoiled in the filing and polishing that he would have put upon it. So, after all, it would not have been the famous little work that it is.

The Rev. E. S. Atwood of Salem, Mass., was returning from Europe to the United States, in 1867, on board the steamer *William Penn*. He was invited to preach to the ship's company, on Sunday, June 19th. In his slender stock of sermons, Mr. Atwood had a discourse founded on the parable of the barren fig-tree, as narrated in Matthew xxi. This he selected, not for its special fitness to the occasion, nor for any special merit which it had in his eyes, but because it seemed less likely to excite comment among the somewhat heterogeneous company on board ship. The sermon had been preached but once as an exchange, and it was almost by accident or providence in the preacher's luggage.

No matter: the sermon made a good impression on those who heard it. Moreover, it was then started on its travels in a way

which, if we may compare small things with great, reminds one of the figure of Wycliffe's name being spread abroad "wide as the waters be." Among the passengers who listened to the preacher's wise and telling admonitions concerning the barrenness of some lives, and the deceitful promise shown in the unfruitful leafiness of others, was Mr. Stephen Massett, the well-known public reader, who had read the collect for the day. Mr. Massett begged the privilege of copying the sermon for his own edification and satisfaction; and to this Mr. Atwood consented, in some surprise. He could not exactly understand why anybody should want to read or hear the discourse a second time.

Mr. Massett was bound westward on a voyage around the world, and he soon after reached San Francisco, where I was then conducting a daily newspaper. After renewing an old acquaintance, and promising to send from Asia any stray items of news that might have escaped our regular correspondents, he sailed from San Francisco for Yokohama, Japan, on the steamship *China*, this being her first trip. This was in October, 1867, and Mr. Atwood's sermon had begun its travels; for, being invited to read something to take the place of a "regular discourse" on ship board, one Sunday in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, Mr. Massett produced from his budget the leaves of Mr. Atwood's sermon, preached on board the *William Penn*, on the Atlantic, during the previous June. It so happened that the editor of the Hong Kong *Daily Mail* was on

the ship, and, hearing the sermon and being attracted by its manly vigor and scholarly structure, he asked for a copy of it for his own perusal. After reading it, he begged the consent of Mr. Massett for its publication in his journal. Accordingly, when the two travelers arrived in Hong Kong, the sermon was printed in the *Daily Mail*, with a brief note giving its adventures up to that date. In course of time, the copy of the paper containing the sermon arrived in San Francisco, and came under my eye. Struck with the unusualness, so to speak, of the incident, I wrote a little paragraph for my own paper, giving the facts in the history of the sermon up to that time. This went eastward as fast as steam and wheels could carry it. And, in a few weeks afterwards, I saw my paragraph copied in a Chicago paper, and then in a Boston paper. The sermon had gone half way around the globe, and had returned to its point of departure.

But the stream of newspapers sets westward as well as eastward. The *Hong Kong Mail* was traveling to Europe, by the way of the Red Sea, Suez, and the Mediterranean, while its sheets were drifting from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. In this way, the sermon reached Scotland, was copied into the *Scotsman*, and from thence its condensed history, shortly followed by the sermon itself, was carried across the Atlantic, and reached the United States. Having rested its wings on its native shore, the much-traveled sermon was taken up by the American Tract Society, and printed as one of its leaflets—a copy of which, with the title *Nothing But Leaves*, lies before me as I write.

The unpretentious sermon,

preached with some mental dubitation in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, had gone on its rejoicing way, from continent to continent, from clime to clime, crossing oceans and seas, giving a cheery word and an admonitory injunction to many thousands of widely scattered hearers and readers. How much good it had done, how many higher aims and aspirations it had aroused and kindled, none but He who holds the waters in His hand can tell. A word let fall in season, but without any inkling of its results, had belted the globe, carrying, let us believe, gracious influences in its world-embracing mission.

But the travels of this fortunate child of thought were not yet ended. During the latter part of 1881, the far-wandering Massett was returning from Cape Town, Africa to England, on the steamer *Warwick Castle*, Sir Garnet Wolseley and staff being on board as passengers, just after the close of the Zulu war. The usual service of reading prayers by an officer of the ship was performed, and Mr. Massett produced his old traveling companion, *Nothing But Leaves*, now dignified with the honors of a printed page, and delivered its truths and illustrations to the company. Incidentally, the story of the sermon's adventures was told, and the great English warrior asked for a copy of the work. Mr. Massett promised to send it, and in due time redeemed his word. And so it came to pass that, one morning, in the spring of 1882, years after I had taken up my abode in New York, as I was sauntering down Broadway, I saw in the window of one of the shops an autograph letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley to Mr. Stephen Massett, dated Feb. 20th,

1882, acknowledging the receipt of *Nothing But Leaves*, and thanking the sender for the pleasure it had given him and his friends. Here was an old friend. From the *China Mail*, in 1867, to Sir Garnet Wolseley and 1882 was a long step indeed. For all that we can tell, that discourse, preached in the midst of the Atlantic, with a due sense of feebleness, and

caught up by the winds and waves of many seas and lands, may yet be pursuing its unobtrusive way around the globe, teaching anew the force and beauty of the words of the wise man:—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

From the N. Y. Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A CONVERTED COREAN NOBLEMAN.

BY REV. H. LOOMIS.

I have seen many remarkable events in the history of missions here in Japan, but I know of nothing which surpasses in interest the following facts.

Three years ago an Embassy from Corea visited Japan. During their stay in this country three of the number called upon a Mr. Tsuda to obtain information concerning agriculture and political economy. Mr. Tsuda was a Christian, and told them about Christianity. They were pleased to hear that the teachings of Christ were not bad, as they had supposed, for they had given their oath that they would not take back the Scriptures to Corea. But on their return they told a nobleman named "Isuchan" (in Japanese Rijutei), what they had heard and seen.

This nobleman was a personal friend of the King of Corea, and during the revolt in July last, saved the life of the Queen and kept her concealed in the interior until the overthrow of the usurper Tai-un-kun. The King was much pleased with the conduct of Rijutei, and offered him any reward that he might choose. Rijutei declined the proffered honors, and asked instead that he might go to

Japan and study the progress and civilization of that country. His request was granted, and he reached here about ten months ago.

He at once found Mr. Tsuda, and began the study of the Scriptures. As a Chinese scholar he was equal to the best in Japan, and thus the Word of God was open to him at once. By the use of Chinese characters he could also converse with the educated Japanese.

Not long after this he had a very remarkable dream, in which two men appeared bearing between them a basket of books. He asked what these books were, and was told they were the most valuable of all books for Corea. He then said, "What are they called?" The reply was, "These are Bibles."

This singular dream seemed to him a revelation from heaven, and he prosecuted his studies with greater diligence and zeal. He soon became an earnest Christian, and was baptized on the 28th of April, by Rev. Mr. Yasukawa, a pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Tokio.

Although he has been in this country but a short time, he speaks the language quite fluently, and

has preached on two occasions with great acceptance. His deep piety and great earnestness impress all who have met him. When one of his Corean friends asked him what it was in the Bible which interested him so much, he replied, "It is all interesting." His friend then added, "Can you tell me what it is that makes you so full of joy? You were never so before." "I cannot describe this peace," said he, "as it is only known to those who believe."

For a Corean to become a Christian is at the peril of his life. Only eighteen years ago an uncle of Rijutei was put to death in the most cruel manner because he became a Catholic, and his property was all confiscated. He says if he should return now his life would be in danger every hour. He has given up the study of everything else but the Word of God. He is also teaching his countrymen, and says that many of them already accept the truth of Christianity. A friend of his who is the teacher of Corean language in the Tokio University has already applied for baptism, and is willing to die, if need be, for the name of Christ.

Rijutei is now engaged in preparing a China-Corean version of the Scriptures. He has completed the Gospels and the Book of Acts,

and is now at work upon the Epistle to the Romans. When this work is completed, he proposes to translate the whole into the Corean language. The American Bible Society is assisting him in the work, and it is expected will publish his version at once.

An officer of the Japanese Government recently called upon him and stated that an official newspaper was about to be started in Tokio, and they wished to secure his services to edit the Corean department. He replied, "I am otherwise employed, and cannot do as you wish." The officer then insisted that he should give the matter further consideration, as it would be greatly to his and their advantage. He then said very positively, "I am engaged in more important work, and no inducement which you can offer is sufficient to turn me away."

This man pleads most earnestly for American missionaries and teachers. He says now is the time to move. As the country opens, the Catholics will rush in and deceive the people by mere outward forms which are of no real benefit. Great changes are going on, and the way will soon be open for the free spread of the gospel. Here is a Macedonian cry that is not a vision, but a reality.

From the Naval Brigade News, Devonport, Eng.

THE SAILORS' REST, MADEIRA.

Funchal, Madeira, is so well known to man-of-war's men and merchant seamen that no apology is necessary for directing attention to that beautiful place with the object of interesting readers in the progress of an institution lately established there, from the use of which many have derived benefit already, and, in God's providence,

it is hoped that many others will do so in the future.

Lovely as Madeira is to the eye, there are numerous haunts of vice and low drinking-houses in the town of Funchal, and guides of depraved character ever on the watch for visitors directly they land, to lead the easily-tempted to the worst parts of the locality.

To counteract the work of those guides (who, in their ignorance of better things, probably never give thought to the part they take in pointing their fellow-men to spiritual if not temporal ruin), a grand step has been taken in the inauguration of a *Strangers' and Sailors' Rest*, situated in the public walk near the cathedral, easily accessible from the beach, and intended as a resort for blue-jackets and marines from men-of-war, for second and third-class emigrants (to and from the South African Colonies), who pass through frequently, and for ship-wrecked sailors. Of this last class 148 were landed during 1882, and they had the use of the *Rest*, instead of being lodged in the wine-shops as was formerly the case.

When men-of-war arrive, in addition to the continual occupation of the *Rest* at will, (which includes refreshment bar for non-intoxicating drinks, eating and reading rooms, and beds), temperance teas are held, with mutual pleasure to the kind ladies and gentlemen who superintend, and to the guests. Some little time ago the liberty men of one ship were expected: tea was ready to be poured out, and a warm welcome awaited the visitors, but, owing to some misunderstanding, they failed to appear. A few special leave men, who happened to be already in the *Rest*, were asked to go forth into the streets to invite any wanderers they might meet by chance to the repast. They did so, and met a party of emigrants. These readily accepted, and enjoyed themselves greatly. Picture their satisfaction upon finding a meal ready for them, and the happy memories of Madeira and its *Rest*, which they have carried to their distant homes.

The steadiness and sobriety of the liberty men during the last visit of the Channel Squadron attracted the special approbation of some of the residents, whose experience has only too often,—for the credit of the service,—led them to notice very much the reverse. The *Rest* was in full swing and much used, and, at one tea, 145 men attended. Is it not fair to connect those facts, and to submit that the protecting hospitality of the establishment largely contributed to the exemplary behavior of such large bodies of men?

It is intended to have 30 beds, and each one fully provided and set up costs £3 10s; already just one dozen of these have been presented by ladies and gentlemen who have at heart the prosperity of the undertaking, and the name of the givers are placed over the beds. As yet *no ship's name is to be seen*.

The cost mentioned is not a large amount to raise; will any of those who wish well to the Madeira *Rest* club together and give a bed in the name of their ship, or, in any way, give the building a helping hand? £200 was the sum originally required to complete the establishment; of this only £53 had been received to the end of 1882. The annual working expenses are calculated at £40.

W. G. Smart, Esq., 73, Rua das Pretas, Funchal, Madeira, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, originated the *Rest*, and quickly found means to start the rooms upon his own account, but it is much to be hoped that he will not be left unsupported by the Royal Navy and Merchant Service in an undertaking which has chiefly at heart the welfare of our sailors.

A.M., H. M. S.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend;
Climbing, with purpose true, the upward road,
That brings me to the city of my God.

Sometimes the step is bright with the full sun
That shines in cloudless radiance thereon;
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

One stair is rough with thorn-points all bestrown,
But shoes of iron tread the nettles down;
And one so steep my weary, crippled feet,
The painful ascent scarcely can complete.

Sometimes it is a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptations make my soul afraid;
But held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song.

Each step in the long course a history has;
I make a mark as one by one I pass—
A gladsome record here, a tear-spot there,
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer.

And on life's mystic ladder to the skies
Bright angels come and go to Paradise;
And work grows dearer as the end draws near,
Until I reach at last the golden stair,

And enter through the open pearly gate
Where, with our King, souls watch for me and wait;
There at His feet I'll cast my trophies down,
And shout the victory which His love has won.

ABOUT A LITTLE CHILD.

BY REV. H. D. GANSE.

The best proof of a life to come has been supplied to us in the facts and words of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But there are many natural facts which point, at least, in the same direction; and of these none are more interesting than those signs often given by persons near to death of their perception of things which others cannot see. Sometimes this perception seems to be made, in some way, through the channels of sense, the attentive ear or the gazing eye appearing to receive sounds and sights that outdo all earthly melody and beauty. I am not unaware of the physiological account that is given of these experiences, but the true interest of the phenomenon lies not chiefly in the sensuous impressions of which the dying man is con-

scious, but in his natural and confident conviction that they are the portents of another life.

More than this, those portents are not always of a sensuous form ; and, still further, this purely mental anticipation, as well as the sensuous impression, sometimes takes possession of children too young to be anything but natural. The well-attested experiences of little children, to whom, when on the verge of this life, appears to come a dawning of heaven, are among the most beautiful things known on earth,—too beautiful, I believe, to have their origin and explanation in the material facts that belong to death.

A history in illustration of all this has recently occurred, which I have asked the privilege of making known.

In the summer of 1881 my family spent a few weeks at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. In the house at which our meals were taken, were staying Capt. Robt. B. Wade, of St. Louis, and his family. Since Mrs. Wade, though a member of another communion, was daughter of a member of my own church, a very friendly acquaintance was naturally formed ; and, upon my own part, especially with the baby, at that time about a year old. He was of beautiful, fair complexion and hair, with large blue eyes and ample forehead—a grave, manly, reasonable-looking baby, with as sweet an expression as I ever saw. I took to him at once and he allowed it, and I was seldom with him without having him a little while in my arms. After returning to St. Louis, since he was not in my congregation, I saw but little of him ; but I never went through his neighborhood without scanning the baby carriages in hope of again meeting his sweet

face. Once I was rewarded, about a year ago, and found him the picture of health and beauty. Having learned very lately that Capt. Wade's family had been very sick and that a child had died, I called upon the relatives in my own congregation to be informed of the facts, and was told, to my great sorrow, that the lost child was my little friend. But the narrative then given of the circumstances preceding and attending his death, while it greatly affected me, more than relieved my grief : for even the child's death seemed to be "swallowed up in victory."

The reader will remember that at the time of his death he was but three years and nine months old. Some weeks before, and while his health was still perfect, his attention had been attracted to Phæbe Cary's well-known hymn, in the form in which it has been set to music and is commonly sung :—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea," etc.

These were singular words to fascinate such a child ; but they did. Every night, after his prayer was said, and his mother had tucked him up in his bed and kissed him "good night," he would call out to his father with his clear ringing voice, "Nearer to home, papa ;" when his papa would be required to come from another floor and sing him the whole song. The singing, however, was subject to such interruptions as these : "What's 'great white throne,' papa ?" "What's 'crystal sea,' papa ?" Whether or not he thus came to understand the words and to have interest in their meaning,

will appear by what follows. Certainly he had mind and character enough for understanding them.

One night, after his fatal sickness had been for several days upon him, his mother, exhausted by watching, had thrown herself down across the foot of his bed, committing him for the time to a competent nurse who had been a few days with him. When the nurse attempted, at the proper hour, to give him his medicine, he called out like any baby, "Mamma, give it to baby!" His mother rising at once to meet his wish, the nurse explained, by saying, "Baby, mamma so tired." Immediately he answered, "Baby take it from the lady," and he did so regularly for the rest of the night; during the whole of which he made no call for his mother again, though he lay for a good part of it wide awake looking at her.

With the same kind of thoughtfulness, when once informed why he should not, in his sickness, kiss his parents upon their lips, he steadily said thereafter, "Baby kiss you on the neck."

Such incidents will help us to judge how much intelligence there was in the sayings and acts that remain to be described. Let it be observed that he was as far as possible from fretfulness or complaining. When asked, "How does baby feel?" his common answer was "Better," or "Pretty-better." Still his knowledge that he had done with this life, and was to have another, was perfectly distinct. Early in his sickness, as his mother came to touch his throat, he turned sadly toward her and said, "Don't touch baby's throat any more, mamma; baby's going to die." Later on, when the truth of his prophecy grew more

apparent, his mother asked him, "Don't baby want to stay with papa and mamma?" He nodded his head. "Then pray to God to let you stay." He answered very faintly, "You pray to God." "O darling!" she said, "I have prayed so, many, many times." His answer was very striking: "Baby tired of praying to God." Was it not a baby's way of saying, "I have prayed and I am willing to pray; but I have no strength, and it is of no use"?

On the morning of the day on which he died, his voice had grown very weak. He was seen to be trying to speak. His mother bending close to him, heard him say, "Baby going to home." Scarcely believing what she heard, she asked him, "Where, my darling? where are you going?" and he answered, "Baby going to God." When his death was manifestly very near, his mother had spoken in a guarded undertone about removing a little ring which he wore, that it might be a keepsake of him. It was not thought that he could notice the remark or even hear it. But a little afterward he was seen to be feebly working with his ring, which at no other time had he ever removed. His mother offered her help; but he withdrew his hands. At last, with some other assistance, he succeeded, and had the ring in his hand, when his mother offered to receive it. But he answered, "No, baby want papa." His father was called from the adjoining room, and the child put the ring into his hand, and said, with difficulty, "Keep this ring for baby."

It is in the light of this recital that we are to interpret the closing scene which very speedily followed. Four persons were watching for the final breath, and thought it

had come and gone, when his face, which had lost every sign of intelligence, flashed with animation; his closed eyes opened wide with a gaze of keenest interest, while a smile of surprise and pleasure spread over his features. "He sees something," was the instinctive outcry of one of the attendants, who was as far as possible from believing in things spiritual and divine. They all had the same feeling. If the face without the tongue can ever make such a fact certain, that dying child "saw something." Why not? If human nature, even in a child, can feel attracted to another "home" and to God, who is entitled to say how much or how little of that home or of God that attracted nature may be allowed to see, even before this life quite ends? What does unbelief know about it, except that *it* has not seen? Isaiah and Stephen and Paul and many

more *have* seen. And there seems to be good reason why God, when he takes even a little child away from the tender love that has wished to foster it, should suffer its departure to give signs not only of its safe going, but of a safe way and a safe home which invite the rest.

Yet let us not forget what was said at the beginning;—the best proof of a life to come and the only sure directory to it are found in the facts and words, in the redemption and grace of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; in whose religion things as great as God and Calvary and life eternal, and as common as home and the crib of a dying baby, all belong together; and the great things put their meaning and glory into the common ones. Happy are they whose precious dead always make them think thankfully of Christ!—*St. Louis Evangelist.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Dating August 29th, 1883, Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, sailor-missionary, who has been absent from his post for some months, in the effort to reëstablish his shattered health, reports his return, and his expectation of taking up full work again, for seamen, during the present fall. His stay has been at Sandefjord, where the use of the bath and medical treatment in connection have greatly helped him. At S. he met with masters and owners of ships, and laid "the cause of God on their hearts." "A noble lady from Stockholm, Sweden," and others, coöperated with him, there, in Christian service.

Italy.

GENOA.

The following excerpts from the journal of Mr. J. C. JONES, colporteur of the Harbor Mission, exhibit his work in such variety and fulness that we feel certain they will interest the readers of the MAGAZINE. They are taken, indiscriminately, from the Tenth Annual Report of the Mission.

"*Monday.*—Went out in the evening with a parcel of tracts, for the crew of the Anchor Liner *India*, called on board several steamers, was surprised to find eighteen men of the *Aleppo* standing dressed on the deck waiting for me to take them to the Reading Room. Though

I don't as a rule convey men to the Reading Room, I could not disappoint them, so hiring a boat to supplement my small one, off we went, and I was well repaid, for a happier evening I have rarely seen men spend. They did not wish either to read or write, so out we got the hymn-books and sang hymn after hymn, then we got the Bible and read a chapter, after which we closed with prayer.

"*Wednesday*.—Found a new captain on board the Anchor Liner *Castalia*. He was very kind, having heard of the work here. Eleven men at the Reading Room in the evening; one fireman, evidently an Irishman, said,—'Well this is about the comfortablest place I was ever in, who will say now that 'ould' sailors are not thought of!'

"*Sunday*.—Held service on board the U. S. Frigate *Saratoga*, where with boys, men and officers, we mustered 180. The harmonium, the gift of a lady of Philadelphia, was beautifully played by one of the boys who also chose the hymns which were exquisitely sung. I spoke from 'The poor have the Gospel preached to them.' The captain evidently enjoyed it, and his brother, an army captain, had afterwards many questions to ask me about my work. I told the lieutenant, who generally acts as chaplain, about Lieut. Wadham's work on board the *Nipisic*; at his request visited the sick on board, then stayed to breakfast with him.

"*Saturday*.—Had a long conversation to-night in the Reading-Room with the only visitor, a young engineer brought up by Christian parents. He, like a great many others of his class, sees nothing but sin in its worst form at sea, I endeavored to show him that if in Christ he is safe even amidst all the evil. I believe this quiet talk will be productive of good to the poor fellow.

"*Tuesday*.—At the temperance meeting this evening there were twenty-eight present. A young lad testified that he had been a Christian and a teetotaler for five years and he could truthfully recommend both to them; a captain gave similar testimony; after several hymns and a prayer, nine men came to the table and signed. I gave them pledge cards, one said,—'I send this home to my wife, it will be the best present she has ever had from me, and one that will please her most.'

"*Thursday*.—Suffering from severe hoarseness and cough, I did not go afloat yesterday, but having intimated a service

for this evening I felt in a strait. However, on going out I saw that an old friend, Capt. W. of the *A*—, had arrived, so I went on board and he kindly consented to take the service for me to-night. On board a new arrival the mate said,—'You'll find a friend in our captain, he is a *proper* Christian,' and truly I did find him a humble child of God. He brought his crew with him to the 'Bethel' in the evening, as did also the captain of the *A*—, so with those we ourselves gathered; we had sixty-five to hear Captain W—'s stirring address on faith. Afterwards the captain of the *B*— spoke a few appropriate and earnest words about putting faith into practice: he then engaged very earnestly in prayer. No one could fail to notice this man's simple, practical faith in God's promises. It was nine o'clock ere we broke up and ten before I got home, tired in body but happy in spirit.

"*Sunday*.—Awoke this morning and found to my surprise that my voice had returned, so was able to preach to thirty-eight in the morning, and to seventy in the evening. That evening meeting is one long to be remembered. After my address Captain W— engaged very earnestly in prayer, then we had two minutes silent prayer during which all who desired to be specially mentioned in prayer held up their hands; twenty-one did so. I had great difficulty in commanding my voice while supplicating for them, my heart was too full, and when afterwards I asked the captain of the *B*— why he hadn't helped me, he said because he could not trust himself to speak. May God help those who testified their willingness to receive His son to rejoice soon in the possession of salvation! A young captain whose hand I had noticed raised among the twenty-one came home with me, and I had further opportunity of pressing the truth on him. I feel sure he will come out on the Lord's side.

"*Sunday*.—Had morning service on board the Cunard S. S. *Saragosso*, the captain read the Church of England service, and I followed with hymn, address, and prayer. The large saloon was quite full, as the very firemen cleaned themselves to come, and the officers and men of a Leyland Liner joined us at the 'Bethel'; the singing was splendid, the men from both Liverpool steamers being well acquainted with the hymns.

"*Christmas Day*.—Rev. Mr. Miller came this morning to preach his annual Christmas sermon, which he did to a full

'Bethel,' there being ninety present, sixty-five sailors and twenty-five friends from shore, all of whom seemed to enjoy the heart-stirring address from *Luke ii, 7*.

"*Saturday*.—One mate said to me to-day,—'You need not expect any of our men at the 'Bethel' to-morrow, for we are going to work, and the sailors will be employed washing the hold out ready to take in cargo.' 'But,' I said, 'can you compel them to do this?' 'No, we pay them extra for it, but if they refuse they know they will not be wanted another voyage. Why don't you ministers and missionaries get this Sunday work stopped?' Then you may expect to do good, but not before.'

"*Friday*.—The weather having been so bad all the week I have been compelled to postpone my week-night services night after night in the hope of getting better weather; this morning gave promise of something better, so I started on my rounds. Had a hearty welcome from captain and officers of the *Leyland Liner T*—. The captain gave me free permission to take the men to the 'Bethel,' saying,—'I never have any trouble with my men in Genoa, they go to the 'Bethel,' and are on board again in good time.' Towards evening the weather changed, and crossing the harbor with twenty men in our open boat we were drenched through, yet not a murmur did I hear, and soon in the comfortable Reading-Room with a good fire we forgot all our troubles. I could scarcely get them away they were so happy, but the rain providentially ceasing I got them off dry, with many a hearty good-night.

"*Tuesday*.—Had fifty-two sailors to an open meeting at the 'Bethel' to-night. The Cornish men, of whom there were twelve present, formed a magnificent choir, most of them wore the Blue Ribbon, and two of them gave a temperance recitation. I spoke several times between the pieces, bearing upon the Gospel and Temperance, and fifteen came forward and signed the pledge. They were so unwilling to go when nine o'clock came, I had to insist as the *F*—is to sail to-night, and I had promised the captain that I would have his men on board in good time.

"*Thursday*.—Had a long conversation with the captain of a large steamer from Bombay, who said that he had only two English sailors on board, and one of them was the only one who had given him trouble on the voyage; went forward and saw the strange medley of men, and ar-

ranged for an evening meeting in their fore-castle. When I did go, found them playing cards; a big rough German advised me to go to the cabin as this was no place for preaching. As he was only one of many, we quickly arranged ourselves and were joined by the firemen. I spoke of the Samaritan woman and soon saw that they were interested; after the service distributed tracts in many languages, even in Russian and Finnish. Before leaving every man came and thanked me for coming on board. But it was the big German himself who led me along the dark deck and, with a squeeze of the hand at parting, said, 'God bless you, sir!'

"*Sunday*.—Was sorry to find the *C*—busy discharging. One young officer with tally-book in hand, said,—'I wish I could be with you, but this is how our Sabbaths are generally spent, yet I can have my Lord with me even here, and I can pray for a blessing on your work.' Truly the Lord hath his hidden ones every where. Had thirty-five at the 'Bethel' in the morning. Many came at the instigation of a bluff old Scotchman, a boatswain, who said he 'would not miss that 'Bethel' for anything.' In the evening had seventy at the 'Bethel,' the same young fireman played the harmonium, and Captain *C*—engaged earnestly in prayer. It was ten o'clock before I left the 'Bethel,' tired and yet thankful for such an encouraging day.

"*Thursday*.—Was heartily greeted by a mate, who said,—'You won't remember me, but I know you well; when mate of a little schooner four years ago, we put in here in distress, and you knelt with us to thank God for preserving our lives. That prayer I have never forgotten.' There have been many such reminders to-day of meetings held and words spoken, long forgotten by me, but it is encouraging to know that they are remembered by those for whose good they were intended. Our Bible-Reading in the evening, with eighteen present, was very enjoyable. I often think there is more good done when there are few than when there are many, as one has them more under one's eye, and the men themselves are less reserved."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

Writing Aug. 29th, 1883, Rev. Dr. S. C. DAXON, chaplain, says:—"I have just returned from a pleasant trip to the is-

land of Hawaii, where I spent one week at Kohala, and another at Hilo. These are two most interesting points on that largest island of our group. I was accompanied by Mrs. DAMON, who had not visited Kohala since the summer of 1844, or thirty-nine years ago. During the summer of that year I traveled around that island, visiting during our journey, for the first time, the great crater of Kalauea. I recollect to have been especially interested, during that long-ago tour, because we followed nearly in the track of the 'Tour Around Hawaii,' made by the early missionaries, and published in a volume, by that name, which was a noted Sabbath-school book fifty and more years ago.

"Our special object in visiting Hawaii, this summer, was to be present at the dedication of a Chinese church, which had just been erected in the district of Kohala, under the superintendence of F. W. DAMON, who is laboring among the Chinese. The organization of the church of about 80 members, (including 20 females,) as well as the dedication of the church, was most successful. It was in the district where the Rev. E. BOND has labored for over forty years, and where he still resides, enjoying a fresh old age.

"From Kohala we took the steamer around the northern point of the island to Hilo, the former home of the Rev. TITUS COAN, where now may be seen his fresh made grave. There we spent a week, still laboring in behalf of the Chinese, and there, I am happy to reflect, is the foundation of a new Chinese organization. At these central and gathering places we found Christian Chinese, many of whom come from among the converts to Christianity, gathered by the faithful and indefatigable labors of German missionaries in Hong Kong, China, and in the adjoining country. We are now enjoying the fruits of the labors of those noble servants of God in China, who have succeeded GUZTLAFF and others, now among the redeemed in glory. No labor in behalf of Christ is lost. Bread cast upon the waters returns after many days.

"Would that I could speak to the young men in the Theological Seminaries of America,—*think seriously, think prayerfully, think in view of the judgment day, before concluding to spend your days in lands long Christianized, and where the hearers are gospel-hardened! Try new fields, push out in the un-*

explored regions of Asia and Africa! The field is the world!"

"In my rambles over the islands, I am continually meeting seamen whom I have known in former years, when attached to whale-ships and merchant vessels. It is exceedingly pleasant to be greeted by so many old friends, who welcome me with much satisfaction. Some of these I find settled down, and living correct and honorable lives, while others are mere wrecks of humanity. At one point I met one whom I had known as a rich, prosperous and respected merchant, but now, as he remarked,—*'a poor wreck of humanity.'* Not far away, I visited one whom I had known as an old whaling captain, but now about four score, yet rejoicing *'in a hope full of immortality.'* He is a member of the foreign church in his neighborhood, and, I was rejoiced to learn, much esteemed as a Christian man, *'quite on the verge of heaven.'* His brother church-members are exceedingly kind to him and see that he suffers not, for everything to make him comfortable, as his *'worldly goods'* have run low. I noted with pleasure that he was remembered in the prayers of the church and prayer-meeting, although absent through great infirmity.

"After an absence of eighteen days we returned early Sabbath morning, and at 11 a. m. I preached in my own pulpit."

South America.

PERU.

Rev. Dr. DAVID TRUMBULL of Valparaiso, S. A., was at Iquique, in the month of August and wrote us of the call there for Christian labor on behalf of sailors.

He said:—

"There are more than forty ships now at anchor, English and American mostly. Mr. PETRIE has got up a reading-room. Last evening we had service there in English. Eighty persons came, Americans and English, and were very much interested when I stated that I hoped that a man could be obtained to hold up Christ crucified in I . . . This reading-room is a center to which many seafaring men come when they are on shore, especially on Sunday. It is under the care of an American. He fitted it up for service, last Sabbath evening, and kept the door, put up a notice and sought to have the people attend. He will do all in his power to assist. The work would be twofold, service

could be held among the ships and also on shore. Almost everybody has to do with shipping, here. It is, after Valpa-

raiso and Callao, the most important place on the coast, and is rapidly improving and growing."

At Ports in the United States.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The *Times* of September 2nd, under the heading "Sailors' Home," prints the following:—

"This noble enterprise, under the auspices of the Charleston Port Society, has been thoroughly renovated and put in the very best order, and placed under the intelligent management of Mrs. S. C. CLARKE, as matron. Our seafaring friends cannot possibly find a more excellent place in the city for their comfort and enjoyment. The superintendence of this Home is happily managed by one of the most indefatigable ladies in our city. Great credit is due the Port Society for their noble efforts in behalf of the officers and seamen who visit Charleston."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

Rev. E. O. McINTIRE, chaplain, reports Sept. 5th, '83, an important movement on behalf of our work in G.,—saying:—

"We have determined to open Rooms in the M. E. Church which has just been built, and will be dedicated on the 23rd inst., for use as Free Reading Rooms, and for Gospel meetings during the week, for seamen. Many sailors are now coming here and the season will be fully open early in October. This arrangement is considered only temporary, as we have not given up our purpose to secure a permanent Bethel property nearer the wharf. This church is nine blocks from the wharf and is the best I can do.

"I am having some 'guide boards,'—large signs,—2 feet by 1½ feet, nicely painted, with location of Bethel church, and time of services, reading room, &c., which I will place in conspicuous places on the wharf; also will get cards printed, which the Harbor Master, Captain CHUBB, will assist me to put on every vessel as soon, or before they reach the wharf, telling seamen where we are, &c. I have a prospect of securing two lots for Bethel purposes through the beneficence of three or four rich men. The lots are valued at

\$10,000. However, I don't 'count chickens before the eggs hatch,' but I am sure something will turn up within six months. We will turn something up, by God's help. We thought we could not wait, and so we are going to work and will open the church as a Bethel, October 1st."

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

In *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., for September, we find the following record of his work at A., from the pen of Mr. J. McCORMAC:—

"Astoria, the chief port of entry for Oregon, is situated on the south bank of the Columbia River, about ten miles from the bar. It consists of Lower and Upper Astoria, the former containing about 2,500, and the latter 700 inhabitants. Portland, the metropolis of Oregon, at present completely controls its commerce, which consists chiefly in the exportation of wheat from the rich valleys of the Willamette and Columbia basins. Sometimes as many as twenty or thirty sea-going vessels are seen at its docks on their way to or from Portland, detained for lighterage, on account of insufficient water in the Willamette river. Very many of these ships are British—perhaps three-fourths. These, with their officers and crews for the most part very gladly welcome and second our missionary labors, their cabins, through the kindness of their officers, being nearly always at our disposal for Sunday services. We are indebted to many American captains also for like favors. These services are for the most part well attended, and from the most indubitable evidences, we are led to believe have been blessed to many. As specimens of these services, on last Sunday I preached to about sixty persons on board the *Jeannie Laudels*, an English ship—Capt. Douglas, master; and on the second Sunday previous I held service on the American ship *Highland Light*, Capt. Reynolds, master, about the same number being present, most of whom were sailors, longshoremen, or fishermen.

"One great difficulty with us is that

we have no Bethel Church building of our own. This, however, is partly remedied by the kindness of the Young Men's Christian Association, which allows us the use of their rooms for our Thursday and Saturday evening prayer-meetings. These meetings are tolerably well attended by men of the sea. We are indebted to many kind friends in Portland and Astoria for donations of tracts for gratuitous distribution. These we have scattered and continue to scatter daily among the ships and canneries—looking to Him for his blessing, who has said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, &c.' Any contributions of this kind sent to us by friends will be thankfully received, and may be sent with the full consciousness that *no place in the whole world needs them more than Astoria*. Such is the invariable testimony of all sea captains visiting our city. Ours indeed is 'darkness that may be felt.' The greatest difficulty we have to encounter in grappling with this darkness is the boarding-house master system. It is the grand aim of boarding-house masters and runners to keep their victims half-drunk all the time, so that they can manage them, and, of course, in that condition we can do little or nothing for them. Volumes might be written upon the wrongs perpetrated upon poor sailors by these bad men in this place. Sometimes to get the poor sailors into their dens, they tell them they are no boarding-house masters at all, and keep only ordinary boarding-houses. At other times they tell them they keep the Sailors' Home in Portland. About a dozen of them went out into the country, after some sailors that ran away from their dens, a few days ago, and without law or license seized them at their work, and brought them back by force, firing several shots and badly frightening the farmers' wives. This, however, was too much, even for Astoria authorities to bear, and they were taken up, and three of them sent to the penitentiary for three years. The rest have their trial put off till next term of court. By this we hope some check will be put to cheating and beating and pounding and shanghaiing sailors in this port. More than once while talking with sailors in the street have I been hailed by these men with the insolence, 'What are you talking to these sailors for? They belong to a house down town.' As though the house down town owned these sailors body and soul,—and no one must speak to them even to save their souls!

"These are some of the difficulties of mission-work amongst sailors in Astoria, and may serve to show how much we need a Bethel Church and Home here. Pressed by a consciousness of this need, chaplain STUBBS, of Portland, and myself have tried hard to urge the people to this work, but, I am sorry to say, with but little hope of immediate success. We have held a meeting in the Town Hall, urged the matter all we could; organized a branch of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for Astoria, adopted a constitution, and appointed a Committee on Articles of Incorporation, to report at our next meeting; but when we came to the raising of funds, we found the matter to hang fire just where we had hoped it would have gone off best, namely, with those Christian people who had hitherto taken the greatest interest in the movement. I took round a subscription paper, and got over 350 dollars subscribed, one Christian brother, Mr. T. P. Powers, heading the list with 100 dollars; but when I came to the leaders of the movement they begged time on account of the pressure upon them just now for church building, and other benevolent enterprises, and so the matter stands. It cannot be denied, indeed, that the few church people in Astoria have been very much pressed in this way lately, having just finished two churches,—the Methodist and the Presbyterian, and that for the most part this town is rich only in hopes. Our fisheries are our grand resource. Despite all opposition these are bringing us into prominence, and will continue to do so as long as Columbia river salmon—which are becoming world renowned—are caught in such vast numbers at Astoria. We have about 250 canneries here, which will employ about 5,000 men this season. Of these men one-third, perhaps, are Chinamen, who do the inside work of washing, boiling, and canning the fish; the other two-thirds being 'men of all nations under heaven,' the Scandinavian element largely predominating. Nearly two-thirds of all the canneries now belong to Scandinavians."

Loan Library Work.

FROM NORTHFIELD, MASS.

A teacher at Mt. Hermon School (Mr. D. L. Moody's "Institution" at N.,) writes us, Sept. 5th:—

"I enclose \$20, the gift of our Mission-

ary Society (not a S. S. organization). Is it customary to name the libraries? If so, I would suggest that this be called for the Society, either *Northfield Boy's Library*, or *Mt. Hermon Library*.

"I can assure you that many earnest prayers have accompanied the different contributions, and I sincerely hope and trust that God's richest blessing may rest upon the books, that they may be used of Him in doing much good. You may be interested to know that some of the boys who belong to this Society are only eight and nine years old, one of them a little Greek boy who is being educated in Northfield by the Woman's Board of the Pacific. Another little boy, Stevie Collins, is an orphan boy whose father and grand-father were both lost in the Life Saving Service off the coast of Massachusetts several years ago.

"You know it is natural for boys to be interested in anything which pertains to sailor's life, and it seems delightful to have them interested in their eternal welfare. When you acknowledge receipt of the money to me, we should be glad to have you write a letter which could be read in our Missionary meeting to be held the first of October. I don't know what will be decided about another year's gifts, but should be glad if our Society and the members of the school would give a library in this way every year. I believe it would be a blessing to all who shared in it."

FROM THE "YAMOYDEN."

BALTIMORE, Md., June 8th, '83.

"The Library, No. 7,671,* has made the voyage to Rio de Janeiro, on the bark *Yamoyden*. The books were well read, and I shall keep it for another voyage.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. TOBEY, *Master*."

A SEAMAN'S ENDORSEMENT.

On the fly-leaf of Rev. E. HAWES' "Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of Character," which was a volume in Loan Library No. 4,865 that came from sea into our New York Rooms in the month of September, was written as follows:—

"A very good book: a very good guide; very

good advice; it is as true as that you are born to die. Death is certain. Heaven or hell is to all a certainty."

FOUR YEARS' SERVICE.

Writing Sept. 19th, in New York, Capt. CHISHAM says:—"This Library, No. 4,467,* has been on board my schooner, the *Mauna Loa*, for four years, and has been read thoroughly by all the crew and officers. It has had a good influence; has promoted the comfort and good conscience of all hands.

Yours truly, W. H. C."

The captain applied for another library as he is bound to the Western Islands.

Some of the Work Done by the Signal Service Coast Telegraph.

The New York *Maritime Register* describes the Signal Service sea-coast telegraph line. The wires begin at Thatcher's Island, in Massachusetts, and end at Smithville, North Carolina. It was difficult to construct the lines, and it is difficult to maintain them. The numerous cables are frequently chafed and broken, and the land wires are often brought down by the washing of the sand in which the poles are set.

The lines are largely used for meteorological work, but they have other uses. "Vessels of all nations have been aided by this service in obtaining timely assistance when ashore or in distress, and marine underwriters have largely profited by its timely reports of vessels with valuable cargoes being ashore, and which could not have been saved had these lines not been in existence. A case in point occurred about two years ago, when an insurance company in Philadelphia had \$100,000 insurance on a vessel and her cargo of sugar. The vessel went ashore near Ocean City, Maryland, on the eve of a northeast gale. She was reported as ashore by the Signal Service observer at that point, late in the afternoon. The news was immediately communicated to the wrecking tugs at the Delaware Break-

* Contributed by Miss A. H. Bolton, Hartford, Conn.

* Contributed by Rev. G. C. Sewall, Cayuga, N. Y.

water; they proceeded to the vessel, and she was hauled off and taken into a safe harbor before 11 o'clock the same night. It is certain that had the vessel remained on the reef over night, the northeast gale which prevailed after midnight would have made a total wreck of her, and the entire cargo would have been lost. Before the lines were built it was not an unusual occurrence, even in fair weather and during daylight, for some shipmasters to run their vessels ashore for the purpose of defrauding the underwriters, knowing that there were no persons or records to testify against them. To-day, however, that sort of rascality is seldom heard of, at least between Sandy Hook and Smithville, N. C.

"Vessels often arrive in sight of signal stations on the coast, set their international signals, and obtain answers at once concerning the probable condition of the weather direct from Washington by the sea-coast line. It often happens that when cables are out of order wreck messages are 'flagged' across inlets by the signal flags, which are read rapidly by these thoroughly drilled Signal Service men. Signal men with kit on back often go aboard vessels, leaving a comrade on shore to receive the message 'flagged' back. The wig-wag begins, and before the master is aware of it his message is in the hands of the signal man on the beach, who by this time has tapped the telegraph wire, attached his instrument, and in a few minutes the message is in the hands of news agents, ship-owners, underwriters, and friends.

"The Signal Service and Life Saving Service are in hearty coöperation, and the wires of the sea-coast line connect direct with the office of the General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service in Washington. Through this line crews from different Life Saving Stations are quickly summoned together in case of necessity. Strikes are not known on the sea-coast line, the operators being enlisted men, and subject to the articles of war governing the Signal Corps."

"Mr. and Mrs. R. P. BUCK, of Dr. R. S. STORRS' church in Brooklyn, N. Y., celebrated their golden wedding at their summer residence in Bucksport, Me., Sept. 3rd. Among the many letters of congratulation was one from Mr. B.'s associates in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of which he is president. His extensive connection with shipping gives him a peculiar fitness for such a position."

Obituary.

CAPT. JOHN C. BROWN.

On Friday, Aug. 3rd, 1883, in the 75th year of his age, this good man passed away from earth, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was stricken with apoplexy July 23rd, and only the resisting power of a physical system long controlled by temperance and wisdom made possible this long endurance of disease. His twelve whaling voyages, in the last six of which he was master of his ship, were made from the port of New London, Conn., between the years 1823 and 1857. The years 1858-9 and 1860 he passed in the Pacific Ocean as master of the A. B. C. F. M.'s missionary packet *Morning Star*, with headquarters at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. In 1861 he held a commission in the U. S. Navy, and was assigned to duty as an acting master on board the U. S. sloop-of-war *Marion*, one of the Gulf blockading squadron. In 1862 he was temporarily employed as master of the bark *Mustang*, of Mystic, Conn., laden with Army stores, visiting Fortress Monroe, Alexandria and Baltimore. This was the last vessel he commanded. The closing six years of Capt. Brown's most useful life were passed in the Custom House at New London, Conn., and in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., in this city. We knew him as a genial, Christian man, with the freshness of youth plainly evident in his last days, full of zeal and unsparing of effort for the good of seamen.

A Happy Milestone.

The few words from the *Congregationalist* of Sept. 10th, which follow, refer to an occasion, which, as private advices have assured us, was full of satisfaction to all who participated in it. We hope to print, at least, the letter sent to the worthy President and his equally worthy helpmeet,—in a future issue of the MAGAZINE.

Information Wanted.

WOOSTER, Ohio, Sept. 5th, '83.

My son, EUGENE B. FARIS, a young man of eighteen, left his home nearly two years ago, and we have not heard from him since. We have thought he might have gone to sea, as he had a fancy for a sea voyage. Any information in regard to him will be thankfully received by

Mrs. S. C. FARIS.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of copies of the report of the operations of the United States Life Saving Service, for the year ending June 30th, 1882, from Hon. S. I. KIMBALL, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

AUGUST, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 107
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,354
of which \$1,618 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$616 was returned to depositors.

Planets for October, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 6th at 8 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is a morning star during the remainder of the month; is twice in conjunction with the Moon, the first time on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 48m., being 2° 5' south, and then again on the forenoon of the 25th, at 9h. 45m., being now 3° 22' north; is in conjunction with Venus at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 4th, being 4° 12' south; is stationary among the stars in Virgo at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 16th; is at its greatest elongation at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 22nd, being 18° 22' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 25th, when it rises at 4h. 52m., and south of east 4° 37'.

VENUS is an evening star, setting very shortly after the Sun during the whole of this month; is twice in conjunction with the Moon, the 1st time on the forenoon of the 1st at 1Ch. 7m., being 3° 19' north, and then again on the afternoon of the 31st at 5h. 53m., being 1° 18' south.

MARS is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 37m. before midnight, and 29° 59' north of east; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th, being 59' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd at 3h. 59m., being 6° 49' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at midnight on the 31st.

JUPITER is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 18m. past midnight, and 27° 14' north of east; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd at 4h. 7m., being 5° 45' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at noon on the 27th.

SATURN is due south on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 56m., being 20° 1' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 19th at 4h. 23m., being 1° 18'

north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 47° and 70° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for August, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. S. S., for lib'y.....	\$ 20 00
Antrim, residuary legacy of Miss Eveline P. Boyd, deceased, late of Antrim, N. H., per Jas. W. Perkins, executor.....	588 34
Gilsam, Cong. church.....	2 35
Pittsfield, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib'y.....	28 28
Rindge.....	1 05
West Concord, Cong. church.....	10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury, Union Cong. church.....	4 17
Ashfield, Cong. church.....	12 68
Berkley, Cong. church.....	5 50
Boston, anonymous, in memory of little Hattie.....	10 00
Schr. B. H. Townsend, Capt. Tur-mell.....	2 00
Schr. Fannie Kiney, Capt. Wolf.....	1 00
Barkentine Ralph M. Haywood, Capt. Baxter.....	1 00
Curtisville, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	29 00
Dalton, Cong. church.....	11 57
Dedham, Allen Evangelical ch.....	72 30
Gloucester, Cong. church.....	7 40
Medfield, Rev. G. H. Pratt.....	2 25
Newbury, 1st Church and Society.....	31 70
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	5 30
Northfield, Cong. church.....	10 60
Pittsfield, Cong. ch., \$30 for lib'y.....	40 79
Rutland, Cong. church.....	6 59
South Weymouth, Union church.....	12 60
West Attleboro, 1st Cong. ch. and S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, Cong. ch., for lib's.....	40 50
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CONNECTICUT.

Canton Centre, Cong. ch. S. S.....	8 00
Meriden, Centre Cong. church.....	35 00
New London, Trust Estate of Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn., per Henry R. Bond, trustee.....	250 00
Norwich, Mrs. L. F. S. Foster, for a loan lib'y in memory of her sister Mrs. Charles Mason, formerly of Boston, Mass.....	20 00
Plantsville, Cong. church.....	26 36
Saybrook, Cong. church.....	8 49
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	20 00
Westbrook, Elihu Chapman.....	20 00
Wolcott, Cong. church.....	3 34

NEW YORK.

East New York, Ref. church.....	12 00
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church.....	22 64
Huntington, 1st Pres. ch., for loan lib's.....	100 00
Kinderhook, Ref. church.....	61 01
New Village, Cong. church.....	8 75

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park, S. T. Gordon, for lib'y.....	30 00
Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church.....	60 81
Franklin Park, Ref. church.....	19 40
Newark, Miss E. U. Campfield, for library.....	20 00
Parlappany, Pres. church.....	3 00

\$1,685 30



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From The Youth's Companion.

Sailor Boys in the Navy.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

Concluded from last Life Boat.

Just from the Country.

At the end of the line stood a boy of fine physique, but round-shouldered and slouchy in dress, evidently from the country. From the moment of arriving on board he had gazed about him with a bewildered expression.

Everything was so new and strange—the spotless deck, the polished guns, the bright canopy rails over the hatchways, the binnacles, and wheel, and huge capstan, the dense crowd of boys forward of the mainmast, the officers in glittering uniform abaft it,—so many things the uses of which he could not comprehend, that when the executive officer spoke to this ungainly lad, and asked him where he came from, he stared at him in a stupid way, and replied mechanically that he came from Maine.

"Well, wake up! Stand up straight. Take your hands out of your pockets and put them down at your sides. There, now, what have you been doing?"

"Farmin'."

"Did you ever see a ship before?"

"No, sir, I never seed a ship before, 'cept a skeow that"—

"Never mind about the scow. Did any boy ever give you a good licking?"

The boy opened his eyes with astonishment, and said, with a significant tone, "I reckon not."

The officer smiled and put one final question, "Do you really want to be a sailor?"

"Yaas, sir."

"Well, I'll give you a chance. Messenger, take this boy down to the captain's office."

Ambitious.

"What do *you* come here for?" the officer next inquired of a pompous-looking little fellow who seemed to want an opportunity to speak.

"To learn to be a sailor, and get to be an officer," the boy replied promptly.

"We can do the first for you; we cannot do the second. You have a wrong idea. This ship is to train boys to become sailors. The Naval Academy at Annapolis is the place where boys are trained as officers."

"But, sir, can't a sailor become an officer?"

"No, not a commissioned officer. You

can rise to be a petty officer, a sort of foreman among sailors, and there are a few chances to become warrant officers;—that is, a boatswain, or gunner, or sail-maker, or carpenter. These are officers, but not commissioned officers."

The boy whose sole ambition was to wear a sword and strut in epaulets fell out of the line, and walked, with a dejected look, to the gangway.

"What are you working your jaws for?" inquired the officer sternly, stopping in front of a stunted little fellow, a street *gamin* from the neighboring city.

"Chewin', sir," was the timid reply.

"How dare you bring tobacco on board this ship, where not a boy is allowed to use it? Go to the spit-kid, yonder, and empty your mouth, and then I will talk to you."

The Widow's Son.

Almost the last boy to be questioned was the one who has been before alluded to,—the lad who came with his mother.

"What have you been doing?"

"Going to school, sir."

"What books have you been reading lately?"

"A variety, sir; among them the stories of Cooper and Marryatt."

"I thought so. I am afraid your notions are too romantic to suit the life on board this ship. How would you relish chewing hard-tack with those fine teeth of yours, and putting those lily fingers into a tar-bucket?"

"You can try me, sir," the boy replied, modestly but firmly.

"Very well; you can go to the captain's office on the deck below."

His Examination.

The boy found his way to the captain's office. Here the clerk put to him several questions, as to age, place of residence, parents, previous occupation, motive in coming to the ship, etc., all of which having been answered satisfactorily, an order was made out to the surgeon to examine him as to his physical fitness for

the service, and he was conducted by the orderly to a place screened off on the gun deck.

The surgeon bade him strip naked, and then proceeded to search his whole body for any mal-formation or defect. All of which was noted on a blank prepared for the purpose, which blank was sent to the captain's office with the result of the examination.

Having passed the surgeon, the boy was sent to the "school-room," on the berth deck,—a steerage fitted up as a library,—where a board of officers inquired into his mental and moral qualifications, and his aptitude for the service.

He was directed to read aloud from a book handed to him; to write a sentence: to perform examples in arithmetic; and to reply to a series of questions such as any bright, intelligent boy could readily answer. Inquiries were made as to his moral training and habits, how and where he spent his evenings, his religious preferences, etc.

Some explanation was then made of the general character of life on board ship, the discipline, the restraints, the length of service, etc., and the question was put to him whether he was willing to accept these conditions.

On replying in the affirmative, he was put to one final test—to see whether he could go aloft without being dizzy. He was taken to the upper deck, and required to climb into the rigging, and go over the mast head, and come down on the other side.

This the boy found no difficulty in doing, and was accordingly pronounced to have passed the entrance examinations and to be ready for the formality of enlistment. After a brief talk with the captain, he was permitted to go ashore with his mother on condition that he would return the next day, sign the shipping articles, and enter upon his new duties.

What Boys May Enter the Navy.

It will be seen from the above descrip-

tion that none but boys of sound physical health, good morals and fair intelligence, are wanted in the naval service. The government permits the enlistment of seven hundred and fifty boys annually, and undertakes to train them, by the aid of officers carefully picked for the purpose, in practical seamanship, gunnery, and the elements of an English education, the intention being to drive out of the service the foreign and vicious elements, and man the navy with trained and disciplined sailors of American birth.

Nearly one-half of the seven thousand five hundred seamen at present allowed by law are graduates of our training-ships; and these, by reason of their superior training, have been advanced, in their minority even, to the ratings of petty officers.

Without doubt, many of these youth, on being discharged at the age of twenty-one, will enter the merchant service; but it is hoped that the great body of them will choose the navy as their permanent home, and thereby so elevate the tone and character of the service as to make the uniform of the American sailor a badge of distinction and honor.

Johnnie and the Crab.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

Johnnie was lying with his head over the stern of the boat, looking down into the water. He was in no very good humor either, and the reflection of his face on the surface of the creek was a very wrinkled one.

"I don't care," he muttered. "I think mamma might let me take just a little row. It's just as safe as— There's a crab! I wonder if it is a soft one?" he added, interrupting himself. "I'd poke my finger down and see, only if he was hard he'd bite me." And Johnnie leaned further over the stern of the boat, trying to see what the crab was about, till, splash! he went over into the water.

For a moment he was frightened, but

soon recovered his self-possession, as the crab remarked, rather crossly, "Do you always make your entrance into company that way?" Johnnie declared he was very sorry, and the crab, somewhat softer, growled, "I s'pose it's all right, but you nearly tumbled on me, and spattered my mouth full of mud."

"I was trying to see if you were soft."

"Oho!" laughed the crab. "And you thought you'd fall on me to find out." And the crab laughed as if he thought it a great joke. Finally he calmed himself, and continued, "No, I ain't soft, but I'm a shedder. Now under here," he continued, lifting a piece of sea-weed, is a real softie."

"What does he stay under the sea-weed for?"

"On account of the men. Partly because of the toad-fish, and partly because of eels, but mostly on account of the men," replied the crab.

"Do the toad-fish bother you much?"

"Awful!" replied the crab, solemnly—"awful! Why, you see, a good-sized toad-fish could swallow me whole. Then the eels bite one's legs off and nibble pieces off of us, so that ain't pleasant."

"I should think not," said Johnnie.

"Now there comes a toad-fish," continued the crab. "He knows I'm hard, and he don't see you." And with a lazy flirt of his speckled tail, the toad-fish vanished round the corner of the dock.

Johnnie breathed freer as the ugly-looking creature disappeared, and proceeded once more to question the crab.

"How do you shed?" he inquired.

"Well, you've just come in good time to see," answered the crab, good-naturedly, "for I'm just going to shed."

So saying he chose a clear space in the mud, and commenced to wave his claws to and fro; suddenly he stopped.

"Come here," he said; then added, as Johnnie approached, "You see, the back seam is split all the way along?"

"Yes," replied Johnnie.

"And the two side seams?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the crab, "with the exception of those two small cracks in my claws, these are the only splits in my shell, and I shall crawl out of the back seam." And he commenced waving his claws, and moving first one way and then the other. The crack along his back grew wider, and the soft shell underneath could be plainly seen. Soon he was half-way out of the old shell, and finally, after great efforts, he slid out completely, and the old shell and the perfect crab lay side by side. For the moment Johnnie could hardly tell which was which, but a wink from his old friend soon showed him.

"Now," said the crab, "you see I'm as soft as can be. Put your finger on me gently, and feel." Johnnie did so, and found that the crab's skin was as soft as his own. "I think I'll go to sleep for a while now. You had better run up to your mother; but before you go just pull up that piece of sea-weed over me."

Johnnie did as he was told, and suddenly found himself in the boat with his neck very stiff from having hung over the stern so long. When he told his mother about it, she laughed, and said, "You must have dreamed it." But Johnnie says that he was sure that he saw the crab wink at him as he left the boat, and certain it is that Johnnie won't eat crabs any more for fear of making a meal off his friend.

Boys, Read and Heed This.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business,—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us

see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Chris. Helper.*

Conveniently.

A lady went into one of the large stores in Boston, where there are a number of young girls who act as saleswomen, and asked to look at a boy's hat. Not being quite sure what size she needed she said, after looking at several:—

"I will look at a number six and five-eighths, if you can find one conveniently," thinking the girl might have to search through a large pile of them, and regretting the trouble it was causing.

The face of the young girl brightened as she said, with real gratitude, but with a pathetic tone:—

"No one ever says to us, 'If you can find one conveniently.'"

Alas, that we forget to be polite! We say he or she is hired to wait on customers, and we do not say "Thank you," or act as though we appreciated any thing done for us. That person makes many friends who goes through life with a smile and a kind word.—*Congregationalist.*

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
 U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1883.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

JUNE, 1883.

During June, 1883, forty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,732-7,760, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,853, 7,856-7,867, inclusive, and Nos. 7,869-70, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7732	Mrs. R. P. Buck, and Miss Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Martinique.....	Cuba.....	9
7733	Estate of E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.	Ship Wm. A. Campbell..	San Francisco.....	24
7734	" " " "	" Luzon	Shanghai.....	23
7735	" " " "	" Clarissa B. Carver..	Yokohama.....	26
7736	" " " "	" Loretta Fish.....	"	28
7737	" " " "	" Monarch.....	Calcutta.....	20
7738	Miss A. H. Sutton, Tecumseh, Mich.	" Wm. H. Smith.....	San Francisco	30
7739	Estate of E. W. Fletcher, Whitinsville, Mass.	" Tam O'Shanter.....	" "	25
7740	" " " "	" Harvey Mills	" "	30
7741	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass.	Schr. Herald.....	Cienfuegos.....	8
7742	M. L. S., New York City.....	Ship Marcia C. Day.....	London.....	18
7743	A Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Annie M. Smull.....	Java.....	22
7744	Mrs. A. C. Brown, New York City.....	Bark Bonny Doon.....	Montevideo.....	10
7745	S. S. Madison Ave. Ref. ch., Albany, N. Y.	Ship M. P. Grace.....	San Francisco.....	30
7746	Mrs. Henry L. Chase, Kingston, Mass. for The Charlotte M. Sever Memorial Library.	" E. J. Sawyer.....	" "	30

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7747..	Bethel Mission School Newburg, N. Y., for <i>The Rankin Library</i>	Ship Alert.....	Melbourne.....	24
7748..	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass..	" Iceberg.....	Japan.....	22
7749..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Landseer.....	San Francisco.....	38
7750..	Young Ladies of 4th Pres. ch., New York City, for <i>Silver Link Band Library</i>	" Rosa Welt.....	" ".....	30
7751..	Young Ladies of 4th Pres. ch., New York City, for <i>Rev. Dr. Spaulding Library</i> ..	" San Joaquin.....	Bombay.....	25
7752..	S. S. Cong. ch., North Haven, Conn....	Bark Rambler.....	Shanghai.....	30
7753..	Mrs. P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass..	Str. America.....	Baracoa.....	21
7754..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Brig Havilah.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	12
7755..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Bark Skobeloff.....	Montevideo.....	14
7756..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Jessie McGregor..	Rosario.....	14
7757..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Annapolis.....	Japan.....	17
7758..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Ship Rembrandt.....	Bombay.....	30
7759..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Timour.....	Japan.....	14
7760..	Mrs. Maria Brooks, Churchville, N. Y..	Bark Oasis.....	Java.....	15
7761..	Mrs. C. A. Spaulding, Boston, Mass....	" Canton.....	Whaling.....	30
7762..	Sewall Association, Lowell, Mass.....	Steamship Dominion....	Nova Scotia.....	15
7763..	Rev. John and Mrs. Wood, Fitchburg, Mass.....	Schr. W. E. W. Tuck....	Baltimore.....	9
7764..	Mrs. C. E. Blood, Groton, Mass.....	" D. S. Fell.....	Windsor, N. S.....	8
7765..	H. G. Ludlow, Troy, N. Y.....	Bark Alice Knowles.....	Whaling.....	30
7766..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Brig Abbie Clifford.....	Cardenas.....	9
7767..	Miss C. L. Swift's S. S. class, Andover, Mass.....	Bark Nellie M. Slade....	Australia.....	10
7768..	Cong. S. S., West Taunton, Mass.....	" Clara McGilvrey.....	New Zealand.....	10
7769..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.....	" Cremonia.....	W. Africa.....	10
7770..	Cong. ch., Wilton, N. H.....	" Palo Alto.....	Aspinwall.....	10
7771..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.; Our Boys Mission Club.....	Steamship Longfellow..	Coasting.....	16
7772..	First ch., Cambridge, Mass.....	Bark A. R. Tucker.....	Whaling.....	35
7773..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" B. W. Webster.....	E. London. Africa..	—
7774..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Neversink.....	Valparaiso.....	10
7775..	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Schr. Frank Walters ...	Baltimore.....	8

JULY, 1883.

During July, 1883, thirteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,761-66, inclusive, and Nos. 7,768-70, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,871, 7,873, 7,874 and 7,879, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7761..	Mrs. C. H. Ramsey, New York City....	Ship Ice King.....	Portland, Oregon..	36
7762..	Mission S. S., Sing Sing, N. Y.....	" Pactolus.....	Japan.....	21
7763..	Broadway Cong. S. S., Taunton, Mass.	Bark Chalmette.....	Java.....	17
7764..	C. E. Nott, Bristol, Conn.....	" Jennie Harkness....	Japan.....	17
7765..	Miss H. C. Leete, Guilford, Conn.....	" Wakefield.....	Dunedin and Little- ton.....	17
7766..	Miss E. W. Campfield, Newark, N. J ..	" Samuel D. Carlton.	Singapore.....	17
7768..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch. Peekskill, N. Y.....	" Clotilde.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7769..	Westfield Cong. ch. and congregation, Danielsonville, Conn.....	" John Bunyan.....	Mediterranean....	12
7770..	R. B. Tomlinson, Morristown, N. J	" Thames.....	Sydney.....	13
7771..	1st church, Cambridge, Mass.....	" Great Surgeon.....	Chincha Islands... 14	

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7673.	Gertrude Ayer Library, Concord, N. H.	Ship Dauntless.....	East London.....	19
7674.	2nd Cong. ch., South Weymouth, Mass.	Bark Napoleon.....	Arctic Ocean.....	80
7679.	Hubert Wilder, Winchester, Mass.....	Ship City of Boston.....	Australia.....	18

AUGUST, 1883.

During August, 1883, twenty new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,767 and 7,771-83, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,875-78, inclusive, with Nos. 7,780 and 7,781, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7737.	Cong. ch., Curtissville, Mass.....	Ship Ellen Goodspeed...	San Francisco.....	28
7771.	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	Bark J. H. Ingersoll	Cape Town.....	12
7772.	1st Pres. ch., Huntington, L. I.....	Ship Merom.....	Portland, Oregon..	20
7773.	" " " " ".....	Brig Leonora.....	Valparaiso.....	12
7774.	" " " " ".....	Bark Mary A. Greenwood	Adelaide.....	12
7775.	" " " " ".....	" Beatrice Havener..	Melbourne.....	11
7776.	" " " " ".....	" Lillian Vigus.....	London.....	15
7777.	Mrs. L. F. S. Foster, Norwich, Conn., in memoriam Mrs. Charles Mason, Bos- ton, Mass.....	" Anna Walsh.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
7778.	Class No. 17, S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Nor- wich, Conn.....	" Coryphene.....	Java.....	12
7780.	Miss S. W. Boswell, West Hartford, Conn.....	" Herbert Black.....	Sydney.....	12
7781.	S. S. Beneficent Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.....	" Carrie L. Tyler.....	Cape Town.....	11
7782.	Mt. Hermon Missionary Society, North- field, Mass., for Northfield Boys' Li- brary.....	Ship Wm. H. Starbuck..	New Tacoma, W.T.	26
7875.	Estate of J. K. Chase, Lowell, Mass....	Brig C. E. Pickering....	Charleston, S. C....	8
7876.	Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass.....	" Mary Gibbs.....	W. Indies.....	10
7877.	Estate of J. K. Chase, Lowell, Mass....	Bark Taria Tapan.....	Zanzibar.....	12
7878.	1st Cong. ch. and Society, Attleboro, Mass.....	" Townsend.....	Baltimore.....	9
7880.	Cong. ch., Pittsfield, N. H.....	" Mars.....	Pacific Ocean.....	22
7881.	S. S. Cong. ch., Amherst, N. H.....	Ship Independence.....	Australia.....	16

During August, 1883, thirty-four loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,925, No. 5,191, No. 5,939, No. 6,663, No. 7,018, No. 7,167, No. 7,243, No. 7,325, No. 7,642,	
" 4,859, " 5,151, " 6,153, " 6,800, " 7,064, " 7,193, " 7,251, " 7,418, " 7,662.	
" 4,866, " 5,778, " 6,484, " 6,942, " 7,074, " 7,197, " 7,317, " 7,485,	
" 5,118, " 5,869, " 6,532, " 6,953, " 7,101, " 7,215, " 7,321, " 7,531,	

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in June, 1883—44</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in June, 1883—41</i>
" " July, "—13	" " July, "—34
" " August, "—20	" " August, "—34
77	109

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-four years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 55,

NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 11.

CONVERTED AT SEA.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "F. T.," A CLERGYMAN, FORMERLY AND NOW
IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

We reprint the following interesting autobiographical sketch from the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for July, 1867, merely adding, that its writer, upon being licensed to preach the Gospel, after a thorough collegiate and theological preparation, went upon a two year's service among seamen at Hilo, H. I., returning thence to become a pastor in Connecticut. At the instance of the Valparaiso, S. A., Union Church Missionary Society, he has just been appointed a chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at that increasingly important seaport, for which he is to sail in a few weeks. He who "seeth the end from the beginning" has manifestly ordered this life, and its usefulness may be counted upon.

At the early age of thirteen years I ran away from a home hallowed by the presence and prayers of a godly mother. The character, which hitherto had been so carefully and prayerfully trained, I now took into my own hands, to shape according to my own unsanctified notions.

I was dedicated to God from infancy. Through the faith of my mother in the Covenant, I was set

apart for the Gospel ministry, and her prayers and efforts were directed to this end. As she assembled the family around the altar for prayer, she would daily renew this consecration. But, as I grew up, a deep and secret purpose took possession of my heart, that those vows should never be realized, those prayers never answered. *A minister of the gospel I never would be*; and to secure this end, I de-



terminated never to become a Christian, at least as long as my mother lived. I began to cast about me, how to accomplish this. The prayers of my mother were getting to be too strong for me; my heart would at times almost give way. The tender, earnest pleading, the copious tears, the affectionate appeal, the loving "God bless you," with the good-night kiss, were too much for my rebellious heart to resist. At times I would be melted into tears, and sob myself to sleep, *yet I determined never to yield*;—for, for me to become a Christian was to become also a minister; and this I had vowed never should be. I loved my mother, but hated God and His truth.

To defeat my mother's purposes and to secure the success of my own, became now the ruling thought of my life;—how to accomplish this was my daily meditation.

Going to Sea.

I was at this time visiting a brother in Connecticut. I thought the time had come to put into execution a plan which I had been for months maturing. This was to go to sea, and that against the known wishes of my mother and friends. I did go; and Boston, Mass., was my port of departure.

I soon found, however, that escaping from the *presence* of my mother was one thing, but to escape from her *prayers* quite another. These rung in my ears constantly; and many were the reproaches of conscience which I felt as I went from office to office looking for a ship. She seemed to be in league with God, and both against me. After some delay, however, I secured a place on board a ship bound to Ireland. I now considered myself on the

high-road to success; and a severe fit of sea-sickness and rough treatment, were not sufficient to make me think otherwise.

Upon reaching Dublin, I ascertained that our ship was expected to go to Havre, France. This pleased me well; and here I expended all the money I could get on the purchase of infidel books. With these "strong-holds" in my possession, I put to sea again, intending to intrench myself behind them. Most sedulously did I apply myself to their study. On our arrival in Havre, we found orders awaiting us to pursue our voyage to Buenos Ayres, for which we sailed. From Buenos Ayres we started for home. In the meantime I had made considerable progress in the philosophy of my chosen teachers, and already began to feel something of security, and not a little pride. But, in the providence of God, this was destined to be of short duration.

Wrecked.

As we approached the Azores Islands, on our passage home, we were overtaken by a severe gale of wind, which resulted in the total loss of the ship, cargo and twelve men, just half of our crew. The hand of my mother's God was laid upon me. The Jonah was found out, and, although I did not confess it, I felt it to be true. My "comforting companions," the infidel books, went with the wreck where they belonged, but I was saved from death, with some others of the crew,

But, with God's gracious deliverance, came also the old pride and stubbornness of heart. I reached home after a year's absence, to find my dear mother still alive, still praying for her recreant son, still holding on to the "Cov-

enant promises." She was, however, on her dying-bed. With what solicitude she questioned me in regard to my religious state! In the silent hours of the night, as I sat by her sick-bed, how was my soul stirred by the touching appeal, the tender look, and agonizing prayer! The struggle I endured no tongue can tell.

But there was no surrender of the heart to God. At length the hour of her dissolution drew near; and, after she had spoken her last words to my brothers and sisters, I approached her bed-side, to receive her parting blessing and injunction. Looking me full in the face, she said:—"Be a good boy, assume your obligations to God, meet your mother in Heaven, and promise me you will never follow the sea." I assented and made the promise. It then seemed to me that I must be a Christian, or all would be lost. I was greatly broken down, but I was not subdued. Within six months from this time I found myself on the road to New York, to take ship again. I had forgotten my mother's last words, and my promise to her. Indeed I found it almost impossible to live at home, and not become a Christian, for, turn where I would, every thing had my mother's image upon it, and every nook and corner echoed with her prayers.

Sails Again.

But, upon the morning on which I sailed out of the harbor of New York, for a long voyage,—as I looked over the ship's side, to gain a last view of the receding land, now almost out of sight, there flashed upon my mind a mother's dying injunction, and the remembrance of a broken promise, producing upon me such impressions

as incapacitated me for duty nearly a whole week. Never can I correctly portray the storm of feeling which raged within me during those few days. Those feelings pursued me constantly for the ensuing seven years, until I was brought, broken and subdued, to the feet of Jesus.

God Follows Him.

The immediate providences which led to this event are as follows:—

About five years subsequent to the death of my mother, I was cruising in the Indian Ocean; and, upon a beautiful Sabbath morning in the month of October, seeing a ship in the distance, we raised sail and bore away for the stranger. On approaching, we discovered that she had no sails set. We could not account for this. The first thought was perhaps the crew had mutinied, murdered the officers, and escaped in the boats. Then we thought,—perhaps the vessel is in distress of some sort. But this was dissipated, on our nearer approach, by the absence of any sign of such distress. We crowded all sail, and steered directly for the object of our curiosity. Upon drawing near we discovered persons moving about on her decks. This set us to conjecturing again; and, when within about three miles, we cleared away a boat to board the stranger. It became my duty to put my captain on board, with the small boat. I have reason to bless God every day of my life for the wonderful providence which directed me to that strange ship. Imagine our surprise, when we climbed the ship's side and jumped upon her decks, to see the men all in clean clothes, faces washed and shaven, hair combed, and books or papers in their hands, reading. I felt a lit-

tle ashamed of my own personal appearance.

A Strange Ship.

As we approached them with our greetings and inquiries, largely interlarded with oaths, we were still more astonished to see some of them put their finger to their lips, and look curiously at us, and then toward the quarter-deck, where their captain stood. The riddle was soon solved, for directly I turned around, and a board nailed to the main-mast, in plain sight, caught my eye, with this sentence painted upon it:—

*"No profanity will be allowed
on board this vessel."*

The first thought which struck me on seeing this was that we had fallen in with some missionaries on their way to their field of labor. But, on explanation, I found the vessel to be an American whaler cruising for whales, and that her captain was a Christian man; that never since his conversion had he sailed his ship on the Sabbath, never did any work on that day, which was not essential for the safety of the ship and crew; that he conducted divine worship every Sabbath, reading a sermon, and holding a Bible class for the study of the scriptures, in the cabin, gathering around him, of his officers and men, as many as would engage in this service. He always made one stipulation with every officer and man whom he shipped. This was, that they should not swear while on his vessel. If they would not comply with this they could not sail with him. I afterward learned that this captain was very successful, making better voyages than many of those who did not observe the Sabbath, and that he was a per-

fect disciplinarian, all his men loving him.

We stayed but a short time on board; and, upon leaving, my captain invited Captain S. to visit our ship on the morrow, if we should be in sight. God, in His providence, meant that this visit should be made, for He had purposes of mercy toward some of us. He sent a dead calm that night, so that in the morning the two ships were in plain sight of each other. Captain S. came on board in the morning, and, a breeze springing up, we sailed in company that day. My position in the ship was such as to give me a place in the cabin, and of course I heard what passed in conversation, although not a party to it. My captain, whose name was H—, produced his wines and cigars to entertain Captain S., but Captain S. politely, yet firmly, refused to indulge in these things, saying it was against his principles. "Why," says Captain H., "what sort of a man are you? You don't sail your ship on Sunday, you don't drink, you don't swear; how do you manage to enjoy yourself? Why, I should die if I couldn't have something to drink, and plenty of tobacco; and, as for swearing, that is my prerogative. I shipped to do the swearing on this vessel, and I mean to do it." "Well," said Captain S., "I did the same for many years; but I have seen both the sin and folly of such a course, and am now trying to live a different life." Captain H. looked at him inquiringly, as much as to say,—how did this strange thing happen?

*"A Little Child Shall Lead
Them."*

Captain S. continued:—"When I sailed from New Bedford, Mass.,

a few years ago, I was a very wicked, cruel man. I shipped as my cabin-boy a lad who was an orphan, and even without family friends, but he was a Sabbath school scholar; and his teacher came with him to the ship, and saw him comfortably provided with those things which are necessary for so long a voyage as we were about to make. I did not like to have anything to do with those canting religionists, and therefore did not want to take the boy at first; but he was very anxious to go, and was withal a very bright, active-looking boy.

Before we sailed, Eddie's teacher brought him a little library of tracts and some singing books; and, before leaving him for the last time, she took him into his little room (which was in the cabin), and most earnestly commended him to God in prayer, and then charged him to stand up for his Savior's honor on board the ship. I regretted taking the boy on board, as I foresaw I was likely to have trouble with him; but I concluded to *swear him down*. We were out but a few days when I discovered something which annoyed me very much. For several evenings, during the 'dog watch,' I had heard a strange sort of singing forward among the men; and having occasion to go forward one evening while they were thus engaged, I found Eddie among them, with his religious song-books, training them to sing. They were all gathered around him, while he was leading in the song. He had his Bible and his tracts with him also, of which I afterward learned he made constant use. I made up my mind to break up this sort of thing: so I forbade Eddie going forward any more among the men, unless on duty.

"He obeyed me, but took it so to heart, and prayed about it so pitifully, and so annoyed me, reading his Bible aloud in his room (for it was separated from mine only by a thin board partition), that I concluded to let him go on with his 'preaching the Gospel,' as he called it.

"For this kindness he repaid me by bringing all his artillery to bear upon myself; and frequently he would check me for my profanity, saying the Bible condemned it, &c. This set my blood boiling with indignation, to think that my cabin-boy should presume to rebuke *me*. If he had been one of my men who did it, I would have flogged him within an inch of his life. But he was such a manly little fellow, and carried himself so nobly, and obediently, otherwise, that I could not find it in my heart to flog him, although I was often angry enough to do it. One reason for this anger was that the young rascal used to read and pray aloud for a whole hour every night before retiring, and about half of this time was spent in prayer for *me*, and my men. Often did I lie, and roll and turn restlessly in my bed, for hours after the boy was asleep. Something disturbed me, and at that time I knew not what it was. At length Eddie was taken sick; I did everything for him that I could, but still he failed every day. I began to feel that he was in danger, and could not think of losing him, for insensibly he had won my affections. At last he became very ill; and as I would go in to see him every evening before retiring, to ask if he wished anything, he would look up cheerfully into my face, and say:—'No, I thank you; only won't you read me a chapter out of my Bible?' And pulling it

out from under his pillow he would thrust it into my hand. I had to do it, much against my will, for I could not refuse the boy; he was so good. After reading to him his own selection, I would help him to get on his knees, in his little bed, while he prayed (for he felt as though he could not pray unless in this attitude). All this nearly broke my poor old heart," said Captain S. as the tears chased each other in quick succession down his weather-beaten cheeks. "For," said he, "I had a little son at home, nearly Eddie's age. One evening I went in as usual to read and bid him good night. He was very much worse; he could not pray on his knees that night; and as I was about to leave him for the night he says:—'Oh! Captain, won't you pray with me to-night? I am very sick; I think I am going to die.' This was too much for me, and my old heart broke down. I told him I could not pray, I never had learned, and did not know how, and moreover I was afraid my officers would hear me. But he persisted in saying:—'Captain, do pray with me.' So down I got on my knees, by his bed-side, and taking his little hand in both of mine, I tried, but succeeded only in a flood of tears. Eddie was really dying. He rallied a little just before death, and charged me most solemnly, before God, to read the Bible, leaving me his, as I had none of my own; and he exacted the promise from me that I would also pray for myself and try to become a Christian. I promised him all; and in a few minutes he expired in my arms. *And now, sir,*" said Captain S., *I am rejoicing in the same salvation and the same God that Eddie had."*

Captain H. heard this through

in silence, and, it is to be hoped, not without profit. But however that may be, this simple story of Eddie's death and Captain S.'s conversion pierced through my guilty soul, and brought back, with all their power of accusation, my mother's prayers, her tears and her last injunction. My peace was gone. I loathed my favorite authors, and their philosophy and teachings became insipid. I knew there was no truth in them.

The Final Struggle and Surrender.

I became sour, morose, and nothing went right with me. I strove in vain, through song and jest with my companions, to rid myself of the impressions made by Captain S.'s story; and for almost a year after that I was in an agony of mind in regard to my relation to God.

About this time another circumstance occurred which fixed in my heart the truth heard incidentally from the mouth of Captain S. We were in the Pacific Ocean, and one day, while under a full head of sail, my duty called me aloft to attend to a piece of work on the extreme end of the "main-top-gallant-yard," about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. While attending to this duty I fell from the yard-arm into the water, and by one of those miracles of mind hard to be explained, all the incidents of my life passed in review: my early life, Sabbath school instructions, my mother's prayers, her death-bed; my wicked actions, great and small, every one in turn; my lost and abused opportunities; every thing, even the most minute affair of my life, all passed in review in the incredibly short space of time occupied in my descent. I felt that I was a lost man, falling into the jaws of hell; and more. I

felt that this was *just*. In the good providence of God my life was spared. I was again restored to the ship's decks and my duty. And now commenced the real battle for life. I was deeply convicted of sin; I felt its weight crushing me as it were. I tried to flee from my thoughts, but could not.

My sleep fled from me, and often did I pace the lonely decks in the night-watches, revolving this great subject in my mind. I tried to make myself believe that I had fallen into a morbid way of thinking, and by every means in my power, to rally, but in vain.

I was convinced that it was my duty to bow on my knees before God in prayer, and ask forgiveness through Jesus Christ. But this was just what I would not do. Often, in the lonely night-watches, when debating this very point with myself, the perspiration rolling down my face, would I say to myself,—“I will go and pray,” and start off to find a place where I would be unobserved; and as often would I turn back, and in the bitterness of my soul say:—“*I will not pray.*” I saw my Savior hanging on the cross. “I saw the blood,—I saw His wounds.” I saw my mother supplicating at the mercy-seat; but I disregarded all.

I remember one night in particular. It was my watch below, but I could not sleep. I came up on deck. I was approaching a crisis. I could not live so much longer. It was a beautiful night. I leaned my head upon the rail; I looked off upon the water, transformed into a mirror by the beams of the shining moon; I looked up to the heavens, and *I wept*.

I felt the drawings of the Spirit, and said:—“*I will go and pray.*” I started for the galley, where I might not be seen or heard; but,

wheeling around, all my hardness of heart returning, I stamped my foot upon the deck in a rage, and said:—“*I will not pray, no, not if God himself should appear before me and shake His thunders in my face.*” I went back to my place by the rail, and again I wept, and again started for the galley to pray.

By a desperate effort I gained the inside, and there *I did kneel down*. I took off my hat, I closed my eyes, and tried to pray. I opened my mouth, and said,—“Oh! Lord....” I stopped; I could go no farther! I was frightened at the sound of my own voice using the name of God *in reverence*! Why? I had not done such a thing for years, and then, too, I was on my knees. What did all this mean? I arose hastily and went out. No rest for me that night; but I felt that I had gained a victory; I could now kneel down before God.

That night I determined I would pray,—God helping me. I longed for the next night to come, so that I might again go before God in this way. It came. I went to the galley, but found it occupied by two shipmates, smoking. I then sought a place under the “top-gallant-forecastle-deck,” in the “lee scuppers;” but I could not hold my position there until putting a piece of rope in a ring-bolt over my head. By this means I knelt down and held on, and prayed, although I found no peace. It occurred to me that I had a Bible somewhere. I had not seen it for years; but I remembered that one was put into my chest. I sought for it; I read, and found much encouragement. My “Catechism,” which I had learned in early life, now came to my relief. For several weeks I read on, and

prayed on, but found no comfort. I determined, however, to hold on to prayer, even though God should send me to hell.

At this juncture of affairs I opened my Bible one night to read. I read on till I came to this verse:—"And all things, whatsoever, ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive." This showed me, by the help of the Divine Spirit, just where I was standing. I had been praying to God with the feeling that *perhaps* He would

grant me my request. I had a notion that it was necessary for me to be kept in a state of uncertainty and anguish for a certain time before God could relieve me.

But this Scripture showed me how I was dishonoring God by not believing. I at once closed my Bible, went up on deck, sought my place of prayer, and there I found peace through the blood of Christ. I then felt willing to become anything for Christ, my dear Savior's sake.

From The Evening Post.

NAVAL LIFE AND ROUTINE.

CONDITIONS OF THE SERVICE—GRADES AND RANKS—THE STORY
OF A DAY ON BOARD SHIP—ETIQUETTE AND
MODE OF LIVING.

The band on the receiving-ship *Colorado*, at the Navy-yard, was playing

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

a few days ago, when a reporter of the *Evening Post* stepped on the deck of the steamship-of-war *Powhatan*, and it occurred to him that the average landsman has little knowledge or appreciation of the daily life and routine on board a naval vessel, or of the rules, regulations, disciplines, and practices there current. He reasons that the naval service is only a higher grade of the merchant marine, having more of regularity and discipline in its operation and much less of hard work and duty, since there are no cargoes to handle and a multitude of men to perform what little service may be demanded. He imagines that the principal difficulty is to find employment for the ship's company. He looks upon the officer's life as one of ease, fancying him an autocrat

on board ship and a petted dandy on shore. Such an estimate of this noble and busy service entirely disagrees with the facts in the case.

The naval service is not a school for idleness, nor is a naval vessel a theatre for comedy or farcical performances, or club-room for the use of aristocratic young gentlemen. The rules and regulations of the service are adjusted to a system of constant and sufficiently arduous activity; its discipline is iron; its duties are never-ending; even its etiquette has practical method and meaning. Neither do these conditions exist for the enlisted men of the navy alone. The officer, whatever his grade, finds always some power higher than himself set over him, to which he must render implicit and ready obedience. Moreover, he not only lives on board ship under all the conditions of labor, activity, and obedience which are imposed upon the men under him, but he has a

call upon his forces and energies which they have not—i. e., the exercise of responsibility. There are, of course, pleasant and agreeable features in the life of a naval officer, but as long as he remains in the service he is the bondman of discipline, and is never allowed to forget his responsibility or that he is a working-bee in the great hive.

Rank and Grades.

Few persons understand the matter of grade and rank in the navy, although many may be familiar with titles and partly with their application. Officers are divided into the "line," "staff," "marine," and "warrant" officers. The line includes, in order, the admirals, commodores, captains, commanders, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, and midshipmen (the grade of master having been abolished by the last Congress). The staff officers include the engineer, medical, and pay corps. With the exception of the medical and pay corps, all of the above-mentioned are graduates of the Naval Academy, and, receiving their commissions directly from the President of the United States, with the approval of the Senate, are appointed for life. The marine officers belong to a distinctive corps, generally termed "sea soldiers," and receive their commissions from the Secretary of the Navy. They are appointed from civil life, although many members of that corps were at one time midshipmen and failed in their examinations. The warrant officers are the boatswains, gunners, carpenters, and sailmakers. The boatswains and gunners are generally promoted to those positions from among the apprentice boys of the training ships, or

from the enlisted men. The sailmakers and carpenters are appointed from civil life.

The petty officers form a lengthened list, and are, in grade, equivalent to the non-commissioned officers of the army. They include the master-at-arms, ship's corporals, boatswain's, gunner's, carpenter's, and sailmaker's mates; quartermasters, coxswains, captains of the hold, top, forecastle, and afterguard; ship's writer, apothecary, machinists, boiler-makers, cooks, stewards, "Jack-of-the-dust," etc.

Duties of a Day.

During peace activity on board a naval vessel begins at dawn of day. The boatswain blows his whistle at daylight and cries,— "All hands up all hammocks!" Within five minutes the sailors may be seen piling up on deck, each with his hammock neatly rolled and lashed, handing it to the stower in the "netting," the long, box-like receptacle along the rail, where it remains until sundown, when it is taken down on the berth-deck again and made ready for occupation. Immediately after the hammocks are stowed the sailors get a pint of coffee and then turn to to "holy-stone" and wash down decks; or, if it is Monday, the sailors are first piped to "wash clothes," and lines may be seen running fore and aft, filled with cleanly-washed white and blue clothes, or scrubbed white hammocks. At "seven bells" (7:30 o'clock) the sailors are piped to breakfast, and those who are to go on watch at "eight bells" (8 o'clock) must be ready at that hour. At eight bells the ensign is hoisted at the peak, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the band, if on a flag-ship, or

drum and fife on others than flag-ships. At the same time the boatswain's whistle is heard, followed by the bellowing:—"All the watch; hold the reel; pump ship, and relieve the wheel." After breakfast the watch is employed in cleaning the brass-work and the guns, coiling ropes, and generally making the ship clean.

The officers not on watch do not generally rise until 8 o'clock, and then, after making their toilet, sit down to a cup of coffee and toast or fruit. At "two bells" (9 o'clock) the "assembly" is beat, and for the next two hours the crew are drilled at great guns or in the small arm, or sword manual. At "six bells" (11 o'clock) the officers have breakfast, a substantial meal. From this time until "four bells" in the evening (6 o'clock), the officers not on watch may occupy their leisure as they see fit. They may generally be found poring over their books or working out some problem, when at sea, to avoid being rusty for their next examination. If in port they may stroll on shore. At "two bells" (5 o'clock), is the officers' dinner hour, and an hour afterward they drill the sailors in seamanship, making, reefing, furling, bending, or unbending sails, in boat exercise, or target practice.

Naval Etiquette and Way of Life.

Rank and naval etiquette are strictly enforced on board ship. None but the line and staff officers are permitted to walk on the quarter-deck,—the officer of the deck having the starboard side and the others the port side, when in harbor, and when at sea the officer of the deck taking the windward, and the others the leeward side. The captain enjoys the exclusive

use of the starboard side of the poop deck, and the other commissioned officers the port side. Forward of the mainmast all the officers have the exclusive right of way on the starboard or windward side of the deck, while the sailors must keep on the opposite side. In leaving or coming on board ship the same regulation is observed,—the line and staff use the starboard companionway, while the warrant officers and crew use the port ladder. Commissioned officers are received on board with the boatswain's pipe as a salute.

The captain messes alone in the cabin, having his own steward, cook, and waiter, and unless he invites some of the officers to dine with him at times (as often happens) he lives in this monotonous way. The line and staff officers, above the grade of ensign, constitute the "wardroom mess," and live in the main saloon of the vessel. The midshipmen and ensigns and other officers of assimilated rank form the "steerage mess;" and the warrant officers mess by themselves. The mess expenses of the wardroom will range from \$39 to \$45 a month, according to the station; those of the other messes about \$25 to \$30 a month.

The crew live between decks. They are divided into messes of about twelve men each, and, by contributing a small sum out of their monthly pay, are enabled to purchase a few delicacies to add to their Government rations of salt beef or pork, with fresh beef twice a week; potatoes, flour, pilot-bread, salt, pepper, molasses, vinegar, butter, coffee, and tea. On Sunday morning the crew are called to "quarters" for general inspection of person and clothing, and those who wish may attend the church services afterward.

Saturdays, after the general work is done, are semi-holidays, when the men lounge about, mend their clothing, read, and otherwise pass away the time. The pay of the crew ranges from \$9 50 for apprentice boys to \$26 per month for

an "able-bodied" seaman. The petty officers receive higher rates of pay. The sailors are permitted to draw monthly money, but a larger proportion of their pay is retained until the expiration of the term of enlistment.

MISS AGNES WESTON.

What Miss Robinson has been to Britain's soldiers, Miss AGNES WESTON has been to Britain's sailors. From the dreary Arctic Pole to the torrid zone, in every region the English sailor visits, her name is familiar as "the sailor's friend." A direct descendant of Raoul de Bailleul de Weston, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and received in reward for his services, a portion of the fair English land, she early showed herself possessed of a dauntless and spirited character, not unworthy of her pedigree. Born in London, she was still a child when her parents removed to a beautiful home in the neighborhood of Bath. Her father was a religious and scientific man, the fellow of several learned societies, who, in the midst of his studies, found time to watch over the education of his children. His daughter Agnes inspired his vigilant anxiety; from her earliest years she had manifested a wilful and energetic nature. A phrenologist who had examined her head in childhood, prognosticated that her career would be a remarkable one for good or evil. In the midst of pious surroundings, Agnes Weston kept up a rebellious attitude towards religion, until the age of sixteen, when, through the ministry of the new incumbent of the All Saints' Chapel, a change came over her spirit. It was no easy

matter for her strong nature to pass from antagonism to acceptance, and for ten years, a space she describes as one of mental anguish, she struggled with doubts, fears, and occasional despair.

During this period of spiritual contest, she devoted herself to the study of music. She became an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. J. K. Pyne, the organist of the Abbey church, and after him of Dr. S. Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral. She went to Gloucester to undergo the stern training the celebrated musician would alone give; and she astonished her fellow-pupils by the ardor of her study. Her days were spent in the organ loft; she practised till darkness filled the vast nave below, and she fancied she heard among the tombs, and on the stairs the footsteps of the ghostly Crusader who was said to haunt the cathedral. On her return home her father presented her with an organ that, built in London, had been fitted up for her in her family's charming country home, "Ensleigh," near Bath. There was much in this early life to show the need of artistic expression felt by her passionate nature, and that sincerity of soul which lead her inch by inch to fight her way to the possession of spiritual truth. All clouds of doubt having left her mind, she abandoned all conflicting interests, and

became zealous in fulfilling the Christian ideal of visiting the poor and sick, comforting the dying, and teaching the ignorant.

Her work in the senior boys' class of the Sunday-school developed into the formation of a class of working men. Renting a mission room she centered her activity in holding prayer-meetings, Bible classes, and temperance meetings for working men. She was singularly successful; the gatherings over which she presided were crowded, and rough men, whose lives were softened and elevated by her teaching, worked among their fellows, eager to bring them under the same influence. It was then that she acquired a knowledge of men's nature that guided her later appeals and fitted her for her life's work. She learnt here also the necessity of advocating total abstinence to those who could not moderate their drink. For some time she did not herself take the pledge, but one night an habitual drunkard, moved by her words, advanced to sign the pledge, pausing to ask—

"If you please, Miss WESTON, be you a titotaler?"

Her reply that she took a glass of wine in moderation sent him back, no arguments could do more than extract the promise that he would take a glass of wine in moderation like the lady. That night she put her name down in the pledge book, wishing that she had done so "before this poor fellow came forward." From that time she threw herself ardently into the temperance cause, and opened coffee rooms and reading rooms. These were especially started for the use of the Second Somerset Militia, and the officers testified that "the men were not like the

same fellows since Miss Weston had taken them in hand and kept them out of the public house." About this time also, her mission, unconsciously to herself, had begun among the sailors. It commenced in a singularly unprepared manner. If Miss Weston is gifted with eloquence, the power of her words lies in the subtle gift she possesses of touching the heart by the appeal of gentle associations. She is essentially personal in her addresses by word or pen. For some time past she had woven her experiences of sorrowful human nature into tracts, but it was by a more intimate and less conventional form of authorship that she was to acquire the influence she now wields over sailors.

Miss Weston's gift is that of letter writing,—homely, sympathetic, wise, comforting epistles, not unmixed with a dash of humor, and brightened with the story of every-day incidents. Such a letter she had written to a soldier going out to India in 1868, on board one of H. M. troop-ships. He showed it to a sailor, who, after he had read it, expressed, with glistening eyes, his "longing to receive such a letter as that." The soldier wrote to Miss Weston, telling her the seaman's words, and giving her his name. By the following post the sailor got a letter, and that letter became the germ of correspondence that now puts Miss Weston into communication monthly with thousands of sailors,—for the seaman, replying, had given her the names of mates who, like him, longed for a letter to lift the loneliness from their heart. So rapidly did this demand spread, that Miss Weston found it necessary to supplement autograph letters by issuing a monthly printed one. The first month's issue

was of 500 copies; it now reaches nearly a quarter of a million copies a year—and this implies a far larger reading public. The “blue-backs,” thus called from their blue binding, with device of Bible, crown and sceptre, and Bible text, or motto on which the letter is based, are known in every ship, and in every sailors’ hospital. The appreciation they meet is expressed by many touching incidents. At the request of the crew going on the Arctic expedition, a supply of “blue-backs” was sent out, that might serve for two years, stored in chests, and monthly distributed to the sailors. At Portsmouth Miss Weston, visiting the “sick-bay” of a man-of-war, came upon a sailor who was inspecting the treasures of his “ditty box.” A “blue-back” was among them; it was the first he received, and it came to him in China. “When I die I should like it to be buried with me,” he said, in conclusion to the story he told her of all that letter had done for him.

Next to this monthly issue of letters, Miss Weston has reached the sailors by holding meetings on board their ships of war. These meetings, held by the permission of the captains, have for their object the spread of temperance in the navy and the establishment of branch temperance leagues in the

service. In her journal Miss Weston recounts many vivid scenes and amusing incidents belonging to this phase of her work. Some of these find a place in the excellent account given of her life by her friend and co-worker Miss WINTZ. There, too, the story is told of the formation of the “Sailors’ Rest,” at Devonport, opened in May, 1876. The necessary £6,000 for the buying and fitting up of which, largely came from the coppers of the boys on training ships, from sailors in distant parts sending their “grog-money,” and from the donations of officers. The Institute is a bright home, furnished and conducted according to the taste of sailors. Miss Weston and the ladies who help her live there at their own expense; she organizes the services, the meetings, the popular evening gatherings. Under her auspices similar homes have been formed, not in Sheerness and Portsmouth only, but all over the world; and, helped by the public, she yet hopes to start sailors’ homes in various distant ports.

In this brief sketch of a noble life, we would wish to remind our readers that its work is crippled by lack of funds; and that, like the soldier, the sailor has peculiar claims in times of peace to be remembered by those he serves in war.—*London (Eng.) Queen.*

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

FORECASTLE REASONS FOR THINKING CERTAIN THINGS UNLUCKY.

The prevalent idea that superstition exists only among the very ignorant is far from true: yet, with the sailor, superstition seems to be inborn. Let one attempt to deny Jack's theory about “Davy

Jones's locker,” in the bottom of the sea, and he will be met with strong, if not convincing argument that he is mistaken. Davy Jones is credited with having many set laws which, though they may be

unwritten, must be rigidly observed. To go to sea on Friday, the carrying of dead bodies at sea, the killing of a cat, the harming of one of "Mother Carey's chickens," the dropping of a water-bucket overboard while washing down decks, are believed to be offenses for which Davy Jones will demand satisfaction either by the sacrifice of one man, or the pulling of a ship and its entire crew into his locker.

The carrying of a corpse on the ocean longer than it is necessary to sew it up in canvas with heavy weights to insure its sinking below the depths which fish frequent, will cause a panic among a ship's crew. The killing of a cat on board a vessel is thought extremely unlucky, and woe to the person who should be found guilty of such an act. A naval vessel on a voyage from Peru to New York, by way of the Straits of Magellan, had on board an ill-tempered and generally disreputable cat which no one had any love for. This animal mysteriously disappeared one night after the vessel left Valparaiso, and though one of the firemen was suspected, the proof could not be obtained. For the remainder of the voyage the captain and several of the other officers as well as all of the sailors predicted that the vessel would surely be lost. They daily watched for the king of the mighty deep to appear and demand satisfaction for the crime; yet the vessel reached the New York Navy Yard after a remarkably pleasant voyage throughout. In this case the wives and sweethearts who had longingly waited for three years the ship's return were given the credit of hauling on her (imaginary) line and bringing her safely past Davy Jones's minions.

There is scarcely a sailor who does not verily believe that it is unlucky to go to sea on Friday, yet it has been asserted that the masters of some of our big steamships would as soon sail on Friday as on any other day. Yet the records of Fridays do not support the assertion and this can be seen by anybody who will peruse the ship news column of the Saturdays' papers. Let one go around among the officers of the many steamship lines, and see if he will find any whose vessels regularly sail on Friday. Only two weeks ago one of the large ocean steamships steamed away from her pier on Friday and anchored in Gravesend Bay until the following day, before she went to sea. It was said that the captain's excuse was "to make repairs," but it came from good authority that he had a strong aversion to starting on a voyage on Friday. The "ocean tramp" steamship *Rhimindda*, which was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast on Tuesday sailed from this port on the previous Friday. This superstition seems to prevail in yachting circles as well, and the question was asked a few days ago:—"When was there ever a yacht regatta on Friday?" Regattas do sometimes occur on that day, however, but it is seldom. For instance, of the many yachting contests in the country for this season Friday has been religiously avoided for all excepting by the Chicago and New Haven yacht clubs, which sailed their annual regattas on Aug. 3rd, and the Quincy (Mass.) yacht club, which appointed Aug. 10th. A well-known story is told of a captain who tried to prove that Friday was not an unlucky day. He laid the keel of a new ship at Hyannis, Cape Cod, on Friday, launched

her on Friday, named her *Friday*, and set sail on Friday. Her record was made complete when she was wrecked on Friday and everybody on board lost.

Jack has many curious ideas. For instance, if the moon has sharp horns it betokens fine weather; and if it is lying on its back with both horns up bad weather is at hand. When one of Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrels, is seen near the ship, a storm is approaching, for these birds are rarely seen in fair weather. It is a forecastle notion that the petrel is so named from St. Peter, on account of its running with closed wings over the surface of the waves. This brought to mind the walking of St. Peter upon the water and, the sailors think the bird was therefore called "petrel" as a sort of diminutive of the Apostle's name. These birds have been known to follow vessels during a storm for many days, apparently with neither food nor rest, and without flapping their wings. If one of these little birds should be swept aboard in a great storm, as is frequently the case, no sailor will touch it.

The dolphin and porpoise are unwelcome to the sailor when they suddenly appear during a calm,

and, if they skip about, a severe gale is expected. If sharks follow a ship for several days it means that a death is to occur. Any one who has seen the haddock must have noticed a mark on each side of the gills. This, sailors assert, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb when he took the tribute money out of the mouth of the fish. This perhaps accounts for the belief of Scotchmen that it is the "richest" fish that was ever put on the table. The most superstitious sailors are the Scandinavians, who believe in the existence of Neck, a merman, having the head of a man and the flowing ringlets of a girl. Neck, wearing a red cap, sits upon the waves and plays upon the harp. His melody is so attractive that sailors become charmed by it, and in this way many have perished. The Norwegians are firm believers in the "kraken," a monster devil-fish whose body is over a mile long, only to be found in the deepest waters. It feeds upon fishes and devours whole schools at a time. Fishermen who have mistaken it for an island and taken refuge on its back, have been drowned in the whirlpool made by the sudden sinking of the monster.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"THANKSGIVING ANN."

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church

anthem that she used to sing somewhat in this wise;

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, don't play dar in the water, chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thanksgivin' an'—"

"Take care that bressed baby!"

Here's some gingerbread for him."

Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed, unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if 'cause a pusion's old an' colored, dey didn't owe the Lord nuffin, an' wouldn't pay it if they did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known. However, Silas, long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a

curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving Ann sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

"Wa-ll, I come up with him,—told ye I would,—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a ginorous jonation—equal to your master's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' about it a little aforehand. as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words.

.... "Wa-ll, now, I don't profess none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebby so; but don't ye think, Silas Ridgelow, dat it's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest Friend—a calk'latin' dat He'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks don't always feel right," observed Silas,

dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of the hosses shall hab 'holiness to de Lord' on 'em? I don't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks' carriages behind the hosses shall be goin' on His arrands, an' carryin', part of de time, de least of dese, His brederin'."

And she went in with her old song upon her lips.

"Thankgivin' an' de voice of melody."

But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I'se here all de time, an' sees de good clo's, an' de carrages, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de times comes, an' no prepration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; an' He can send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint *my* soul! But I loves 'em—I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."—*Kate W. Hamilton*.

New York Fifty Years Ago.

In March, 1833, a busy merchant called on me to secure my services to supply the destitute in the twelfth ward with Bibles, ten-

dering his horse and saddlebags for my use. He was vice-president of the Young Men's Bible Society, and is now well known in benevolent and financial circles. I accepted the trust, and filling the saddlebags with treasures more precious than gold, started for the assigned field, which was the whole island of Manhattan, between Fourteenth Street, King's Bridge, and the North and East Rivers. As I rode past Ninth Street a block of new buildings was noticed; then opened a broad expanse, the appearance of which will never be forgotten. Passing Fourteenth Street the nearest house was sighted, and soon reached; and the work began. The design was not mechanically to give the Bible to the destitute, but to improve the opportunity by giving such instructions as would impress the recipient with the value of the precious volume. The horse seemed to know that a good work was in progress, for I could leave him by the roadside, or in the open field, and he would patiently await my return. Days and weeks were thus pleasantly spent, till the scattered houses were all visited, and two hundred and seventy destitute families and individuals were supplied with the Bible. One day when weary, I ordered dinner at a hotel in Harlem. I found on the table a bottle of brandy, which was allowed to remain untouched, as the best way to promote temperance. No hotel proprietor would expose a bottle of brandy in that way now unless it was ordered and paid for.

From that day to this I have watched the changes in that ward. The Central Park now occupies a portion of the territory, and from the lower part have been taken four new wards, the residents of

which contribute a large proportion of the money received by benevolent organizations. Within that territory are located the Lenox Library, several hospitals, and many other institutions calculated to enlighten and bless the people.

There were then forty-eight officers and managers of the Young Men's Bible Society, eight of whom survive, viz., Wm. A. Booth, chairman of the Twelfth Ward Committee, Norman White,* F. S.

Winston, Charles A. Bulkley, John Wiley, Joseph H. Colton, James M. Halsted, and G. A. Rollins. Among the forty who have passed away are John Slosson, David Hoadley, Geo. D. Phelps, Alfred Edwards, and Wm. E. Dodge.—*L. P. Hubbard, in the New York Observer.*

President of the Young Men's Bible Society, from 1833 to 1836, and his active labors in this capacity peculiarly fitted him for his long and efficient service as Manager and Vice-President of the American Bible Society.

* Deceased, June 18th, 1883. Mr. White was

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

The last quarterly report of Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, missionary, states that during the previous three months he had preached in H., Astorp, Eskatorp, Glugstorp, and Wiken. In Helsingborg and Elsinore he visited vessels and called upon sailors. Hundreds of seamen were brought together at Wiken, and the temperance cause apparently made progress among them.

GEFLE.

In the latter part of the spring, and in the beginning of the summer season, ('83) Mr. E. ERICKSSON, sailor missionary, found a great number of vessels in harbor at G. and many sailors listened eagerly to the word of life; some were "anxious for their sins," and others rejoiced in the grace of Jesus Christ. Never before, he thinks, were there so many of the last class coming under his observation, as since the opening of this year. He adds:—

"Most of the vessels, which are loading here, take in cargoes of iron and timber for England, France and Spain. They

do this in the spring and go hence in the first part of the summer. After that there are but few vessels in the harbors. I, therefore, then go out in the country and visit the islands and the homes of the sailors. Thus I have lately visited Groson, Soderon, Twarno, Wadon, Haveron, Limon and the towns Osthhammer and Oregrund. Here God has granted me to preach the Gospel to sinners, who have listened with attention to the word.

"I have also made family visits, where I have spoken the word and lead in prayers with old sailors and with the women in their homes. Many of them are more accessible to the word than the young sailors."

STOCKHOLM.

In June, July and August, '83, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, visited, as usual, upon vessels. In company with another sailor missionary, he held meetings with sailors, speaking the word and praying. On board of an English vessel he met with Englishmen, and also Norwegian, German, Swedish and Finlandian sailors to whom, he says,—“I have testified of Jesus, and the Lord has blessed my visits among them.

"I visited on board three Norwegian vessels, where I found several believing sailors, and was much encouraged among

them to testify of Jesus. Then I visited on board Swedish vessels.

"June 23rd, I visited on an American frigate with 400 men in the ship's company. Among them I distributed tracts. I felt very happy to spread the word on an American ship. The officers were very friendly to me and the crew received my gifts with thankfulness, only one man being angry and despising the word. I was much encouraged by this visit among American sailors;—forgot that I was old and felt as if I had been young again, which we all will be when we come up to our Lord Jesus,—His name be praised!"

Denmark.

ODENSE.

The labors of Rev. F. L. RYMKER, sailor-missionary, for July, August and September included 337 visits to vessels, the sale of 30 Bibles and 28 Testaments, 706 portions of Scripture, and the distribution of 29,000 pages of tracts and other religious reading. He reports good progress as to the erection and outfit of a Sailors' Home at O., and asks for books, and for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, in connection with it.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, port missionary, in his last report says:—"The work both afloat and ashore is full of interest and encouragement. There is no lack of vessels to visit, and many opportunities offer themselves for conversation and exhortation among both officers and men.

U. S. Flag-ship Lancaster.

During the month of July the American war-ship *Lancaster* visited the Elbe and came up the river as far as Altona, and it was our privilege to go on board, taking with us suitable reading matter. We were cordially welcomed by the commanding officer and introduced to the Rev. W. F. MORRISON, chaplain of the ship, who showed us much attention, greatly assisting us in our work in distributing the tracts and books we brought with us. The men gratefully received the books, and our conversation with them, number-

ing nearly four hundred, was of an encouraging character. The chaplain is certainly doing a good work on board, and has introduced several good exercises for the moral and spiritual improvement of the crew, such as classes for instruction in various things, a Lending Library, etc. He is known to the Secretary and several friends of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of which he spoke in the highest terms, and some traces of the Society's good work I saw on board in both books and men. *In fact our visits to American vessels generally show that the Society is alive, is well known and much appreciated, and is doing good.* The Lord is honoring his servants who labor among the sailors.

The Sailors' Institute.

"Work on shore is not less interesting and important. Meetings in the Bethel are always well attended. The temperance meetings are doing their work. Visits to the Reading-room show how needful such an institution is in this city, while prayer meetings, experience meetings, and Bible readings help to remind us that there remains yet much to do for Jesus, and give new strength for the great work God has given us.

France.

MARSEILLES.

Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON, chaplain, in his last communication says:—

"I wish to express my deep sense of the Society's goodness in giving me such valuable and efficient support in my difficult mission here. Our Scripture Reader devotes from six to eight hours every day to his work among seamen. I can safely say that there is not a single British or American ship entering this port which is not visited either by the reader or myself, not unfrequently by both. Books and tracts are offered, and in the rare case where a sailor is without a Bible, he is encouraged to purchase one. The visitation of the sick in hospital and the evening service in the Home I retain in my own hands. I have paid forty-six visits to the hospital and twenty-four to the prison, during the last half year. There are on an average about seven seamen in hospital.

"The evening services are increasingly attended, and so earnest is the attention of the sailors and so great their pleasure

in them, that one only regrets that the little congregation is ever changing. One can only sow in faith and sometimes in tears."

Italy.

GENOA.

Writing October 2nd., Rev. DONALD MILLER, chaplain, says:—

"Last Sunday night when I went to the Bethel I found two British men-of-war's men among the other sailors, of whom there were about forty, I should think. Mr. JONES informed me that besides being both earnest Christians, one of them was quite able to address the meeting if I thought fit to give him an opportunity of saying a few words at the close of the service. I felt at once that every one present would be pleased to see the man-of-war's man in the pulpit, so I told him that I would be glad if he would take my place, for I was sure it would do good to all the sailors present to hear a sailor witnessing for Christ. He consented, and from the text, *Sir, we would see Jesus*, preached a most excellent sermon, not only with the earnestness of a living Christian, but with an ease and precision of diction which some trained preachers of the Gospel might well envy.

"At the close I urged all present to follow the example of him who had spoken, by witnessing for the truth, if not by preaching, by a holy and consistent life, for thus only would they give their ship-mates occasion to 'see Jesus.' After the benediction was pronounced nearly all present remained to enjoy Christian fellowship and the singing of hymns, a ship owner playing the harmonium.

"The Sunday before that we had a good meeting also. The subject of my discourse was *God or Baal*,—and when Mr. Jones asked those who then wished to decide to be on the Lord's side to hold up their hands that special prayer might be offered for them, twelve sailors did so.

"Thus the work goes on *encouragingly as seen in the Bethel*. Mr. Jones knows more than I do about the *discouragements* one meets on board the ships, and in contact with the many who 'care for none of these things.' But the Lord knows His own, and He is graciously helping us to reach them. To Him the praise.

"I understand that Mr. BAYLEY, the Episcopal clergyman here, is, this month,

to have a missionary to assist him in the harbor work, so that instead of Mr. B. crossing Mr. Jones' path twice a week, this missionary and he will be rubbing shoulders every day of the week."

From the journal of Mr. J. C. JONES, sailor missionary and colporteur, during the month of August last, we quote:—

May God Bless You !

"Monday, 6th.—Had a very nice little Gospel meeting in the evening. I felt there were those there that needed and indeed were thirsting for the Gospel in terms that they could understand and embrace, and I was not disappointed. The young sailor spoken of last night grasped my hand and with tears running down his cheeks said,—*'May God forever bless you! I have got a ship and shall leave to-morrow morning, don't forget to pray that I be kept faithful. I shall try to get home to my friends in Canada where I shall have much to put up with, for they are all Catholics.'* I exhorted him to show his Christianity in love and forbearance. A young sailor from the *Etna* said,—*'These have been two happy days for me.'* Another from the *S. S. B.*—said,—*'Christianity must be the right thing, you all seem happy, and I am sure my old mother is happy, and please God I am going to try if it is true what you say, that a man can be a Christian at sea.'*

"Never Saw Such Transformation."

"Tuesday, 21st.—The steamer *Black Watch* being released from quarantine, I visited her this morning and my reception was most cordial. I was heartily thanked for the reading matter I had sent off to beguile the weary days in quarantine. A young engineer said,—*'I am going to stay at home to pass for chief this time, and I may thank you that I am able to do so, for before I knew you I never was a penny above a beggar, but since I signed the pledge with you, I have saved fifty pounds, and what is more I have knocked off swearing and love to read my Bible.'* The mate said,—*'Our captain has been talking about you all the voyage, especially while we were in quarantine, and he heard a fellow cheer at sight of you. He never will be prejudiced against missionaries any more until he has found them out, for he never saw such a transformation in a ship in his life.'*

"Will Never Forget You."

"Thursday, 23rd.—Visited the *Black Watch* on the point of sailing. The captain said that at the request of his men another contribution to the Bethel had been made and he handed me thirty francs, or rather his wife did, saying,—"I wish it was more, yours is a noble work. I expect many a poor wife and mother have cause to thank God that ever their husbands and sons met with you, I know it is the case in this ship." A young sailor ran to me as I was going over the gangway and pressed my hand saying, "God bless you, Mr. Jones, I may never see you again as I'll try for a situation on shore, but I'll never forget you."

Busy.

"Tuesday, 28th.—I have been busily engaged the whole of this day among the steamers and have received many tokens that the work is being blessed of God,—perhaps not such tokens as the general public would feel interested in, but small signs such as would gladden a worker."

NAPLES.

In his last quarterly report, Mr. S. BURNOWES, harbor missionary, writes that in the previous three months, he had held 27 public services on board ships and at the Bethel, with a total attendance of 1,020. His visits to ships numbered 426; to hospital, 5. He distributed 2,320 tracts and books, 30 Scripture portions and Testaments, and administered 170 temperance pledges. The following excerpts give a picture of his daily work.

"April 2nd.—Visited S. S. *Trinacria*, bound for New York with emigrants; got 13 seamen to take the temperance pledge.

"April 18th.—The annual meeting of the mission was held in the Bethel. Many friends from the city were present, and the proceedings were enthusiastic. The English and American ministers were all in unity and love, and spoke encouragingly of the progress of the work in the harbor.

"May 27th.—Visited the orient ship *Cuzo* bound for Australia with many passengers, had a precious service on the deck, a boat full came to the Bethel where another meeting was held. Hundreds of tracts and little books were thankfully received.

"June 3rd.—This day, Sunday, only

one would come to morning service in the Bethel. This one, a God fearing engineer, had prayer with me; another friend came from the shore and we held our usual service. In the evening the attendance was large both from the ships and from the city.

"June 11th.—Visited K. — in hospital. He fell from a mast upon the iron deck, he had been in a good situation in Boston, went to sea, was wild, left here resolved to live a better life.

A Chosen Vessel—Temperance Work.

"June 12th.—Mr. N. — of S. S. *E.* professed faith in Christ. This friend is highly gifted, well educated, a good linguist, knows music and loves it, had been successful in reforming the crew in moral principles but up to this time he was sceptical of several religious doctrines. Mr. N. — was much stirred up the previous Sunday evening in the Bethel. The whole crew (20) were there, even the boatswain, a professed atheist, attended, and all seemed under the power of the Holy Spirit. Mr. N. — is of an old English Roman Catholic family, was educated from that church. He found out some things which he could not adhere to, and worked his way to sea, because he was discarded by his family. He is of noble principles, and will, through divine grace, make a useful worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

"The temperance movement is making rapid progress here and there is great need of it as much harm has been done through the curse of the Anglo-Saxon race,—strong drink."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

At their regular meeting, September 26th, 1883, the Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY appointed Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, pastor of the Congregational Church at Wilton, Conn., to be their chaplain for seamen at this most important station. Readers of the MAGAZINE will be interested to identify him as the writer of the autobiographical sketch with which this present number is opened, and in the light of its intensely interesting record will look with expectancy for marked good to the cause of Christ from his labors.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

In April, May and June, Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, missionary, held 106 services, afloat and ashore; visited 39 ships, paid 2 visits to the hospital and 16 to the prison. Attendance on the Mission Room religious services aggregated 1,184; visitors to the Reading Room numbered 60 officers and 868 men. The missionary

desires that a false impression, possible to be taken out of a letter printed in the MAGAZINE for May, be avoided, and therefore we say that "The Total Abstinence Society of Japan," to which reference was then made, long since gave over its work in Temperance Hall, and ceased to exist. The building is now leased by Mr. A., and is well furnished for the work done by himself and wife.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA's quarterly missionary report from the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., says:—

"We thank the LORD that some sailors have received the glad tidings of 'good news,' given evidence of accepting the truth as it is in Jesus, and borne testimony of his power to save.

Another "Saved, Body and Soul."

"Among the number of special cases at the Sailors' Home was Mr. A., late sailmaker of the British bark *Perseverance*, burned in Brooklyn in the month of July. According to his own statement he had to jump overboard to save his life. The crew were sent to the Home, during their stay here. The sailmaker was a faithful attendant on the means of grace, the result of which was manifest in his conversion to Christ. Before leaving the Home he testified as follows:—'I have every reason to thank God that I came to this Home. Since I came and have attended the meetings in the chapel, and in the little upper room, the spirit of God has entered my heart and I have become reconciled. I have been a great sinner but the Lord has forgiven me my sins. I can now go home to England and tell my dear wife that I am saved, soul and body.'

"He thanked the Lord again and again, asking us to pray for Him. In a letter lately received from him, he blessed God for his safe arrival in England, and for His goodness to him, and begs to be remembered at the throne of grace.

Conversions to Christ, Etc.

"A young Swede, who was for a long

time in the Seamen's Hospital, in attending our meetings received the message of salvation, and ever afterwards, on all occasions, gave evidence of the power of Jesus to save. A Norwegian told us that he had become a changed man before going to sea. Besides these a number of others have professed to be greatly benefited during their stay with us at the Home.

"Letters from seamen from the different parts of the world declare that the Bible is their writers' guide,—that Jesus is their best friend, that they wish they were back to attend the means of grace.

"During the past three months quite a number of men have signed the temperance pledge and become total abstainers. Meetings at the Home, though at times not largely attended, have been very spiritual. And we believe that when God shall make up His jewels many will be able to say that they were here born again.

"As usual I have visited the hospitals, vessels and boarding-houses, and through the kindness of the Society's aid have helped seamen's widows and orphans."

The report of Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, for July, August and September, '83, declares:—

Visits Welcomed.

"This last quarter I have been enabled to prosecute my labors as usual, on board of vessels (of all classes) lying on the water front between Atlantic Avenue ferry and Hamilton Avenue ferry, South Brooklyn, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front. Also on the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, Eastern District,—and on the water front between Grand Street ferry

and Stanton Street, East River, N. Y., supplying officers and seamen with religious reading, inviting them to attend religious services, or giving words of Christian counsel. To the families on board of canal-boats and barges I further gave invitation for their children to attend Sabbath school. During all these visits, with but one exception, none of the counsel, invitations or religious reading were disregarded, but on the contrary were readily and kindly received. The one exception was a Roman Catholic family: as in former visits offering the same plea,—“We have our own books to read, and our own church to attend,” although they said nothing against several illustrated religious papers, for young and old, which I had given from time to time to their children, who were delighted and carried them to the cabin where, no doubt, their parents thoughtfully perused them. In this case I believe silence gave consent for a continuation of similar distribution.

Hospitals, Etc.

“My visits to the Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, N. Y., and to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, E. D., have been the same. The religious reading, papers, SAILORS' MAGAZINES, LIFE BOATS, etc., are still read with much interest, and the scrap books donated by kind friends of seamen add greatly to the enjoyment of the patients. The books comprising the library, also given by a friend and under charge of Mr. FINLAY, steward of the Marine Hospital, are well read and cared for. In my visits here I engage frequently in words of counsel, sympathy and prayer at the bedside of the sick. Each succeeding visit shows good results, with an additional blessing to my own soul.

“In a visit to the graveyard I found, of the many graves of seamen from all parts of the world, but twelve headstones standing, with inscriptions in full, that mark the resting place of these ‘toilers of the sea.’ It was cheering to read such words as these:—‘He died in the hope of a blessed resurrection through Christ.’ A blessed sentiment:—

“To meet the eye that long hath wept,
The heart that yet doth mourn
For absent ones who long have slept
Secure from ocean's storm.”

In Boarding Houses.

“My visits to sailor boarding houses have been of the same character as those

to vessels, and have led many to the religious services held especially for seamen. After these services close, during the after-meetings, some give good evidence of having accepted the Savior.”

Rev. F. M. KIP, D. D., who has been commissioned by our Board of Trustees to visit the sick in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Stapleton, S. I., formerly the “Seamen's Retreat,” reports:—

“My work has been interesting,—increasingly so to myself,—and not without some visible benefit to those who are under my charge.

Kindly Received.

“Being without a chapel or any room where I may gather the men together for devotional services, my ministrations are confined to visits to the men in their respective wards and personal conversations with them individually. With a very few exceptions I have found them perfectly willing to listen to me, attentive and in many instances interested. To all I have given tracts and to every one who would receive them either a Bible or New Testament. These have not been refused by more than three or four. In some instances grateful acknowledgments have followed the gift. Patients are continually being discharged and others admitted. Some will remain a very few days, while others are under medical care for months. On every one, as far as possible, I urge immediate submission to Christ. What will prove to be the result of such interviews must be left to the future to reveal. We are to ‘sow beside all waters.’ In most instances I have learned that the patients have attended the Sunday-School in their boyhood, and this fact assists me in my efforts to impress truth on their minds. The average number of patients is, I think, from 80 to 90. Dr. SAWTELLE, U. S. Surgeon in charge, has in all my interviews with him been exceedingly kind and courteous.

“A few facts falling under my observation may prove of interest to you.

“From May, 1875, until the closing of the Retreat in July, 1882, I was the chaplain of the institution. During the last three months I have found among the patients several who have enjoyed my ministerial services in former years.

Led to Jesus.

"Conversing with a Swedish seaman, I asked him whether he did not wish a Testament in his native language. 'No, sir,' said he, 'I have one you gave me in 1876.' He added that the perusal of that volume had been the means of leading him to the Savior, and that for a number of months he had been indulging a hope in Christ.

"In one of the wards I found a native of Scotland, a man in middle life—of prepossessing appearance, evidently intelligent. I soon discovered that he was an inquirer for the truth, 'groping' (as he told me afterwards) for Christ." It pleased God to bless the instructions I was permitted to give him to the illumination of his mind and his salvation. His health improved, though he remained in the Hospital for several weeks and I had many subsequent opportunities for very satisfactory and gratifying conversations with him. He left during the last week purposing to follow the sea no longer, but firmly determined to serve the Lord Christ wherever his lot may be cast—grateful to God for having brought him to the Hospital and there having shown to him the path of life.

A Chapel Needed.

"Other instances of a hopeful blessing on the instructions here received might be given.—The short period of my labors has convinced me not only of the necessity of having some one here to care for the souls of the seamen, but of the hopefulness of a blessing on efforts for their conversion. Could we only have a chapel—with an organ for Sabbath services—much might be effected to the glory of God."

Oregon.**PORTLAND.**

Readers of the MAGAZINE will greatly enjoy the letter of chaplain R. S. STUBBS, dated October 10th, '83. He says:—

"We are very busy. God is blessing our efforts. Great numbers of seamen and steamboat men are at the Home; besides these we have many 'longshoremen' boarding and lodging with us. I am the recognized shipping master of the Home. We are shipping whole crews for American and English ships to the discomfiture of the sailor boarding house men and

their numerous henchmen. By misrepresentations, falsehoods, intimidations, and drugs they are combining and threatening our destruction. One of the most notorious of this class told me a few days since that 'they would make it very uncomfortable, up-hill work for me; 'they would let me see,' &c.

"Regardless of these combinations and threats the Lord prospers us, and during the past month the Home has shown a gratifying measure of prosperity. Its credit among business men is of the very best. We have also testimonials from American and British ship-masters expressive of the perfect satisfaction we have given in supplying their vessels with crews. Here is a specimen:—

"This is to certify that Mr. R. S. Stubbs, of the Mariner's Home, in Portland, has furnished and delivered my crew on board, at this place, to my entire satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend him to others.

R. S. DAVIS,

*Master of bark C. S. Hurlburt.
Astoria, Oregon, July 29th, 1883.*

"We still deeply deplore the desolations wrought among seamen at this port by the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, but we are putting forth strenuous and tireless efforts to rescue and to save our brothers of the sea from this dire curse.

At the Bethel.

"The Bethel adjoins our beautiful Home, and is connected by a covered bridge. Here we are holding five night meetings every week,—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,—and we most earnestly solicit the prayers of God's children of every name, for us and for our great field. Our meetings are generally well attended. The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are doing an excellent work at the Bethel. They hold their services every Friday evening, and many persons take the pledge and are turned to the Lord by these estimable Christian workers. In the service I am led to exclaim,—'What hath God wrought!' All praise be to God alone.

The Old Hindrances to Success.

"One of the great needs of our Homes is *confederation*, to offset *combination* on the part of the sailor-boarding-house-keepers. In this city, at Astoria, and in Tacoma, W. T., these boarding-house-keepers visit ships and ask to supply them with crews. Invariably they demand blood-money for each sailor so supplied.

If the captains suggest that they can get men from the Home without bonus, or blood-money, their reply is this:—‘If you take any of your men from the Home you cannot get any from us, nor will we allow any to be put on board from our houses *unless you discharge every man supplied by the Home.*’ In this way captains are intimidated and deterred from patronizing the Home. If under these circumstances we had Homes at Astoria, San Francisco, and Portland then in the event of a deficiency at one port, we could draw our quota of men from one another. Thus the Homes could compel respect from these sailor boarding house combinations, and even break them up.

What Sailors' Homes Mean.

‘I am firmly of the opinion that the best welfare of our commercial marine interests hinges upon the success of the one department of the great work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, viz., the establishment of Mariner's Homes in all the chief ports of the world. And I would respectfully suggest the formation of a Christian Alliance of the Seamen's Friend Societies of the world to protect all seamen's and marine interests against the world-wide combination of sailor boarding men who now fatten, and grow insolent, by the blood-money and other fees which they annually extort from ship-owners and seamen.’

Notable Correspondence.

The following is the correspondence which passed between certain gentlemen and RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., now and for years past, President of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, on the occasion of the celebration of the golden wedding of himself and Mrs. B., which took place at Bucksport, Me., September 3rd, 1883;—to which reference was made in the last issue of the MAGAZINE.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
NEW YORK, September 3rd, 1883.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President. &c.,*
Dear Sir:—

Several of your friends, who have long been associated with you in the philanthropic and Christian work over which you so honorably preside, would unite in tendering to you at this time, an expres-

sion of their high estimate of your personal worth, and of the manifold good accomplished for the class whose welfare you have assiduously labored to promote.

We specially desire to present our congratulations on the rare and happy domestic event, which through the Divine goodness and mercy, you are permitted this day to celebrate.

We would rejoice with you, and be grateful in your great joy. And believing as we do, that the practical wisdom which has characterized your administration of affairs has largely resulted from the sympathy and helpfulness of the partner of your life, we would make this ‘day of gold’ somewhat the richer to you, by declaring our conviction that the altar, where for fifty years you have together sought God's blessing, has doubtless been the source whence God's blessing has graciously come, alike on your life work and on your family home.

During the long period of your Trusteeship,—since 1861,—marked changes have occurred in the history of the Seamen's Cause, its agencies and its position. Many who have wrought for it are wearing their heavenly crowns! Many who have prayed for it are expectantly waiting the day when the King shall descend and assume His birth-right in the Empire of the Sea! But the present is its best day as yet! And our hope is that the decade of your Presidency may be extended for many years to come, even until you shall pass within ‘the golden gates’ and are seated with the loved and the saved at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Affectionately yours,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
JOHN SPAULDING,
HENRY A. HURLBUT,
EDWARD D. G. PRIME,
and others.

BUCKSPORT, Me., 20th September, 1883.
To WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., and others;
Trustees, &c., of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—
Dear Friends:

It was a very agreeable surprise to receive, on the 3rd inst., by the hand of Dr. HALL, your very kind congratulatory letter on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our ‘wedded life.’

Quite unworthy, as I feel myself to be, of all the kind wishes and thoughts there-

in so well expressed, I appreciate and value them very highly, and thank you all for the affectionate remembrance.

Coming, as this testimonial does, from such a source; from Christian men engaged as they have been with me for many years past, in the endeavor to elevate and save the sailor, the words are more precious than "silver or gold;" and while I trust I am grateful to God for His great goodness in preserving to me the partner of my youth for "half a century, I am sure I am thankful and rejoice that in the good work for the sailor, associates have been raised up so able, and with such fidelity, to prosecute the cause.

God bless you! EVERY ONE! and watch between you and me for good, until we all, through His rich grace, reach the heavenly shore, where "there shall be no more sea," and the sailor and the landsman shall unite forever in His praise!

My time on earth must be brief, which now remains;—may your useful lives long be continued to bless the world! And when each one is called, in God's own good time, to leave, may he find an "abundant entrance" into the rest that remaineth!—is the prayer of your grateful and affectionate friend and associate,

RICHARD P. BUCK.

Marine Work of the New York Bible Society.

We extract from the 59th Annual Report of this Society, issued in September '83,—DAVID S. TABER, Esq., being chairman of the Society's Marine Committee:—

"The Marine work for the past year has been as follows:—

Distribution to seamen's chapels, etc., 3,255 volumes; distribution to shipping and seamen, 14,393 volumes; distribution for foreign ports, 5,961 volumes; distribution to immigrants while on the voyage to this country, 15,297 volumes; total, 38,851 volumes.

"The following changes have been made in the performance of our work during the past year:—

"Distribution on vessels upon the Brooklyn water front, in which we have heretofore united with the Brooklyn Bible Society, is now entirely conducted by them.

"The present method of attending to immigrants at Castle Garden, by the Im-

migrant Committee, fully meeting all requirements, the work of supplying them with Bibles on the voyage to this country was discontinued in May, 1883.

Systematic district-visiting has been maintained by the agents, and on each pier. Every vessel, canal-boat, barge, lighter, or fishing schooner has received attention, and in no part of the service has there been returned a more hearty 'Thank you' than from the occupants of these smaller crafts, lying at our piers.

"The work has steadily increased, and by reference to the statistical report it will be noticed that 692 more vessels have been visited than in the previous year.

"The American Tract Society has kindly granted full supplies of tracts and papers, which have been distributed with good results,

"The following extracts from letters received by the distributing agents will illustrate the Marine work:—

"Mr. S. writes:—'I have tried to make good use of the packages of books you gave me. The Spanish people received them gladly, and I trust they may find in them the way to eternal life.'

"Mr. R. also writes:—'As you have so often put on board the vessel under my command packages of Testaments and other reading matter in Spanish, perhaps you would be interested to know how they were distributed, and with what results. I have been sailing to the port of Cienfuegos for several years, and consequently am well known there. The people are aware that your Society puts reading matter on board, and they often come or send for it.

"A lady who has a boarding and day-school sends for Testaments and Tracts, and has them read in the school and distributes them to the scholars, some of whom come from the country. I asked the lady how it was that she, being a Roman Catholic, sought for Protestant Testaments. She replied that she was brought up in the Romish faith, but as she grew older and commenced reading the books received from your Society, she first had doubts, and then became convinced that her early teaching did not suit her mind, and therefore now took every opportunity to learn more.

"Another mode of distributing is by giving packages to engineers who take off the sugar crop, they giving them to people on the sugar estates, who eagerly read them.

"I can plainly see a change in the minds of the people there in regard to

Romanism, and it is mainly brought about by reading the works which you and your co-laborers have been so constantly distributing.'

"Mr. V. writes:—'I have been employed at the Custom House at Ciudad Bolivar for two years past. The first Testament received from your Society I gave to my young brother, who took it to school, and upon showing it, his schoolmaster asked for it, and also for more if he could get them. Having obtained some from another vessel in port, I sent them to the schoolmaster. Since that date the New Testament has been the text-book used in the Doctrine and Catechism classes in that private school.

"A letter has been received from the schoolmaster thanking me for the books, and stating that there has been a marked improvement in the moral and religious instruction among the scholars since they obtained possession of the true Word of God.

"There is a continued demand for Testaments here.'

"Among the daily visits along the water front of this city we note the following experiences of our agents:—

"Mr. W. G. Jones states:—'Visited Spanish schooner *Fortuna*. The captain asked what I wanted, and I opened my collection of Bibles and Testaments. His reply was,—'You are the man I want; come with me into the cabin.' There he showed an old and well-worn Testament given him more than six years ago, when he was a sailor. He said:—'The more I read it, the more I long to know more of it, and I prize it, old and worn as it is, more than anything I have:—for in it I learned that there is only one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. I want a Bible, now that I am here, for I may never be here again, and I'll gladly pay you for one.'

"Visited Italian bark *Giovannina*. The captain said:—'I am glad to see you. I have a Bible given by you three years ago, and I read it and enjoy it. I also read it to my men, but they look upon me with horror, and two have ran away from the ship while in port because I read this Bible.'

"Mr. K. W. Kraemer, in addition to his duties at Castle Garden, states that he has supplied 174 German vessels with Testaments, which is nearly double the amount of last year, and that they have been thankfully received.

"Mr. Ernst Jackson states that, be-

sides the labors among the immigrants, he has supplied 202 Scandinavian vessels with Testaments.

"The following extracts are from his journal of visits on board vessels:—

"I am often taken for a peddler by those who have never been in this harbor before, but when I come to them with the Bible I am always welcomed. As a class they generally appreciate the Word of God, and are willing to buy Testaments as far as their means will allow.'

"On board bark *P.*—'I gave a sailor a Bible, which he promised to pay for when he could obtain money from the captain; returning to the pier a few days afterwards, the sailor had been discharged, but had left the money with the mate to find me and pay for the Bible.'

Mr. ALBERT C. ARNOLD has been engaged as the Office Agent of the Society, and now has charge of its Room in the Bible House, representing the general interests of the Society.

WE ARE PLEASED TO SEE by the *London (Eng.) Christian*, that Miss AGNES WESTON of Devonport, England, whose notable career is portrayed elsewhere in the present issue of the MAGAZINE, in addition to her other labors on behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships, now writes a monthly letter to fishermen. It will be distributed among the thousands of men engaged in the North Sea fisheries, through the agency of the Thames Church Mission.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER to the United States Secretary of War for 1880 is a huge "Pub. Doc." of 1,120 pages, just at hand from the Government Office in Washington; illustrated by maps, storm-records, etc., replete with special information of much interest and value.

MR. GEORGE T. WILLIAMS, of Boston, has our thanks for the transmission of a special collection of \$17.42, amount collected for our work on the steamer *Britannia*, in September, on the passage from Liverpool to this country.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Total arrivals..... 140
 Deposited for safe keeping..... \$1,755
 of which \$608 was sent to relatives and
 friends, \$140 was deposited in Savings Bank,
 and \$953 was returned to boarders.

Planets for November, 1883.

MERCURY is a morning star during the forepart of this month, rising on the 1st at 5h. 16m., and south of east $9^{\circ} 39'$; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 29th at 5 o'clock, being $4^{\circ} 11'$ south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 24m., and south of west $23^{\circ} 23'$; is not in conjunction with the Moon during this month.

MARS on the morning of the 1st is due south at 6h. 4m., being at this time $19^{\circ} 38'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 20th at 47m. past noon, being $7^{\circ} 31'$ north.

JUPITER on the morning of the 1st is due south at 5h. 48m., being $19^{\circ} 36'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 19th at 2h. 17m., being $5^{\circ} 47'$ north; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 21st.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 1h. 49m., being $19^{\circ} 47'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with Tauri on the 1st at midnight, being $3^{\circ} 30'$ north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 15th at 20m. past noon, being $1^{\circ} 2'$ north, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 28° and 71° south latitude; is in opposition to the Sun at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 26th; at this time it is at its greatest brilliancy.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for September,
1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hanover, Cong. ch., Dartmouth College..... \$ 15 37
 Mason, Cong. church..... 10 82
 Swanzey, Cong. church..... 6 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, schr. A. H. Edwards, Capt. Dottridge..... 2 10
 Boxford, W. P. Alcott..... 5 00
 Buckland, Mrs. Sally Gillet, of wh. \$30 for a loan lib'y, and \$780 to const. the following L. M's: George W. Hodges, Mrs. Willard Hodges,

Miss Amy M. Hodges, Miss M. Louise Hodges, Miss Fannie L. Hodges, Mrs. Laura E. Britton, Mrs. Fred. Wilcox, Levi Hodges, Miss Helen R. Hodges, Mrs. Josiah Brewer, Mrs. Charles Owen, Edward J. Merrill, Mrs. Mary E. Bigelow, Charles Merrill, Levi Smith, Dr. J. Trow, E. J. Stockwell, E. H. Leavitt, Mrs. Charles Leavitt, Mrs. J. P. Merriam, Mrs. A. F. Kendrick, Dea. Charles Howes, Mrs. A. W. Graham, L. B. Ruddock, F. Forbes, and H. L. Warfield.....

800 09

Conway, Mrs. D. Ives, for the sailors..... 1 00
 Danvers, Maple St. church..... 16 61
 Dunstable, Cong. church..... 15 75
 Florence, Cong. ch., of wh. \$30 for library..... 34 20
 Gilbertville, Cong. church..... 16 59
 Ipswich, 1st church and Society..... 16 27
 Mattapoisett, Union Meeting..... 5 00
 Northfield, Mount Hermon Miss'y Soc'y, for the Northfield Boys' Library, per Miss M. L. Hammond, Treasurer..... 20 00
 Rockland, Cong. ch., in full, to const. R. I. Lane, L. M..... 25 00
 Royalston, Cong. church..... 8 61
 Salem, Tabernacle church..... 23 78
 Sharon, Cong. ch. S. S., of wh. \$30 for a loan library..... 27 12
 South Egremont, Cong. church..... 20 00
 Southville, Cong. church..... 4 00
 Templeton, Cong. S. S., towards lib'y Wareham, V. L. Vinery, &c..... 24 68
 West Newbury, Cong. ch., of wh. J. E. Ridgeway \$30, for library..... 23 28
 Whately, Cong. church..... 8 04

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Beneficent Cong. ch. S. S., for a loan library..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, 3rd church..... 18 00
 New London, Church of Christ..... 11 06
 New Milford, Ladies' Mite Soc'y..... 10 00
 North Haven, Cong. church..... 44 86
 Norwich, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. class, No. 17, for a loan lib'y in its name..... 20 00
 Thompson Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00
 West Hartford, Mrs. Sarah W. Boswell, for library..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

New York City, R. M. Olyphant..... 20 00
 S. M. A. & Co..... 5 00
 N. L. Atwood..... 5 00
 Archibald Baxter..... 5 00
 Charles A. Buckley..... 5 00
 Hugh Auchincloss..... 5 00
 Francis Baker..... 5 00
 A. C. Hall..... 5 00
 Capt. J. B. Newcomb, of bark J. B. Newcomb, for library work..... 2 00
 Poughkeepsie, Ref. church..... 29 50
 Sing Sing, Pres. church..... 23 00

NEW JERSEY.

Beverly, Rev. R. Taylor, towards lib.. 10 00
 Newark, High St. Pres. church..... 41 45
 South Orange, 1st Pres. church..... 37 00

OHIO.

Cincinnati, Katherine Stewart, for library..... 20 00

PORTO RICO.

Arroyo, Mrs. Susan W. Lind..... 10 00

\$1,539 67



"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Who Is To Die?

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"Stand by to lower the boat!" shouted the Captain; and then he muttered, gloomily, to himself,—“It's our only chance now.”

It was, indeed. For three days the French brig *St. Pierre*, homeward bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had fought against as fierce a gale as ever swept around the stormy Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them. As Captain Picard turned round from giving his orders he found himself suddenly face to face with a pale, delicate-looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up the after-hatchway with a little boy in her arms.

Poor Madame Lachaux! she might well look worn and sad. Her husband had gone home, an invalid; her only daughter had died a few weeks before; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, Death in his worst form was hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her as gently

as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed her child convulsively in her arms.

“Ma'amselle no fear,” said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment;—“old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri too.—Monsieur Henri, come to Achilli?”

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the captain in lowering Madame Lachaux into the boat, which was fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head-foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one

danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out; and, crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:—

"Better get rid of them that can't work than of them that can, anyhow,"

"Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them," growled another. "If the boat's got to be lightened, *they're* the ones to go."

The captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille:—"you want lighten boat. Black man heavier than white lady. Suppose you swear let Madame and Monsieur Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!"

It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their mistress's hand and embracing little Henri with a quiet "Good-by, little master," plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, while the gale began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Lachaux safe in her husband's house at Lyons.

Three months later madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea-air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than hot, dusty Lyons. The child and his mother (this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux himself) were sitting on a bench under the trees of the

boulevard facing the harbor, when the lady's attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

"And now that they *are* here," said he, as if finishing a story, "I don't know what to do with them, for they don't even know where their mistress lives."

"Where did you say you picked them up?" asked his companion.

"A bit to the south-west of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Senegal negroes I offered to put 'em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistress, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they're to find her, I can't think, for they know nothing except that her name's Madame Lachaux."

"And here she is," broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful negroes (thus rescued as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their "little Monsieur Henri" with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.—*Harper's Young People.*

Boys Wanted.

What kind of boys are wanted in stores, counting rooms and offices to take the place, in time, of the merchants and shipmasters who are so active to-day? Let me tell you a few of the traits needed.

First, boys that know how to obey orders. It is said that the famous General Havelock set out for a walk in London one morning, taking with him his son Henry, about twelve years old. On his return his wife exclaimed:

"General, where is Henry?"

"I left him on Thames bridge this morning, telling him to await my return," he replied.

Hurrying back to the bridge the boy was found walking up and down, up and down, waiting as he had been told. All the long day the boys had jeered at him, called him names, pointed at him, and now, touching his hat to his father, he was ready for home.

During a famous battle between the French and English the British commander gave orders to an officer, with his regiment, to guard a certain bridge and remain there till ordered to march. The battle raged fiercely, now one army retreating, and then the other forced back, till the officer could wait no longer, but gave orders to "march," and joined in the thickest of the fight. He was brave and did good service, but Napoleon crossed that bridge and escaped. After the battle the commander called the officer into his presence, and breaking his sword, stripping him of his honor, disgraced him. Severe, was it? He should have remained upon the bridge till the timbers fell into the river, unless ordered away. The kind of boys needed must learn to obey.

Secondly, boys must be able to say "No," and mean it. Nine out of ten boys who fail to rise in the world lack the will-power to brave a sneer and to resist temptation.

In the third place, boys need help. They ought to be Christians, and not fear to let their companions know it. Twenty years ago a boy in Boston had a good situation, with excellent prospects, but gave it up because he would not do wrong to please his employer, though there were several dependent upon him at home. He was desirous of pleasing the merchant, but he served and trusted in a better Master. To-day he is respected and wealthy, and occupies several positions of honor.

Boys are needed everywhere who are prompt, honest, faithful Christians. All such will find favor here and a crown hereafter.—*Congregationalist*.

Luther's Cradle Song.

The following Hymn, composed by Martin Luther for his children, is still sung by many of the German mothers to their little ones.

Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
To watch lullaby.

Which Was the Fool?

There was once a certain lord, who,—as a great man did in the old days,—kept a fool in his house to amuse by jests and antics. His master gave this fool a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with some one who was a greater fool than himself, and if he met with such a one to deliver it over to him. Not many years after his lord was on his sick-bed. His fool came to see him, and was told by the dying master that he must shortly leave him.

"And whither dost thou propose to go?" said the fool.

"Into another world," replied the lord.

"And wilt thou come back again within a month?"

"No."

"Within a year?"

"No."

"When, then?"

"Never."

"Never? And what provision hast thou made concerning thy entertainment in the place whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"What!" said the fool; "none at all? Then take my staff. Art thou going away forever and yet has made no preparation for the journey? I am not guilty of such a folly as that."

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During September, 1883, fifty-four loan libraries, twenty-two new and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,784-7,798, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,881,-7,887, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,451.	No. 5,076.	No. 5,783.	No. 6,637.	No. 6,864.	No. 7,074.	No. 7,807.	No. 7,494.
" 4,437.	" 5,153.	" 6,033.	" 6,789.	" 6,900.	" 7,124.	" 7,894.	" 7,561.
" 4,511.	" 5,183.	" 6,161.	" 6,834.	" 6,978.	" 7,237.	" 7,496.	" 7,602.
" 4,623.	" 5,330.	" 6,411.	" 6,857.	" 7,000.	" 7,267.	" 7,480.	" 7,820.

An Anecdote of Dean Stanley.

About three years ago, on Whit-Monday—one of those occasions when the Dean delighted to mingle with the groups in the Abbey, drawing their attention to points of interest and beauty that might have been missed by working-men, or explaining the history of particular monuments—a woman and her two children, boy and girl, were lingering round Henry the Seventh's Chapel. They were not exactly belonging to the artisan class, but poor, evidently, and with an air of struggling respectability. As they chanced to come near the Dean, who had been talking to others, the woman timidly asked him if it was "true that some little princes were buried in the Abbey." Immediately he took them to the Chapel where are deposited the remains of the two princes murdered in the Tower, and spent some little time talking to the children, especially asking if they were learning English history at school, upon which the mother answered with pride, pointing to the boy:—"Oh, yes, he learns his lessons, and he is going to be a preacher!"

The quick sympathy of Dean Stanley was roused at once, and with that enthusiasm which kindles young minds and is never lost upon children, he said:—"Then he ought to see John Wesley's monument—come with me." We followed him to the aisle where the monument is placed, one of many others added during Dean Stanley's time, and there he pointed out, to the small, white-faced boy of twelve years old or so, the image of the man he was to emulate, and spoke of the goodness, earnestness, and zeal of Wesley. Surely the enthusiasm with which it was done, shown in voice and manner, can never be forgotten by those children, and was as characteristic of the man we mourn, as was the quickness of his unfailing sympathy.

—*London Spectator.*

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
 U. S. A.



Vol. 55,

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 12.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

BOOKS, OLD AND NEW, RELATING TO 'THE PACIFIC'
ISLANDS.

II.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND
SOCIETY'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, H. I.

The Memoir of Henry Obookiah.

This is a very small volume, published by the American Tract Society. When I was a lad, between 1820 and 1830, it was very much read by Sabbath school boys and girls, but I fancy it is read but little in our modern times. It is, however, worthy of a thoughtful perusal by any one who wishes to understand and appreciate what God has done in the way of evangelizing the Hawaiian Islands.

The subject of the memoir was a heathen lad trained up to become a priest of heathenism. Like multitudes of Hawaiian boys he thought it would be delightful to leave his native islands and go to America, where the great ships

came from. So when one of these ships touched at Kealakekua Bay, on the Island of Hawaii, he asked the captain to take him to America. Before leaving his native island he planted two coconut seeds, which grew, and are now waving in stately and beautiful grandeur in the Bay and may be seen by every visitor. They stand near the spot where Capt. Cook was killed.

Time rolled on and in a few months Obookiah, after visiting China, went to America, landing in New York. His captain, living in New Haven, Conn., took him with him; then follows his meeting Mr. DWIGHT and Mr. MILLS; his going to Torrington and being educated at the Cornwall Mis-

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sion School, and subsequently traveling over New England. The happy result was that Obookiah was the agent whom God employed to awaken an interest in the cause of Foreign Missions, and the establishment of American Christian Missions in his native islands. He died and was buried at Cornwall, Conn. The visitor to the cemetery in that quiet country town may read the following epitaph:—

"In memory of HENRY OBOOKIAH, a native of Owyhee. His arrival in this country gave rise to the Foreign Mission School, of which he was a worthy member. He was once an idolater, and was designed for a pagan priest; but by the grace of God, and by the prayers and instructions of pious friends, he became a Christian. He was eminent for piety and missionary zeal. When almost prepared to return to his native isle to preach the Gospel, God took him to Himself. In his last sickness he wept and prayed for Owyhee, but was submissive. He died without fear, with a heavenly smile on his countenance and glory in his soul, February 17th, 1818, aged 26."

There was another Hawaiian lad who went with Obookiah to America. His name was *Tennoe*. After spending fifty years and more in wandering over the world, he finally returned to his native island of Oahu, and it was my privilege to officiate at his funeral in 1864. Of him I wrote and published the following obituary notice, in the *Friend*, for February of that year:

"TENNOE, ALIAS KANUI.—Died at Queen's Hospital, January 15th, 1864, William Kanui, aged about 66 years. The early life of the deceased was so intimately connected with the effort to establish Christianity upon the Sandwich Islands, that it merits more than a passing notice. He was born on the Island of Oahu, about the close of the last century. His father belonging to the party of a defeated chief, fled with his son to Waimea, Kauai. While there, an American merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Brintnall, touched for supplies. The ves-

sel had previously touched at Kealakekua, and while there the master took on board two young men whose subsequent history was remarkable. They were Obookiah and Thomas Ilopu. At Waimea they were joined by William Kanui. These three youths Capt. Brintnall took to America. Soon after arrival they attracted the attention of the friends of foreign missions, and when the mission school was opened at Cornwall, Conn., they were received as pupils, with another Hawaiian, George Kamaulii, son of the King or Governor of Kauai. Obookiah died in America, but the three others came out in the brig *Thaddeus* with the first company of missionaries.

"Kanui, or Tennoe, as his name was originally written, early fell under the censure of the Church, but was subsequently restored. In 1848, when the gold excitement arose, he went to California, where he remained until about four months ago. He was successful in gold digging, but lost all, or about \$6,000, by the failure of Page, Bacon & Co., of San Francisco. During the last few years he has labored in San Francisco, and was connected with the Bethel church of that city under the charge of Rev. Mr. Rowell. Much more might be written respecting his career, but for the present we would merely add that he departed this life leaving the most substantial and gratifying evidence that he was prepared to die. His views were remarkably clear and satisfactory. Christ was his only hope, and Heaven the only desire of his heart. It was peculiarly gratifying to sit beside his bedside and hear him recount the 'wonderful ways' in which God had led him. He cherished a most lively sense of gratitude toward all those kind friends in America who provided for his education when a poor heathen stranger in a foreign land. The names of Cornelius, Mills, Beecher, Daggett, Prentice, Griffin and others were frequently upon his lips, and often mentioned with a glow of grateful emotion. At some future time we intend preparing a more extended notice of the Hawaiian youths educated at the Cornwall school."

The next year after Obookiah's death the first company of missionaries sailed from Boston, and in the autumn of 1822 the second company sailed from New Haven. The youthful and enthusiastic poet, William B. Tappan, wrote

the hymn to be sung at the embarkation of the missionaries from New Haven. This opens with the stanza,—

"Wake! Isles of the South! Your redemption is near,—

No longer repose in the borders of gloom,
The strength of His chosen in love shall appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb."

The last stanza reads as follows:—

"And thou, Obookiah, now sainted above,
Wilt rejoice as the heralds their mission disclose,

And the prayer will be heard, that the land
thou didst love

May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose."

Missionary Life among the Cannibals; being the Life of the Rev. John Geddie, D. D., first missionary to the New Hebrides; with a history of the Nova Scotia Presbyterian Mission on that group, by Rev. George Patterson, D. D. Toronto, James Cambell & Son, &c., &c., 1882.

This is a copy of the title page of a volume of 512 pages. It was a present to me from the Rev. Dr. Steel, Presbyterian minister in Sydney, N. S. W., who has also written an interesting and instructive volume, entitled *The New Hebrides and Christian Missions*. The latter is a book of 485 pages, published by James Nisbet & Co. of London, 1880. From the two volumes much valuable information may be gathered about missions in the South Sea.

Dr. Geddie's life shows how much can be accomplished by a man of average ability and indomitable Scotch energy and perseverance. Think of a parish parson, quietly settled over a Nova Scotian charge, with his growing family around him, usefully engaged in ministerial duties, and beloved by his people,—feeling that

God had called him to preach the Gospel in the far away islands of the South Seas, and on a group of islands inhabited by savage Cannibals.

Making the necessary arrangements to leave his beloved flock, the question arises, but how is he to find his way thither? He takes his family to Boston, thence around Cape Horn, arriving in Honolulu, as reported in the *Friend*, for July 29th, 1847. He preaches in my pulpit and visits other ports of our islands, but how is he to find a passage to the New Hebrides? In those years we had no palatial Australian steamers traversing the broad Pacific. After remaining here two months, I was able to secure for him and his family a gratuitous passage on board the American whaleship *Crescent*, Capt. Westfall, belonging to Sag Harbor. The captain took them to the Samoan Islands, and after other delays the new missionary finally found a home on Aneityum, the most southern island on the New Hebrides group. If any readers of the *MAGAZINE* desire to learn what Dr. Geddie and family suffered, endured, accomplished and enjoyed during the long period of their residence there, I would commend his life to their reading. On a tablet behind the pulpit in the church at Anelcauhat, on the island of Aneityum, is an inscription in the native language, of which the following is a copy:—

In memory of John Geddie, D. D., born in Scotland in 1815, minister in Prince Edward Island seven years, missionary sent from Nova Scotia at Anelcauhat, Aneityum, for twenty-four years. He labored amidst many trials for the good of the people, taught many to read, many to work and some to be teachers. He was esteemed by the

natives, beloved by his fellow-laborer, the Rev. JOHN INGLIS, and honored by the missionaries in the New Hebrides and by the churches. WHEN HE LANDED, IN 1848, THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS HERE, AND WHEN HE LEFT, IN 1872, THERE WERE NO HEATHENS. *He died in the Lord, in Australia, 1872. 1 Thessalonians, i, 5.*

I will merely add that among his many labors was the complete translation of the Bible into the language of the Aneitymese.

In view of labors like these, and other missionaries, who have gone to the South Seas, Africa and other parts of the heathen world, I am not surprised at the following words from the late CHARLES HODGE, D. D., of Princeton, N. J., quoted on the title page of Dr. Geddie's life:—"What I have

done is as nothing compared with what is done by a man who goes to Africa (or South Seas) and labors among a heathen tribe, and reduces their language to writing. I am not worthy to stoop down and loose the shoes of such a man."

Pastors of churches sometimes complain that they cannot find materials to make their monthly concerts interesting. I cannot see how this can be when the materials are so abundant, scattered through the pages of the history of missions, the memoirs of missionaries, and in view of the success attending the missionary enterprise, as published in our missionary monthlies and weekly religious newspapers. These, when properly condensed, form a continuation of the "Acts of the Apostles," as written by Luke.

From the New Haven, Conn., Gospel Union News, Oct., 1883.

THE SEAMEN'S BETHEL.

About twenty-five years ago an English vessel was lying in our harbor waiting for fair weather. One of the crew, an elderly man, came ashore to purchase a Bible with large print. He chanced to make the enquiry of a store-keeper in the presence and hearing of a lady. She became interested in the man, and endeavored to find for him a copy of the treasured volume such as he desired. In her search for the book she became convinced that there was a great deal of sympathy existing among the people of the city for the sailors, and this sympathy found expression in the most practical way, for soon after this little event a meeting was held at the First Baptist Church, and the subject of beginning a work among the sailors was discussed. The re-

sponse was so quick and hearty that nearly all present were surprised. The first contribution was made at that time, and came from a little girl who gave the sum of *three cents*. Previous to this time persons interested in work for the seamen had sent their contributions to New York, to the Port Society. Immediately an organization, called the Seamen's Friend Society, was formed. Every church in the city sent a delegate and there was soon several hundred dollars in the treasury, which shortly after was increased to one thousand dollars, the proceeds of a Fair held in the old State House. A Sailors' Home was opened near Custom House Square, and a Sunday-school organized, which, with a free reading-room, accomplished very much good in the months

which followed. Faithfully and lovingly the good ladies worked there, and no one knows the benefit and blessing their work was to many during those days. The great difficulty, however, was the lack of a suitable person who could give his entire time to the work. A missionary was greatly needed, who, coming from the very class which was to be reached, would devote his energies to the salvation of these "toilers of the sea." For the lack of such a man the society failed to do the best work. The funds were sufficient and the interest great, but without the man the work must cease. Such was the condition of things that soon after the house was sold, and special work among the sailors stopped. The funds coming from the sale of the property were invested, but little more was done for some time. The society gradually dissolved, but a few ladies continued to disburse the three dollars interest money, each week, in the purchase of books and papers which they put on board vessels, waiting and praying for the time when there should be begun again the much-needed work. On a cold winter evening in 1879 a prayer-meeting was held in a private house in the western part of the city. Only a few persons were present, but among the number was a young man who some time before had left his quiet farmhouse in New Hampshire for a seafaring life. A word had brought him to the meeting, and before it was over he rose, and in quiet tones said:—"I have made up my mind to begin the Christian life." This was all he said, but not all he *did*. In a few days he went to sea again and his influence was felt among his old comrades, for he became a power

for good. Coming back to New Haven he brought his shipmates with him to these meetings. The ladies of the society, in the meantime, recognized in this young man the answer to their prayers, in some measure at least, and persuaded him to begin the work at once; he did so on the 5th of April, with some reluctance, however, questioning his suitability. At first the work was the distribution of books and papers from ship to ship, and inviting the crews to church and prayer-meetings. His salary was small, but he loved the work and kept at it. When July came he had succeeded in establishing a reading-room on East Water street, and soon after held meetings there, especially for the sailors. But few found their way there at first, though the time soon came when every meeting was full and crowded. The old saw-mill was fitted up for the meetings, and soon became too small, and Mr. Thrasher was now convinced that a building adapted to their needs must be erected and set apart for the sailors. He immediately began work for this object; many appeals were made by him, generally personal, and he was soon rejoicing in such substantial encouragement that the building was begun and completed. When dedicated there remained a debt of twelve hundred dollars. In ten days Mr. Thrasher had raised the entire amount, and today the building, with the land on which it stands, is free from all encumbrance. It contains a chapel capable of seating two hundred and fifty persons; a reading-room well supplied with good reading matter, beside offices for superintendent and janitor, Writing materials are freely supplied to all who need them; in fact, all

the appointments are calculated to insure to the seamen profitable and happy days of rest, if they will but take advantage of them. During all this time the work had been carried forward with great success, until the superintendent discovered that his labor had affected his health somewhat and he thought it wise to resign, which he did December, 1882, but at a meeting of the society in January the following letter was sent to him:—

“NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
January 18th, 1883.

“MR. THRASHER. *Dear Sir*:—
At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held at the close of the monthly meeting, the officers of this society expressed their sincere desire that you should be most earnestly urged to reconsider the decision so unlooked for and deeply regretted by them, of severing your relation to the society, and withdrawing from the position so efficiently filled by yourself during the past few years. Will you have the kindness to communicate to me as early as possible the result of this request, which we trust will be favorable.

“In behalf of the Executive Committee,

S. A. BOOTH, *Sec'y.*”

Mr. Thrasher decided to continue in his work as superintendent, without salary, if an assistant could be procured who would attend to the details of the work. In the meantime his health improved, and the seamen needing the attention as always, he again took charge of the work in all its departments, resuming his position September 1st, 1883, and never was the work more called for or the outlook more hopeful than at the present time. Prob-

ably but few people understand the value of Christian work for the sailors. Noble, generous, brave-hearted men they are! their very generosity and big-heartedness carrying them into all kinds of reckless, extravagant amusements on shore after the toil, monotony and privation of the voyage. Long weeks and months they sometimes are away from home and humanizing society: thrown more than often among the degrading influences of heathen and lawless nations, who can wonder that they drift away from the early home training, which in the case of many has been careful and prayerful! No class of men need the Gospel more than they do, or appreciate it more when they have it. It turns their reckless daring into true bravery and courage in time of peril, and the warm, generous impulses which made him a jolly good fellow and a spendthrift, make him a lover of mankind and a giver of the great good he has himself received. And how far his good influence extends! To every country and every clime, wherever a ship can sail, so far can he carry the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

If our good people could hear the heartfelt testimonies given from time to time at Mr. Thrasher's meetings, or read the letters he is constantly receiving from men who have been benefited for time and eternity, they would surely appreciate this splendid work, which is becoming better known every day.

As a matter of local interest, nothing appeals more to the generosity of our citizens than this work. The Custom House report for one year shows that 6,551 vessels entered this harbor. The value of the merchandise they

carried was nearly \$171,000.000. The number of men who yearly come to our port, manning these vessels, is from 18,000 to 20,000; besides the men regularly employed upon our steamboats, and it is a *fact* that to preach the Gospel to these thousands, besides caring for them in other ways, costs less than *twelve hundred dollars* a year. Every one must see then that among all our charities this appeals with the greatest force to those who rejoice in doing good.

Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Luman Cowles, or to any member of the Advisory Committee, who are:—Judge Hollister, F. W. Pardee, and Henry Alling, or a letter to the Superintendent of the Seamen's Bethel will receive attention.

The services at the Bethel, 92 Water street are held: Sunday, at 3 p. m.. Thursday, at 8 p. m.; and a temperance meeting Sunday or Friday evening. All are cordially invited.

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

EXPLOITS OF THE SAVANNAH, AND HER RECEPTION IN ENGLAND
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The *Savannah* was the first ocean steamship, and she first crossed the water in 1819. This vessel—pronounced a myth by Mr. Woodcroft in his work on "Steam Navigation," and regarding which the *London Illustrated Times* for January 16th, 1858, says, it "is forced into the belief it was a mere afterthought of the Americans," and claiming that the *Rob Roy*, a British steam packet between Glasgow and Belfast, was the first sea-going steamer—can easily be shown was no myth, but a *bona fide* sea-going steamer, and that by the aid of sails and steam she made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-five days, in 1819.

In Turner's "Book of Dates," a large 8vo. volume published by Blackwood, London, it is recorded, "June 15, 1819, arrival, at Liverpool, the steamship *Savannah*, the first passage across the Atlantic by steam."

The *Savannah* was built at Corlear's Hook, New York, by Crocker & Fickett. She was 380 tons burden and was launched on the 22nd of August, 1818, and built

to ply between New York and Liverpool as a sailing packet. About the time of her launch Captain Moses Rogers, then of Savannah, Georgia, suggested to Messrs. Dunning, Scarborough, O. Sturges, B. Burroughs, J. P. Henry, Berna McKinna, and others of that city, the idea of constructing a steamer for plying between Savannah and Liverpool. They accordingly purchased this ship, just launched at Corlear's Hook, and well adapted for the purpose, and named her the *Savannah*. They allowed the rigging and other appurtenances for sailing to remain, and supplied her with machinery and paddle wheels, the latter constructed to fold up like a fan, and laid upon the deck when not in use, her shaft having also a joint for that purpose. The wheel house was made of canvas extended on an iron rim. She made a trial voyage to Savannah in April, 1819, and arrived there from New York in seven days, after a boisterous passage, during which she had several times to take in her wheels and rely upon her sails.

This trial trip left no doubt that the *Savannah* would successfully accomplish the object for which she was purchased, and she sailed from Savannah for Liverpool, May 26th, 1819. The New York papers of the 2nd of June notice her having been spoken at sea, all well. The log book of the *Plato*, which arrived at Baltimore from Bremen, contains the following passage:—"June 2nd, 1819; clear weather, smooth sea, latitude 42°, longitude 50°. Spoke and passed the elegant steamship, eight days out from Savannah to Petersburg, by way of Liverpool. She passed us at a rate of nine or ten knots, and the Captain informed us she worked remarkably well, and the greatest compliment we could bestow was to give her three cheers, as the happiest effort of mechanical genius that ever appeared on the Western ocean."

Niles' New York *Register*, for the 21st of August, contains the following paragraph italicised at the head of its column of foreign news:—"The steamship *Savannah*, Captain Moses Rogers, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool in twenty-five days from Savannah, all well, to the great astonishment of the people of that place. She worked her engine eighteen days." It is stated that on the *Savannah's* approach to Liverpool with sails furled and American colors flying, the piers were thronged by thousands, who greeted her arrival with the most vociferous cheers, and before she anchored her decks were so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty the crew could move about in the performance of their duty.

The next record of her movements is that she sailed in August for St. Petersburg, passing Elsin-

ore on the 13th, and that the British "wisely supposed her visit to be somehow connected with the ambitious views of the United States."

She returned to Savannah in November, 1819, after a passage of 53 days from St. Petersburg via Copenhagen and Arendahl in Norway, all well; in the language of Captain Rogers,—“with neither a screw, or bolt, or rope yarn parted, though she encountered a very heavy gale in the North Sea.” She left Savannah for Washington on the 4th of November, and lost her boats off Cape Hatteras.

But for the war of 1812 the *Savannah* would have been anticipated in her ocean voyage by a larger and superior vessel, built by a company for the Russian Government. This vessel, the *Emperor Alexander*, was nearly ready for sea when her departure was prevented by the declaration of war, in June, 1812. Under the name of the *Connecticut* she was known upon the waters of Long Island Sound, and later in her history was a weekly packet between Portland, Maine, and Boston, Mass.

Captain Stevens Rogers, under date of New London, Conn., May 2nd, 1856, swears that he is aged 68 years; that he was sailing master of the steamer *Savannah* on her trip to Liverpool, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc. He says:—

“We sailed from Savannah for Liverpool on the 26th of May, 1819. Moses Rogers, my brother-in-law, was master and engineer. I was sailing master, and Mr. Blackman was third officer. We made the port of Liverpool twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen of the twenty-two under steam. The only reason why the whole voyage was not performed

by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear the Admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing we were on fire. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena. From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from thence to Stockholm. At both places she excited great curiosity; at the latter place she was visited by the royal family, Mr. Hughes (our Minister) and Lord Lyndock. Lord L. went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas. He held his watch and noted the time, fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed:—"I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man I'd go there myself." The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel, and presented Capt. Rogers with two iron chairs, one of which is now in the garden of Mr. Dunning, at Savannah."—*American Ship*.

"No More Sea."

St. John in Revelation xxi. 1, says that he "saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and that there was *no more sea*." It has been somewhat difficult to explain the latter part of this passage.

A very probable explanation arises from the peculiar situation of the aged apostle at the time this record was penned. He had been banished to the isle of Patmos, and was then living amidst the solitude and desolateness of

his banishment. The mighty sea rolled at his feet. It was this sea which lay between him and the home where his affections were centered, where his labors for his divine Master had been performed, and his victories for Him achieved, and to which his thoughts constantly turned. No wonder that as he reflected on his banishment, the separating sea, and the far off home, his thoughts dwelt on the "new heaven and the new earth," remembering with joy that there would be no partings, no sundering of fond ties, no seas of separation there, to withhold him from the objects of his affection and desire.

But does not this language seem also prophetic in a literal sense? Does not the allusion suggest the possible great changes in the structure of this globe, by which in its history, or in its reconstructed state, there shall literally be "no sea."

It appears to be a theory supported by the investigations of the geologist, that amidst the elevations and depressions going on in the surface of the earth, the elevations are gradually gaining upon the depressions, and that the sea is slowly disappearing. If this theory is correct, and the present tendency in such processes of nature continues, may not the time come in the history of this globe when the sea will literally cease to exist, and the whole earth be occupied by man, or by the redeemed of the Lord, and the "whole earth filled with the glory of the Lord"? And may not this be one of those many passages in the sacred Word, which, by stating scientific facts far beyond the knowledge of the sacred penman, or of the age in which he lived, prove that the revelation made comes from God?

For the Sailors' Magazine.

MY VISITORS FROM HEAVEN.

Written for an Orphan Cousin at North Tarrytown, N. Y.,

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

The shadows of my dear departed ones
 Do come to me within my lonely room:
 They sit with me, while swift the hour-glass runs
 Its hours,—those silent footsteps towards the tomb.

They speak to me; and I have ears to hear,
 But cannot hear them speak with their old voice,
 But as the soul hears words of holy cheer,
 So do I hear them speaking, and rejoice.

They lead me forth, from present place and wo,
 Along the pathway to the dear bright past,
 To that loved home where we dwelt long ago.
 Among the joys which could not always last.

And here we are again!—in this dear place,—
 We all: we meet, and greet each other, once again,
 But oh! I cannot clasp them, and embrace,
 And kiss them with my lips, as I kissed then.

Across the street the church stands bright, to-day,—
 The open door to their celestial home,—
 Through which they passed;—Oh, is it far away?
 “*Not far!*” they whisper; and they bid me,—“*Come!*”

My brother, only brother Charles, so young, so bright
 With hope, and that which made his hope so strong,—
 His sun went down ere it had reached its height,
 His youthful voice was tuned to angels' song.

My father, purified by suffering years,
 Succumbed at last, and, yielding in the strife,
 With sudden bound, passed from this world of tears
 To join the son he loved as his own life.

And last, my mother! Oh, my mother, dear!
 How could I live and have thee far away!
 Thou art not far away, but always near,—
 Within my heart, my mother! night and day.

They joined their loved ones, with the sweet “*All hail!*”
 Who passed from the old homestead, high and fair,
 Which overlooked the river and the vail,
 To Home beyond; and now they all are there.

Both *there* and *here*! Do I not know, and see,
 And feel them by me, while I watch and wait?
 And they are waiting too,—they wait for me,
 Till He shall call, who keeps the Homestead Gate!

November, 1883.

On Alcohol.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jail, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, and manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your

jails, supplies almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for the scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the father of all crimes; the mother of all abominations: the curse of curses; the Devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—*Robert G. Ingersoll, before the Supreme Court of Illinois.*

The Scripture Roll at Sea.

My Dear Sir:—I must ask your pardon for my apparent indifference to your kindness in not long before this acknowledging the letter enclosed in the grant of "Seamen's Rolls," etc., you so kindly sent me. This was the cause: the parcel was placed on a shelf, and only partially opened, sufficient to take out as required, so that it was only to-day your letter of November 4th, 1882, came to hand, and which I hasten to acknowledge. One good thing, however, has happened by the delay. It has given time for your labor of love to bring forth fruit. Visiting a collier brig, where one of the seamen's rolls hang in the cabin, the captain said to me, "you see the roll you gave us last voyage, Mr. C., they're grand things, sir. I fully expected going home last time, when we were caught with that awful gale, that we had seen all our days,—the ship was on her beam-ends, the coals having shifted, and the boats were smashed to pieces, and night coming on. Going below for a few minutes, my eye rested on the text for the day (8th). "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," etc., and he repeated it through. 'Do you know, sir, it came to me like an angel's voice, and I seemed to feel sure that the Lord would spare us somehow. And when I went on deck again I said, 'keep a good heart, my lads, God is as good as His word, He will pull us through this trouble if we will only trust him.' After this we set a handful of canvas, and got her on the other tack, and the wind fairly blew her upright; then we sounded the pump, and there was 5 ft. 6 in. of water in the hold. We must now pump, lads, for our

lives, I said, or she'll sink under us, poor thing—God is good. And to my astonishment I repeated the whole text to them, but I don't recollect learning it. Then little Bill said, "Let us strike up 'Pull for the shore, brother,'" and so they did; they pumped and sung one hymn after another from five p.m. till eight o'clock next morning, when we sighted a Lowestoft lugger-fishing boat. I hoisted the Union down, and he was soon alongside in his boat. This gave my crew fresh heart, and again we went to the pumps, singing Sankey's hymns. This extra help allowed two and two to go below and get a pint of coffee and a bite to eat, and they sorely needed it, sir—wet through, and chaffed raw under the arms with pumping for thirteen hours. And while ye're feeding, lads, keep your eye on the text; and I believe they did, and got fresh comfort and strength from it, etc. It's a grand thing, sir, to have the Word of God a-staring ye in the face at any time, but especially so in a time like that.' This is one simple instance of the power of the Word. There are others I could give you if at any time required.—I remain, dear sir, yours most respectfully, M. J. C."—*Chart and Compass, August, 1883.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury and a French Sailor.

"Some time ago," said the Archbishop, in an address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, last May, in London, Eng., "I was staying in a French village, and made acquaintance with an old sailor. He was plainly a devout Roman Catholic, though I never spoke to him about it, but when

the time of my going away came near, he asked me whether I would leave him some remembrance of my little chats with him. He said in a way that rather startled me, though I am not very sure that he did not do it rather to please me, 'Will you give me a French Bible?' I said, 'Have you not got one?' 'No,' he said, 'I never had one.' There was plenty of time, and I thought I might be doing him much real service, in case he was asking for it to flatter me, if I were to wait a bit and let him ask once or twice. I then wrote to England for a French Bible. The time of my going away was very near. I was surprised at

what he did; he took hold of my hand, and he buried the Bible in his blue shirt so that no one could see that he had it. I said, 'What are you going to do with it?' and he said, 'I shall read it to my children.' I said, 'Do you gather your children together every night before going to bed?' 'Yes,' he said, 'before going to bed they come every night around the table, and I say prayers for them, but now I shall be able to read to them a little bit out of this book.' (Cheers.) Can any one urge that I should have had under the circumstances, a right to withdraw from that man that book?" (Cheers.)

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Coast, N. A.

ESQUIMAUX BAY AND BONNE ESPERANCE
HARBOR.

Rev. GEORGE ROGER, sailor-missionary, writing October 15th, '83, reports:—

"On our arrival here from England in 1882, we soon found ourselves in our winter station in Esquimaux Bay where about sixty souls resided. There, during a long and severe winter (1882-3), religious services were regularly conducted, and were well attended by people living in our own settlement. We had, also, generally, representatives from other settlements. We cannot say that we had many conversions, yet we do believe that God was in our midst, strengthening and confirming His own in the faith and gradually leading others into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. In many difficulties we tried to extend our influence to other settlements near us, as well as to settlements far along the coast, by visiting from house to house, by the distribution of religious papers, and by holding meetings where a few houses

were near each other. In our own settlement a day school was regularly kept for children. This branch of the work was conducted by Miss CORBIE, who endeavored to help the children spiritually as well as intellectually. Weekly meetings were conducted by Mrs. ROGER, for women. The greater number of those attending took part, by leading in prayer.

At Bonne Esperance.

"In the beginning of summer (1883) as fishing was likely to be a failure, fishermen were much disheartened and moved about from place to place, consequently they were not easy to be reached so as to benefit them. However, people about us and such as come to our harbor, in vessels, generally met with us. As the summer wore on, fishing became better: then more vessels were anchored in our harbor, so that on Sundays our little church, which holds about two hundred people, was filled. Some of the fishermen took part with much spirit in leading devotions in our prayer meetings.

"Vessels in harbor have been visited weekly, when papers for Sunday reading

have been left on each, and they were received with thankfulness. Often when thus visiting vessels we had opportunities to speak a word for the Master. Not only have we tried to benefit fishermen spiritually, but also in cases of sickness have rendered what help we could by advice and medicines which we keep in store for that purpose.

"Other ports than our own have also been visited by us, where meetings have been held, visitations made, and papers, etc., given away. We believe that there is much need of mission work being carried on here. Although during the winter the people are few and far between, yet hundreds can be reached during the winter season, and thousands during the summer when fishing is going on,—who would otherwise be left nearly altogether without religious teachers. We wish to reach as many as possible during both summer and winter. So we would be glad to be remembered in prayer by Christian friends."

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In July, August and September, 1883, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT labored among seamen and preached in the vicinity of H., twice each Sabbath, and twice in every week, beside. He writes:—

"A young man who some weeks ago was a swearer and drunkard lately came to our meetings and confesses now that he has peace in believing in Jesus, and wishes to be His true disciple.—A sailor on a Danish vessel told me that he had been converted, but had gone back to the world. I showed him to Jesus. He confessed himself unhappy. May the Lord have mercy upon him!—Several seamen whom I have met have been very joyful in their faith in Jesus who seeks the lost sheep among them.—In Råa I was invited to visit an old fisherman, aged eighty-two years. He was very weak but anxious for his soul's salvation, and received with great thankfulness the glad message of God's gospel to poor sinners. His aged wife was also anxious for her soul, and declared that she would come to the Savior."

GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON, in the third quarter of this year, continued his work for sailors, preaching at Sundswall, in chapels and mission houses near the harbor. One of his interesting cases was that of a free-thinking mate who after conference with the missionary declared that now he would "believe and follow Jesus." At Hådiks-wall and Soderhamm the Lord blessed His word in religious meetings, men wept over their sins, and began to follow Christ. At Skutskar he met a Norwegian Christian captain, and held meetings on his vessel, at which both the mate and carpenter of the ship became disciples of Jesus, which deeply moved several ungodly ship-captains who were present.

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

In transmitting his last report, the venerable JOHN LINDELIUS, now for more than twenty-five years in our service, after recounting his perseverance in Christian labor for seamen during the past summer, and saying how his mingling with Christian sailors has rejoiced his heart, adds:—"And now may the blessing of the Lord rest upon our dear Society, and upon their work! I cannot do much but I will continually pray for you, and labor as much as I am able, and as God grants me for His kingdom among the sailors."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

The Jubilee (fiftieth anniversary) of the Sailors' Bethel, Rev. S. C. DAXON, D. D., chaplain, was to occur November 28th. and the Dr. expected to prepare for it a special discourse.

Chili. S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, newly appointed chaplain to this port expects to sail from New York, for his field of labor. Dec. 10th.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

The Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at its meeting October 31st, 1883, re-appointed as its chaplain, with his field of labor at this Yard, Rev. E. N. CRANE, formerly in its service, during a sixteen years' term of labor at the port of Norfolk, Va. Rev. Mr. Crane began his work promptly on the first Sabbath of last month, and is already cheered by helpful and promising coöperation from the authorities of the Yard, and from Christians in Brooklyn who for years past have aided in efforts for the good of seamen. It is matter for thanksgiving that a man with such a record takes up the work in Brooklyn laid down a year ago by the departed WILLIAMS.

STAPLETON, S. I.

MRS. E. A. BRINCKERHOFF, of Englewood, N. J., has, with characteristic

generosity provided the beautiful organ needed in the chapel services conducted by Rev. Dr. KIP, who officiates every Sabbath at the Government Hospital. The want of this instrument was mentioned in our last MAGAZINE, and the donor has by this gift greatly contributed to the enjoyment of the sick sailors, to whom the resident chaplain most satisfactorily ministers.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Rev. L. H. PEASE, seamen's chaplain, hitherto in the service of this Society has lately returned to this port, and writes us:—"The affairs of the Bethel never seemed to be in a more hopeful or encouraging condition than at present. I am looking to God for a great blessing the coming season,—and saying,—“My soul! wait thou only upon God!”

Obituary.

REAR ADMIRAL STEPHEN DECATUR TRENCHARD, U. S. N.

The *N. Y. Herald* of November 16th, says:—

“Rear Admiral Stephen D. Trenchard, of the United States Navy, who was placed on the retired list in July, 1880, died yesterday at his residence in this city. He was born in New York on July 10th, 1818, and entered the Navy in 1834. After service in a receiving ship and at the Naval School in Philadelphia he was promoted to passed midshipman in 1840. He then joined the sloop *Preble*, of the West India squadron, and was attached to her until 1844, when he was ordered to the sloop *Fairfield* of the home squadron. He was commissioned as lieutenant in 1847, and served afterward on the coast survey, the home squadron and the steam frigate *Powhatan*, of the East India squadron. When the war broke out he was

placed in command of the steamer *Rhode Island*, a supply vessel to the blockading squadron. In 1862 he was commissioned as commander. He took part in two attacks on Fort Fisher, and after the war was made captain and placed in command of the steam sloop *Lancaster*, the flagship of the South Atlantic squadron. He was forty-eight years in the navy.

“Rear Admiral Trenchard was a gallant officer, whose courage and capabilities were undoubted. He had but few opportunities to show the sterling stuff he was made of, but he utilized all that came in his way. It will be remembered that it was the *Rhode Island* which on one occasion chased the *Alabama* for more than twelve hours, but, owing to the rebel cruiser's sailing power and the deeply laden condition of the *Rhode Island*, she succeeded in getting away. The *Rhode Island* was also engaged in towing the *Monitor* from Hampton Roads to Beaufort, N. C., on her last voyage. The *Monitor* foundered off Cape Hatteras in a heavy gale of wind and sixteen of her crew went down with her. Through the exertions of the crew of the *Rhode*

Island the rest were saved. After this the *Rhode Island* was sent in pursuit of the *Alabama* and she continued her search for nearly twelve months."

Rear Admiral Trenchard, who always evinced a deep interest in the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, was elected one of its Honorary Vice-Presidents May, 1875, and since that time has been annually re-elected as such. He had the bearing of a Christian gentleman as well as that of an efficient officer, and was everywhere known for his trust and hope in the Savior.

DEA. ISRAEL STARKS.

The Brockport, N. Y., *Index* contains a lengthy commemorative notice of this useful Christian, who fell asleep in Jesus, at B., on the 15th of August last, aged seventy-seven years. Converted to Christ at fifteen, the remainder of his days were passed in the active service of his master, in Central New York. His singleness of aim, transparent purity of purpose and blameless character were attended, from the first, with the favoring witness of God to His acceptance of efforts made for His glory and the good of men. This especially shone out in his long service for canal boatmen, of which the notice referred to fitly says:—

"The crying needs of the men employed along the line of the Erie Canal, could not long be unnoticed by a man like Deacon Starks. He entered into the work as a Bethel missionary and was for many years in the employ of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. With his brusque manner and his kind heart, he was peculiarly fitted for dealing with the men whom he found upon the canal, and his plain, simple manner of presenting and of illustrating the truths of the Gospel soon won the affection of those whom he addressed. During the time of his active service in this work, there was probably no man better known along the canal than he, and possibly no man on the canal has done so extensive a work in distributing tracts, praying, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and especially in personal religious conversation. The record of these crowded years of activity, is written on high.

"A severe personal injury received while on the canal impaired his usefulness in this work and no doubt shortened his days. He lived for some years in Syracuse, and was an active member of the Central Church in that city. At length he returned to Brockport with the intention of finishing his days here. With advancing age, there was a gradual failing of strength, but no diminution of his love of working for souls. He was always in his place at the services of God's house until attendance became a physical impossibility. Indeed long after many men would have regarded themselves as disabled, he dragged himself to the house of the Lord.

"A tendency to paralysis, which had begun to show itself years ago, became more marked in December last, and since that time, he has been gradually losing possession of his powers. During his delirium, his mind came back again and again to God's Word, and passages which had been learned in early life, and which he had been unable to recall in late years, came to him, accurately as of old. The same thing was also true of many passages of poetry, especially of several hymns, of which he was very fond."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

New York Marine Temperance Society.

This Society continues to be successful in its good work, having celebrated its Semi-Centennial on the first Tuesday evening of March, 1883. It was organized February 21st, 1833, in the old Port Society's Seamen's Bethel in Roosevelt Street, with some forty members, only two of whom, so far as known, are now living.—Capt. M. R. FRISBIE, the present President, and Capt. CHARLES F. SWAIX, 1st Vice-President.

The Society has had but three Presidents,—Capt. THOMAS WARDELL, for one year; Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, thirty-seven years; and Capt. M. R. FRISBIE, thirteen years next May.

At the time of the Semi-Centennial anniversary there had been 67,046 names enrolled upon the Society's books as signers of the pledge.—in one year (1875),

2,389 signed, 997 of whom were seamen on board the Receiving-ship *Vermont* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and in the last fifteen years 17,778 have signed the pledge at the Navy Yard and Hospital at Brooklyn. At this date over *sixty-eight thousand* seamen, their friends and others, have their names enrolled on the Society's books, members pledged to temperance and to promote the Temperance Cause among seamen.

The meetings of the Society are held on the first Tuesday evening of each month in the Port Society's Mariners' Church, corner of Madison and Catharine Streets, and are strictly Gospel temperance meetings. The religious element, as from the first, is made prominent in them,—and often numbers of seamen at these meetings ask for prayer in their behalf, both to keep the pledge and that they may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in Christ. Over thirty at one meeting, have, by rising, asked prayer for the saving grace of the Gospel. At the Tuesday evening meeting October 2nd, '83, thirty-nine signed the pledge, and through the earnest labors of the Secretary, Capt. D. C. SMITH, this number was increased to eighty during the month,—numbers of whom publicly desired prayers for the salvation of the "Gospel of the blessed God," noble, hardy seamen, fully in earnest, among whom conversions are frequent.

This Society is said to be the oldest and largest organization of the kind in the world, and one that has done a vast amount of good among sailors. Many seamen after uniting with it have saved their wages and deposited them in Banks for Savings, and have thus had something to make them comfortable in their old age. So, too, many, even thousands, have become subjects of divine grace, true Christian men, and gone forth as messengers of mercy carrying the glad tidings of salvation to all parts of the world.

F.

Liverpool Homes for Aged Mariners.

We are indebted to a friend for the *Mercantile Marine Service Association Reporter*, published in Liverpool, Eng., with full record of the dedication of the Liverpool Homes for Aged Mariners, and descriptions of the same. The same friend has sent us a lithograph of the building and surroundings. The main building of the Home stands on the bank of the Mersey, in the middle of grounds about five acres in area, broken up into terraces, shrubberies and walks. It is plainly a noble edifice of much architectural dignity, admirably adapted to its beneficent purposes, and is wholly the gift of WILLIAM CLIFF, Esq., a Liverpool merchant, in memory of a deceased daughter. Besides erecting the building, the generous donor, since its completion and opening, has contributed to a permanent endowment fund, £5,000. A special feature of the Homes is the erection, on the grounds, of four Cottage Blocks, in which are safely to be housed, hereafter, not only needy and deserving aged mariners, but in special cases, their wives or other members of their families. These have been generously built by other benevolent citizens of Liverpool, and the group of edifices thus brought into connection form one of the most imposing and praiseworthy specimens of modern and Christian philanthropy on behalf of the men of the sea.

At Glasgow, Scotland—A New Bethel.

The *North British Mail* of 15th October printed a lengthy account of the laying of the memorial (corner) stone of a new Seaman's Bethel to be erected, as above, by the Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society. The building is to be eighty-three feet front on Eaglesham Street. On the ground floor, in front, are provided a small hall about

thirty feet square, which is intended to be used as coffee-rooms, when required, a recreation room 46 feet by 31 feet, with retiring rooms and a reading-room to the back 36 by 15 feet. The upper floors contain a keeper's house, and accommodation which can, if desired, be utilized as a "rest" for distressed seamen. The area of the chapel measures 68 feet by 46 feet 6 inches, and its ceiling is 25 feet in height. The entire cost of plot and building will be about \$27,500.

For our Work, and the Magazine.

"I enclose," says a lady at Albany, N. Y., "a check for \$—, the amount of my annual subscription. If it could be ten times as much it would not be in proportion to my interest in your work."

"I must thank you again," says another correspondent, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. The November number is a rich one. I think the first article a wonderful instance of God's covenant keeping to His believing children. I shall send it to a praying mother in New Hampshire."

It is gratifying to learn that the MAGAZINE interests its readers, and so profits the cause it serves. From more than one quarter tributes have been received to the last issue. A pastor in Massachusetts wants *Converted at Sea*, certainly one of the most powerful and instructive pieces of religious writing to be met with anywhere,—reprinted in tract form. For his information and that of others we may say that it has already been so issued, and can be had by application at our Rooms. At the November monthly concert in one of the Milford, Conn., churches, we are told that *Converted at Sea*, and the *Sketch of Miss Agnes Weston* were read in full. Kindred testimony reaches us from other sources, notably the gathering of the pupils of a well known boarding school in New England on Sunday evening No-

vember 18th to listen to the marvelous record of Rev. Mr. THOMPSON's long struggle against and ultimate submission to God.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.

John vi : 19.

When around my pathway sweep
Raging floods and waters deep;
When the sea with angry roar,
Breaks upon the rocky shore;

When night sinks upon the wave,
And no hand is stretched to save;
Then my spirit, tempest-tossed,
Fears, and cries "I shall be lost!"

But there comes a radiant form,
Shining through the night and storm.
And I hear a calm, sweet voice
Bid my trembling heart rejoice.

"Why, O soul, art thou dismayed?
It is I; be not afraid."

Jesus! Master! ever be
Near me on life's troubled sea.

C. E. Linsley, in New York Observer.

"Nelson" ought to be in every Loan Library.

Captain A. D. COLCORD of the American schooner *Jennie R. Morse*, dating at Pensacola, Fla., October 26th, 1883, says to our Secretary at Boston, Mass.:—

"The loan library, No. 7,154,* which you put on board my vessel, has been read by myself and crew, and I trust it has done us good. The crew seemed eager to get the books, and I often see them reading. To me they have been a source of comfort and instruction. The volume *Nelson on Infidelity* ought to be in every library. I consider it an excellent book. It must do a great deal of good.

"Captain EATON of the schooner *A. L. Buller* of Boston, Mass., is here, and had one of your libraries which he wished to

* Contributed by R. E. Hungerford, Water town, N. Y.

exchange with me (No. 7,375 †); having had it a year. So I have exchanged with him."

† Contributed by First Church (Cong.), Cambridge, Mass.

Books, Etc.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by JOHN A. PAINE. "Set for the Defense of the Gospel." October, 1883, N. Y., Room 30, Bible House, Astor Place. Published by the Editor. Issued quarterly at \$2.50 per annum.

Prof. PAINE, well known as Archæologist and Orientalist, proposes to himself an aim that is of the highest, in a Magazine addressed to thoughtful persons, clerical and lay, through the engagement of the best evangelical scholarship in the United States and abroad, for these ends:—1, to recast Theistic arguments, with special reference to the freshest discoveries; 2, to discuss the relations of the supernatural to the natural; 3, to restate the evidences of Christianity under the tests of modern criticism; 4, to set forth the reality, beauty and joy of the Christian life; 5, to bring to the witness of the Bible the results of contemporary study in its history and languages; 6, to adapt its essays to the restoration of belief among those whose assurance has been shaken by destructive attacks and materialistic theories. The list of those who are specially to aid him comprises the names of men who are precisely what has been spoken of,—the best evangelical scholarship of the country, and we have no hesitancy in commending his Journal to our readers, as we have no question of its real need in the exigencies of the time.

Mr. S. B. SCHIEFFELIN has our thanks for one hundred copies of AN INDEX TO THE HOLY BIBLE, Etc., pp. 94, issued by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America. They will be used for distribution to our chaplains and missionaries, and for our loan library work.

YOUTH'S COMPANION, for 1884. Boston, Mass., Perry Mason & Co., 41 Temple Place.

The venerable weekly which, in common with thousands, we learned to love when we were children, keeps a green old age and is more worthy and rewarding of perusal, than at any time in its history. Special features of interest are announced for the next year.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

OCTOBER, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	165
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,450
of which \$295 was sent to relatives and friends, \$400 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$704 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for December, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star setting during the forepart of the month shortly after the Sun, and on the 31st at 6h. 3m., and south of west 22° 38'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 80m. after midnight on the 31st, being 6° 50' south.

VENUS is also an evening star, setting on the 1st at 5h. 36m., and south of west 22° 59'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 39m., being 5° 9' south, and then again on the afternoon of the 31st at 2h. 34m., being now 6° 51' south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 50m., being at this time 17° 28' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 18th at 9h. 8m., being 8° 18' north; is stationary among the stars in Leo at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 48m., being at this time 19° 35' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th at 10h. 3m., being 5° 43' north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 11h. 49m., being at this time 19° 25' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 13th at 8h. 5m., being 55° north; at this time is eclipsed by all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 18° and 71° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for October, 1883.

MAINE.

Bangor, Central ch., for lib'y..... \$ 20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brentwood, Cong. church..... 3 00
 Concord, L. F. L., for "Little Mary's"
 Memorial Library..... 20 00
 North Hampton, Cong. ch. and Soc'y. 12 00

VERMONT.

Orwell, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 19 25
 Pittsford, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 1st Cong. church..... 15 57
 Attleboro, 2nd Cong. ch. and Soc'y.. 43 56
 Blanford, A Lady Friend..... 5 00
 Boston, Bethel Temperance Soc'y.... 3 83
 Boxboro, Cong. ch..... 3 50
 Dalton, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00
 Dighton, Cong. ch., \$20, Mrs. E. M.
 Green for lib'y..... 20 00
 Fitchburg, Rollstone ch..... 30 00
 Framingham, Mrs. D. F. Birchard and
 Mr. Birchard for relief of destitute
 seamen..... 55 00
 Franklin, 1st Cong. ch..... 9 23
 Gardner, Mrs. E. J. Sawyer for lib'y
 to be called the "Edward Julius
 Sawyer, M. D., Library," in mem-
 ory of her husband..... 20 00
 Gloucester, Cong. ch..... 10 00
 Granby, Cong. ch., for lib'y..... 20 01
 Harvard, Cong. ch..... 13 75
 Holyoke, 1st Cong. ch..... 4 70
 Huntington, Amanda S. Brown..... 1 03
 Lowell, High Street ch., of wh. \$20
 from M. A. C. and H. L. C. and
 \$20 from F. M. C. and F. M. C.,
 for lib's..... 76 22
 Matapoisett, Cong. ch..... 9 14
 Newburyport, Bellville ch., of wh. \$20
 for lib'y by Joshua Hale..... 48 60
 Palmer, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for
 lib'y..... 25 00
 Pepperell, Cong. ch..... 5 83
 South Peabody, Samuel Brown..... 2 00
 Springfield, 1st Cong. ch..... 33 23
 South Cong. ch..... 21 76
 Eben Stebbins..... 1 00
 Stockbridge, Mr. Sarah B. Cone..... 50 03
 Tewksbury, Cong. ch..... 11 50
 Wellesley, L. B. Horton..... 20 00
 Westfield, 2nd Cong. ch..... 10 00
 Westford, Rev. Leonard Luce..... 1 01
 Westhampton, Cong. ch. S. S..... 25 00
 West Newbury, Cong. ch., additional,
 West Springfield, 2nd Cong. ch..... 4 50
 Worcester, Central ch..... 6 03
 Donation from Rev. Henry T. Chee-
 ver and Mrs. J. Washburn, for li-
 brary..... 28 98
 20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Central Cong. ch..... 130 60
 A. G. Stilwell, for a lib'y as mem'l
 of Mrs. Lydia J. Stilwell..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church..... 5 00
 Bristol, S. Emerson Root, for a loan
 library..... 20 01
 Brooklyn, Eugene H. Fuller..... 1 00
 Clinton, George G. Hull, for a loan
 library..... 20 00

Darien, Cong. church..... 15 00
 Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh. for
 lib's, viz: Edward Sturges, \$20;
 Frederick Sturges, \$20, for lib'y
 in name of Mary Fuller Sturges,
 and O. B. Jennings, \$20 for lib'y... 16 57
 Glastonbury, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y. 50 00
 Greenwich, Oliver Mead..... 10 00
 Thomas A. Mead..... 5 00
 Hartford, Warburton Miss'n School,
 for library..... 20 00
 Madison, Cong. church..... 10 00
 Meriden, 1st Cong. church, to const.
 Charles H. Pinks, Wilbur H.
 Squire and John Bennett, L. M.'s... 100 00
 New Haven, North church..... 20 00
 Edward E. Mix..... 1 00
 A. B. Beach..... 1 00
 North Haven, Miss Elizabeth Blakee-
 lee..... 2 00
 Norwich, 2nd Cong. church..... 74 49
 Thomas Coe Grove..... 1 00
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 Henry A. Riley..... 20 00

\$2,314 47



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Sea-Cucumbers.

BY SARAH COOPER.

The shore of Maine, you will remember, is very uneven, being broken by a succession of sharp promontories and quiet bays, and skirted with a fringe of lovely islands. Here is an endless variety of bold rocky cliffs, of secluded caves and quiet little pools, with the pleasing surprise of occasional short sandy beaches. We can scarcely imagine a shore better fitted than this to suit the various tastes of the sea creatures, and our search here is pretty sure to be rewarded by finding sea-anemones, star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, etc., besides a variety of shell-fish. Sea-weeds also grow in abundance, coloring the water with their beautiful tints.

This is true of the New England coast as far south as Cape Cod, while below that point the sandy beaches of the Atlantic shore are not favorable for the growth of these animals. In addition to the loose sand which is washed up on the beach, the great number of rivers emptying fresh-water into the sea renders it still more unfavorable for their abode.

As found on the beach, a sea-cucumber would remind you of a leather bag, somewhat worm-like in form, with no hard shell, and marked with rows of warts down the sides like a cucumber. The

skin is tough, yet it may expand and contract in a curious manner. This gives the animals the power of changing their shape, which often makes them look ridiculous.

A group of young people watching the movements of a sea-cucumber were once greatly amused at the odd shapes into which it changed, as if performing for their especial entertainment. It sometimes lengthened out its body like a worm, then drawing itself in tightly around the mouth, the other end of the body swelled out like a jug. Suddenly, tiring of this freak, it began to make an hour-glass by contracting its body, as if a string were tied around the middle of it, with bulges above and below. The children were anxious to see its tentacles, but it would not put them out. There was no way to persuade the funny creature, and they wondered if it had grown obstinate.

The tentacles of a sea-cucumber form a feathery fringe around the mouth. Their number is usually ten, and they have the same curious power of changing their shape that we have noticed in the body of the animal. Sometimes the tentacles are contracted in the middle and swollen both above and below, or drawn in very

thin at the base and bulged out above like a balloon. The mouth opens into a pharynx leading to the stomach. The long intestine passes to the other extremity of the body.

From the general appearance of the sea-cucumber you will scarcely suspect that it is one of the Echinoderms, but watch it creep over the rocks, and the relationship is at once established. The tube-feet will steal out noiselessly from those wart-like spots, and it will travel just like a sea-urchin. The tube-feet are arranged on five muscular bands running from end to end, and dividing the body into five segments. The spaces between the tube-feet correspond to the spaces which are covered with spines in the sea-urchin. One species of sea-cucumber has the tube-feet all collected on the under side of the body. It is called a "sea-orange," probably from the rough rounded markings on the skin. In those species which have no tube-feet the animal is dragged along by the aid of anchor-shaped spicules scattered through the skin.

The madreporic body is not on the outer surface, as it is in other members of the family. It opens upon a little canal in the interior, which supplies the tube-feet with water. Although hidden from our view, this tiny sieve filters the water perfectly, and allows no irritating particles to enter the tube. The only resemblance to the Radiates which we detect in these animals is in the arrangement of their tentacles and their tube-feet and muscular bands.

The sea-cucumber does not break itself to pieces as the star-fish does, but it has a peculiarity quite as remarkable: when alarmed it throws out various organs from the interior of the body, and, strange to say, these castaway organs are soon replaced by others. Dr. Johnson writes of a sea-cucumber which parted with its organs in this manner when he had failed for several days to give it a fresh supply of sea water. Still it did not die, for

other organs grew in place of those so recklessly thrown away.

Sea-cucumbers, or holothurians, as they are properly called, are most abundant in tropical seas, where they lie in the mud or in shallow water, with their tentacles floating in expectation of prey. These creatures, as found on our shores, with their tentacles snugly stowed away, have no pretensions to beauty. One species from the Pacific Ocean is described as being much handsomer than the rest of its kind. The body is as transparent as glass, and of a lovely rose-color, with fine white stripes running from one end to the other, and crowned with a wreath of pure white tentacles.

Another kind of sea-cucumber, called the trepang, is a favorite article of food with the Chinese. Many thousand junks are engaged in the trepang fisheries in the Indian Ocean. The trepangs are caught with a harpoon as they creep over the rocks and corals, or, when the water is shallow, they are brought up by divers. While yet alive the animals are thrown into boiling sea-water, and stirred with a long stick. After being boiled and flattened with stones, the Malay fishermen spread them on bamboo mats, where they are dried and smoked; then they are packed and shipped to the Chinese market. I do not believe that you or I would care to taste them; but the Chinese appetite is different from ours, and we seldom covet their dainties.

Some of you, no doubt, have found little lumps of clear transparent jelly left on the sea-shore by the retreating tide. Many of these jelly lumps are the undeveloped young of the class of animals we have been studying, and if some time you should place a number of them in sea-water, and change the water frequently, you may have the pleasure of watching their development, and see what special form they assume. These animals produce great quantities of young ones. It is necessary they should do so, or the race

would soon die out, as they are devoured in such numbers by the fish that a small proportion of them live to maturity.

The sea contains myriads of animals that prey on each other, the larger ones eating the smaller; and we can form but little idea of the amount of life continually sacrificed for the support of that which remains. It seems almost marvelous that any of the delicate little ones should escape the hungry hordes that pursue them.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Life Boat—Special Notice.

Our monthly visits to the Sabbath Schools which donate loan libraries to sailors have been regularly made since 1857, and the paper has had much to do in creating and sustaining an interest in the library work which has now become so great an agency for good among seamen. Not seldom, however, has it been found that we could not do for that or for our readers, in four pages, all that we desired. Accordingly, commencing with the next issue, (January, 1884,) it has been decided to increase our size to eight pages, at least four times per year,—say, for the present, in the months of January, April, July and October. The paper will be distributed on the same terms as heretofore, *50 copies monthly, for one year, postpaid, being sent to any Sabbath School providing \$20 to send out a loan library to sailors*,—and we bespeak the efforts of all friends of the good cause, to extend its circulation.

The Education of Girls.

A little paper called *Girl Life*, just started in this city, contains in its initial number an interesting letter from Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in which, after expressing approval of the objects of the paper, she says: "I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. The respect shown to the aged, modest

women, simple dress, home-keeping daughters learning from good mothers the domestic arts, so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls enjoy now. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society she is to enter by and by. Health comes first and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and self-control. Then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire; then a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread."

"Consider the Lilies."

They have no care:—

They bend their heads before the storm,
And rise to meet the sunshine warm,
And dance responsive to the breeze,
And nestle underneath the trees,
And take whatever life shall bring
As gayly as the birds that sing.

They do not toll:—

Content with their allotted task
They do but grow, they do not ask
A richer lot, a higher sphere,
But in their loveliness appear
And grow and smile, and do their best,—
And unto God they leave the rest.

They have no sin:—

Their pure sweet faces they upraise,
And shrink not from the sun's bright gaze.
And if the earth should soil, the rain
Comes down to make them clean again,
And, scented, beautiful, and white,
They live their lives in God's dear sight.

They weep no tears:—

No shadow dims their happiness,
They do but live the world to bless:
Enough have they of cloth of gold,
They lift the cups the dew to hold,
About them are the light and song,
And they are glad the whole day long.

God cares for them:—

His love is over every one,
He wills their good, His will be done!
He does neglect no single flower,
He makes them rich with sun and shower.
Their song of trust is sweet and clear.—
And he that hath an ear may hear!

Marianne Farningham.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals; and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1883, sixty-two loan libraries, twenty new and forty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,799-8,011, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,888, 7,889, and 7,891-7,895, inclusive, at Boston.

The forty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,641,	No. 5,181,	No. 5,931,	No. 6,210,	No. 6,707,	No. 7,043,	No. 7,216,	No. 7,467,	No. 7,819,
" 4,587,	" 5,451,	" 5,982,	" 6,470,	" 6,753,	" 7,056,	" 7,282,	" 7,523,	" 7,811,
" 4,633,	" 5,647,	" 6,030,	" 6,411,	" 6,780,	" 7,069,	" 7,287,	" 7,567,	
" 4,867,	" 5,867,	" 6,048,	" 6,523,	" 6,881,	" 7,087,	" 7,292,	" 7,603,	
" 5,070,	" 5,893,	" 6,116,	" 6,577,	" 6,926,	" 7,209,	" 7,352,	" 7,814,	

Sure and Faithful.

"Charlie, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," said one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish the game. Try it again," cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go,—right off,—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear,"

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it and,—"

"Let him go," said a bystander, "you can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's

word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes; "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;"—and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that 'his word is a bond.' We ask him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits, thus formed then, have clung to me through life."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Secretary.
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., Treasurer.
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THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND
THE LIFE BOAT,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1884.

*Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave.—
To struggle and feel there is none to save:
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks,—the struggle's o'er.
Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

VOL. LVI.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.:
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
80 WALL STREET.

PREFACE.

The Fifty-sixth volume of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, as a record of effort for the good of seamen, by the Society of which it has so long been the organ, will be found to present no exceptionally salient features. It chronicles, as heretofore, the putting forth of patient labor, in no circumscribed or narrowing line of operation, to lead these men out of sin and misery to the light and the Kingdom of *CHRIST*. As a stimulus to the friends of sailor-evangelization, perhaps the volume drops, in no degree, below its predecessors. Favorable regard for the work of which it is the exponent and advocate, will lay hold, with firmer grasp, upon all who read or consult these pages. Here as in every good word and work, divine or human, one prayer of its friends must always be,—*Sit Lux!*—"Let there be light!"

The general reports of continued progress in giving the Gospel to the men of the sea,—the record of beneficent legislation secured on their behalf, in the United States, within the twelvemonth now closing, advocated by the *MAGAZINE* for more than a score of years,—and the passing from his earthly to his heavenly service, by President *BUCK*, are each more or less faithfully herein set forth.

DECEMBER, 1884.

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Vol. 56,

JANUARY, 1884.

No. 1.

THE SINKING OF THE COLUMBIA—WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

The daily press has made its comments,—it can hardly be said to have discussed, since discussion is not its *forte*,—upon the running down and sinking of the New York pilot boat *Columbia*, by the incoming English steamer *Alaska*, to the southeast of Fire Island, in the early morning of the 3rd December. By that disaster ten seamen, four pilots and six of the pilot boat's crew,—being all hands that were on board the *Columbia* and in the yawl that held the pilot as he tried to board the *Alaska*,—lost their lives in the twinkling of an eye, and the comfort and support of a half dozen families were riven from them as cleanly and effectively as it was possible they should be. The tragedy of exit from hearty physical life to limp and nerveless death was begun and ended in less than fifteen minutes.

So far as we may, we would recall public attention to the facts, and add a few suggestions, although in the sweep of daily life and care, not many persons are now thinking of the sad occurrence save those whose hearts will never be lifted from out the shadows that fell on them with the tidings of their bereavement.

For the full apprehension of the case, let it be remembered that here was an Atlantic passenger steamship nearing our coast at a greater or less rate of speed, and that by a law of the State of New York whose force her owners are to feel at their docks or offices in this city, those officers were under absolute obligation to receive and accept on board

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their vessel, the services of a New York Pilot, to bring it with its human freight and merchandise in safety to its New York dock. It is unnecessary now to consider any question of the need or justice of that law, it is a State enactment with which the steamship companies and their officers are bound and profess to comply.

Nor to our judgment is the degree of speed with which the *Alaska* was running at the time of the collision a point for special labor in settlement. Still less, perhaps, are the public and the pilots concerned with the alleged unwillingness of many if not all the European steamship lines to avail themselves of pilots' services when making entry into port.

Again, any action of the pilots in procuring and upholding the law against opposition from whatever sources, is even more aside from the real point of importance. And beyond that, moreover, for ourselves, we are convinced that the establishment of the fact that contrary to practice the *Columbia* was crossing the bows (going in front) of the steamship will not be a matter of such consequence as to make the *Alaska's* owners and officers blameless, from the moral standpoint, or do away with the urgent call for a remedy which shall make such occurrences henceforth practically impossible. Suggestions have been gravely made in notable quarters concerning most of these things as of right modifying responsibility for the loss of life which at such times all concerned are anxious to lift from off themselves.

All these and other things extraneous being put aside, the vital questions to be considered by one who will fairly judge as to wisdom to be gathered from the terrible event are reducible to three,—*what has been and what is existing practice in the boarding of steamships by pilots,—how far was it observed by the Alaska,—and is any remedy plainly indicated for the serious dangers which under the present order of things beset the whole process of taking pilots on board?*

As to the first of these questions, it is sufficient to say, without proximity of detail that the pilot boats going out from New York, in the pursuit of their calling, have on board a crew for their own management, and a number of pilots who are one by one to be discharged, further out at sea, or near to shore, as the case may be, and placed upon in-bound vessels to bring them into harbor. When such a vessel, let us say, a steamer, is sighted, and when signals have been duly exchanged, the process of putting and taking a pilot on board is substantially this:—the pilot boat coming as near the steamer as may be thought best, proceeds to drop a small-boat, containing one seaman and a pilot. This boat is to make its way to the steamer's side, and at the proper time the pilot is to lay hold of a rope-ladder thrown over

it to him by the steamer's people, and by means of that he is to mount to her deck, the small-boat in charge of the seaman then returning to the pilot boat. To compass this, it is not expected that the steamer come to a full halt, or, in nautical phrase, "heave to;"—the most that has hitherto been done in the vast majority of cases, if not in every case, has been such slowing of her speed as shall make it possible for a skilful pilot, laying hold of the ladder, to jump from his boat and go up the steamer's side,—the supreme instant being the instant of his contact with the ladder, which must be firmly grasped, and of the leap from out his boat.

The bare statement attests the hazard to which the pilot is exposed in such a process, and justifies the general agreement of persons competent to judge, that of all callings connected with the sea, his life is by far the most dangerous. His problem is to reach the deck of a ponderous on-rushing vessel in the way that we have seen, not seldom in stormy weather and on a heavy sea, often in thick darkness only relieved by such light as may come from lanterns at the ship's side. That he works out this problem successfully, merely shows the degree of skill to which capable men may be trained,—it does not do away with, or materially lessen the peril attending the transaction. Necessarily this must usually be a fatal peril, if anything go wrong.

Perhaps it can never be ascertained beyond all question what were all the circumstances of the meeting between the pilot boat *Columbia* and the steamer *Alaska*. It is beyond doubt that the two sighted each other and exchanged signals,—and that the former sent a pilot in a small boat to the latter,—that the pilot never reached the steamer's deck, because his boat was swamped at her side, and both its occupants lost in the sea;—and that in addition the *Columbia* was herself run down by the *Alaska*, cut in twain, and every one on board of her at once drowned. What took place in the way of effort to avert this loss of life, whether immediately, or by the delay of the steamer in the neighborhood of the calamity, until morning, is to us a matter of no import for the purpose now in hand. There is about the ordinary discrepancy of testimony from the few passengers on the steamer's decks at the early hour of 11.30 p. m., Dec. 2nd, to 12.15 a. m., Dec. 3rd, and these do not tally in all respects with the statement of the *Alaska's* captain, MURRAY, who was on her bridge when the disaster occurred.

For our purposes, and at this writing, it is only needful to regard his official statement made to his superiors, the agents of the Williams and Guion Line in this city. We are the more willing to take this into account because he is represented to us as a careful and prudent

officer, with a generally excellent reputation. His report so rendered, is as follows:—

“December 2nd, 1888, when 12 miles S. S. E. of Fire Island, weather fresh, N. W. gale with high sea, ship steering W. by N., 11.40 p. m., observed pilot boat's torch bearing S. W. Answered from the ship with blue lights, and at 11.52 proceeded at half speed, at 11.57 slowed the engines, and at 12.06 a. m. stopped; ship's head being W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., pilot boat's light bearing about S. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., when instead of keeping under my lee and boarding in the usual manner, he attempted to cross my bows, observing which I reversed full speed, and about three minutes afterward the vessels came into collision, the pilot boat sinking almost immediately. We made every endeavor promptly to save life by means of ropes, buoys and boats, but without avail. Steamed about the locality for seven and a half hours, and at daylight, seeing nothing from the masthead, proceeded on our course.”

Subsequently, as we learn from the N. Y. *Herald*, Captain Murray called upon the British Consul in this city, and made a similar statement under oath. “The Consul,” (*Herald* 5th December,) “said he did not know whether he would do anything or not as there was no one to make complaint, and only one of the craft was a British vessel.”

The sum of Captain MURRAY's declarations is, therefore, that observing the light from the pilot boat at 11.40 p. m. he came forward at the full speed with which he had been proceeding, for the space of twelve minutes; kept on for the next five minutes at half speed, and in nine minutes more gave his order to the engineer to entirely stop his engines, quickly following that order with another to reverse the engines, at full speed;—and that at the end of three minutes further, the collision and the sinking occurred;—the sharp prow of the *Alaska* cutting through the pilot boat as if the sides of the latter had been paper. From this it is credible, particularly as the wind was against the steamer's course,—but, keeping in view the great *momentum* of a vessel like the *Alaska*, at full headway, it is not probable, to our mind, that when the collision took place, the steamer was actually in reverse motion,—and that this being so, the *Columbia* was driven on her prow and met her own fate. This is, if we understand him, exactly what the *Alaska's* captain would have the public believe. If it be true, he, as her chief officer, did all that could be done to avoid collision, and the precise cause leading up to what actually happened is not likely ever to be known, because no one has been left from the *Columbia* to make any statement of facts or of motives. It is doubtful if in this case, sad as its issues have been, it is practicable to go behind the record, so examined.

But one thing is entirely clear, as we view the matter, by the dictates of common sense and fair judgment, from testimony at hand concerning the usual practice of steamships as they approach our

shores (and there appears to be no reason to think that the *Alaska* varied from it, save in the last order given to reverse her engines,)—nor is there anything in Capt. Murray's statement, whose pith we have made plain,—to militate against the proposition:—*it cannot any too soon be made obligatory by United States Statute, and under sufficiently heavy penalty, upon all incoming vessels, that they come to a full stoppage of motion before receiving a pilot, and preserve it until he has come on board for the performance of his duty.*

And we rejoice that since the disaster which has given occasion for this article, a bill has been introduced in the United States Congress which by its provisions is meant to secure this result. We have written in the hope that we may aid its passage. Sooner or later a measure so requisite for the men whose legitimate business, beyond that of all other seamen, lies in the braving of death upon the mighty deep must be secured. Let it come without delay!

This awful sacrifice of life, with its attendant horrors, and the woe that sits henceforth at the hearthstones of the families who are bereft, has been made. We cannot call back the dead,—nor can that woe be removed, however it may be alleviated, by any pecuniary subscriptions made for the relief of those who have been stricken. But that sacrifice, with its attendant and continuing sorrow, ought to prevail against the greed of vessel-owners, the ambition of ships' officers and the eager desires of careless or selfish passengers, clamoring for the "shortest passage on record," to the end that so wise and just a measure of protection for these pilots be forthwith brought to bear, from the only quarter where lies real and effective jurisdiction in the case.

From the London, Eng., Life Boat, November 1st, 1883.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

It would probably savor of exaggeration to assert that this Exhibition is entitled to the first place in the long roll of similar undertakings, of which the Exhibition of 1851 was the grand beginning; but history will give it a high place as an unqualified success—whether as regarding the attractiveness of the things brought together,—the manner in which they are displayed,—or the organization which enables everyone to see so well and so completely free from inconvenience, every article of the interesting collection brought together. Upwards of two and a quarter millions of people have gone there; and though, of course, those people who are always "bored," have been bored there as much as anywhere else, the masses are delighted with all they see; the place is popular in the best sense of the term; and the inquiry, "Have you been to the Fisheries?" has this year completely put the weather upon one side.

Few indeed have been so lack-

ing in energy and interest as not to have been at any rate once, and very few have contented themselves with one visit.

The administrative capacity of the Executive has been tested and proved,—in no way more so than in the first necessary step of getting their visitors there. In this they have been most ably assisted and seconded by the railway companies; and their assistance is not the less acceptable because, in helping to smooth the path of the sightseer, they have probably helped their shareholders also.

At every railway station, tickets for the Fisheries were so advertised, that “all who ran might read.”

Once there, the scene is so novel, and the effect so beautiful, that it is difficult in a small space like the present to do any justice to it.

The Exhibition of Fish and Fishing-tackle sounds prosaic, but the arrangements take away a great deal of the common-place; and standing at the end, commanding a long vista from the steps under the glass arch, nets dyed in different colors, festooned along, serve the double purpose of veiling the glare and enhancing the beauty of the scene. Under this centre corridor, boats, gear and ropes come in regular order. Carved figure-heads from distant lands stand in friendly rivalry with the smartest boats of our highest civilization. The Queen's State-barge, dating from the 1st James, and blazing with red and gold, is to be seen in one place; and the coble in which Grace Darling saved the lives of the shipwrecked sailors, and made her name famous for all time, is not far off. There is a picture of her,—a young, nice-looking girl, with a fine complexion and a modest expression,—and

round her boat gathers a crowd of earnest admirers. It is wonderful, though the most useful and plain articles are very visible, how little they seem to destroy the effect of the charm given by the display of the more beautiful things. In this, England does not carry off the palm; some of the foreign courts very far surpassing her in the taste with which their national contributions are arranged to catch the public eye.

There is much to admire in our courts, and a great deal that appeals pleasantly to the memory of those many who love rod-fishing, whose eyes must rejoice to see old friends again. “John Scott,” “Silver Doctor,” “John Ferguson,” “March Brown,” “Professor,” and “Partridge Ruff,” with hundreds of others, bring vividly to mind pleasant and happy days, when rod in hand, a favorite pool was neared, and a fresh-run fish, or a wily trout, was encountered and captured.

The oldest article exhibited in our courts is, we believe, the red-and-gold State-barge already mentioned, built in James the First's reign, and lent by Her Majesty.

Innumerable models of fishing-boats and vessels from all parts of the world claim attention: they are very interesting and instructive, and range from the beautiful fishing-schooners of the United States, with their yacht-like form and white cotton canvas sails, to the skin coracles still in use on the West Coast of Ireland; the modern canoe and square-ended fishing-punts of the Thames, with their luxurious fittings, cushions, awnings, &c., stand near enough to challenge comparison with the regular fishing-boats, looking like work, and reminding one of the dangers they have to face as well

as the many contrivances for lessening the risk, that are exhibited. Nothing is more striking than the immense difference in form, hull, rigging, &c., where the object of all is the same, i. e., to provide the greatest practicable security for life and property in pursuing a perilous calling. Doubtless some of these differences are due to local requirements for harboring and hauling up the boats, but there is a good deal that can only be accounted for by believing the form, &c., to be the outcome of long-continued custom and local prejudices—and it is one of the important offices of this Exhibition to break down these prejudices, which so often fatally prevent desirable improvements.

The Exhibition does not content itself with teaching how to catch fish; it also teaches how to cook it; and going upon the right principle of "beginning at the beginning," there are also models of the various hatching systems. In short, from the spawn of fish, to the latest methods civilization has discovered of making use of them, —their flesh, their bones,—nothing has been forgotten. The various methods of capture,—the nets, and the mode of escape for smaller fishes from the meshes of the voracious trawl-net,—everything deserves study.

As to the cooking, we are obliged to take it on trust; but the success of the 6d. fish-dinners has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations: hungry crowds flock in, and hungry crowds wait with dogged determination outside. The fish-market has not supplied cheap fish, the prices asked being at times higher than is now the rule in other markets.

Of course there are innumerable displays of cured fish, freezing in

a refrigerator, salting, pickling, smoking, *ad infinitum*—the most patent fact being, that however perfect the method of preservation may be, the look of these delicacies in their uncooked condition is not lovely to the eye, or appetizing to gaze upon. Even a turtle, when converted into a mummy, is not suggestive of tempting soup—though of course this is a mere sentimental feeling, and does not affect its excellence as a matter of fact.

Waterproofing, applied to every portion of clothing in use among fishermen, shines out in lustrous folds; and wearing apparel of many kinds is to be seen—one department being devoted to a certain article worn by ladies, and which, till somebody thought of the whales, puzzled some of the visitors a good deal as to its being the right thing in the right place.

No one doubts the advantage of bringing before the eyes of those who have no other opportunity of seeing them, the enormous variety of fish existing in the world. Reading and pictures awaken a certain interest, but nothing equal to that created by tangible proofs. There is but a short step between the interest aroused by personal acquaintance with fish and the various manners of catching it, and the hardy tribe of men who brave the dangers of the deep, spending their lives in a perilous calling, and in bringing home the spoils of the sea.

In the United States Court there are some splendid specimens,—giants of the finny tribe. Sunfish are to be seen in one place, and huge whales in another. Overhead hangs a cuttle fish, which enables one to realize the truth of Victor Hugo's description of a struggle with a monster of this

kind in his 'Toilers of the Sea.'

Passing to the Colonial Exhibits, how much there is to see! The exquisite shells of the Bahamas and the tropics; the quaint carvings and delicate tracery on huge conch shells. Each court has hundreds of objects of beauty and interest. Whether attracted by the coral of Naples, or the fascinating and graceful specimens of marine flora elsewhere, no one can fail to come away wiser and better for the opportunity of seeing nature, as nature exists in other climes.

There are some cases of birds, zoöphytes and seaweeds which deserve special mention, because they are no mere classified collection, the dried bones of Science as it were, bereft of all charm. The zoöphytes are arranged with loving care, evidently, and are grouped so as to reproduce their habitats as well as their individuality. Looking at them, one is carried back in thought to still pools left by the sea on some rocky coast; once again we feel the thrill of discovery, and the fear of destroying by our eagerness some rare specimen; once more the shout of triumph comes to our ears, as we succeed in detaching a delicate beauty without injury. The specimens of the "Sea-horses" shown are unusually large, and Mrs. Gardner, who exhibits these beautiful things, is sincerely to be congratulated. There are other cases almost equally good, and some stuffed fishes wonderfully fresh and life-like.

One great merit in this Exhibition is the possibility of seeing a great deal without over-fatigue. There are plenty of seats, and except as regards the candidates for the fish-dinners, no overcrowding.

From one end to another the

organization is admirable. There are very few policemen, and they are unobtrusive; and a more orderly number of people could not be seen. More than two and a quarter millions have been there, and the numbers do not diminish. Of course some go because, putting the fish on one side, it is a very attractive place to go to. There is good music, and there is much besides. The gardens are always pretty; the weather has been fine; and the admission is cheap. But at night it is a world of enchantment, owing to the electric light. Each court gains in beauty; and the mysterious, clear, and soft light gives the commonest objects a charm. In the gardens the scene is fairy-like. The water-tanks, the flowers, and the moving crowd make up a whole hitherto unsurpassed in England. The scene is more that of a gay foreign town; and the question arises, why should not something like this be within the reach of our townspeople always?

If this Exhibition does nothing more, it must at any rate awaken a larger sympathy with fishermen—a sympathy which it may be hoped will not die away, but which will give a fresh impetus to the friendly and cordial feeling that has already been shown towards those who do their utmost to try to lessen the risk of loss of life on the coast.

It may be considered strange that this sketch has not alluded to the various means shown for saving life at sea by our own Life-boats or other means. This reticence is necessary, because the decision of the judges has not been given. Possibly, in another article and at a future date, this question, which is of paramount importance, will be discussed at length.

From the London, Eng., Life Boat.

AN EVENING HYMN

FOR THOSE AT SEA IN STORMY WEATHER.

"The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier."—Psalm xciii, 4.

This night, O Lord, we lift our cry to Thee
For those who travel on the stormy sea;
To them, we pray Thee, be in mercy near,
And keep and save them in this night of fear.

How many are the prayers before Thy Throne
To-night, for those now far away from home!
Full many an anxious soul is charged with fear,
Entreating Thee the storm-tossed ship to steer.

Perchance, e'en now beneath the bending mast,
The prayer of agony goes up, "Lord, hold us fast;"
Oh! may *that* prayer and ours, commingling, meet,
And find an answer at the mercy-seat!

Thy voice has still its power, just as of old,
And Thou, within Thy hollowed hand the sea can'st hold;
Speak then, dear Lord, once more, if such Thy will;
Command the angry waters, "Peace, be still!"

But yet, O Lord, if such be not Thy will,
In Thy dear hands we leave the loved ones still,
Praying that Thou to each will grant the *best*,—
Safe anchorage in the haven of eternal rest.

A. J. Soden.

THE SAVED BROTHERS—A TRUE RECORD.

About a hundred years ago a noble fleet sailed out of the Tagus to protect the East Indian possessions of Portugal. In the neighborhood of the Cape Verde Islands it was overtaken by a terrible hurricane, which scattered and destroyed the ships. Hundreds of men were drowned. Only a few strong swimmers, who had held on to the floating timbers of the shattered ships were cast upon the shore of the islands, where they met each other, forlorn and desolate. Fortunately, the sea threw up on the shore a few barrels of provisions, and also large and small pieces of the broken vessels.

Among the saved men there were several ships' carpenters, and some axes were amongst the articles rescued from the wreck.

At the council which was held on the shore, they determined to use every effort to build a vessel from the remains of the ships which had been cast up, so that they might get back, if not to Portugal, at least to the Azores, where they would find their own countrymen, and with their assistance obtain ships for their return to Lisbon. With manly courage and untiring perseverance they overcame all difficulties, and at length built a little ship; but when

it floated on the waters of a secure little bay, the heart of the captain, Don Mello, was filled with anxiety, for he saw it was impossible to take on board all their company and biscuit and water enough for them, without sinking the small bark, and he dreaded that a mutiny, perhaps murder and massacre, would be the result.

The hour of departure from the uninhabited island arrived. Captain Mello, to whom all had sworn obedience, conducted the embarkation of all with the greatest order; but the heaviness of the ship in the water showed that she could only keep afloat as long as the sea was calm. Even in a slight storm she must certainly sink. "When the time comes, help and counsel will come, too," sighed the heavy-hearted Captain.

With a favorable breeze from the land the little vessel sailed out of the sheltered bay and the light rippling waves bore her towards the Azores; but though the Captain's eye swept the sea on all sides, not a sail could he discern; the ship, slightly built and badly put together, leaked so much that the men worked the pumps day and night, but without being able to overcome the water, which gradually increased in the hold. For several days the weather continued favorable. Here and there they stopped the large leaks with articles of clothing; but no sail appeared on the horizon, the wished-for land was nowhere to be seen. Moreover, they came now to vast fields of sea-weed, and their sail was too feeble to drive their deeply sunk hull through the closely-tangled masses. All worked with desperate energy to free their craft from the sea-weed, and at last they succeeded; but scarcely was this peril past, when another not less

terrible arose;—a violent wind began to blow dead against them.

The waves rose higher; and all felt now that the overloading of the vessel threatened certain destruction. Then the Captain said, with the deepest emotion,—“Companions in misfortune! it is clear that we can never continue as we are now. Our bark must be lightened, or we shall all go to the bottom. Twelve men, chosen by lots, must be thrown overboard; and with them the proportion of water and biscuit-barrels which would have served for their sustenance.”

All consented to this proposal, which they saw was inevitable; but the fear of death was stamped on all their features. The Captain himself made the lots according to the number of persons on board, and he threw them into his hat, saying that on twelve the word *Death* was plainly written. The hands which drew the lot trembled, so that they could scarcely hold the piece of paper, and their eyes looked as if they would burst out of their sockets.

Among the soldiers in the ship were two brothers, named Perinos. One was eighteen, the other fifteen years of age. They were united to each other by the fondest brotherly love. They had entered the army to obtain the bounty money for their aged parents, who were in deep poverty; and the brothers had hoped to earn enough in India to keep their parents in comfort during their last days.

The dread that one of them might draw the lot of *Death* filled both hearts with anguish. With looks full of love they gazed at each other, and the trembling lips of each breathed the prayer to Heaven for the other, “Lord, let not the lot fall to him!”

But the dreadful moment ar-

rived. Don Mello held the hat to the eldest of the brothers. He drew out a lot, which he unfolded. It fell from the hand of the youth. He sank back against the gunwale of the boat, and groaned—"Death!"

The younger brother sat motionless. He asked no questions. He saw in his brother's face the lot he had drawn. The hat came round to him. He plunged in his hand, and drew out a paper, which he handed to Don Mello, who unfolded it. "It is a blank," said he; but the head of the weeping youth sank deeper on his breast; his tears flowed more abundantly.

The bark was a scene of grief and pain, which no pen can describe. No one rejoiced in his own escape from the lot of death, because of the terrible fate of his faithful companions. Suddenly the youth who, in spite of the blank lot he had drawn, was so overwhelmed with trouble and anguish, raised his head. A ray of joy was in his eyes. He went up to the deck where Don Mello stood. "Captain," said the lad, calmly, but in a tone of the deepest sorrow, "my father and mother are poor; they cannot support themselves; and are, moreover, old. My good brother Pedro, who has drawn the lot of *Death*, has been, till now, their only stay. He has kept and supported them. If he dies, they must perish in misery. I entreat you, let me die, in Pedro's stead! I am too weak to sustain my parents. I will willingly die if he may be saved!"

The Captain was open to noble impressions. Only stern duty had forced him to a resolution, against which his whole soul revolted with horror. Such brotherly love completely overcame him. If he had dared to follow the feelings of his heart, he would have

spared both brothers; but necessity forbade it. The lot had decided. If he gave way in one point, the whole decision would be valueless, and none would be thrown overboard; there would be no lightening of the vessel; all would then perish. He must keep to his word. "The lot has decided. Whomsoever it has lighted upon must die! No exception, no substitution! After we are saved *you* will grow up, and become a support to your parents. Depart!" These were the words which Don Mello spoke. He was forced to use a strong effort to make them sound harsh, rough, and unmerciful. Far rather would he have pressed the noble youth to his breast. "Up!" called out the Captain; "what I have commanded must at once be done." And at this command the sailors, intent on self-preservation, seized the sacrifices which the lot had fixed on, and cast them into the sea. The casks, which the Captain pointed out, were thrown out after them; and the boat, now thus lightened, rose over the waves, and drifted slowly away from the place where the awful deed had been done.

Here and there might be heard a cry of dying anguish. Then, only the lapping of the waters, as they closed over the drowning men. The young Perinos lay at the bottom of the boat, and groaned in utmost despair.

Pedro Perinos was a skilful swimmer. He was the only one of the twelve who did not quickly perish. By clinging to one of the casks he kept himself afloat for a long time. He did not lose sight of the bark; but kept, purposely, some distance from her.

The sun gradually sank, and the wind, instead of increasing, abated. The sea, indeed, still

rolled heavily; but new hopes of life arose in the souls of those on board the little vessel. The night came at last; now Pedro Perinos put forth all his remaining strength. He struck out through the waves; and, unperceived, he approached the bark. Whether it was through the special providence of God, or by a previous understanding with his brother, we know not; but a strong rope, ending in a thick knot, was hanging down from the ship's side, and by this he tried to draw himself up. He succeeded, though once his grasp slipped off it. His right hand was already on the gunwale of the boat, and he was just about to swing himself on board, when a sailor saw him, and shouted aloud, "A man coming on board! The bark is sinking!" All rushed to the side; and, instead of holding out their hands to help the brave fellow, they drove him back with sword-cuts. "I am Pedro Perinos," cried he, and seizing hold of the sharp blades, he thrust them aside with a desperate grasp, and sprang on board. "Only once more," stammered the exhausted, bleeding man, "only once more let me embrace my brother, who wished to die for me, and then throw me back into the sea; and I will readily die!" His brother who had been almost senseless since Pedro had been cast overboard, heard these words. "Pedro," he cried,

and threw himself into his brother's arms, "Pedro, we will die together!"

The Portuguese soldiers looked on with amazement. They had never seen the like. Don Mello, too, was deeply moved. In his soul he was firmly decided that Pedro should be preserved. "You see," he said to the crew, "the Lord wills that Pedro should be saved. He has preserved him in the rolling waves. And brotherly love such as this, does it not deserve a reward?" "Certainly, Captain: let him live!" cried the sailors and soldiers.

From this time the voyage seemed to be under the special blessing of God. The ship reached the Azores in safety, where Mello brought the first news of the destruction of the fleet. He had to make a report to the Portuguese governor, who wished to hear about the fate of himself and his companions. Then he told the story of the two brothers. Astonished at such extraordinary love, the governor at once sent for them; heard their own account; and after himself giving them valuable presents, he sent a report about them to the king.

Both brothers were released from military service. They returned to Portugal, where the king rewarded the parents, who had brought up such sons, by giving them a comfortable income for their lives.—*Naval Brigade News.*

MADAGASCAR MARTYRS.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, gives the following interesting account of the sufferings and martyrdom of the early converts in Madagascar. Protestant missions on that island date

from 1820, and for the long period of twenty-five years they resisted all that a heathen queen could do to root the Christian religion out of the land. This martyr history of the Madagascar Church reads

almost like a chapter from the record of the primitive ages of Christianity:—

There is one spot whose memories outweigh a thousandfold all the associations of the capital put together. Just at its southern extremity, the high sloping ridge upon which Antananarivo stands plunges headlong down to the plain in a sheer precipice of stern gray granite, 300 feet in height, which the Christian Hovas look upon with the same reverence wherewith Thermopylæ was regarded by the ancient Greeks, or Smithfield by the English Protestants of the sixteenth century. All around it the houses of the city seem to have shrunk away as if recoiling from the contact of the accursed spot. And well they may, for this is the place of public execution, the Tarpeian Rock of Antananarivo, from which criminals condemned to death were hurled headlong; and here in the evil days of 1849, was done a deed of which a few gray haired natives still speak under their breath with looks of horror.

During the tolerant reign of King Radama I, a man as far in advance of his age in Madagascar as Peter the Great was in Russia, the progress of Christianity among the Hovas, if not encouraged, was at least tacitly permitted. But his successor, the grim Queen Ranavalolomanjaka—who was to Madagascar what Mary Tudor was to England—was not long in making up her mind that this new and strange faith, which so directly contravened all native customs and traditions, must needs be incompatible with that instinctive reverence for established usages which was the foundation stone of her own power. With this modern Semiramis to resolve was to ex-

cute. She and Christianity could not live together, and Christianity must go.

Accordingly, the prohibition of Christian preaching in 1835 was speedily followed by the flaming out of a persecution that waxed ever fiercer and fiercer, till it grew into a sevenfold furnace of wrath. Neither age nor sex was spared. Old men, children, weak women, tender girls, went fearlessly to death. Insignificance could not shield the peasant who toiled in the rice-fields; high-birth and long service could not save the noble who stood beside the throne. "I must obey God rather than man in this matter," said one brave fellow, "but I will serve the Queen faithfully nevertheless." The words were hardly spoken when he was a corpse. And at last there came a day when eighteen victims at once, among whom were several of the noblest names in Madagascar, were dragged before the judges amid the yells of a bloodthirsty multitude, and all condemned to die,—fourteen to be hurled from the Rock of Nampamarinana, and the remaining four to be burned alive.

Then—the little band of heroes having refused every offer of life—came the last scene of all, the description of which by a native eye-witness, may bear comparison with anything in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," or the annals of the Scottish Covenanters:—"And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat upon the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang the hymn

'There is a blessed land,
Making most glad;
There rest shall never end,
There none be sad.'

And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer had gone back to the place of the

chief authorities, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. They tied them by the hands and feet to long poles, and carried them on men's shoulders. And those brethren prayed and spoke to the people as they were being carried along. And some who looked upon them, said that their faces were like the faces of angels. . . . And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the places of execution, these Christians sang the hymn 'When our hearts are troubled, then remember us.' And when they came to Faravohitra, there they burned them, fixed between split spars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time. They prayed as long as they had any life, and they died softly and gently. And all the people were amazed who beheld the burning of them there."

Equally cruel was the fate of the heroic fourteen who were doomed to the fatal rock. With a savage refinement of torture, their murderers prolonged the last agony by suspending them with cords passed round their bodies over the brink of the fearful precipice, as if to make them taste the full bitterness of that hideous death before it came. An awful hush fell upon the fierce multitude that crowded the summit of the rock as the executioner's gaunt black figure came gliding, like a spirit of evil, up to the spot where the swinging forms hovered in mid-air, with the glorious panorama below outspread, as if in mockery, before the eyes that were so soon to be closed forever. Once more, and for the last time, mercy was offered to each victim on condition of renouncing the Christian faith. The firm refusal that answered it was barely uttered when

the doomsman's axe flashed and fell, and in the tomb-like silence was heard the "snig" of the parted rope and the dull thud of the mangled body on the cruel rocks far below.

No churches have been founded, no shrines decorated, to honor these nameless heroes; but many a saint whose name stands high on the muster-roll of the noble army of martyrs, and whose memory lives in costly silver and imperishable marble, might fairly yield his place to the "witnesses" of Nam-paminarina. Of all that doomed band, one only escaped with life from that Golgotha. 'This was a young girl, who walked quietly to the place of execution, saying that there was no need to bind or carry her, for she was quite ready to go. Hopes were entertained that she might be induced to recant, and with this view orders were privately given to the native officers who superintended the butchery, to reserve her to the last. She was set close to the edge of the precipice, and held there by the executioners while the slaughter proceeded.

One by one her fellow-martyrs were crushed into shapeless hideousness before her eyes, till she alone was left. But the brave girl never flinched. To all offers of life, she replied simply "I will not give up my faith; let me go to my friends." Infuriated by her steadfast calmness, the chief of the ruffians who directed the massacre struck her savagely on the face, and bade her take the oath of ob-jurgation and do homage to the gods of the country, or die forth-with. But her answer was still the same: "I will follow my friends." "She is an idiot, and knows not what she says!" roared the baffled savage; take her away."

She was accordingly removed from the spot, and dragged away to a distant part of the island, where she survived to recount, years later, all the details of a scene worthy to be commemorated in words of fire like those wherewith the greatest Englishman of the seventeenth century branded the Piedmontese massacres.

Visit to the Great Beacon.

There are a few great beacon lights on the Atlantic coast that are known by the mariner the world over. One is at Hatteras, others at Cape Ann, Cape Cod, Grey Head, Minot's Ledge, and Nantucket, and another at Absecom. The great Absecom light at Atlantic City, furnished by a Fresnel lens of the first order, which gives a mass of light six feet wide and ten feet high, burns steadily from sunset to sunrise, and can be seen from the deck of a vessel twenty miles at sea. It is a fixed white light, exhibited from the top of a tower 167 feet high, and is visible all round the horizon. To protect the tower thousands of tons of stone and huge dykes are placed on the sea-side, but the washing of the waves seriously threatened it, until three years ago, a pier was constructed a long distance out to sea, and since then the land has made, removing the beach hundreds of feet away from the tower and the town. About twenty-five years ago a huge package was sold by auction in New York for unpaid custom duties and brought about \$200. It had been consigned in France to a person who had never called for it. Being opened, an immense Fresnel lens of the highest order was found, and this is now the Absecom light. It had

cost the Government about \$11,000 and they thought it was lost. Let us make this great lighthouse a visit. Major Wolf, the keeper, lives in a modest brick building at the foot of the tower. He is a bird fancier, and has a large lattice-work house near by, with almost a hundred pigeons, many of them carriers, and some of them most amusing tumblers, while over the assemblage presides a solemn wild goose. As we signed the book a pretty little rose-breasted grosbeak, which had been caught in the netting outside the lantern, chirped merrily in its cage. Were it not for this netting the birds flying against the lantern at night might break the glass. As it is many are caught in the netting. The Major said he once caught seven brant at one time, and they had thus captured as many as 300 birds in a single night.

Let us climb laboriously up the winding stairs of the gradually narrowing tower, and count 228 steps as we ascend. It is a tough job even for the keepers who are used to it, and the climber winds around and around the twisted stairway, until he gets almost into the condition of the whirling dervish. The stairway finally comes to an end in a little room beneath the lantern, and on a level with the balcony outside the tower. Here they sit at night serving four-hour watches, and as the tower vibrates in the wind they superintend the light above. We go up into the lantern and see the wonderful construction that makes this powerful light. Imagine yourself in the chimney of a mammoth lamp, ten feet high and six feet across, the central part of the sides made of thick curved glass, and all the rest, top and bottom, of curved prisms acting as a mul-

titude of reflectors. In the center is a large lamp with four circular wicks, arranged regularly, one inside the other. Above and below are huge reservoirs of lard oil, with pumps moved by clockwork which regulate the supply. Two gallons of oil are burnt in a night to keep up this artificial sun for the mariner, which outshines any other light that has been adapted for lighthouse use.

The view from the top of this is grand. Far out to sea the haze over the water obscures the junction of the ocean and sky, but vessels spread their white sails in all directions.—*American Ship.*

Whose Will He Be?

The interlacing of Home and Foreign Missions is illustrated by the *Congregationalist* by the following interesting narrative:—

As an illustration of the way in which Home and Foreign Missions blend into one take this. A boy in England runs away from home at the age of eight years and spends seventeen years in the British navy. On touching at Hong Kong, China, he goes ashore, intending to have his accustomed Sunday spree. By some providential guidance he is led into a mission chapel, where Dr. Legge, since Professor of Chinese in Oxford University, is preaching. The sermon hits his case and brings him under conviction, and the evening sermon clinches the effect of the morning discourse. On his way out to his vessel, in his boat, he is converted. He spends the night with a comrade who also gives himself to Christ, five or six others soon after doing the same. At this time he cannot spell so simple a word as c-a-t, but at once he finds his intellect, as well as his heart, strange-

ly awakened, and begins to pick up all the knowledge possible for him. In his wanderings coming to Canada he marries a lovely Christian woman and enters the Congregational ministry. In time—a little more than two years ago—he comes to Manistee, Mich., and boldly strikes in among the thousands of foreigners who throng this wonderful lumber city, and who speak fifteen or twenty different languages, but are alike in this, that all patronize the numerous saloons. He goes from house to house, starts a Sunday-school, and shows the roughs and toughs that if they attempt to make too rude disturbance in his meetings his good right arm has lost none of its cunning or old-time pluck; he builds a handsome chapel and organizes a home missionary church that has already become an acknowledged power in the midst of those many-tongued foreigners, commanding the respect of all, gathering in the children, and if suitably sustained, certain to effect a happy change in hundreds of homes. Now, is this a piece of Home or Foreign Missions, or a representative instance of the curiously interacting combination of both? This missionary is English by birth, was converted in a Foreign Mission chapel, is in part supported by the American Home Missionary Society, and rejoices in the hope to build his church furnished by the Congregational Union. "In the resurrection" whose will he be?

"I Have Seen Jesus."

Such was the reply of a poor, half-witted young man, of whom the late Dr. Bushnell tells us, when he was asked as to a wonder-

ful change in his life and conduct. He was generally looked upon as almost, if not quite an idiot. And in addition to his natural disadvantages he was deep in the vices of drunkenness and profaneness, and so weak in intellect and so steeped in immorality that no one seemed to think of him as a subject for moral effort or of possible reformation.

In a season of religious awakening, however, this weak and wretched creature came with others to the meeting for inquiry, to ask as to the way of salvation. The light-minded and thoughtless looked upon his coming as a matter of mirth and ridicule, while even Christians regarded him with pity rather than hope. And yet from that hour, as Dr. Bushnell tells us, he was entirely changed, and evidently became a new creature; and on through the succeeding years of his life he was serious and faithful as a consistent follower of the Savior. All his vicious habits were given up; he never yielded to them for a moment. He became an example of consistency and constancy to all who knew him. He wore out more than one Bible by constant and faithful use. He was faithful to the means of grace, and saved of his little earnings that he might give to the objects of benevolence. His life was evidently a new and a truly Christian life.

When he was asked by friends to explain the wonderful change which they all witnessed, and how it was that he was able to give up his profaneness and drunkenness, and to live so entirely in a different way from that in which he had formerly lived, his uniform and childlike reply was, "*Why, I have seen Jesus!*" This was his

only explanation, and it was given with all the simplicity of a little child, and yet with a tone and manner expressive of surprise that all should not at once see and feel that "*seeing Jesus*" more than explained it all. He was weak in intellect. He could not reason about the atonement, or understand the deep mysteries of the Godhead. Abandoned as he had been to vice, he was not won from it by the power of argument or the earnestness of pathetic and touching appeal. He was not led to the cross by the urgent kindness of Christian friends, for no one seemed to have thought of him as within the scope of personal religious influence. But, as he said, "*He had seen Jesus,*" and that gave him not only peace, but power—power so to live and walk, and finally so to die, as to be seen and acknowledged by all to be an humble follower and faithful witness for Christ, and to be assured of beholding at last the Savior's glory, and having a place with Him in the heavenly world.

How wonderful the power, how transforming the influence of an experimental sight of Jesus! How important that we ever look to Him as an able and willing and loving Savior, waiting to save to the uttermost all that will look unto Him. How diligently and prayerfully should we seek Him in His word, and draw near Him in the closet, and watch for Him in His providence, and endeavor in all things so to live that with Paul we may be able to say, "*For me to live is Christ!*" Not only in the heavenly world, but here also on earth, "*we shall be like Him*" in proportion as, by faith, "*we see Him as He is.*"—*T. E., in The Presbyterian.*

"Now, Vy Vas Dat?"

It is very easy to ask questions; it is more difficult to answer them. Most of the arguments which infidels urge against the Bible, are simply questions which they ask, and are not able to answer. The questions may be either easy or difficult; but sometimes the best way to answer them is by asking others. This is a very ancient method of answering questions, for the Lord Jesus himself answered questions by asking others. Matt. xxi. 23-25.

The *Interior* tells this story of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who was not very learned, but who was never ashamed of his religion.

In his neighborhood was a sceptic, who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand." And so some of the better class of people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you tink best."

"Have you any objection to the neighbors coming in?"

"No; shust as you tink best."

So they made the appointment, and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in, and laid by his hat, and was introduced to the sceptic; when he began suddenly by saying:—

"Vell, now, look here! I pleefs the Bible; vat you pleefs?"

Said he, "I don't believe anything I can't understand."

"Oh, you must be one very smart man! I vas mighty glad I meet you. I ask you some questions. The odder day I vas riding along the road, and I meet von dog, and that dog he had von of his ears stand up in this vay, and the odder he stand down so. Now, vy vas dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy just then—very unhandy. He had

either to explain *why* the dog had one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else say he did not believe it. So he said, "I don't know."

"Oh, then you are not so very smart, after all. I ask you anodder question. I saw in John Schmidt's clover patch the clover come up so nice! And I looked over in de fields, and dere vas John Schmidt's pigs, and dere come out hair on deir packs; and in the very same clover patch vas his sheep, and dere come out vool on deir packs. Now, vy vas dat?"

Now this was as bad as the other because the same perplexity arose. He had to explain *why* there was hair on the back of the pig, and wool on the back of the sheep, and as he could not tell why, therefore he had no business to believe it. Finally, he said, "I don't know."

"Vell," said the Dutchman, "you are not half so smart as you tink you arc. Now I asks you anodder question. Do you pleef dere is a God?"

"No: I don't believe any such nonsense."

"Oh, yes! I hear about you long ago. I know all about you; my Bible knows about you; for in my Bible he says, 'The fool hath said *in his heart*, 'There is no God;' but you *big fool*; you *blab it right out!*'—*The Armourer, Eng.*

THE A B C of the Gospel is sufficient for the salvation of the most sin-stained soul. It is this:—

"*All have sinned*;—

"*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*;—

"*Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"

TO THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S
LIFE DIRECTORS AND LIFE MEMBERS.

If you desire to receive the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for 1884,—and have not done so within the past two months, please notify us to that effect, with your proper address, early in the present year.

It will be apparent, upon very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep its record of those entitled to receive its periodicals, by specific agreement, measurably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail books. We therefore long since adopted and acted upon the regulation implied in this request, in common with other kindred organizations.

In this connection we call the attention of those friends who for years past have made special contributions to our Treasury, at this season, to the abiding nature of our great work for sailors,—and ask them to make their gifts as large as practicable.

Could we constitute a hundred new Life Directors of the Society, at \$100, and five hundred new Life Members, at \$30, each,—from these donations,—the impetus of such help to the seamen of the world would be felt on every ocean, and in every seaport, to the ends of the earth.

So, if we can send abroad to seamen, a hundred new loan libraries, at \$20, each, in this month of January, 1884, from sums transmitted to us at this New Year's opening, a power for good will have been brought to them, that is immeasurable. Will you, who read this, send one? It may be a thank-offering for the past, and may go in the name of some one who is dear to you, now in the world, or in the Home On High.

THE SPEED OF THE OLD CLIPPERS.

Mr. G. W. SHELDON treats this subject in a specially pertinent and interesting manner in *Harper's Magazine* for the current month, and we make such extract as will, we are certain, gratify very many of our readers.

"That clipper epoch was an epoch to be proud of. And we were proud of it. The New York newspapers abounded in such head-lines in large type as these:—
"Quickest Trip on Record," "Shortest

Passage to San Francisco," "Unparalleled Speed," "Quickest Voyage Yet," "A Clipper as Is a Clipper," "Extraordinary Dispatch," "The Quickest Voyage to China," "The Contest of the Clippers," "Great Passage from San Francisco," "Race Round the World." The clipper-ship *Surprise*, built in East Boston by Mr. Hall, and owned by A. A. Low and Brother, having sailed to San Francisco in ninety-six days—then the

shortest time on record (Mr. W. A. Aspinwall's *Sea Witch* had run the course in ninety-seven days)—a San Francisco journal said:—'One of our most distinguished merchants made a bet with a friend some weeks since that the *Surprise* would make the passage in ninety-six days,—just the time she has consumed to a day. Yesterday morning, full of confidence, he mounted his old nag, and rode over to the north beach to get the first glimpse of the looked-for clipper. The fog, however, was rather thick outside, and after looking awhile he turned back to town, but had not arrived at his counting-room before he heard that the *Surprise* had passed the Golden Gate, and by eleven o'clock Captain Dumaresq was in his old friend's counting-room on Sansome street. She has brought 1,800 tons of cargo, which may be estimated at a value of \$200,000. Her manifest is twenty-five feet long.' Her greatest run was 284 miles in twenty-four hours, and she reefed her topsails but twice during the voyage of 16,308 miles. She soon left San Francisco for London, by way of Canton, and on reaching the English capital her receipts for freights had entirely paid her cost and running expenses, besides netting her owners a clear profit of \$50,000. At Canton her freight for London was engaged at £6 sterling a ton, while the English ships were taking their freight at £3 and £4 a ton; and this was the second season that the preference had been given to American ships at advanced rates, their shorter passages enabling shippers to receive prompt returns from their investments, to save interest, and to secure an early market. 'If ships,' said a California newspaper, 'can be built to make such trips as this, steamers for long passages will be at a discount. California has done much toward the commencement of a new era in ship-building when the heavy, clumsy models of past days have given way to the new and beautiful one of the *Surprise* and others of the same build.' 'The Californians,' said a New York newspaper, 'are in ecstasies over our clipper-ships, which come and depart like so many winged Pegasuses. There are now on the way to the Pacific, and ready to start for that portion of the world, as splendid vessels as the eye ever rested upon, and commanded by men whose knowledge of their profession cannot be excelled, and each determined to do his utmost to be first in this clipper contest.'

"The whole country, indeed, was

stirred by the beauty, the speed, and the triumphs of these American clippers. The *Houqua*, Captain Daniel McKenzie, built by Brown and Bell for A. A. Low and Brother, made the trip from Shanghai to New York, in 1850, in eighty-eight days, then the shortest ever made between these ports. The *Samuel Russell*, Captain N. B. Palmer, owned by the same firm, sailed in one day in 1851, on her voyage home from Whampoa, China, 318 miles, or thirteen and a quarter miles an hour—a speed greater than had then been obtained by any ocean steamer. For thirty days in succession, from the 8th of November to the 7th of December, she averaged 226 miles a day, covering in that period 6,722 miles, or one-half the entire distance between China and New York. On another occasion, while going to Canton, she sailed 328 miles in one day. 'Now, sir,' wrote one of her skippers, 'I humbly submit if that is not a feat to boast of,—if that is not an achievement to entitle a ship to be classed among clippers?' On her return voyage she had the honor of reporting in New York the news of her own arrival at Canton.

"The *Flying Cloud*, 1,782 tons, built by Donald McKay, of East Boston, commanded by Captain Josiah P. Creesy, of Marblehead, went, in 1851, to San Francisco from New York in eighty-four days,—the fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel, and twelve days shorter than that of the *Surprise*. Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, reported that the greatest distance 'ever performed from noon to noon on the ocean was 433½ statute miles, by the clipper-ship *Flying Cloud*, in her celebrated passage' of eighty-four days from New York to San Francisco, 'which yet stands unequalled.' The *Northern Light*, of Boston, left San Francisco on the 18th of March, 1853, and reached Boston on the 29th of May following, thus sailing more than 16,000 miles in seventy-seven days, an average of over 200 miles a day. Splendid is the record of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, commanded by Captain L. McKay, and built by his brother, Donald McKay. This noble vessel left New York for San Francisco in August, 1851, with freight, for carrying which she would receive \$84,000—a marvelous sum to day—a barrel of flour on her arrival selling for \$44; and when off Valparaiso in a storm was dismasted, everything above the mast-heads of her fore and main masts being carried away. In fourteen days she was rigged at sea.

and proceeding on her way to California, reached her destination in 102 days from New York, in spite of the accident and detention,—the best passage ever made at that season of the year. The picture of the *Sovereign of the Seas* in her dismantled condition which has been engraved for this article was sketched at the time by one of her passengers, a clever boy of eight years, and afterward 'touched up' by an artist, and is pronounced by Captain McKay to be an accurate and faithful delineation. Seventy feet of her foremast and mainmast are gone, and also four sails on each mast. Having discharged her cargo, the clipper sailed for Honolulu, and loaded with oil for New York, which she reached in eighty-two days—a passage never equalled. For 10,000 miles she sailed without tacking or wearing, and in ten consecutive days she made 3,300 miles. Loading again immediately for Liverpool, she left on a Saturday, the 18th of June, 1852. On Sunday, the 26th, she was becalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland; but at midnight a breeze sprung up, and on the following Saturday, at 5 o'clock p. m., she dropped anchor in the Mersey,—another passage never equalled. She had sailed from the Banks to Liverpool in about five days and a half; and from New York to Liverpool in the unprecedented time of thirteen days and nineteen hours. One day she sailed 340 miles; on the same day the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Boston almost simultaneously with the *Sovereign of the Seas*, made only 306 miles. To-day, thirty years afterward, it is enlivening to read in the newspapers of that time the editorial articles on the splendid performances of that splendid ship. But her story is not told yet. On the 10th of May, 1853, Lieutenant M. F. Maury reported to the Hon. James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, that the clipper-ship *Sovereign of the Seas*, 2,421 tons, on a voyage from San Francisco, had made 'the enormous run of 6,245 miles' in twenty-two days, a daily average of 283.9 miles, and that the greatest distance traversed from noon of one day to the noon of the next day was 419 miles. After his illustrious performances on the ocean, Captain McKay is now a shipping merchant in South street, New York city. His brother, Donald McKay, the builder, died some time since in Boston. For the meritorious work of rigging his vessel at sea, when dismantled off Valparaiso, Captain McKay was presented by Walter R. Jones, president of the

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, on behalf of the underwriters, with a massive and costly silver dinner service."

Loss of Life Among Fishermen.

Some conception of the continuous loss of life among the fishermen who sail from Gloucester, Mass., is gained by reading the following telegrams of Dec. 16th and Dec. 18th, from G., as printed in the *N. Y. Tribune* of the 17th and 19th Dec.

"Memorial services for the lost fishermen were held to-day at the Universalist Church by the Rev. Mr. Ryder. The services were deeply impressive. At their conclusion a collection of \$140 was taken up for the bereaved families. As far as known these fishermen leave twenty-nine widows and thirty-five children, but the number is probably much larger. Two more vessels overdue, if proven to be lost, will swell the number of vessels lost to twelve, with probably 150 men. The number of lives lost during the year will not fall much short of 200."

"Two more, and the last of the overdue fishing vessels have been given up by their owners as lost. The schooner *George H. Pierson* sailed for the Georges nearly six weeks ago. She had on board the following: Patrick O'Neil, master, who leaves a widow and three children; John Keogh, leaves a widow; John Keogh (two of the same name), William Brennan, John Connor, Abner Larrabee, leaves a widow; Isaac Eisen, leaves a widow; William Driscoll, Michael Ready, James Galvin, leaves a widow, and one unknown man. The vessel was owned by Cunningham & Thompson. She was insured for \$3,460.

"The schooner *Helen M. Dennis* left port on November 1st, for a Western Bank trip with a crew of fourteen, two of whom were lost in a dory, but were picked up and saved. The others on board were: Archie A. McDonald, master, William Nutting, steward; Duncan McDonald, Joseph McMaster, Victorious McDonald, Jeffrey Duong, James Murphy, Augustus Hiltz, Alexander Scanlan, Edward Solter, Allen McLane and one unknown man. The *Dennis* was insured for \$4,100. The men were mostly from the Provinces. This gives a list of twelve vessels lost within the past three months, having on board 159 men."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

The following annual enumeration of laborers in the active service of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is printed partly for historic preservation and reference, and partly that we may bring to our readers' notice the whereabouts and work of each. It is a complete list of

CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES AND HELPERS AIDED WHOLLY OR IN PART BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, JANUARY 1st, 1884.

Seaport.	Chaplain, Missionary or Helper.	Mission estab- lished or first aided in
New York City.....	Rev. E. O. BATES..... } Mr. C. A. BORELLA..... } " DEWITT C. SLATER..... }	1898
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard.....	Rev. E. N. CRANE.....	1898
Jersey City, N. J.....	BOATMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASS'N.. BRADFORD CHRISTIAN UNION.. }	1890
Stapleton, S. I.....	Rev. F. M. KIP.....	1893
Norfolk, Va.....	Rev. J. B. MERRITT.....	1859
Wilmington, N. C.....	Capt. W. T. POTTER.....	1865
Charleston, S. C.....	Rev. L. H. SHUCK.....	1865
Savannah, Ga.....	Rev. RICHARD WEBB.....	1859
Pensacola, Fla.....	Rev. J. S. PARK.....	1899
Galveston, Texas.....	Rev. E. O. MCINTIRE.....	1868
Portland, Oregon.....	Rev. R. S. STUBBS.....	1879
New Tacoma, W. T.....	Mr. W. C. CHATTIN.....	1893
Astoria.....	Mr. J. McCORMAC.....	1892

ON NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Bonne Esperance Harbor, Labrador Coast...	Rev. Mr. ROGERS..... } Mrs. ROGERS..... } Miss ———..... }	1890
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STATIONS, 14; LABORERS, 19.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Scandinavia.

Christiania, Norway.....	Mr. H. H. JOHNSON.....	1874
Gefle, Sweden.....	Mr. E. ERICSSON.....	1865
Gothland, Island of, Sweden.....	Mr. JOHN LINDELINUS.....	1848
Helsingborg, Sweden.....	Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT.....	1869
Stockholm, ".....	Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG.....	1841
Copenhagen, Denmark.....	Rev. ANDREAS WOLLESON.....	1832
Odense on Fünen, Denmark.....	Mr. F. L. RYMKER.....	1863

Continent of Europe.

Hamburg, Germany.....	Mr. JAMES HITCHENS.....	1879
Antwerp, Belgium.....	Rev. ARTHUR POTTS..... } Mr. J. T. HAM..... }	1861
Marseilles, France.....	Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON.....	1885
Genoa, Italy.....	Rev. DONALD MILLER..... } Mr. J. C. JONES..... }	1870
Naples, Italy.....	Mr. STEPHEN BURROWES.....	1878

Atlantic and Pacific Oceans: South America.

Funchal, Madeira Islands.....	Mr. G. W. SMART.....	1892
Honolulu, H. I.....	Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D.....	1892
Yokohama, Japan.....	Rev. W. T. AUSTEN.....	1873
Kobe, Japan.....	Mr. L. G. LUNDQVIST.....	1893
Valparaiso, Chili.....	Rev. FRANK THOMPSON.....	1847

STATIONS, 17; LABORERS, 19.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Brazil, S. A.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

In 1883, as we learn from *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., Mr. CURRAN, missionary, labored diligently for sailors. A service was held every Sabbath in the Mission Room, with a fair attendance; and during the week he visited the English and American shipping in the port, and the hospitals, the seamen's boarding-houses, the House of Detention, &c., on shore. In these visits he has distributed

Bibles, Testaments, and some hundreds of papers, religious and secular. In certain cases also he has given relief in money, food and clothing. A great advantage to the mission would be the possession of a small vessel to be moored in the port in the midst of the shipping. Captains of ships are, as a rule, and for good reasons, unwilling that their men should go on shore, and therefore the attendance at the mission-room is smaller than it would otherwise be.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, whose entry upon his work, Nov. 1st, was noted in the last *MAGAZINE*, reported, Nov. 20th. that he had been most cordially welcomed by Commodore UPSHUR, and Capt. KIRKLAND, the latter the commander of the Receiving Ship *Colorado*. For the first two or three Sabbath mornings, the average attendance of seamen at the preaching service at once inaugurated by the chaplain was between 50 and 60, and at one of the prayer and praise meetings held on Sabbath afternoons at the chapel on Cob Dock, seven sailors rose, upon invitation, to signify that they had a hope in Christ and were trying faithfully to serve Him. A Wednesday evening service of song has proved attractive to the seamen, and will be sustained for the present,—various Brooklyn friends and former laborers for Christ at the Yard, giving aid to the chaplain, in carrying it on, and helping him, also, in other meetings. The chaplain has had appropriate labels printed for insertion in the Bibles and Prayer Books given through him, to the men, by the American Bible Society and the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society,—and he desires us to mention that he has lately received

\$35. as a special donation, to pay for a set of "Gospel Hymns Combined,"—from Mr. G. H. CREED, 103 Reade street, New York City.

Loan Library Work.

GRATEFUL—READY TO HELP.

"Please accept," says Capt. A. CANN, of the ship *Tsarnogora*, writing at New York, Dec. 1st, 1883, "\$20 from captain officers and crew of this ship, as a donation to the library work. The library (7,608*) which was kindly placed on board my vessel, has been the rounds to Japan and back to this port, having been read by all with marked interest and profit."

ANOTHER.

"The library I had on the last voyage in bark *R. S. Bernard*, I have left at No. 37 South St., New York, and received on board library No. 6,000,† for which you have my thanks. You will please accept the enclosed small contribution (\$2) in aid of the good work.

Yours truly,

A. G. W. THOMPSON,
Master.

* Contributed by S. S. Cong. Church, Stockbridge, Mass.

† Contributed by S. S. 1st Cong. Ch., Waterbury, Conn.

"ACCOMPLISHING MUCH GOOD."

"I return library No. 7,048,*" says Capt. J. S. COLE, of the American bark *Bonny Doon*, "with many thanks for its use. I think the books have been well perused, and hope they have been the means of benefit. The donors may safely feel they are accomplishing much good."

QUICK RETURNS FROM THE INVESTMENT.

In March, 1883, we placed library No. 7,674,† on the ship *Red Cross*, bound from this city to Portland, Oregon. From that place, Sept. 23rd. 1883, Capt. J. E. HOWLAND of the *R. C.* wrote to us, saying:—

"It contained much useful and valuable reading matter, and was a source of entertainment to the entire ship's company, not excepting myself and wife. I have long noticed the general good influence and effect upon a ship's crew resulting from the reading of these libraries and would not like to be without one."

LATEST FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

Capt. E. S. TOBEY, of the American bark *Yamoyden*, rarely sails from Baltimore, Md., for Rio de Janeiro, S. A., without one of our loan libraries. He writes, December 10th, 1883, from B.:—"Library No. 8,025, which you kindly expressed to me arrived all right. Please accept my thanks for it. I will try to have the books in good order and keep you informed as to my whereabouts. Capt. BERRY of the *Grey Eagle* is now in port and will send you the library that he got from you, or rather that I got for him."

Need for Good Reading on Shipboard.

As evidencing the need of such work

* Contributed by S. S. 1st Pres. Ch., Troy, N. Y., as *A. De F. Gale Memorial Library*.

† Contributed by Prof. B. C. Blodgett, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

at sea as is done by our Loan Libraries, we print from a late number of *Word on The Waters*:—

"The Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Sir A. COOPER KEY, K.C.B., F.R.S., recently animadverted on some pamphlets, papers, and journals which petty officers and seamen of ships of war had brought to their officers, objecting to their being circulated among them, and which he said contained "the most blasphemous atheistical trash and folly, to call it by no worse name. What he meant by the word folly was the folly of the fool who 'hath said in his heart there is no God.' Nobody, unless he had read them, could conceive such things in print. He himself had never before seen anything so bad. These papers had been forwarded to him, to see if he could do anything officially to prevent officers and seamen from being tempted and assailed in that way. His official reply had, of course, to be that, there could be no legislation or regulations on the part of the Admiralty to check the dissemination of such wicked trash. All he could say was that it must depend upon the personal influence and example of the officers to what extent such matter was circulated among the men. He could only ask any parent to consider the dangers that such literature would sow in the paths of their sons in the naval service.

"They hardly knew what temptations young officers and seamen were exposed to when sailing all over the world; not only the ordinary temptations which young men at home were subjected to, but temptations incidental to young men separated from their homes and families and the blessings of a mother's care, freed from almost all the restraints of civilization,—stationed, it might be, in heathen countries, or where Sundays were never thought of but as gala days. When to all this, temptations arising from such polluting literature were brought to bear upon them, there was nothing but the in-

fluence of the Holy Spirit that could protect them from falling."

"It was subsequently remarked that 'the existence of the horrible infidelity and blasphemy which they had heard of as now being disseminated among seamen should speak with a sense of pain and shame to Christians; that the infidel, said to be poor, could lay his own income under contribution for the purpose of putting forth and promulgating his filth, and that they were unprepared to spend for their cause in proportion to what God Almighty had given to them. It was wonderful what could be done with a little determination. Talk about £1,000,000 raised annually for missionary effort throughout England! It was a drop in the bucket compared with their expenditure over luxury and vice.'"

It "Goes About Doing Good."

Having lately made request that readers who had received the *MAGAZINE* for a long time, notify us of the fact if they desire its continuance,—the following letter, among many others, came to us in response, and we print it, in part, that the varied offices for good discharged by the *MAGAZINE* may be comprehended.

"To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"In answer to a request received with the last number of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, I have the pleasure to state that your humble servant has not yet slipped his cable.

"After cruising in every sea, leaving out the Arctic and Antarctic,—under the American, English and French flags, in men of war, merchantmen, whalemen,—all sizes and descriptions,—he is now laid up in ordinary, or we may say, hauled out on the beach.

"Why it is that you send me your 'Log Book' is more than I can really say, unless it is that my father made me, at some time or another, a Life Member, which perhaps under the Constitution of

your Society, entitles me to receive the *MAGAZINE*.

"However it may be, I never throw good things over my shoulder, and am certainly under obligations to the Society for the many numbers I have received. After overhauling the Log, myself, I have for quite a period remailed to an unfortunate former shipmate. So, gentlemen, you need have no delicacy in forwarding still the succeeding numbers of the Log, as long as it may seem good to you so to do,—and the undersigned your humble servant will ever pray, &c.

"I am, very cordially, yours, &c.,

G. B. D.

Verities of History.

A friend in New Jersey takes exception to statements in an article in the last issue of the *MAGAZINE*, entitled "The First Ocean Steamer," as misleading,—and says:—"If I remember correctly, the *Savannah*," (in 1819) "sailed all the passage," (from Savannah, Ga., to Liverpool,) "carrying her steam-engine with her, as any other ship might do. At any rate, if she used her engine at all, it was too little to be of any account."

The article referred to was taken by us from the (N. Y.) *American Ship*, but we have been at pains to verify its quotation from Nile's *Weekly Register*, published at Baltimore, Md., for Aug. 21st, 1819, (p. 429, bound volume,) and find the distinct assertion to be as quoted by the *Ship*, that the *Savannah* worked her engine, eighteen days out of a passage which occupied but twenty-five. Nile's *Register* has been counted as good authority.

An Old Friend.

Dating at Wells, Me., 24th Nov., 1883, Capt. S. L. BRAGDON says:—"I have received the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* every month, from the first, in 1828." How many are there among our readers who can say this,—or anything like it?

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Sailors' Baggage—Petty Ex-tortions.

Why should a sailor, coming into port from a short voyage, pay only fifty cents to the cartman to bring up his bag, and a man from a long voyage, \$1.50? So, too, when the sailor comes on shore he wants a fit-out, which he gets on credit until he is paid off. Then the sailor is taken to a clothing store and the land-lord's services are 25 *per centum* on the sale. Besides, if "Jack" buys goods at sea he usually pays about two hundred *per centum* more than is charged a landsman for the same goods on land;—say for a pair of rubber boots costing \$2.50 he must pay from \$7 to \$10.

TRUTH.

To the queries in the above communication there is probably no better answer than that these things are part of the general system of "fleecing" the common sailor, in which pretty much everybody that has to do with him, seems, as a rule, to be engaged.

Faith among the Fishermen.

"Our chaplains on the coast of Ireland," says *Word on the Waters*, organ of the Church of England Missions to Seamen, for last October, "speak in the most glowing terms of the manifest piety of the godly fishermen of Cornwall and the Isle of Man, to whom they minister. In the midst of misfortune and trouble, a simple faith sustains and cheers their hearts, reminding us that God hath 'chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him.' Their little vessels often run into Dublin Bay, to Waterford Estuary, to Cork Harbor, to Kinsale, etc., on Saturday nights, to enjoy the hallowed rest of the Lord's Day, and the worshiping facilities provided by our chaplains and honorary chaplains. The Bishop of Cork

tells us,—'In the town of Kinsale, he had, at different times during the fishing season, addressed large congregations of English fishermen—the church was crowded by these hardy sons of the sea, resting on that day from their usual toil.'"

Washed Ashore.

To-night there is a storm at sea;
I hear the breakers roar;
There comes across the grassy lea,
The thunder of the shore.
And pity burns within my soul
For those upon the deep.
Kind Savior Christ, do Thou control
The waves, and bid them sleep!

A week ago, one walked alone
Across yon sandy beach,
And close beside a rocky stone,
Out of the billows' reach,
He found, washed up 'mid weeds and shells,
These letters, stained and worn—
Sad records of some heart that dwells
All lonely and forlorn.

Some sad-eyed woman dwells remote
From the tempestuous sea,
And months ago these letters wrote—
An aching heart had she;
Her sailor-husband far away
Bore in his faithful breast
Those lines of hers which speak to-day
Of home, and love, and rest.

She tells him of her lonely life,
And how she prays that he
May not forget his loving wife
While on the stormy sea;
And how she asks that God would keep
His vessel from all ill,
And as of old, make winds to sleep,
And furious waves be still.

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
So still, a woman, heavy-eyed,
May wait in hope at home
For him whom neither wind nor tide
Shall help across the foam.

Ah me! the wind blows loud to-night,
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon light
Wherever ships may be!

Chambers' Journal.

Rev. Rowland Hill's Interest in the Sailor.

"In unison with Mr. Rowland Hill's expressed desire, to win every soul within his reach to Christ, his efforts were often directed to the seamen of Great Britain. He was one of the first promoters of a floating place of worship, in which the heroes of the deep might hear the Gospel on the bosom of their favorite element. He loved preaching to sailors, and was much encouraged by accidentally overhearing three or four of these brave fellows supplicating at the throne of grace, in the most touching accents, for a blessing on his labors. The seamen returned his kindness with the deepest regard; and I remember once an honest tar knocked us up at three o'clock in the morning, to say he had taken 'a passage to the West by a five o'clock coach,' but that he could not leave without just having a peep at his dear Rowland Hill, and craving his blessing.—*Life of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

"The Sea Is His."

Those who have enjoyed reading "*Lay Work in the Merchant Navy*," will be concerned to hear that the excellent authoress of the second prize essay, Mrs. Ferguson, who wrote under the above motto, has been lost at sea, with her husband and only son, in their own ship, the *Sultana*, when on a voyage from Havre to the West Indies. Wherever this ship went, her captain was found fighting nobly under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil. Sailors have lost in them warm and faithful friends.—*Word on the Waters.*

Canal Men in England.

In a paper lately read at a Church Congress of the English Established Church, it was stated that "from a Parliamentary return issued in 1879, we arrive, roughly speaking, at the calculation that there are 14,000 men, 3,000 women, and 5,000 children, who habitually dwell on canal boats."

A Ship-master For Many Years.

Capt. E. D. Post, a Life Director of this Society, in a business letter from Essex, Conn., dated Dec. 10th, '83, says,—

"The first emigrant I ever landed in New York was in 1828, and I do not know of a ship-master living that was master of a ship at the time that I first took command in 1827. I have landed in New York about 3,000 immigrants and have buried but one at sea. I have distributed thousands of tracts and testaments, and trust that in some cases the seed sown has born fruit. In conclusion allow me to state that I am hale and hearty in my eighty-second year."

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY: December, 1883. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., pp. 64.

It is a pleasure to make our annual commendation of this charming monthly for the "wee ones."

It is not simply dainty and beautiful, but it is increasingly so. We doubt if any of the thirty-seven numbers before this one have ever equalled the loveliness of its woodcut illustrations,—and to say that its letter-press will give exceeding joy to the small children in any family where it may go, is to speak within bounds. \$1.50 per annum.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

NOVEMBER, 1883.	
Total arrivals.....	183
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,901
of which \$463 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$1,012 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for January, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 6h. 5m., and south of west 29° 2', being at this time at its greatest brilliancy; is at its

greatest elongation at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 4th, being $19^{\circ} 16'$ east of the sun; is stationary among the stars in Capricornus at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th; is in inferior conjunction with the Sun at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th; is in conjunction with the Moon at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 26th, being $1^{\circ} 34'$ south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 6h. 38m., and south of west $27^{\circ} 15'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 30th, at 4h. 28m., being $5^{\circ} 7'$ south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 59m., being $17^{\circ} 54'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 14th, at 1h. 41m., being $9^{\circ} 18'$ north.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 1h. 36m., being $20^{\circ} 14'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 18th, at 8h. 5m., being $5^{\circ} 41'$ north; is in opposition with the Sun at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, when it is at its greatest brilliancy.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 9h. 26m., being $19^{\circ} 6'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 9th, at 2h. 26m., being $59'$ north; at this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 25° and 71° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for November, 1883.

MAINE.

Hampden, Cong. church..... \$ 4 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford..... 0 46
New Ipswich, Children's Fair..... 1 00

VERMONT.

Clarendon, Cong. church..... 8 23
Quechee, Cong. church..... 15 69

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashfield, Cong. church..... 16 85
Chelsea, Misses M. E. & F. S. Brooks,
for library..... 20 00
Fitchburg, Calvinistic Cong. ch..... 27 87
Groveland, Cong. church..... 12 88
Lee, Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00
Leominster, Cong. church..... 23 78
Lynn, Central ch. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
Newburyport, Newburyport Bethel
Society, to const. Mrs. Thomas C.
Simpson, a L. M..... 30 00
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. ch. and
Soc'y, of wh. \$30 to const. Frank
S. Bartlette, L. M..... 40 00
South Framingham, Cong. church.... 26 00
Townsend, Cong. church..... 16 89
Walpole Young Harvesters, for lib'y 27 00
Westford, Cong. church..... 2 00

CONNECTICUT.

Bethel, A Friend..... 50 00
Fairfield, S. S. 1st Cong. ch., for lib'y 20 00
Guilford, Mrs. J. A. Dowd..... 8 00
New Haven, First church..... 71 28
Stratford, Cong. church..... 25 29
Talcottville, Cong. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
Trumbull, Cong. ch. and Society..... 17 07
Waterbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S..... 40 00
Westbrook, Mrs. Charles Chapman... 1 00
West Haven, Cong. ch. S. S., for loan
library, No. 8,016..... 20 00
Windsor Locks, Cong. church..... 61 73

NEW YORK.

Mrs. William Wendell..... 10 00
Brooklyn, Mrs. G. Hollis..... 1 00
Clinton, H. Brownell, for library.... 20 00
Lockport, 1st Pres. church..... 20 29
New York City, Balance of bequest
of Daniel Marley, deceased, of
New York City, per Robert Mar-
tin, Ex..... 174 65
Special donation from Mrs. Emily A.
Brinckerhoff, for the purchase of
an organ to be used in seamen's
worship at U. S. Gov't Hospital,
at Stapleton, S. I..... 65 00
Messrs. Robert Carter & Bros., books
for lib'y purposes, valued at..... 50 00
William Rockefeller..... 50 00
Frederick Sturges..... 50 00
Harding, Colby & Co..... 25 00
J. Everts Tracy..... 25 00
Cash..... 35 00
Mrs. C. A. Hedges..... 20 00
Jno. E. Parsons..... 20 00
Wm. H. Webb..... 20 00
S. B. Schieffelin, books for library
purposes, valued at..... 17 00
Joseph H. Choate..... 15 00
B. W. Merriam..... 10 00
Wm. F. Lee..... 10 00
John T. Denny..... 10 00
W. N. Blakeman, M. D..... 10 00
A. P. Man..... 10 00
M. J. M..... 10 00
John E. Tucker..... 10 00
From the "Silver Link Band," 4th
Pres. ch., to keep in repair lib'y
No. 7,750, now on board the *Rose*
Welt, bound to San Francisco, Cal. 10 00
Irving R. Fisher..... 5 00
H. M. Taber..... 5 00
H. S. Ely..... 5 00
W. C. Martin..... 5 00
Peabody..... 5 00
R. C. Root..... 5 00
C. F. Griffin..... 5 00
Saugerties, Jno. Kiersted, to const.
Dennis Wortman, D. D., L. M..... 20 00
Mrs. M. H. Laurence..... 1 00

IOWA.

Poweshick County, Balance of be-
quest of Wm. Ford, late of Powes-
hick County, Iowa, per Robert
M. Haines, Adm'r..... 187 18

WYOMING TERRITORY.

Centennial, T. R. B. Dole..... 1 00

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

Gundagai, R. W. Perkins..... 5 00

\$1,567 49



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

To The Life Boat's Readers.

It is hoped that by an issue of eight pages, quarterly, instead of four, with the continuance of the four page issue on the other eight months of the year, the *LIFE BOAT*, published by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY since 1857, may prove a more serviceable help to the Society than hitherto, in its presentation to the young of matters connected with the sea and sailors, and with its Loan Library work for the latter. The first issue of the quarterly enlargement is now published as heretofore announced, in an edition of 10,000 copies, and is sent out with an earnest prayer and hope in this direction.

From the Parish Visitor.

What Must I Do?"

Alice was an only child and an heiress. Lovely and accomplished, she lived for this world, which offered her no ordinary attractions.

It was not long, however, before it was observed that Alice failed to look so bright as formerly, and the physician called in, declared that her days were numbered. Alice sank by degrees, and as she lay on her couch surrounded with all the luxuries wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go,—where? where? . . .

"Father," she said, "I am going to die. Where am I going?"

The father could give no reply.

"Mother, dear, can you tell me what to do to get to heaven?"

No reply.

"Father," she exclaimed, "is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

"My child," said he, "you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended church and helped in its services."

"Oh, father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow.—it is not real. Oh! I am going to die, and I do not know where I am going. Can no one teach me what I can do to be saved?"

Alice was attended by a little maid who knew the Savior and knew the forgiveness of her own sins, and longed to tell her mistress of one who had preached to her "forgiveness" through the finished work of Christ. She did so, and he was sent for.

The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him. "Can you tell me what I must *do* to obtain rest for my soul and die at peace with God?"

"I cannot."

Alice fell back, "Oh," she exclaimed, "is it so? Is there no hope for me?"

"Stay," said he; "though I cannot tell you what *you can do* to be saved, I can tell you *what has been done* for you. Jesus Christ, the Savior has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God is love. The blessed Savior left the throne of His glory, bled and died, that the sinner might live. 'He bare our sins in his own body on the tree.' He endured the wrath of God. All, all is done. The work is finished. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"And I have nothing to *do*?"

"Nothing. No doing, working, praying, or giving, can relieve a conscience burdened with sin. It is not a work done in you by yourself, but a work done for you by another, long, long ago. Jesus said, 'It is finished.' It is impossible to add to the perfect work of Christ. *Doing*

is not God's way of salvation, but *believing* what God in Christ has already done for you."

"I do believe that Jesus died on the Cross for sinners, but how do I know that God has accepted *me*?"

"Jesus has ascended into heaven. He has presented his blood to God, and has been accepted for us; and when you believe, you are accepted in Him;" "He that believeth on the Son *HATH* everlasting life." Believe the message which God sends you, and you may appropriate to yourself all He did, and say, "For me he was slain." He was bruised for *MY* iniquities." Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Alice listened with breathless attention. She believed the word of God revealing Christ to her soul, and in a few days afterwards she peacefully slept in Jesus."

Reader, where are you going? Where? Are you trusting in works, feelings, or aught save the finished work of Christ? Test your hope, try your foundations, now, by the word of God. Christ and His finished work are *ENOUGH*.

From The Boy's Own Paper.

The Lifeboat.

Been out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough,
When it's rougher than this? Why, bless you! this a'n't what *we* calls rough;
It's when there's a gale a-blowin'; and the waves run in and break
On the shore with a roar like thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake;
When the sea is a swirl of waters, and the bravest holds his breath
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat,—his summons maybe to death—
That's when we call it rough, sir; but if we can get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last year;
Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad;
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was skeered.

Our women a'n't chicken-hearted, when it comes to savin' lives,
 But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives:
 Their lot a'n't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead,
 'Ta'n't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;
 So our women began to whimper, and beg o' the chaps to stay,—
 I only heerd on it after, for that night I was kept away.
 I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
 She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
 With my eyes as red as a baby's, that death's hand might yet be stayed.
 I heerd the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,
 And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm—
 The wreck of my little homestead, the wreck of my dear old wife,
 Who'd sailed with me for forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life—
 And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights
 To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly,—she knew as her end was nigh,
 But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie.
 For we had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
 He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' lads ha' done;
 Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folks call wild.
 From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
 We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
 And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse,
 So it ate away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse.
 And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,
 I sat and watched her dyin', holding her wasted hands.
 She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
 And she seemed to be seeking somethin' as she looked from side to side;
 Then half to herself she whispered,—“Where's Jack, to say good-by?
 It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!”

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
 And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
 When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside
 With the news that the boat was launchin'. “You're wanted!” their leader cried.
 “You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right.
 There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night!”
 'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the woman's doubt,
 We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
 “I can't go, mate,” I murmured; “in an hour she may be dead.
 I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone.”
 As I spoke, Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;
 And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
 While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.
 Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, “Go, and God's will be done,
 For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son.”

Her head was full of the boy, sir; she was thinking, maybe, some day
 For lack of a hand to help him, his life might be cast away.
 "Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you! and spare me to see the light,
 And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."
 Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
 And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers;
 But I rubbed my eyes with my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said,
 "I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,
 And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;
 But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary, and wet, and weak,
 We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.

But just as we come upon her she gave a fearful roll,
 And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
 We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark,—
 But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
 And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dash by;
 I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
 I stumbled and struck my forrard, and fell like a log on Ben.
 I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more
 Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore.
 My forrard was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
 I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rowlock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.
 At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;
 But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak,
 I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
 I guessed what the lads were hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake;
 I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break.
 So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben,— "Look here,—
 I'm able to bear it now, lad; tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
 And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's that about?
 Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead!"
 Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;
 I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John,"
 And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon:
 For there by the bedside standin', up and well, was my wife;
 And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life!

It was him as I saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went
 To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*; 'twas that as the vision meant.
 They'd brought us ashore together; he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
 And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead:
 And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
 And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
 Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through,—
 He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

Another Memorial Library.

The Sabbath School of the Central Presbyterian Church in this city have just added another to their list of loan libraries for sailors, sent out through the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, by the donation of \$20 for that purpose. It is the "ARTIE AND MABEL LIBRARY, No. 8,022, in memoriam ARTHUR EDWARDS YEEANCE, born December 18th, 1871, died October 14th, 1880; and MABEL DE-GRAW YEEANCE, born September 15th, 1870, died October 24th, 1880, and has gone to San Francisco, on the ship *S. P. Hitchcock*, Capt. J. B. Nichols, of New York, with thirty men in her crew.

"These sainted children," says the placard which is placed inside the cover of the library case, "were the joy of their parents' home, and early showed marked signs of piety. Artie loved his Sabbath-school class in the Central Presbyterian Church, his devoted teacher, and the lessons learned. He greatly prized listening to and reading Bible stories. Night and morning when he said his prayers he further prayed for such things as his child heart felt the need of. Whenever his parents were on a journey his prayers would ascend that the dear Lord would bring them back in safety.

"Both he and Mabel always closed their prayers with 'Heavenly Father, bless papa, mama, Willie, Artie, Mabel, and all our dear friends; make us all kind, good and well, and take us all home to Heaven when we die, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

"Diphtheria, that great scourge of children, suddenly seized Artie, and in a few days, before parents and friends were conscious of critical illness, he was taken home to Jesus.

"At the Memorial Services held in the Sunday-School room on the Sabbath following his death, his little sister Mabel, who had been removed from home to escape the contagious disease, was present, a deeply interested listener. She compre-

hended their meaning, and spoke of the floral offerings, especially the vacant chair marked in immortelles,—'With Jesus.'

"The same night she was taken ill with the same disease; was brought back to the already desolate home of her sorrowing parents, and with the dawn of the next Sabbath morn her sweet, gentle spirit ascended to God who gave it. So of both Artie and Mabel it has been truly said:—

They rest, with God:

Their feet with heavenly sandals shod,
Now walk the streets by angels trod;
How sweet their sleep; their dreams are bliss:
Dear Savior keep, by Eden's stream, the lambs
we miss.

"Artie's classmates have desired to send you, dear sailor, on this, the third anniversary of the death of these children, this library of books for you to read while you are on the great deep. Some of you may have children like Artie or Mabel now in heaven.

"Will you not love and serve the God whose wonders you see in the great deep? then when your voyage of life is ended, the great, good pilot,—the Lord Jesus Christ,—will guide you safe into the port of eternal peace.

Sunday-School Central Presbyterian Church, New York, October, 1883."

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From the N. Y. Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Using Illustrated Weeklies.

BY M. K. A. STONE.

One day last week I happened in about the sunset hour on a friend near by, and found her as busy as a bee over a pile of clippings from the newspapers. On the bed, at her side, was a mass of cuttings, some short, some long,—prose, poetry, story, sermon—all ready to be sorted over by her skilful fingers, the servants of her active thought. A large box roughly divided into compartments, lay at hand, and as she sorted, the material was placed in one or another of these separate "tills." Do you wonder what it was for? Well,

out of this crude material will grow wonderful scrap-books and pasteboard panels, diversified with the pretty engravings that illustrate this very paper, the *Christian Weekly*. Also colored prints and picture-cards will help to adorn the books and make them doubly attractive.

When finished, these will be sent to the secretary of the Seamen's Mission, and through his hands find their way to many a seaman's library on board of outward-bound vessels. Each one tells the old, old story of the Savior's dying love, and is followed by prayers that it may be blessed to the winning of souls to Him.

Another resource for the make-up of these books and cards is old hymnals. Every family with any Christian literature is likely to have some such well-worn treasures stowed away, perhaps in the attic; and here is a use to put them to. The large card panels spoken of are found desirable for the sick in hospitals, either our sailors' hospitals or others. I could but think that if all the old *Illustrated Christian Weeklies* and newspapers of kindred character, were thus saved and brought into this secondary existence, how untold a source of good, of widespread gospel influence would be exerted through their resurrected life! The various publications of the American Tract Society are laid under tribute by my scrap-book friend, particularly by the little sheet known as *Glad Tidings*, with its bright frontispiece picture, just right for the page of a scrap-book. Even the Golden Texts of the International Sunday-school Series are carefully cut out and placed in a box by themselves, ready to point the moral of a Bible picture or fix the lesson of a story.

Like any other industry or mission work, this scrap-book labor can be thoroughly systematized and grow into a well-ordered business; or, on the other hand, the weak but willing invalid, lying all day upon a bed of comparative helplessness can, in ways conformable to her own case, find in it work for Jesus.

It may be a pleasant and inspiring thought to the writers and artists who contribute to the attractiveness and value of our religious weeklies, that they are thus supplying material for a wider work.—a work that shall fly on the outspread sails of many a vessel, and which, like bread sown upon the waters, shall, according to the promise, return to them "after many days."

For the Life Boat.

A Seamen's Library.

WHAT IT DID FOR A LITTLE BOY AND
WHAT THE LITTLE BOY DID
WITH THE LIBRARY.

Library No. 7,355* was put on board the brig *H. C. Libbey*, Captain FOSTER, bound from Boston to Australia. There were ten men in the vessel, also the captain's wife and little son, six years and four months old. On the voyage out the little boy took great pleasure in looking over the books of the library. One Sabbath morning he went to his father with a request that he might distribute the books among the seamen. His father gave him the key of the library and thought no more about it. Soon after he learned from his wife that the boy could spell out words, and not long after he learned that he could read the titles of all the books in the library. From a set of blocks with the alphabet printed on them he learned to spell and to read, and was afterwards so much taken up with the books that his parents became anxious lest he should receive injury.

Day after day he was watched with interest as he was engaged in reading the books. To the great surprise of his parents he selected the most suitable books for each man, and distributed them till they were all read through. After he had learned to read he would take a book each Sabbath morning and go forward in-

* Contributed by Congregational S. S., Thompsonville, Conn.

to the fore-castle and read to the seamen. In this way the library was read through three times and a great influence exerted upon the whole crew. All on board were much pleased with the little missionary's work. When the vessel returned to Boston he was much pleased to find that the library could be exchanged for another. He is now at sea with a new library, on the same vessel, bound for Melbourne.

Boston, December, 1833.

II.

Not Trustworthy.

Many of the boys who read this sketch, taken from the *Sunday School Times*, will soon be seeking situations for themselves, and may learn a lesson from the incident. The gentleman who was looking for a boy declined to hire this one simply because his uncle could not recommend him on just one point:—

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. You are *not* trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face darkened with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed, "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear, 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it did'n't, being a way mail and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appoint-

ment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

Love the Savior.

You should love your Savior, because he died for you. Once a ship was burning, and there was room for only one more in the last boat that left it. A mother placed her child in the boat, and let it be saved, while she remained on board, and perished. Do you not think, when the boy heard, after he grew older, how his mother saved his life, even at the sacrifice of her own, that he loved her for it? So ought you to love Jesus who gave his life that you might be saved.

God's Care.

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went up-stairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the door of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out:—

"Mamma, are you there!"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried:—

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone up-stairs, to the right hand of God, to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in

this lower room of the world to be occupied here for awhile. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, He speaks to us from the word, as the mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us:—"Fear not; I am with thee." "*Yehovah-jireh*—the Lord will provide."—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

Luther and John Wesley.

It is well to remember, as we are trying to estimate the great work of Martin Luther, that out of his words sprang the light and glow which made John Wesley's career so lustrous. Here are Wesley's words describing his passage out of the shadows:—"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death." Let, then, those who praise God for Wesley praise him also for Luther.

OLD ALICE has become deaf and nearly blind, and this is the beautiful thing that she says to Mary Barton, whose pity she seems to *feel*:—"You're mourning for me, my dear, and there's no need; I am as happy as a child. I sometimes think I am a child, whom the Lord is hush-a-bying to my long sleep. For when I was a nurse-girl my missus always told me to speak very soft and low, to darken the room, that her little one might go to sleep; and now all noises are hushed and still to me, and the bonny earth seems dim and dark, and I know it's my Father lulling me away to my long sleep. I am very well content, and you mustn't fret for me."—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

DURING a big thunder shower, little Willie, who slept up stairs alone, got scared and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Willie admitted that the thunder was a little too much for a youngster who slept alone.

"Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage."

"Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head,—"*suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go down stairs and sleep with pa.*"

The Life Boat.

Inquiries made by the U. S. postal authorities lead us to publish the following:—

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
 REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STUBBES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*
 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
 Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.
 U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER 1883.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

During September, 1883, twenty-two new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,784-7,798, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,881-7,887, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries have been made, in part, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7784..	Cong. ch. Florence, Mass.....	Ship Mystic Bell.....	Java.....	15
7785..	M. R. Eames, Buffalo, N. Y., for Mrs. E. A. Eames.....	Bark Alpheus Marshall.	Yokohama.....	16
7786..	Mrs. Geo. Geddes, Fairmount, N. Y....	" Douglas Campbell..	Valparaiso....	18
7787..	S. S. 1st Ref. ch., Kingston, N. Y., for the Robert Wilson Library.....	" J. B. Newcomb.....	Java.....	12
7788..	Emma J. Hunting, Southampton, L. I., for Hunting and Corwith Library			
No. 2.....		Ship Aurora.....	Calcutta.....	25

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7790..	Emma J. Huntling, Southampton, L. I., for <i>Hunting and Corwith Library</i> No. 3.....	" Frank Pendleton..	Japan	25
7791..	Emma J. Huntling, Southampton, L. I., for <i>Hunting and Corwith Library</i> No. 4.....	Bark Gamaliel.....	Santos.....	14
7792..	S. E. Root, Bristol, Conn.....	Ship St. Francis.....	San Francisco.....	30
7793..	Geo. W. Hull, Clinton, Conn.....	" H. S. Sanford.....	Melbourne.....	26
7794..	L. F. L., Concord, N. H., for <i>Little Mary's Memorial Library</i>	Bark Crusader.....	Dunkirk.....	12
7795..	Mrs. H. A. Riley, Montrose, Pa., for library in memory of Rev. H. A. Riley.	" C. L. Pearson.....	Auckland.....	12
7796..	Edward Sturges, Fairfield, Conn.....	" Nellie Brett.....	Adelaide	14
7797..	Mrs. E. J. Sawyer, Gardner, Mass., for library in memory of Dr. E. J. Sawyer.	Ship John Harvey.....	Madras.....	19
7798..	Mary Fuller Sturges, New York City...	" Carondelet.....	Yokohama.....	30
7891..	Cong. J. S., Amherst, N. H.....	" Independence.....	Australia.....	16
7832..	Cong. ch., Central Falls, R. I.....	Bark Morning Star.....	Pacific Ocean.....	23
7893..	" " ".....	Schr. Ginevra Martin....	Fishing.....	15
7834..	Cong. S. S., Sharon, Mass.....	Steam bark Thrasher....	Arctic Ocean.....	40
7835..	Jennie Ridgway, W. Newbury, Mass...	Bark Zalma.....	W. Africa.....	10
7836..	Cong. S. S., Thompson, Conn.....	Ship Empire.....	Melbourne.....	15
7887..	Katharine Stewart, Cincinnati, O.....	Bark Joseph Baker.....	Galveston.....	12

Assignment was made during the month, from libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7783..	Mrs. S. Gillette, Buckland, Mass.....	Ship St. Nicholas.....	San Francisco.....	30
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OCTOBER, 1883.

During October, 1883, twenty new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were No. 7,799, with Nos. 8,000–8,011, inclusive, at New York;—with No. 7,888 and No. 7,889, and Nos. 7,891–95, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries have been made, in part, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7799..	H. Brownell, Clinton, N. Y.....	Bark Truro.....	Hamburg.....	14
7838..	Cong. S. S., Templeton, Mass.....	" Horace Scudder....	Mexico.....	12
7889..	Cong. S. S., Pittsford, Vt.....	Brig Henry Warren.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7891..	F. M. C. and S. M. C., Lowell, Mass....	Bark Edmund Phinney..	Valparaiso.....	19
7892..	M. A. C. and H. L. C., Lowell, Mass....	" <i>Ægis</i>	Melbourne.....	12
7393..	Capt. J. Hale, Newburyport, Mass.....	" Onway.....	Cape Town.....	12
7894..	Mrs. E. W. Green, North Dighton, Mass.	" Tamos.....	Mexico.....	10
7895..	Cong. S. S., Dalton, Mass.....	" A. C. Bean.....	Valparaiso.....	12
8000..	A. G. Stilwell, Providence, R. I., for lib'y in memory of Mrs. L. G. Stilwell..	" Minnie Allen.....	Sydney.....	14

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8302..	Rev. H. T. Cheever, and Mrs. J. Washburn, Worcester, Mass.....	" Charlie Hickman...	Hamburg.....	14
8303..	Cong. S. S., Lee, Mass.....	" R. M. Hayward.....	New Zealand.....	10
8304..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Fairfield, Conn.....	" Bristol.....	London.....	20
8305..	O. B. Jennings, Fairfield, Conn.....	Ship Eclipse.....	San Francisco.....	26
8303..	Cong. ch. and S. S. Middlebury, Conn..	Yacht Dolphin.....	Winter Cruise.....	16
8307..	Warburton Mission School, Hartford, Conn.....	Bark St. James.....	San Francisco.....	25
8308..	L. Myers, Plainfield, N. J.....	" Africa.....	Java.....	24
8311..	J. A. Webb, Madison, N. J., for the <i>Grettie and Eleanor Library</i>	" Willard Mudgett...	Sydney, N. S. W..	18

NOVEMBER, 1883.

During November, 1883, sixteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,012-8,021, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,890, 7,896-99, inclusive, with No. 7,901 at Boston. Assignments of these libraries have been made, in part, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7893..	Cong. ch., Granby, Mass.....	Bark Albert Russell.....	Melbourne.....	13
7896..	Central Cong. ch., Bangor, Me.....	" Jennie Cobb.....	Trinidad.....	10
7897..	Mrs. M. E. and S. R. Brooks, Chelsea, Mass.....	Brig H. C. Libbey.....	Melbourne.....	9
7898..	Cong. S. S., Talcottville, Conn.....	" C. H. Sparks.....	Valparaiso.....	9
7899..	Young Harvesters, Walpole, Mass.....	" Katrina.....	Barbadoes.....	9
7901..	Cong. ch., Palmer, Mass.....	Ship Panay.....	Calcutta.....	13
8016..	S. S. Cong. ch., West Haven, Conn.....	Schr. James Ives.....	Coasting.....	9
8018..	Class No. 22, S. S. Puritan Cong. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Brazos.....	Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope....	14
8019..	Mrs. A. R. Case, Washington, D. C.....	Ship J. R. Kelly.....	San Francisco.....	32

During November, 1883, twenty-five loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,323,	No. 4,733,	No. 5,227,	No. 5,790,	No. 6,880,	No. 7,225,	No. 7,850.
" 3,398,	" 4,790,	" 5,363,	" 6,025,	" 6,937,	" 7,242,	
" 3,840,	" 4,843,	" 5,435,	" 6,464,	" 6,962,	" 7,431,	
" 4,036,	" 5,044,	" 5,772,	" 6,721,	" 7,115,	" 7,810,	

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Sept., 1883—22</i>				<i>Libraries Reshipped in Sept., 1883—32</i>			
"	"	Oct.,	"—20	"	"	Oct.,	"—42
"	"	Nov.,	"—16	"	"	Nov.,	"—25
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THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-five years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilisation, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York. N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 56,

FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 2

JUBILEE SERMON

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, S. I.,
PREACHED IN THE BETHEL, DECEMBER 2ND, 1883.

LEVITICUS XXV: 2—"A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you."

On the 28th of November, A. D., 1833, this chapel was dedicated to the worship of God. Fifty years,—a half century,—has since elapsed and this chapel still remains true to the object for which it was solemnly dedicated. It seems highly becoming that the FIFTIETH anniversary,—the Jubilee,—should not be allowed to pass without a suitable recognition and a most grateful expression of thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church, for his watchful providence during these fifty years now closed.

First Edifice for Preaching the Gospel in English.

Before making some remarks upon the history of the preaching of the gospel in this chapel, I would state that this is the first church building ever erected on the Hawaiian Islands or any island of Polynesia, or on the western coast of either North or South America, for the worship of God in the English language. I would also state that no church building now standing on these islands was built prior to the erection of this chapel, hence it is a building of no little historic interest. At the date of its dedication the American missionaries had been laboring on the islands during a period of thirteen years, or from 1820 to 1833. During that period the gospel had been more or less preached by them in the English language. The first sermon preached in Honolulu was by the Rev. H. BINGHAM, April 23rd, 1820, the missionaries having landed on April 19th, the previous week. Mr.

HONOLULU
JAN 25

Bingham's text was from Luke 2, 10—"Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." The singing on the occasion was aided by G. P. Tamoree, a Hawaiian youth who had been educated at the Mission School in Cornwall, Ct., where he had been taught to play upon a bass viol. During the following years regular preaching was sustained by the missionaries, to which the mission families, foreign residents and seamen were invited. The same year (1820) the missionaries arrived, whale ships began to resort to this port for supplies, and the number of seamen greatly increased. As the Rev. Hiram Bingham was pastor of the native church and stationed in Honolulu, most frequently he preached in English, although others were often occupants of the pulpit. Thus continued the preaching of the gospel until an application was made to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to establish a chapel in Honolulu. This was initiated by the appointment of the Rev. S. Whitney to correspond with that Society. On the 10th of February, 1830, Mr. Whitney wrote to the Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, corresponding secretary (subsequently Bishop of Ohio), and from his communication I copy as follows:—"At a late meeting of the Mission I was appointed to write to you and call your attention to the subject of sending hither a missionary to labor among that interesting class of men whose wants have excited your sympathies and called forth your truly benevolent exertions. In all the countries to which our seamen resort, perhaps there is not a place to be found where the labors of your Society are so needed as at this port. There are two hundred English and Americans who reside on the island. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty ships touch here, most of them semi-annually." This appeal met with a favorable reception and the officers of the Society immediately commenced laying their plans for a permanent chaplaincy in Honolulu. There were many difficulties to be encountered. Honolulu in those days was 18,000 miles distant from New York. The resources of the newly organized society were very limited.

The Station a Chaplaincy of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

During the year 1832 the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY established three foreign chaplaincies, one in Havre, France, the second in Canton, China, and the third in Honolulu. This alone remains as a station of the Society at the end of half a century. The first chaplain to receive appointment for Honolulu was the Rev. JOHN DIEHL. From the annual report to the Society for 1833, I learn that the chaplain and his wife sailed from New London, Connecticut, on the 20th of November, 1832, on the whale ship *Mentor*, Captain Rice, accompanied by the Rev. Lowell Smith and the Rev. B. W. Parker, with their wives, who came out under the American Board to join the mission among Hawaiians. After a long passage around Cape Horn all arrived safely on the 11th of May, 1833. I should have stated that the friends of seamen in Norwich and New London subscribed liberally to send out the materials for the chapel in which we are now assembled. Among those friends were the Hon. THOMAS W. WILLIAMS, of New London, and General WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Norwich. These gentlemen, until the close of their useful lives, remained staunch

friends of this chaplaincy. Some delay attended the selection and securing a suitable site for the proposed chapel, but through the kind offices of Dr. Judd and others this was obtained. The Rev. Mr. Bingham in his history of the islands, remarks:—"Kinau, the Premier, showed her public spirit, and the king his liberality, and both their approval of the object, by granting the Society a site for the chapel in a favorable location, and also a pleasant place for the chaplain's residence in the northern part of the village." Here I take occasion to speak of the continued kindness which has been manifested by the successors of Kamehameha III., two of whom were sons of Kinau, and their successors, Lunailo, and His Majesty, now present, have worshipped here, and in their youth, while members of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke's school, were attached to the Bethel Sabbath School.

The foundation was laid on the 29th of July and the present edifice was erected on the 22nd of August without the customary accompaniment of "strong drink," which was considered in those days as absolutely necessary when a new building was erected. This was the more remarkable inasmuch as the Bethel was literally surrounded by saloons. Tradition reports that during those early years the sound of the chaplain's voice was often interrupted by the noise and revelry emanating from those places of resort. The work upon the building was carried successfully forward under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Burnham, a young man who came out for this purpose and who subsequently was employed by the American missionaries in similar undertakings. His visit to the islands in 1880 will be remembered. He now resides in Philadelphia, a prosperous merchant.

Dedication of the Chapel.

The dedication of this chapel, to the worship of God, took place on the 28th of the following November,—the day we now commemorate. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Diehl, who selected for his text, Luke x: 29:—"And who is my neighbor?" Five days after the dedication, Mr. Diehl wrote a letter, published in the *New York SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, from which I quote as follows:—"The members of the Mission families and several of the residents, under the direction of Dr. Judd, kindly assisted in singing several pieces, which gave much interest to the occasion. The king, Kinau, and the principal chiefs were present, together with a respectable number of residents, masters of vessels, and seamen. The school, under the charge and instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, which embraced about forty children of residents, occupied seats on the right of the desk. The king, with Kinau and her sister, occupied a sofa in front of the desk, furnished for the occasion by Capt. Hinckley, to whom we feel ourselves under many obligations for the kind assistance he has frequently rendered. As a part of the exercises, I read the instructions delivered to me by the executive committee just before our embarkation at New London. I trust that the unfurling of the Bethel flag on that day will become a long and lasting blessing, not only to the multitude of seamen who stop here, but to those who permanently reside in this place."

Among the comparatively few foreign residents and seamen, most

generous contributions were made towards furnishing the chapel and the purchase of a bell. Among those contributing for the later object, I note the names of His Majesty Kamehameha III., Gov. Adams, P. A. Brinsmade, J. O. Carter, H. A. Pierce and others whose names are so familiar in the subsequent history of Honolulu. Fifty years,—a half century,—have since passed away, and most of those then living in Honolulu have passed onward to the unseen world, but the same bell still continues to sound its Sabbath morning's peal, and the Bethel flag has not since ceased to be unfurled. Scarcely a Sabbath has come around when public services have been omitted. (Probably this chapel has been closed during the half century as few Sabbaths as any other house of public worship on our globe.)

From such enquiries as I have made, Mrs. JOSEPH CARTER is the only person now living in Honolulu who was present on the day of dedication. Only four days previously,—on the 24th of November,—she was united in marriage with Captain JOSEPH O. CARTER, by the Rev. John Diehl. Outside the Missionary circle, this was the first marriage between two foreigners that was ever solemnized here, so far as I am able to learn.

Chaplaincy of Rev. John Diehl.

The Rev. John Diehl officiated as chaplain, from his arrival until December, 1840, when he embarked with his family, in consequence of his protracted ill health, and died at sea, January 18, 1841. During his long continued sickness and decline, he made a voyage around the globe, the Rev. Mr. Tinker officiating as chaplain during his absence, to the great acceptance of the foreign community. From all I have been able to learn respecting Mr. Diehl's labors, he was a most excellent chaplain and faithful gospel minister. He was abundant in labor for both seamen and the foreign community. As the pioneer chaplain, his memory deserves to be kept in continual remembrance. A monument to his memory was erected in Nuuanu Cemetery by the order of his widow in 1852. She still survives, enjoying years of happiness among her children and grandchildren, and a wide circle of friends in the States of New York and Virginia. Only a few days since I received a letter from her, written in her usual cheery and hopeful tone, at the age of 76. She was expecting to spend the winter in Hamilton, New York, where her youngest daughter resides, married to Rev. P. B. SPEAR, D. D., Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Madison University. Her other three daughters have all been well married. These four daughters were born in Honolulu. One of her grandsons graduated from a college in Virginia, and is now a professor in a western college, and two other grandsons are preparing for college. It affords me great satisfaction to be able thus to refer to a family, so intimately connected with this chaplaincy fifty years ago. God's promises to the widow and fatherless have been fulfilled: "The Lord preserveth the stranger; he relieveth the fatherless and widow."

Rev. S. C. Damon his Successor.

It was my privilege to succeed to the pastorship of this church and

this chaplaincy, the pioneer chaplaincy in this part of the world. Being under appointment to proceed to India, as a missionary of the American Board, I was released to become the chaplain in Honolulu. The two objects were regarded as essentially the same in their ultimate results, although different in their mode of operations. As years have rolled away, while I have aimed to keep the cause of seamen and the foreign element in this community most prominently in view, yet I do not admit that I have lost sight of the one grand object with which I commenced my ministry, the preaching of the Gospel among the unevangelized. Whenever an opportunity has been offered, I have aimed to assist those laboring for this special object, while both in my preaching and publications the evangelization of the unevangelized has ever been the controlling principle of my life. It is the object which brought the Son of God into this world, and it should be the uppermost aim of all who profess to be the disciples and followers of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The evangelization of the heathen world I believe to be the grandest, noblest and most Christ-like object which can occupy the thoughts, the attention, and the time of any man or woman in whatever age they may live. Who can even imagine the deplorable state of affairs, there would now have been upon these islands had no missionaries come hither! However much I may have fallen short of my ideal, yet it was with this aim in view that I became an appointed missionary of the American Board, that I was transferred to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, that I was ordained as an evangelist, in my native place, September 16th, 1841, and embarked from New York with my wife for Honolulu, on the 10th March, 1842; and it has been by keeping this aim in view that for over forty years I have been preaching the gospel from this pulpit and been laboring among seamen and foreign residents of Honolulu.

It was on the 7th of November, 1841, in Dr. Spring's church, in the city of New York that I received my instructions. The Rev. Dr. ARMSTRONG, one of the secretaries of the American Board, who was afterwards lost in the ill-fated steamer *Atlantic*, in Long Island Sound, and the Rev. Dr. SPAULDING, of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, were the speakers on that occasion. The addresses of both these gentlemen made it plain that I was about to go forth as a missionary chaplain. Both these gentlemen made prominent the idea that the success of Gospel preaching among the heathen, was essentially promoted by the gathering of churches among foreigners and the preaching of the Gospel among seamen. "At this hour," remarked Dr. Armstrong, "the most formidable obstacle to the entrance of the Gospel in large portions of the heathen world, grows out of the wrongs inflicted and the mischief wrought by ungodly men bearing the Christian name. Pass along the dark shores of benighted Africa; visit the countless islands of Oceanica; and you will find the sad illustrations of this remark." Dr. Spaulding, in delivering my instructions, thus remarked:—"The particular field of your labors will be the port of Honolulu; and the special objects of your solicitude, prayers, and efforts will be the sons of the ocean. There, in that commercial and central position between the coasts of Asia and America, you are

to stand erect as a minister of Jesus Christ. With the foreign residents you will be expected to maintain a kind and courteous intercourse; and if they shall be disposed to attend upon your ministry you will watch for their souls as one that must give an account. At Honolulu you will be a citizen still of the land that gave you birth, and entitled to its civil protection. The honor of your country, therefore, as well as Christian and professional considerations will cause you to abstain from all interference with the local and political interests of that people. Never let the preacher of Christ become the partisan of the world."

Retrospective.

I arrived here on the 19th of October, 1842, and this has been my home and the field of my ministerial labors. It would be quite unnecessary to attempt a minute reference to the history of this chaplaincy during the past forty-one years. I have necessarily lived in open view of my fellowmen. Coming every Sabbath into this pulpit, mingling during the week among both residents and the transient population, publishing every month a newspaper, conferring with the officers of the various benevolent societies and school-boards, and in social life meeting my neighbors, I feel that it would be altogether superfluous to enter upon a detailed narration of the past. Yet something is necessarily expected.

In glancing over the FIFTY Annual Reports which have been made to the parent society in New York, and recalling the events connected with this chaplaincy, one is impressed with the wisdom of the friends of seamen, missions, and humanity, in establishing chaplaincies in Sandwich Islands, Canton, Sydney, Valparaiso, San Francisco, and other ports of the great ocean. The commerce of the world demands a great number of sea-faring men, whose temporal and spiritual welfare requires more than can be supplied by the consuls or resident clergymen of the various nationalities to which the seamen owe allegiance. The numbers resorting to Honolulu have been much greater than perhaps many would suppose. During the years intervening between 1842 and 1867, at the lowest estimate 6,000 annually entered this port, and some years many more. Take the year 1855 as an illustration of the state of affairs. The Rev. S. E. BISHOP reports from 3,000 to 4,000 visiting Lahaina; the Rev. Mr. COAN reports nearly the same number as visiting Hilo, while at Honolulu we were visited by 142 whale ships. I recollect one morning over thirty rounded Diamond Head;—sixteen vessels of war, besides all the merchant vessels, and there could not have been less than 10,000 seamen during the year in the port of Honolulu.

Sailors's Home.

It was during these years that the Home was built, costing when the debt was fully paid \$17,640. To meet the wants of seamen visiting our Islands, Hilo, Lahaina, and Honolulu chapels were opened. Large supplies of good reading matter were distributed, besides several thousands of Bibles. During those years a larger edition of the *Friend* was printed for gratuitous distribution. This little paper

has cost during the forty years of its publication \$28,128.83, no charge ever having been made for editorial labors. In passing I would remark that after so many years of labor I hold myself prepared to account for all monies which have been entrusted to me for benevolent objects or the support of this chaplaincy. In consequence of repairs and enlargement in 1847, I incurred a debt of over \$3,000, nearly two-thirds of which I collected by visiting about 100 whale ships and soliciting funds among officers and seamen.

And this recalls those years when my labors were abundant, and sometimes beyond my strength,—for in 1857 I experienced a slight paralysis of my physical system, which I received as a gentle intimation as to what would surely be the result unless I was more considerate. I think my neighbors and parishioners will bear me witness that I have not since that time been altogether an idle man.

I allude to these statistical facts which might be indefinitely expanded, for the purpose of indicating something of what has been done for the welfare of seamen and foreign residents. The results could never have been secured without the active co-operation of the Christian community in Honolulu and on the other islands. Here I desire most gratefully to acknowledge the generous and sympathetic aid which has been forthcoming from the members of the Bethel and Fort-street churches.

The Chapel a Center for Christian Work.

While this chapel has been the center around which efforts in behalf of seamen have gathered, yet other objects have here been always advocated. The cause of foreign missions has ever been a prominent object here. It was in this chapel that the Mission Church of Micronesia was organized with appropriate ceremonies and addresses on the 11th of July, 1852. Then was sung,—“Wake, Isle of the South, your redemption is near,” and,—“Ye, Christian heroes, go, proclaim.” Inasmuch as Park street church, in Boston, has always claimed it as a peculiar honor, and as among its most precious memories that the Mission Church to Sandwich Islands was organized within its walls, in 1819, so we claim a similar honor with reference to the Church of Micronesia. A similar gathering assembled in this chapel to send forth missionaries to the Marquesas Islands in 1853, when Matanui, a chief, made his appeal to the Christians on these islands. Here we raised aloft the Banner of the Cross, and passed it onward to the far West and the South Seas.

Personal Labors.

An active correspondence has been kept up by the chaplain with many of the English missionaries throughout all the islands of the South Seas. In the missionary work as carried forward in Japan and China, the Bethel has been in cordial sympathy. I deem it among the peculiar honors of this church that during the past fourteen years an evening Chinese school has been kept up on these premises, wherein over 400 Chinamen have been taught the rudiments of the English language, and some of these men are now among the most useful and active members of the Chinese Church of this city. This school is

still continued and now has been added a school for Chinese girls, taught by Miss PIERCE.

Colonizations.

The Bethel church has on four different occasions sent forth a small colony to build up other church organizations. This occurred at the organization of Fort Street in 1852, the Methodist in 1857, the English Church in 1882, and the Chinese Church in 1879. This shows that we are in cordial sympathy with other churches of Christ in Honolulu and the Church at large.

Sabbath School.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I refer to the department of Christian work connected with our Sabbath-school. It has ever been in most active operation. Several hundreds of children have been here under instruction. Our worthy librarian, educated in our school, has been for more than twenty years the guardian of our most excellent collection of books. Others trained here are now sending their children to our school. Our church has been ever receiving recruits from the Sabbath-school which has emphatically proved a nursery of the church.

Parochial and Parish Duties.

Here I may with propriety speak of my parochial work and pastoral duties. I copy the following statistics from the church records. During the period of my ministry I have officiated at 334 marriages, 181 baptisms of infants, 277 have united with the Bethel church, while I have been called upon to officiate at the burial of over 1,200 of my fellow beings. I have thus been permitted to mingle with my parishioners in scenes of joy and sadness. For the period of ten years, from 1842 to 1852, I was sole pastor among foreigners in Honolulu, both residents and seamen. Subsequent to that date the successive pastors of Fort-street, the clergy of the English Church, and the other churches have shared with me the responsibilities of this work. Although the uncommonly large number of seamen visiting Honolulu has absorbed very much of both my time and labors, yet I trust that I have not altogether failed in labors among the inhabitants of this city. In reviewing the receding years many a bright picture may be recalled to memory. From among the families attending upon my ministry have come forth many choice and noble young men and women (one of whom is the writer of the beautiful hymn we have just sung) who have become settled in families, and are now rearing Christian households. Such results are among the richest fruits of ministerial and church work. How often I have spoken to my people upon the family institution and its importance! It has not altogether been easy at times to adjust the two elements, viz., the resident and sea-faring, but here I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to my resident parishioners for their kindness and courtesy in enabling me in former years to do anything like justice to the sea-faring community. Without your aid how deficient we should have been in music and other essential elements of regular

church services. As all are not acquainted with the miscellaneous duties constantly devolving upon the chaplain, I may refer to a large number of strangers not to be reckoned among either seamen or residents, who have and do still make constant appeals for attention. It was for their special benefit that the "Strangers' Friend Society" was organized thirty years ago, which has dispensed pecuniary and other aid to so many visiting Honolulu, representing almost every nationality on our globe. Strangers, friendless and penniless, cast upon our shores, may not have received all the attention they desired, but they have not been forgotten or altogether neglected. The pastor of this church has often reminded his hearers of Moses' injunction, "Love the stranger," and of the precept in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Although occasionally unworthy beneficiaries have imposed themselves upon the community, yet that has been no valid excuse for neglecting the really meritorious.

Former Members of this Church.

In glancing over the names of those who have been members of this church, I notice that of the Rev. JAMES A. DALY, now pastor of a large and prosperous Congregational church in Wellington, Ohio; another, the Rev. J. P. LUDLOW, who has been pastor of a Baptist church in San Francisco and Washington Territory: one of the Gulicks is now in Japan; one, a Finlander, who united with this church in 1848, who has been for many years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; while I know not how many seamen and strangers who have received permanent spiritual health from influences emanating from this chaplaincy, and have returned to England and America to attach themselves to Christian churches. Among this number I might mention JOHN BURNS, whose memoirs have been published in New York, where his labors were so eminently useful in connection with the Sailors' Home of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the Episcopal Mission of that city. But why do I make allusion to cases of this nature? It is only to magnify the power of the gospel, and truthfulness of that text of Scripture found in the 55th of Isaiah, which more than any other passage of God's word has been full of inspiration and encouragement to me during these years of toil and labor, "*For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it.*"

Functions of the Bethel.

The great underlying and fundamental principle of the Lutheran Reformation was here to be developed on a grand scale. An open Bible was to be given to all. My commission was not alone to American seamen, but to the seamen of all nations, visiting these shores. Here is a grand illustration of the doctrine that as God hath made of one blood all nations, so to all the Gospel is to be preached. With

this idea in view, has this chaplaincy been carried forward during the last half-century. I can think of no other organization better fitted for this good work. Hence around this chapel I have aimed to group several distinct agencies, pecuniarily separate so far as regards their support, but still all tending to the one main object, the publication and exemplification of the Gospel. First has been the preaching upon the Sabbath, then has followed the weekly prayer-meeting, next the Sabbath-school, the Sailors' Home, the Bible Depository, the publication of the *Friend*, the Strangers' Friend Society, and visiting among seamen in port, and at the hospitals. Words faintly express my obligations for the assistance rendered by Mr. DUNSCOMBE during the last eighteen years. All these various agencies have been carried forward, and through these combined influences, God's truth has been verified that His word should not return unto Him void.

Thus the Gospel leaven has been operating, and will go forward until the whole world shall be leavened. This is the grand undertaking now prosecuted with so much vigor, by so many missionary societies in Europe, America, and other parts of this world. It has been a great privilege, which I have enjoyed in this central station of the broad Pacific, whose waves wash the shores of the surrounding continents, and encircle so many islands of this great ocean. Occasionally I have during these years visited other lands, in 1849 Oregon and California, in 1861 the islands of Micronesia; in 1869-70 America, Europe, and the lands skirting the Mediterranean Sea; but wherever I have gone, I did not cease to labor in the cause of seamen and missions, and have come back more deeply impressed with the idea that upon the Christian church of this generation devolved the imperious and pressing duty of preaching the Gospel among all nations, and that professing Christians were unworthy the name, who did not do all in their power to accomplish this grand purpose and carry out the last command of our ascending Redeemer.

A Glance Backward.

One can with difficulty realize that when this chaplaincy was established, fifty years ago, all California was under Mexican rule, and even after I came hither, San Francisco was wont to derive her news from the outer world, via Honolulu. I do not forget that a Christian lady, now residing in San Francisco, applied to me in 1845 or '46 for a few hymn books, so that a circle of Christians might engage in social religious worship, two years before any Protestant clergyman had gone thither to officiate. Neither do I forget urging the Rev. T. D. HUNT to go thither, in order to become the chaplain to the citizens of San Francisco, in the autumn of 1848, and hence he became pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city. How distinctly I recall my intercourse with the naval officers of those early times, when I was invited to preach on board their ships, among them were STOCKTON, DUPONT, KEARNEY, MONTGOMERY and others, after whom some of the most prominent streets of that great city were named. I recall the fact that when the little *Friend* made its first appearance in January 1843, there was not an English newspaper printed on the western coast of North or South America, from Cape Horn to Bhe-

ring's Straits, or in any part of Polynesia, while China and Japan were both sealed to foreign intercourse. Many years subsequently PERRY's expedition sailed to open the latter country, while England, countenanced by the United States, was beginning to batter down the walls of China, and now, through openings then made, China's millions are pressing their way abroad, much to the annoyance of both Englishmen and Americans. Look southward and view New Zealand, then the undisputed home of the Maoris, but now that of a hundred thousand free and intelligent British colonists. Standing here as chaplain among residents and seamen, I have seen the vast fleets of merchant ships and immigrant vessels, as they touched here on their passages across the broad Pacific, first conveying the eager seekers after gold to the shores of California, and when the gold of the Australian colonies was discovered, then the equally anxious multitude with "hearts all chilled into this selfish prayer for gold," rushing across the ocean to seek for the precious ore in those far off regions. A few individuals and families, touching here in those early days, have remained and become happily interwoven and incorporated in our island community.

What of the Future?

If such vast changes have been wrought in the past few years, what may not be expected during the coming years, under the increased momentum of the active forces of commerce, civilization and Christianity. I am quite willing to leave all in the hands of Him who has said, "*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof:*"—"All souls are mine:"—"The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee,"—and I do not forget that I preach in the name of Him, who could say, "*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*"

A Personal Allusion.

It is with no ordinary feeling of solemnity that I am now addressing you. I realize that the places which know some of us now, will soon know us no more. Another will stand in this pulpit, where it has been my privilege to preach the gospel over forty years. My ministry has already been protracted beyond the average of that allowed to a majority of gospel ministers. In a few weeks I shall have entered upon my seventieth year. Already I have outlived full two generations of my fellow-men, while I have officiated to more than one generation. The doctrines which I have preached I hope to preach until the close of my ministry whenever that may come. I hold myself ready to retire whenever the Society, under whose auspices I labor, and the church to which I minister, shall deem it best for the interests of Christ's kingdom that a younger man shall become my successor. I sincerely think the time has come for steps to be taken looking to such a result, and I suggest that you, as members of my church, take the subject into thoughtful consideration.

WILL THE BOAT COME BACK?

"The salt spray drives o'er a childish form,
 Crouched at the end of the wooden pier;
 'Tis the fisherman's lad alone in the storm,
 And his eyes are wild with an awful fear.
 Gaily she sped on her outward track,
 But alas! and alas!
 Will the boat come back?

"The sea is moaning of doom and wreck,
 Madly around him the north wind raves;
 Far away from the shore is a tiny speck
 That he scarce can see for the rolling waves.
 Only a speck on the ocean black,
 Now alas! and alas!
 Will the boat come back?

—
*"God send the fisherman safe to land!
 It means so much for the little lad.
 At the touch of the father's sturdy hand,
 How his voice will ring with a welcome glad!
 Never a joy will he seem to lack
 When the storm is at rest
 And the boat comes back."*

S. E. G., in Leisure Hour.

November, 1883.

THE JAVA EARTHQUAKES.

Capt. J. W. Baker of the bark *William H. Besse*, of Wareham, Mass., arrived in Boston, Mass., harbor on Thursday, Dec. 6th, '83, 195 days from Manila. The *Besse*, wholly laden with sugar, sailed from Manila on May 25th, with a fair breeze and everything favorable for a speedy passage home. The captain reports:—

"We sailed along through the China Sea,—there are a great many islands there, you know,—until, when thirty days out, we were near the Straits of Sunda, which are between Java and Sumatra. Here we had heavy weather, and in the night ran upon a rock, which is not down on the charts.

We were damaged considerably in the hull, and had to put in at Batavia. We found it necessary to return to Manila, which we did at once, and after a short delay we set sail once more for home. This explains how it happened that we were near Java at the time of the great earthquake there in the latter part of August.

"We left Batavia again on August 26th. At sunrise the next morning, when we were distant from Bezee Island about five miles, we saw a heavy bank rising from the westward. At the same time the barometer began to fall rapidly and vary in the most extraordinary manner. It fell to 29 deg. 40 min., and then suddenly bounced up to 30 deg. 70 min. This, of

course, meant danger, and something very unusual at that. The bank kept rising and growing more dense, and at last covered the whole sky and filled the atmosphere, and completely obscured the sun. As soon as the barometer began to make those strange variations, I ordered all hands on deck, and every sail was quickly furled. We let the port anchor go, and none too soon, for darkness shut in around us, and heavy showers of sand and ashes began to fall. At the same time, mind you, the wind rose and blew steady and harder, until at noon we were in the midst of a perfect hurricane. All the elements seemed to have combined to make the strangest, most remarkable sight I ever witnessed. You could hardly call it a sight, though, for it was darker than you can imagine. I've seen all kinds of nights and days, and have been about in what I thought was total darkness many a time, but I never knew what darkness was until the 27th of August last. It's no use trying to describe that time. The air seemed thick with blackness, the whistling wind took the breath away, the falling sand and ashes choked you and settled into your clothing in a manner that was horribly suggestive of burial,—the heat was intense and stifling, and the sea, although the wind continued to blow a tempest, remained perfectly calm. The tide set strongly to the westward, and we drove through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

"All this time we heard constantly heavy rumbling like distant thunder, but long continued; every now and then the darkness was lit up for a second by blinding flashes of lightning, and a nauseating smell of sulphur made breath-

ing not only difficult, but disagreeable. It was enough to frighten any man. None of us had ever experienced anything like this before, and the majority of the seamen were sure that the end of the world had come. Why, one of the officers,—a sensible, steady-going man,—thought it was the day of judgment. I shall never forget that time. I suppose you do not know how on such an occasion the total darkness confuses a man. Now, every sailor knows his ship as you do your desk, and probably much better; every inch is familiar to him. Yet we were all turned round, and knew not where to step. One of the seamen was on top of the house,—on duty, of course,—and he stepped off from the roof and fell on the deck, striking on his head and receiving serious injuries. Well, this sort of thing continued for hours. When at last it cleared up we began to realize what had taken place. The shower of ashes kept up until we were hundreds of miles away from the scene of the disturbance.

"On the 28th we entered the Straits of Sunda and could plainly see the tremendous extent of the damage. Many an island was so changed in appearance and coast line as to be wholly unrecognizable, and we knew them only by their positions. Others must have entirely disappeared, sunk clean out of sight. The forests on Verlaton and Lang Islands were completely obliterated, and the north-western part of Krakatoa was gone. The sea was full of floating trees and other debris, and the surface of the water was covered with ashes. For 600 miles we seemed to be sailing through fields of lava. The decks and rigging were covered with ashes and fine sand to a

depth of several inches. At times we entered extensive fields of coconuts, the numbers of which it is impossible to estimate. But the most remarkable and fearful thing of all was the sea of corpses. For nearly three days we came across body after body of persons who had lost their lives in the earthquake. One man alone was said to have counted sixty bodies in plain sight, and how many more there must have been throughout the Straits you can tell as well as I. Thousands must have perished. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

"We continued on our way, having a little tussle with the seas off Cape of Good Hope. After this the prospects seemed good again for a comfortable voyage home. The trades were favorable, but fate came down on us in a new storm. Sickness also broke out among the sailors, and nearly everybody was down. On October 23d, in latitude 16 deg. 37 min., longitude 17 deg. 16 min., Srit Salensen died, and was buried in the waves. On November 27th, in latitude 35 deg. 5 min., longitude 74 deg. 28 min., just off Cape Hatteras, we fell in with a hurricane from the northeast, which piled up a very heavy sea. The storm lasted three days, but we had rough weather up to the time of our arrival in this port. In that storm the sea broke over the decks, flooded the cabin, and tore away a part of the bulwarks. We had to throw over a considerable portion of our cargo. We were very short-handed then, and when we got to Boston we had hardly half a dozen available seamen."

The *Besse* was not the only Boston vessel that saw the result of the earthquake. The *Anahuac*, Capt. W. H. Summers, arrived at that

port from Calcutta a little in advance of the *Besse*. According to Capt. Summers, on Aug. 27th, when the ship was lying becalmed in latitude 6 deg. 10 min. south, longitude 89 deg. 51 min. east, or at a point several hundred miles from the disturbance, a loud report was heard from the eastward. Thinking that it was heavy ordnance, he ordered a man to the masthead to see if the ship was in sight. While he was aloft four more reports were heard in quick succession, which made the vessel quiver and tremble in every beam. It was then thought that it must be a heavy earthquake, and soon afterwards the sun became obscured and it grew dark, although it had previously been very clear. The reports were heard about noon. The next morning, the 28th, the decks were found to be covered with a fine white sand, and the sea filled with pumice stone. The shower continued more than two days, and was swept off the deck by shovelfuls. The captain gathered a bottlefull of it. He thought the phenomena were caused by the earth passing through a meteoric shower, and knew nothing of the earthquake until he called at St. Helena, where he was told of some of the particulars. He met an English vessel which had been showered with sand, though her position was 600 miles away from the *Anahuac* at the time of the earthquake.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE EDITOR of the *New York Tribune*, in reply to a young man just entering business life who asked advice about the books most likely to help him, wrote:—

The best single treatise is the *New Testament*; next to this is the *Book of Proverbs of Solomon*.

CANNIBALS IN NEW-GUINEA.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LEROY STRICKLAND.

In a dimly lighted room on the third floor of a sailors' boarding-house in James Slip, Leroy Strickland last night told a story of his adventures in New-Guinea, where three years ago he encountered a band of cannibals and narrowly escaped death at their hands. He is just recovering from a fit of sickness. He arrived in this country a few weeks ago and was immediately prostrated by the exposure to which he had been subjected and by the unaccustomed severity of a sailor's life. He told his story haltingly and in tones that best expressed the fearful adventure through which he had passed.

"I was a painter in New-South Wales, Australia," he said, "and had been doing well for some years. I had accumulated a little property and was tolerably contented with my lot. About four years ago the Temora gold fields were opened in my Province and the gold-fever swept everything. I sold out my stock, abandoned my business, and, with the money I had scraped together, I went with the crowd to Temora. There a party of us staked off our claims and worked together for ten months, when the field played out, and we went back to Cookstown, North Queensland. Some time before we got to Cookstown the Government of Queensland sent a French surveyor out to New-Guinea in a small steamer in order to prospect the country previous to another attempt at annexation. He was attacked by natives, but succeeded in killing several and returned to Cookstown without injury. He gave a glowing account of the country, and said that there were gold pockets all along the

coast and mines in the interior. This news was sufficient to start the spirit of adventure among my companions of Temora, and we agreed to fit out two heavy life-boats, stock them with provisions and make our way across to New-Guinea to find gold. It was on November 19th, 1880, that ten of us, in two boats, started from Cookstown. We rowed across to Thursday Island, where we took in a quantity of provisions and had heavy wire nettings built over our boats to protect us from the weapons of the savages. It took us a day to row from the island to New-Guinea owing to head winds. We arrived at the coast near the mouth of the Fly River and rowed our boats directly into the stream. The country appeared to us to be deserted and we made several landings where we found gold in small quantities. We continued up the river until we had got, as near as we could reckon, about fifteen miles into the interior. Observing a bluff some distance from the shore we rowed up to the beach and prepared to land, taking with us our rifles slung across our backs, and pans for washing the gold. Six men landed, four remaining to care for the boats.

"We had not been on shore for more than half an hour when a party of natives, numbering perhaps twenty-five, appeared on the bluff and began throwing their weapons at us. We unslung our rifles and drove them back. We walked about half a mile back from the shores of the river and were congratulating ourselves on the success of our venture when we heard deafening yells and saw nearly two hundred howling sav-

ages rushing toward us at their utmost speed. It was too late to make any defense. We could do nothing but escape with our lives at best. Throwing everything of any weight we had about us to the ground, we sprang in the direction of the boats, but not before William Guiteau had been killed by a *wadi-wadi*. On our way to the shore George Johnson was also killed by a boomerang, and as I was crawling into one of the boats a boomerang struck me on the head and I lost consciousness. When we were once in the boats we were safe, but then we saw what a terrible fate had befallen our dead companions. As we rowed away we saw the cannibals seize the bodies and strip them. Then they carried them to the top of the bluff and built a fire around which, as the flames grew fiercer, they circled at a maddened pace. They howled and shrieked in exultation at their victory, and after they had exhausted themselves they squatted about the fire and threw our companions into the flames. I noticed that the human flesh burned with a blue flame and the sight was such a horrible one that I fainted. When I recovered I saw them tearing the flesh from the bones and eating it amid the most discordant sounds I ever heard, and after they had finished the fearful repast they jumped to their feet again. As we passed around a curve in the river they were still shrieking like incarnate fiends.

"Besides the men who were killed, Henry Peters and George Thomas were badly wounded with spears. When we arrived at Thursday Island they were treated at a hospital. When we got back to Cookstown our story effectually prevented any like adventures.

The natives are a hardy race, small in stature, and hideously ugly in appearance. Their weapons are the *nulla-nulla*, a long spear with a heavy bowl on one end, which they use as a club; the *wadi-wadi*, a spear five feet long, with a noose at one end, inside of which is a spike, which they use to catch and spear their enemy; and the boomerang, which, in their hands, is as effectual as a pistol ball. The country is fertile and full of mineral wealth; but the natives are the worst of cannibals. They have murdered missionaries and ships' crews that have landed on the coast, and the only manner in which the country can be civilized is by annihilating the natives. They are not dangerous near the coast because men-of-war shell the bush every few weeks, but the country will never cease to be unsafe until it ceases to be a bone of contention between France and New-South Wales."—*N. Y. Tribune*, January 9th, 1884.

Sailors Badly Frozen.

TWO SHIP'S CREWS RENDERED
HELPLESS BY COLD—DEATH
OR AMPUTATION.

The English bark *Mohawk* came eastward through Hell Gate, Saturday, in company with the tug *William P. Thompson*.

Aboard her were Capt. Crossland, Sound pilot John O'Brien of New York, three mates, a crew of thirteen persons, one of the owners, Capt. Claude James of New York, and a cargo of oil. She was bound for Calcutta. Captain Crossland took the Long Island Sound course to reach open water so that his men could get the ship cleared up for the voyage while inshore. The wind and cold in-

creased every hour after the tug returned to New York. The water splashed over the decks and upon the sails, and was frozen immediately. The work of the sailors soon became extremely arduous. The crew were chiefly Japanese and natives of the South of Europe. They could not bear the cold. It was found necessary to change the man at the wheel every ten minutes to save him from freezing to death. Pilot O'Brien says that in his thirty years' experience on the water he has never passed such a night as that was. It was inky black and the pilot was compelled to use his own judgment in keeping the ship in deep water. The brisk north-west wind had sent the bark bowling through the Sound, even with the light spread of canvas that the crew were able to shake out.

Sunday morning, not only the cold did not decrease, but a steamy, yellow fog encompassed the ship, and prevented the pilot from making out his whereabouts. He thought that he must be in the neighborhood of Cornfield light boat and Faulkner's Island. The wind veered to the north, and with an almost unparalleled fierceness threatened to do mischief to the ship if land was not descried soon or the crew did not recover from the effects of the cold and become able to attend to their duties. The changing wind shut him off from New London harbor, so he resolved to try to reach New Haven. The ship was covered with ice and snow. None among the crew had escaped from frost bites, and some of them were so badly frozen that their limbs refused to respond to duty. About eight o'clock it was resolved to shake out and set the foresail, in order to make harbor as soon as possible. As many of

the crew as were able climbed the glazed forerigging, and, with their teeth and half-frozen hands, loosened the stiffened gaskets.

One man, Oneyta O'Keeche, was heard to groan, and, loosening his hold on the rigging, fell with an agonized cry to the deck, a distance of 25 feet. His frozen limbs were broken, and under the combined influence of the frost and the pain he died in intense suffering in a few hours.

At eight o'clock Sunday night the bark cast anchor five miles outside the New Haven lighthouse. The wind died out entirely. The stiff sails were not taken in. The snow storm of Monday morning prevented Pilot O'Brien from coming ashore in the small boat, and there were not able-bodied men enough on the ship to handle the long-boat. Signals of distress were flying all day from the *Mohawk's* masthead, but they attracted no attention.

Early Christmas morning Mr. O'Brien rowed into New Haven and gave notice of the *Mohawk's* distressed condition. A boat put off for the bark and brought Captain James ashore. At midnight a tug brought the whole crew to that city. They are now being cared for at the State Hospital in New Haven.—*N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 27th, 1883.*

Protecting the Pilots.

MR. SEGUINE'S THEORY OF THE
LOSS OF PILOT BOAT NO. 8.

At yesterday's meeting the Pilot Board passed a new by-law, which provides that every steam-ship entering or leaving this port, which does not come to a stand-still when receiving or discharging a pilot, or which fails to render the latter all necessary assistance at

the time, shall be fined \$25 for each offense. Pilots who wilfully or through negligence cause unnecessary delay to vessels while in the act of boarding or leaving will be subject to the same fine for each offense.

Mr. Henry Seguine, the surviving owner of pilot-boat No. 8, which was run down off Fire Island by the steam-ship *Alaska* on Dec. 3rd, has submitted to the Pilot Commissioners a communication, in which he gives his theory of the disaster. Mr. Seguine says that from the conflicting statements which have been made by the various witnesses it is evident that the *Alaska* was being handled with too much headway on for safety, when approaching the pilot-boat. According to his theory the pilots, when they thought the ship was near enough, wore their boat around and brought her to the wind on the starboard tack, heading from west to west by north. This manœuvre was doubtless made because it would have been almost impossible to have launched the yawl and manned it while the pilot-boat was running in the trough of a heavy sea with a gale blowing. The yawl, dropping clear of the pilot-boat, was probably capsized by the swash from the *Alaska's* bow and fell alongside the steamer. When the yawl was near the stern, or at least abaft the bridge, the propeller was set going astern and then the collision took place. Capt. Murray and his men stated that No. 8 attempted to cross the *Alaska's* bow, but this was probably only apparent. In reality the *Alaska's* head must have fallen off to port owing to the gale on her starboard bow and the backing of her engines with the helm to port. In the excitement of the moment no one no-

ticed the compasses, but all were watching the *Columbia*. Under these circumstances she appeared to cross the bows of the *Alaska*, while in reality the latter was swinging to port and bringing the pilot-boat ahead and under her bow. She was still going at 5 to 10 knots an hour. Had Captain Murray been equal to the emergency he would have let his engines remain quiet until the men in the water were clear of the stern.—*N. Y. Times, December 19th, 1883.*

Captain Samuel Samuels.

This noted captain became famous in the clipper *Dreadnought*, and it used to be said that with a strong wind nothing ever passed her,—not even a steamer. Built in Newburyport, for Governor E. D. Morgan, Captain Samuels, and others, she was named after the famous vessel in Admiral Nelson's fleet, her owners sending to England to get the right spelling of the name, which they found to be *Dreadnought*, and not *Dread-naught*. Her keel was laid in June, 1853, and her first return trip from Liverpool made in February, 1854. On that voyage she scudded into celebrity by reaching Sandy Hook as soon as the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Liverpool one day earlier, reached Boston. In 1859 she made 3,000 miles from Sandy Hook to Rock Light, Liverpool, in thirteen days and eight hours; and in 1860 went from Sandy Hook to Queens-town, 2,760 miles, in the unequalled sailing time of nine days and seventeen hours. How often a first-class steamship has been longer in going the same distance! Captain Samuels had a phenomenal experience on a return trip from Liverpool in 1862. While in the "tempestuous forties" he saw a big sea coming, and shouted to the sailors to hasten forward, while he put himself under the bulwarks, with one leg around a spar. The wave struck, sending him whirling across the deck, and leaving him leaning half over the bulwarks on the other side.

with a gash in his head and one leg broken. Just as he was about to topple over into the water in an unconscious state he was rescued by several of his men, and on coming to himself was lying upon a wet sofa in the cabin, on the floor of which were several inches of water, his fore-leg fractured, and the bone protruding through the flesh. As there was no surgeon on board, to captain proposed to amputate the limb himself, but yielded to the remonstrance of his officers, who, by putting forth their strength, succeeded in pulling the leg straight, but could not keep it so. In the confusion the men left the wheel; the tiller was heard surging to and fro. The disabled captain gave orders to secure it. Presently it broke off, and then the rudder went too. For three days the *Dreadnought* lay in the trough of an angry sea, while the sailors, under the direction of the captain, who was constantly suffering the most excruciating tortures, constructed a new rudder. Successful at last, they were lowering it over the stern of the ship when the straps that held it broke, and down it fell into the sea. They were at this time 600 miles from the island of Fayal, and the wounded captain, still lying on his back in that wet cabin, after using every effort by way of sweep or drag to turn her head to the southward, and unable to give the matter his personal attention, resolved to back his vessel toward that port. For a distance of 280 miles he actually performed this almost incredible feat, and nautical readers will be interested to learn how he did it. In his own words:—"The ship was swinging with head to northward; it was calm weather, with the swell from the west. Fayal bore south by east, magnetic, and during the afternoon a slight breeze sprung up from the west-southwest, westerly, and we did all we possibly could to turn the ship's head southward by using a drag from the starboard quarter, and by throwing another drag, consisting of a water cask with one head out, from the starboard cat-head, as soon as the ship's head paid off. Each drag had a tendency to turn her to the eastward, we expecting finally to turn her to the southward, and thus to get her on the course to Fayal. It blew a royal breeze, and she paid off with her head-sails, no seals being set aft, until she brought the wind well on her quarter: but after ten hours of strenuous effort we found it impossible to get her head in the proposed direction. So we took in the drags, furled all the head-

sails and all the canvas on the foremast, set all the square sails on the mizzenmast, the whole of the maintopsail, and the starboard clew of the mainsail, and threw sharp back every sail that was set. The tendency was to give her a stern board (*i. e.*, to sail her stern first). By keeping the sails trimmed flat back on those two masts, the ship was backed two hundred and eighty miles, the weather continuing mild and spring-like, the winds steady at the west, and the ship's stern heading directly for Fayal, which then bore south, magnetic. At this time we were able to ship our second rudder, and in a short time we entered Fayal Harbor, fourteen days after the disaster." There the captain had himself hoisted overboard in a box, to which his mattress and himself were lashed, he cutting the rope by which the box was suspended at the moment that a favorable wave lifted the boat that was waiting to receive it and him. The water being too rough to allow landing him at the pier, he was carried three miles below, where some natives waded out from the beach, and took him ashore and to the hotel. The Portuguese surgeons decided at once that the leg must be cut off; but the captain, in great agony, replied that he had come into the world with two legs, and he proposed to take two out with him; that as for amputation, he could have performed that himself two weeks before, and that he had made his perilous and torturing journey to Fayal for something better than the knife. It took fifty-one days to repair his ship, and then the captain, with his leg in splinters, but so incompetently treated that the fractured bones were not in their normal place, was borne aboard of her, in spite of many protestations, and set sail for home. All he owned in the world was in the *Dreadnought*, and he would not leave her. At last he found himself in Brooklyn, and lay in bed from February to December, 1863. When he arose he had forgotten how to walk. Captain Samuels left his father's house when eleven years old to become a sailor, and when twenty-one years old was master of a ship. He had a thrilling adventure in quelling a mutiny once, during which some sailors went at him with knives. In his house is Walters's fine oil-painting of the *Dreadnought*, the lithograph of which was printed until the stone was entirely worn out, so great was the demand for the picture.—*G. W. Sheldon, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. A. M. MERWIN, who is ministering most acceptably to the Spanish speaking Protestant congregation in Valparaiso, has just arrived in this city on a brief vacation. He brings encouraging word from Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL, and other workers on the Pacific coast, and is expecting large results from the labors of Rev. FRANK THOMPSON in his new field as chaplain to seamen, which he doubtless, has, by this time, reached.

Rev. Mr. Merwin is the bearer of the following communication, which shows the nature of the work to be done all along the South American coast, and the quality of the men who are personally interested in it.

Work among Seamen in Valparaiso, Chili.

"The Christian people of this city have a local missionary society, which is doing good work in various directions. It is called the Union Missionary Society of Valparaiso, and is composed mainly if not entirely of the members of the Union Church, of which Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL and Rev. Mr. DODGE are the pastors. This society does not restrict its work to any one field, or department, or community, but works with equal zeal in other cities on the coast, in work among natives, foreigners and seamen.

"In this latter department this society has now joined hands with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, to labor among the many sailors who are constantly in this port. For some time past the position of seamen's chaplain has been vacant. Work, however, has not stopped. The clergymen and capable laymen of the city have responded to the need, and have maintained a religious service on shipboard every Lord's day. The response of the sailors to the invitation to attend service on one of the ships has been encouraging in the extreme. The attendance has been from forty to one hundred. Several persons from shore have gone on board to assist in the sing-

ing. The writer has taken his turn as preacher and can bear testimony to the earnest attention of the men. In all his ministry he has never so enjoyed the pleasure of preaching as among the sailors. To meet these men occasionally on the Lord's day and to attempt to tell them of Jesus and his love is only a beginning of a possible work. They need visitation and personal conversation. Their stay is brief. Whatever impressions are made need deepening and strengthening. They need the fellowship of warm Christian sympathy. This can only be given them by some one whose whole time is put at the disposal of the sailors. It is a matter of congratulation that the societies above named have found a man to take up this great work. Rev. FRANK THOMPSON is expected soon to be the Seamen's Chaplain in Valparaiso.

"Our American friends of the seamen may feel hopeful at the possibilities for good this field opens, and may know that the man they are sending to this work is coming to those who, not only need such ministrations, but are hungry for the truth and for Christian counsel and sympathy. Some may not see why the sailors cannot go on shore to church. Only those unfamiliar with their conditions would have any trouble on that point.

"To go from one ship to another for two hours is a very simple matter, for a prompt return is certain, but to go ashore means an exposure to the temptation to wander away and not return on time. The permission to be off ship will be more freely given, and besides the sailor is at home on ship-board, but is a stranger to churches in that he feels that he is in a new and unusual place. The outlook for Mr. Thompson is very hopeful. When he is established and becomes known, the response of the men will be far greater than can be expected under other circumstances.

"We are sure a warm welcome will be extended to this new worker in this new field by all on the ground now laboring in other directions. He may be certain also of earnest and prompt co-operation by the friends of his special work here, of whom there are very many."

J. M. A.

Valparaiso, November 24th, 1883.

At Ports In the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA's report of missionary labor at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., for the last quarter of 1883, has the following:—

"Looking over the past twelve months I feel that we have great cause to praise the Lord whose grace has been manifested in the conversion of many sinners, and has furthered abundantly His work among the men of the sea. Many have been the mercies of God our Father, faithful the loving care of the dear Master whom we serve.

* * * * *

"Since my last report, several seamen have professed a change of heart and gone to sea new creatures in Christ Jesus.—In my visitations to boarding-houses and vessels in port, as I have distributed the word of God and conversed with sailors on the 'one thing needful,' and given them invitations to attend the means of grace, I have often been cheered by seeing numbers of them coming to church on the Sabbath day, and on week day evenings.

"My work in the different seamen's hospitals has been very much blest to those who through affliction were led to think of the world to come, and to make the preparation necessary to enter the kingdom of God when called to render their final account for their deeds done in the body.

"I have also, as heretofore, visited a number of poor and sick seamen's families, whom through the kindness of the Society and of Christian gentlemen, I have aided in their extreme poverty and distress."

For the same three months Mr. D. C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, reported:—

General Labor—Encouragement.

"I have paid visits to vessels of all classes lying on the water front between the Atlantic Avenue and Hamilton Avenue ferries, South Brooklyn, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front, also on the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, Eastern District, and on the water front between

Grand Street ferry and Stanton Street, East River, New York. In these visits distribution of religious reading was freely made to officers and seamen on board and to families on canal boats, with the usual invitation to attend religious services. Many of the families on these boats lying in winter quarters in the Basins, regularly attend church services, and express great interest in religious work. On a late visit a captain happily said,—'I tell you the attendance at the Bethel last Sabbath was large; there was hardly room for one more.' In visiting the English steamships I frequently find the crews busily engaged in the duties of the ship. At such times the officers have cheerfully received from me religious reading with a promise that they would see it distributed to the men when at leisure. These acts of courtesy give fresh encouragement and renewed strength to the missionary while endeavoring to faithfully perform his duty, often amid the trials of his labors on shipboard.

In Sailor Boarding Houses.

"I have continued my visits to sailor boarding houses as in the past, and though they are of the same character as those made to vessels, yet I have found the former to be easier of access. Of all fields of labor the boarding houses constitute the best, wherein the missionary can reach the sailor. There many sailors are found, especially at this season of the year, and by constant visitations of the missionaries numbers are induced to attend the day and evening services held especially for them, some of whom, at these meetings, are led to confess Christ as their Savior.

"In view of many of these houses being surrounded by places of vice with their various forms of temptation, it is a remarkable and manifest evidence of God's blessing upon the work. One of these saloon keepers objected to my invitation to the sailors while, as he said, they were enjoying themselves in his saloon, adding,—'It is time to give them a rest.' I simply replied,—'That will be, 'when the wicked cease from troubling.'"

In Religious Meetings—At the Sailors' Home.

"My labors in the meetings, especially those in the upper room in the SAILORS' HOME in connection with the chapel services, have been much blessed. During the quarter some have been converted

here. One, a young man, while prayer was being offered, hastily and audibly began praying very fervently. As I looked upon his face I saw his devotion and wondered at his haste. I soon learned the cause, as one of his shipmates came to the door and beckoned him to go on board ship. He had just a little time to spare, and the best and sweetest place to spend it was here, where a few days before he had found his Savior.

"Another, a sceptic, attending these meetings, declared that if the sailors at the HOME were not converted, it would not be the fault of the missionaries. This man went on board his vessel much impressed, taking with him a Bible presented by the missionary, with a promise that he would carefully and prayerfully read it.

At U. S. Marine Hospital, Etc.

"In my visits to the Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, N. Y., and in U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., I have supplied the patients with religious reading, held religious conversation, and at times have offered prayer, at their bedside, and otherwise ministered to their needs. One of the visits most precious to me was made to the aged inmates of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island. By kind invitation of Chaplain JONES I was privileged to take part in the services here. It was inspiring to hear so many aged seamen relate their Christian experience, not a few of them being converted in these meetings. One of these aged seamen spoke of his determination to live a Christian life, having been strongly impressed by the exemplary life and peaceful death of Capt. CALDER, one of the inmates, aged 89 years.

Personal.

"The interest was enhanced by a visit to the room in which I was converted twenty-three years ago, and where I knelt in prayer with the inmate who now occupies it.

"In closing this report I would add that I have assisted the aged and afflicted into hospitals and asylums. With gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the blessings that have attended my way, I now close this last report for the year 1883."

STAPLETON, S. I.

Rev. Dr. F. M. KIP, chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital (formerly the "Seamen's Retreat") writes, dating December, 1883:

"Since my last report I have continued to prosecute my labors among the seamen. To me, my work has been interesting, to some of the seamen. I think, permanently beneficial. I visit every ward and endeavor to converse with the men individually. Occasionally one is found who evidently would prefer being left alone. Such I endeavor to ingratiate by words and acts of kindness. In most cases, however, I have free access to the men, and find no difficulty in conversing with them.

"The New York Bible Society have supplied my request for the Testament in various languages, and the American Tract Society, its Tracts and illustrated papers. I offer a New Testament to every one willing to receive it. The offer is seldom declined. I have also received and distributed a large number of periodicals.

"Dr. SAWTELLE, Surgeon in charge. (whose uniform kindness and courtesy I gratefully acknowledge) has assigned me, since November 1st, a comfortable and large ward for preaching services, and the room is always prepared for Sabbath exercises. On the 11th November I preached for the first time to a few auditors. Since that day the service has been regularly maintained. On the 26th of that month, an organ admirably adapted for our purposes, was received,—the gift of a benevolent lady,—to whom not only do I give thanks, but also all who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the patients. On the next Sabbath, it was used for the first time, the attendants on the service being much more numerous. Through this service, I hope and believe, blessed results will ensue.

"In respect to the full issues of my labors, here, they cannot be known in this world, but we have God's promise to rest upon, that His word shall not return to Him void. Some of the patients received are only suffering from temporary indisposition, and remain but a short time and then leave, perhaps never to be seen by us again. Still the word spoken to them may prove to be good seed, bringing forth much fruit. Yet from my jottings in my note book, I can select some facts which may prove interesting and encouraging to you:—

"September 14th.—Had an interesting conversation with an Norwegian sailor. 17th, another conversation. Christ, I trust, is drawing him to himself. 21st and 23d, continued conversations. 25th, he told me he had thought of his soul's

interests previously to entering the institution, but never as he has since the time he came to the Hospital. Now, he says, he has taken Christ as his Savior with a sincere determination to be His servant. *October 5th.* He appears very firm in his profession. Same, *October 10th.*

“October 19th.—Two of the patients expressed their thankfulness to God for bringing them to the Hospital, in view of the spiritual benefits here received.

“October, 28th.—An American sailor (with whom I have had repeated conversation,) thinks he has given his heart to Christ.

“One case which deeply interested me, is that of a seaman from Philadelphia.

“At the commencement of my labors last summer I found in one of the wards a mariner, evidently declining in health, with whom I had a long conversation. He had been in many different lands, an acute and attentive observer of all he saw and heard. He had read much and thought much. He conversed very freely, and left on my mind the impression that he thought the religion of the heathen as good as the religion of Christ. I intended repeating my visit, but on the next day he left the hospital in a pet.

“November 1st.—I found him again in the Hospital. His breathing was short, his whole appearance indicative of the near approach of death. He is extremely anxious respecting his eternal welfare, feels his need of Christ, but seems almost overwhelmed with a sense of his unworthiness. I endeavored to convince him of the hearty willingness of Christ to receive him immediately. After praying with him I gave him at his own request a copy of the Bible.

November 4th.—My interview with him to-day proved very encouraging. The change in the man is marked. His infidel sentiments have all been relinquished. Like Saul of Tarsus, ‘he prayeth’ and that constantly. In the very strongest terms he speaks of his disgust with his past mode of life, and of the loathsomeness with which he regards himself, and of his most earnest desire to be received of God in mercy through his Son. He says he cannot be sufficiently humble in view of the past. I told him, he could not be too humble, but that while he laid in the dust of self-abasement he must look on Christ in His glory.”

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

“In commencing,” says Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, dating Dec. 31st, 1883,

“regular quarterly reports of my renewed chaplaincy work in connection with the Society. I feel that I have great reason for thankfulness on account of the auspicious manner in which the way has been opened, in every respect, to my field of labor at the Yard in Brooklyn. I could not have expected or asked that everything should have been more ready to my hand, therefore all the more do I feel the responsibility resting upon me to faithfully discharge the duties of the position to the best of my ability. I am heartily glad to get back into my old familiar work among the seamen, after so long an enforced respite.

“My present report will cover the two-thirds of the quarter since I received my commission. From the first Sabbath in November stated morning service has been regularly held in Library Hall and Chapel on Cob Dock, and more social services on Sabbath afternoon and Wednesday evening. The attendance has been as large a proportion of the seamen and marines aboard the Receiving Ship *Colorado* and other ships at the Yard as could reasonably be expected, varying from twenty-five or thirty to over one hundred, according to occasion. When the number on duty, or ashore on liberty, and the Roman Catholics (one-half or more) who will rarely attend,—especially on Sabbath morning when they have a service of their own,—are deducted, the above attendance from the remainder, which is, of course, entirely optional, may be regarded as very encouraging. There have not been much more than one hundred recruits on the Receiving Ship at any one time since I came. From these, and from the regular crew of a little over one hundred more, the attendance mainly comes. When the number of recruits, or of men sent to the Receiving Ship from other ships going out of commission, increases, as it does at times to several hundred, there will be a much larger number to reach. They are coming and going all the time, so that there are a great many here in the course of a year.

“The men seem to appreciate what is done for their benefit and interested in the religious services. Several, as before mentioned, have openly testified their desire and purpose to consecrate themselves to the Lord's service and have occasionally taken part in our social meetings.

“Messrs. A. HALL and C. WALTON of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. THOMAS W. WOODS, and other Brooklyn friends, have continued to show their interest, as here-

tofore, in the Navy Yard work and rendered most efficient aid. Mr. Walton and a number of ladies have especially assisted in the music, and our new set of 'Gospel Hymns Combined,' donated by Mr. G. H. CREED, are most acceptable and useful in this department.

"The addition of thirty-five choice volumes to our Seamen's Library, as well as a liberal supply of seamen's papers and magazines and tracts by the Society is gratefully acknowledged, also generous contributions of *N. Y. Observers, Evangelists, Christian Advocates, Baptist Weeklies, Parish Visitors, Illustrated Christian Weeklies*, and *American Messengers*,—the recent as well as back numbers,—from the offices of these papers, and many miscellaneous papers and magazines from other sources.

"Thus far I have distributed about 900 papers and magazines, 4,500 pages of tracts, 40 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms in four languages, and 26 Common Prayer Books.

"The temperance cause has been earnestly presented in some of our meetings by Mr. WILLIAM MURPHY, a son of FRANCIS MURPHY, the popular temperance lecturer, and others. As a result fifty have signed the total abstinence pledge. From every aspect of our work we have reason to thank God and take courage."

New Jersey.

JERSEY CITY.

Captain W. B. WRIGHT reported, Jan. 11th, as follows:—

"The Bethel ship is again at her old place, (foot of 15th Street, N. R.,) having been obliged to move on account of repairs on the dock. We observe with others the 'Week of Prayer.' There is a good interest for the welfare of souls. We shall continue the meetings every night, (except Saturday,) as long as we think it advisable, and we ask the prayers of all God's children upon the effort put forth here for the salvation of souls and the advancement of God's kingdom in this part of His vineyard. We are thankful to the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for the much needed help it gives us every year.

"May the blessing of God rest on your every good word and work!"

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

Dating Dec. 31st, 1883, Chaplain J. B. MERRITT writes:—

"I have visited 630 vessels, distributed 6,982 pages of tracts, 948 seamen's and other papers, 218 magazines, and 48 Bibles and Testaments. The Bethel work for this quarter has been interesting and profitable, the attendance and attention good. The Sunday School work showed a little improvement. I have visited, regularly, as usual, the hospital and occasionally the jail. We have had interesting week-night services, and occasional temperance meetings. I have buried several seamen, among them one,—an aged man afflicted for years,—who died trusting in Jesus."

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

Chaplain R. WEBB, reporting Dec. 31st, '83, said:—

"Our wharves have been well lined with shipping the past two months, and attendance at the Bethel has improved. Still it has not been what I should like to see it, but a large proportion of the vessels have been Scandinavian, and the sailors manning the American coasting schooners are three-fourths foreigners or colored men. I am still in hope of getting the Port Society to move the Bethel back to the old place on the bay near the shipping. Our Annual Meeting will take place (D. V.) on the second Lord's day in January, and then something will be decided."

Obituary.

SALMON CROSSETT.

Writing from Hartford, Conn., January 5th, a friend says:—

"He died, December 25th, 1883. In his death your Society, as many other societies of benevolence, lost a firm friend. He gave away all that he did not use to supply his immediate needs, and every

gift was winged with earnest prayer that God's blessing should accompany it."

GEORGE W. LANE.

We are indebted to the *N. Y. Tribune* of Dec. 31st, '83, for facts in relation to this Christian man, whose sudden death on the previous day removed from many circles of Christian interest and activity, one who was prominent and zealous in each. The record above cited says:—

"GEORGE W. LANE, president of the Chamber of Commerce, died suddenly of Bright's disease of the kidneys yesterday morning. He was down town as usual on Saturday, attended to business connected with the Aqueduct Commission at 3 p. m., and early in the evening entertained a party of clergymen belonging to the Chi Alpha Society at his home. At 8 o'clock he complained of a headache, and soon after retiring at 10 o'clock he became unconscious and remained so until his death, which occurred at an hour after midnight.

"Mr. Lane was born on January 8th, 1818, a few miles from Lake Mahopac, Putnam County, in this State. His father, who was a prominent man in the county, died soon after the birth of his son. His mother came to New York in 1824. When fourteen years of age, the boy entered the employ of Bettner & Wright, general grocers, doing business in Front St. He was afterward a clerk in a store owned by J. W. Halstead. While in the employ of Mr. Halstead he attracted the attention of William F. Havemeyer, who afterward became his warm friend, and from whom he received much valuable assistance in shaping his course in life. At Mr. Havemeyer's instance and through his influence, Mr. Lane became a partner about the year 1840 with David Hustace, under the style of Hustace & Lane. At the time of the death of his partner in 1841, he associated with himself James J. Craig, a brother-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer. The firm, which was engaged in the general grocery business, was then housed at No. 190 but afterward returned to No. 173 Front St. In 1856 Mr. Craig retired and Louis Bonnell and Russell Crane were admitted as partners under the firm name of George W. Lane & Co. The business

in 1863 had increased to such an extent that Mr. Lane determined to give up the general grocery trade and confine himself to teas exclusively. As the result of this decision two firms were formed,—Mr. Bonnell with William Adams, son of the late Rev. Dr. William Adams, forming the firm of Bonnell & Adams, continued the general grocery business; and Mr. Lane, Mr. Crane and Morris Woodruff, son of the late Judge Woodruff and son-in-law of Mr. Lane, continued the importing and jobbing of teas at No. 93 Front St. Mr. Crane retired in 1875, and Thomas A. Phelan has since been admitted to the firm.

"When Mr. Havemeyer was elected Mayor of this city he offered Mr. Lane the position of City Chamberlain, which office he accepted, much against his inclination. By the faithful discharge of his duties while acting in that capacity he gained for himself the approbation of the entire community. In 1864 Mr. Lane was a delegate from the Union League Club to the National capital to further the passage of the bill to secure the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery. At the time of his death he was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of the Seamen's Savings Bank, the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the Central Trust Company, and Sailors' Snug Harbor; a Director of the Fulton National Bank, the Merchants' National and the Continental Insurance Company. He was also president of the Port Society, president of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital, and a member of the Aqueduct Commission.

"Mr. Lane was married Oct. 8th, 1840, to Anna A., daughter of Archibald Buckley, who was the mother of his nine children, six of whom are still living. Mrs. Lane died in 1860. In 1866 Mr. Lane married Harriet C., daughter of William C. Gilman. After her death in 1881, he married Louisa, a younger sister of his late wife, in May of the present year. Of the four daughters who survive the death of their father, one married Morris Woodruff, another Dr. Henry C. Eno, the third William F. Bridge, and the fourth E. C. Stanton. Mr. Lane was considered by all who knew him as a man of sound business integrity and upright character. Although modest and retiring in nature, he was always a leader more from the force of circumstances and the demands of his associates, than from his own choice."

BENJAMIN N. MARTIN.

The cause of seamen's evangelization lost a good friend, in the sudden decease, Dec. 20th, 1883, of Prof. MARTIN of the University of the City of New York. By speech, by prayer and by consecration of substance,—he, for years, attested his sense of sailors' needs, and their claims upon the Christian community, and his appreciation of the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Prof. MARTIN was born in Mount Holly, N. J., 20th Oct., 1816, and died 26th Dec., in New York City, aged 67 years, 2 months and 6 days. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1837 with Drs. Chapin, Coe, Yerkes and Stone, and William M. Evarts, Edwards Pierpont and Benjamin Silliman, Jr., studying theology there, also, and graduating in 1840. For a year he preached in the Carmine St. church in New York; from 1843 to 1847 he was pastor at Hadley, Mass.; and for the next three years he preached in Albany, N. Y. In 1850, he was elected to the professorship of philosophy and logic in the University of the City of New York, which he held for the rest of his life. He received the degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College in 1862. He was a valued contributor to many journals, and in 1873 lectured before the Yale Theological School upon the Natural Theology of the Doctrine of the Forces. In 1842 he married Louisa C. Strobel of New York, who died a few months ago. Prof. D. S. Martin of Rutgers Female College in this city, is their son.

Rev. Dr. Damon's Sermon.

We give much space in this MAGAZINE to the sermon preached by Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., of Honolulu, H. I., on the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Bethel Church in H., but we feel certain that our readers gain thereby a most weighty and instructive view of the good work done by this chaplaincy of our Society for the last half century. In

its historic value, the discourse will amply repay perusal and preservation. The bow of this good man who preached it has long abode in strength upon his island home, and it was, no doubt, with reluctance that many persons listened to his closing words, as it has been with kindred feeling that we have read them.

Further as to "The Savannah."

From Hartford, Conn., "H. C. B." writing January 14th, 1884, substantiates recent statements in the MAGAZINE, as follows:—

"In the paragraph 'Verities of History,' page 25 of the current volume, you are quite right in your statement that the *Savannah* was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic.

"May I ask you to refer your 'friend in New Jersey' to my article in *Harper's Monthly* for February, 1877, where he will find full details of the voyage taken from the log-book of the *Savannah* still in possession of the descendants of Capt. MOSES ROGERS, its commander.

"The story of the cruise of the *Savannah* is often received with incredulity, and notwithstanding many notices of the memorable voyage, the credit of a first ocean steamer is often given to the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*."

Likely to do Good.

A pastor in Connecticut, many of whose constituents know all about the sea and seamen, in transmitting the donation of his church for a loan library for sailors, writes:—

"I send you my check for twenty dollars to purchase a library for seamen. I have collected this money from the Baptist Church, Groton Heights, Conn., of which I am pastor. We observe one Sunday evening each month as a prayer-meeting in behalf of seamen. We read selections from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and as many of our brethren have been sailors, the meetings are largely attended and are increasingly interesting. We take up a collection at each meeting for seamen."

More Scrap Books for Seamen.

A "Friend" at Southport, Conn., and another friend at Newtown, L. I., who have heretofore provided illuminated scrap books for sick sailors in hospital, prepared by themselves in the manner noted in the last number of the LIFE BOAT (SAILORS' MAGAZINE for January, pp. 33, 34,) have lately each sent us another volume of the same kind. They have already been placed in the hands of those for whom they were intended, by our sailor missionaries.

Who Can Match This?

Mr. C. W. CAREY, Superintendent of the Sabbath School of the Congregational church at Greenville, Conn., writing us a few days since, encloses \$20, and says,—
"it is our twenty-first consecutive annual remittance for a loan library."

A Noticeable Letter.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 15, '84.
To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—
 Please find FIVE DOLLARS for your Society, as my annual donation. I was born on the 5th August, in the year 1792 and have read the MAGAZINE since about its first issue. I was converted in November, 1827. Yours,

LYMAN OSBON.

From "Pitcairn's."

An English vessel which was becalmed September 22nd, 1883, off Pitcairn Island, was visited by a boat load of the islanders, with whom one of the passengers, a lady, went ashore. The people were delighted to see her, telling her that she was the first English woman who had visited the island in twenty-five years. They loaded her with fruits and flowers, with shells, baskets, relics of the *Bounty*, fresh fish, cocoanut oil and a score of other things which she couldn't possibly carry, and then rowed her back with all her treasure to the ship. In a private letter, from which an extract appears in *The London Times*, she writes:—"The vegetation of

the island is simply magnificent, everything appearing to grow spontaneously. Some of the orange and bread-fruit trees were gigantic, and the whole place was sickly with the scent of the orange blossoms. Flowers grew everywhere, heads of double geraniums as large as my head, and some splendid lilies. Our cabin was like a florist's shop for the next fortnight. They have built a nice little church and schoolhouse, and they seem perfectly happy and contented."

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

DECEMBER, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	166
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$2,259
of which \$805 was sent to relatives and friends, \$180 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$1,424 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for February, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is at its greatest elongation at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 13th, being 26° 12' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 17th when it rises at 5h. 44m, and south of east 26° 30'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 7h. 27m., being 6° 16' south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 54m., and south of west 9° 34'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 29th at 10h. 19m., being 32' south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 71° north and 3° south.

MARS is due south on the morning of the 1st at 21m. past midnight, being 21° 30' north of the equator; on the same morning, at 6 o'clock, is in opposition with the Sun, when it is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 10th at 4h. 52m., being 9° 43' north.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 11h. 13m., being at this time 21° 11' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 9th at 5h. 51m., being 5° 45' north.

SATURN is due south on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 20m., being at this time 19° 3' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 3rd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 5th at 7h. 46m., being 1° 18' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at noon on the 22nd; after this is considered as an evening star.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for December, 1883.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brentwood, Cong. church.....	\$ 4 80
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone.....	2 00
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	11 88
Nashua, Plymouth church.....	81 70
Pelham, Cong. church.....	28 75
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 76

VERMONT.

Granby, Rev. Charles Duren.....	1 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Cong. church.....	9 68
Ashby, Cong. church.....	7 70
Ayer, Orthodox church.....	2 00
Boston, schr. Gertrude Abbott, Capt. Champion.....	1 50
Cohasset, Cong. church.....	11 88
Florence, Cong. S. S., class 12.....	3 88
Gardner, Cong. church.....	25 00
Grafton, John P. Hayden.....	1 00
Greenfield, 2nd ch., Miss Osgood's S. S., for library.....	20 00
Groveland, Cong. ch., add'l.....	3 80
Haverhill, Centre ch. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
Hopkinton, Cong. ch., for library.....	21 77
Ipswich, 1st Church, add'l.....	8 75
Lenox, Cong. church.....	25 00
Lowell, "Cold Water Army".....	8 55
Elliott church, for library.....	20 00
Lynn, 1st Cong. church.....	11 68
Methuen, 1st Cong. church.....	5 87
Monson, Estate of A. W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, Ex.....	150 00
Newburyport, Whitfield church.....	6 08
Northampton, Miss Francis Williams. C. L. W.....	4 00
Northfield, Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, a Christmas Gift, for a lib'y.....	25 00
Orange, A. B. Foster.....	10 00
Oxford, Mary S. Porter.....	15 00
Pittsfield, 1st ch., weekly offering.....	87 87
Royalston, Miss Candace Bullock.....	20 00
Sandwich, Cong. ch., for library.....	21 70
Topsfield, Cong. church.....	10 81
Upton, Cong. ch. and S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
West Medway, Cong. church.....	5 88
West Newbury, Cong. ch., add'l.....	1 10
Worcester, Plymouth ch., David Whitcomb, for lib's.....	100 00
Winchendon, North Cong. ch.....	17 50
Winchester, W. G. Chaffee, to refit library No. 4,018.....	10 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, per E. R. Bullock.....	112 79
Providence, Pilgrim church.....	5 00

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, J. H. Bartholomew.....	20 00
Columbia, Cong. church.....	16 88
Danbury, 1st Cong. church, of wh. to const. Frederick Marsh and Arthur H. Averill L. M.'s, \$60.....	87 07
Durham Centre, Rev. B. Pillsbury, D. D.....	1 00
Greens Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	19 00
Greenwich, Israel Peck.....	5 00
Lebanon, William Huntington.....	1 00
Ledyard, Rev. John Avery.....	2 00
Middlebury, Cong. ch. and S. S., for a loan library.....	20 00
Middletown, 1st church.....	5 00
Milford, 1st Cong. church.....	16 00
Samuel C. Durand.....	1 00
New Britain, Infant class of South Cong. ch., for a loan library.....	20 00
New Haven, D. W. Buckingham.....	2 00
Newington, Cong. church.....	16 77
New London, Church of Christ.....	14 61
Norwalk, Miss Lucy G. Merrill.....	1 00

Norwich, 1st Cong. church.....	35 00
Southport, Elbert B. Monroe, for two loan lib's in memoriam F. Marquand Monroe.....	40 00
Received from estate of Frederick Marquand, late of Southport, Conn., as a gift.....	500 00
Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt.....	5 00
Trumbull, Cong. ch. S. S., for a loan library in its name.....	20 00
Woodbury, North Cong. church.....	15 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, 1st Place M. E. ch., in part, to const. Morris E. Smith, L. M.....	12 00
Puritan ch., S. S. class No. 22, for a loan library.....	20 00
1st Ref. ch., balance of collection... New York City, legacy bequeathed by Henry T. Morgan of New York City, per A. C. Morgan, Homer Morgan and Charles H. Woodruff, executors.....	2 00
Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, for libraries.....	1,000 00
J. W. Hamersley, for libraries.....	100 00
Horace Gray.....	50 00
Cash.....	40 00
George H. Creed, special donation.....	35 00
George D. Morgan.....	20 00
William H. Macy.....	20 00
Captain, officers and crew of ship <i>Thermogora</i> of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, for library work.....	20 00
Central Pres. church S. S., for the "Artie and Mabel Library," No. 8,082.....	20 00
George W. Smith & Co.....	10 00
Josiah M. Flake.....	10 00
S. L. M. B.....	10 00
Charles Delmonico.....	10 00
Crew of Coast Survey schooner <i>Palinurus</i> , per Lieut. A. V. Wadhams, Navy Yard.....	6 55
Mrs. D. S. Miller.....	5 00
Mrs. S. V. Hoffman.....	5 00
Miss Frances R. Shaw.....	5 00
Capt. Samuel L. Lord, schooner <i>Mary Lord</i> , for library work.....	1 00
J. Dorrell, steam dredge <i>Saratoga</i> , Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch., of which Henry L. Young, \$50.....	1 00
Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves to refit library No. 6,933.....	67 30
Tarrytown, Edward E. Cobb.....	5 00
Troy, 1st Pres. ch. S. S. for library in memory of Alfred De Forest Gale.....	25 00

NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, H. P. Cortelyou, New Year's gift.....	5 00
Lakewood, Mrs. M. L. Smallwood.....	10 00
Madison, Pres. ch., of which James A. Webb, \$20, for library to be known as the "Grettie and Eleanor Library,".....	54 51
New Brunswick, M. E. Warren.....	5 00
Orange, 2nd Pres. ch.....	49 61
Plainfield, Mr. L. Myers for library.....	20 00

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. Du Pont.....	2 00
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Anna R. Case for library.....	20 00
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SOUTH CAROLINA.

Summersville, Rev. C. S. Sherman..	5 00
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ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Charles S. Holt for library.....	20 00
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MINNESOTA.

Northfield, Conrad Stegner.....	5 00
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NEBRASKA.

Gazelle, Mrs. Amy Downes.....	80
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\$3,554 06



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Sam's Safety Lamp.

'Well, sir,' began Sam, when asked to tell the story of his saving the express train, 'there's not much in it. It's nigh fifteen years. There wor none 'o them block telegrafts and Westin'-house brakes and Pullman cars then. It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be laid. We had a pitch in just at the edge on the viaduct at the Junction. The switching ingen wor a collectin' her cars, and she got astride on the switch rails just as the down slow passenger train came a knocking into her and blocking both roads. Some sed it wor all on account of the signals. Others made it out as it was cos the lockin'-bar wor out of order. Anyhow, the Goviment inspector couldna clear it up, although there wor any amount of engineers and officials down wi' plans and sections. We wor all confusion. Luckily none was much the worse. Some was shook a bit, and an owd woman died of the fright. I live close by the road, and hearin' the crash runned up to see what wor amiss. I wor just a-going to held to clear one of the roads when something quite of a sudden like occurred to my moind.

'I asked Job Croft "Is the 'Scotchman' gone up yet?"

'"No," said somebody in the dark.

'I think it wor the station master. I had a red lamp in my hands and off I started to stop her. Have you ever seen her go across the viaduct, sir? She comes down, the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life. The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wastin' time. She just slips down with her fifteen coaches like well-oiled lightnin'; Well, as I wor a-sayin', I ran over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got in the cuttin' the wind brought me the roar of the "Scotchman" going like a red-hot rocket through the Drabble Dale Station, a mile or more off. The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to howd mysen on the rails, to keep mysen from bein' 'a blown away.

'It wor then my lamp went out. It wor blown clean out, and in no time the Scotchman would be ripping down the hill like a havalanche of flame. I searched my pockets for a match. In my coat pockets never a one, although I generally carries a box, and have done so ever since that fearful night. At last in my waistcoat pocket I found *one match*. One match, and the wind wor a blowin' through the cuttin' as

through a funnel! I'm not a saint, sir; but I knowed that the lives in that thunderin' express depended on that one match. If she went into the foul line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river. The perspiration covered me with a cold sweat. I could 'ear my 'eart a-thumping. For a moment I went 'a dizzy like. Then I pulled mysen together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

'It wor all done in a moment. I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and thank God! there wor a small opening where the fog men shelter when signalin' trains on thick nights. I crept in this 'ere place. I opens my lamp, and puts the match inside the frame. I trembled least it should fail. But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands. I struck, and huddled round the match. The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the "Scotchman," as she rushed past faster than the wind. She wor 'a-going!' But the driver were on the lookout, and had seen the red light. All I could see wor the tail lamps on the rear guard's van; but I could 'ear the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I 'eard 'em a grinding on the rails, and then there wor a gratin' that told me he wor a reversin' the ingen.'

'Stopped!'

'Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct! He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the road wor a fouled.'

'The sweat poured down my face as I made for the Junction again; but I knowed I'd saved the train, and I prayed again not in words, but with a sort of choking gratitude that come up in big, burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I wor shifted up by the superintendent to a gauger's job: *but I dunna take so much credit to myself, for Providence lit the match that night in the very midst of the storm.*—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Jamie, the Sailor Boy.

In a very small village, there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. This little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors, and about foreign lands, that he said:—

"O mother, I do want to be a sailor!" and at last his mother said, "Jamie, you shall go." She gave him her blessing, and added:—

"Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers. If the sailors laugh at you, don't mind; say your prayers, and trust in God."

Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down at night, there was no one who laughed at him. He had an easy time of it then. But coming back from India, some of the sailors deserted, and the captain had to get fresh ones; among them there was a very bad fellow. The first night, when the sailors were gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a box on the ear, said:—

"None of that here, sir!"

Now among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, I am sorry to say, but I think he had been taught what is right when he was a lad. He came up to this bad fellow who had struck the boy, and said:—

"Come on deck, and I will give you a thrashing;" and they went on deck.

Now I am not approving of the fight, but these men *did* fight, and the swearing sailor whipped the one who boxed

the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said:—

"Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will dress him."

Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself."

Now was that wise? Was that fearless? But mark the effect it had on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck, dragged him out of the hammock and said:—

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London, little Jamie had, in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. The little fellow began to grow industrious, and to read. He said to himself, "Here is a swearing sailor who has reproved me because I did not kneel down boldly before the men." Well, he began to learn all about ropes and ships, and about taking latitude and longitude.

Now let me tell you a little of his history. Some years ago, the largest steamship ever seen, was built. You remember it,—the *Great Eastern*. You know that she went across the Atlantic with the wonderful cable. Now who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson;" and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of.—*Home Visitor*.

God Saw that it Was Good.

At an examination in a school for the deaf and dumb one of the poor children was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the pencil and wrote, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Then he was asked, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of gratitude lighted up his face as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

At last the examiner put to him this question, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" He took up the pencil again, and, with a beautiful expression of resignation and peace, wrote these words:—"Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

A Boy's Estimate of His Mother's Work.

'My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off,' said a bright youth. 'Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast.'

'How old is the baby?' asked the reporter.

'O, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us.'

'Are you well paid?'

'I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day.'

'How much does your mother get?'

With a bewildered look the boy said 'Mother' why, she don't work for anybody.'

'I thought you said she worked for all of you.'

'O yes, for us she does; but there aint no money into it.'

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During December, 1883, fifty loan libraries, eighteen new and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,022-8,032, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,901-7,907, inclusive, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 1,036,	No. 4,018,	No. 5,417,	No. 6,651,	No. 6,979,	No. 7,315,	No. 7,572,	No. 7,811,
" 2,918,	" 4,263,	" 5,496,	" 6,654,	" 7,037,	" 7,338,	" 7,623,	" 7,887,
" 3,001,	" 4,739,	" 6,187,	" 6,850,	" 7,152,	" 7,406,	" 7,671,	" 7,842,
" 3,780,	" 4,817,	" 6,503,	" 6,858,	" 7,235,	" 7,442,	" 7,905,	" 7,955.

Chimes of the Clock.

What says the clock when it strikes one?

"Watch," says the clock, "oh, watch little one."

What says the clock when it strikes two?

"Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three.

It is, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

"Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,"

'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And, oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive

When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that passeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?
"Of such is the kingdom,—the kingdom of heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
"Strive to enter in at the beautiful gate."

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,
"My son, oh, give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,
"Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna! Amen!"

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,
"Of such is the kingdom,—the kingdom of heaven."

When the deep strokes at midnight the watch-word shall ring,

"Lo! these are my jewels, these, these," saith the King.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
U. S. A.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.



Vol. 56,

MARCH, 1884.

No. 3.

From The Christian Union.

A 'LONGSHOREMAN AT WORK.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

For the benefit of the uninformed reader it may be said, at the outset, that 'longshoremen are laborers employed in loading and unloading vessels. In the vast majority of cases they are employed by stevedores, who contract with the owners or captain of the vessel to be discharged, to do the work for a certain sum, and who hire the 'longshoremen to do the task. The stevedores may have been captains of vessels, or engaged, in early years, in the mere manual work of loading and unloading; but, however this may be, it is generally admitted that they are in a very lucrative business, much of which, however, comes through their influence and acquaintance with captains and consignees.

Let the reader fancy a knot of these men sitting in the small "card-room" of a very small and

exceedingly plain liquor saloon on the East River front. They have been asked to give the facts about their work, their wages, their business troubles, and their grievances, under the promise that a faithful report shall be made of the same. They are big, ruddy-faced, muscular-looking men. They wear belts around their waists, and carry hooks in their belts,—these hooks to assist them in hauling around the big boxes and bales they have to handle. They have been "treated" to cigars. The man who does the talking must be about twenty-eight years of age. He is smooth-faced, with plenty of color,—good, healthy color. He wears an old-fashioned cloth cap, pulled down over his forehead; he has lost three teeth, and has a hole in his left cheek, which may have been caused by an abscess or a bullet wound. Not a very inviting looking man.



at first sight, but proving to be bright and intelligent the moment he begins to talk, which he does with perfect fluency and correctness of language. We are reminded of a remark of Emerson's to the effect that it is the college professor, or the student who hems and haws in his speech; the laborer talks without hesitation, and always to the point.

"Its 'longshoremen,' he says, "that you see standing all along the river front,—both the East River and the North River. Of course they are idle; they want a job. Along comes a stevedore, and he sees a gang of 'em, and he picks out such as he wants. Of course, some look more intelligent than others, and they'll be likely to get the first chance; for there is some skill required in the business, as well as strength. As a general thing, the stevedore knows you and what you're good for. Sometimes the men he knows are at work; then he has to take strangers; and he comes up to you and says, 'Here, you, go to work.' If you suit, all right; if you're no good you're discharged at twelve o'clock, and he hires another. They pay us here, on the East River, forty cents an hour. The stevedore gets so much a ton. Say the vessel has two thousand tons, and he gets forty-cents a ton; that is \$800. Say it takes three gangs, ten men in a gang, fifty hours to discharge her,—you figure it out: \$600 for the men,—\$300 profit for the stevedore. Some of the stevedores are good, some of them are low blackguards; they ought to be called 'lumpers,' for that is the way they discharge,—by the lump. These stevedores and owners think we get too much pay,—have an idea we demand too much; but we don't have steady work. Now, if

they'll turn around and give us half as much pay,—twenty cents an hour,—with steady employment the year round, we will be satisfied. On an average, the majority of 'longshoremen along the East River don't earn ten dollars a week the year round. Now, with rent, provisions, etc., a man can hardly maintain a family on less than two dollars a day,—that is, to live any-way half decent. He might *exist* on a little less, but it can hardly be called living. Take rent, clothing, and provisions, and doctor's bills, and medicines, and so on, and you'll find, at the end of the year, if you make both ends meet you'll be doing considerably well.

"On the North River side the men get thirty cents an hour for day work, and sixty for night work; we get forty day and night. They all belong to our Society. When work is dull over there they come here and work for forty cents; but if we go there and work for thirty cents there's generally a kick about it. It was so at one time when they all got the same, until the general strike eight years ago. We held a convention,—we were out two months on a strike; but the convention finally came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get the steamship companies to pay the rates we demanded, so the companies finally agreed to pay thirty cents an hour for day work and sixty cents for night."

From another source on the North River side,—not a 'longshoreman, but a man who had mingled with 'longshoremen for ten years back,—it was learned that the earnings at one of the steamship companies' wharves would be from \$18 a week up to \$25. He had heard of men making \$40 in one week, but that was rare. The rate was double (sixty cents an

hour) for night work, for Sundays, and for holidays. He knew 'long-shoremen who were steady, good workers, who owned and lived in their own houses on the Jersey side.

The same informant said that men would sometimes take a job "in the lump" themselves,—a number of them, friends, agreeing, for instance, to load or unload, say a hundred crates at so much a crate, or so much an hour, and then dividing equally among them the sum received for the job. Three years ago the steamship companies paid regular salaries to the men,—\$12 a week for dock hands, \$14 for the men who stowed away the goods in the hold of the vessel, and \$16 for the men on the deck of the ship who directed where the goods were to be put.

"The great trouble," to let our East River workman resume his narrative, "is that the Harbor Masters charge such an enormous fee to the owners for bringing their vessels here that the owners won't bring them here, and so we get less work. You may have seen talk in the papers about doing away with the Harbor Masters. That is what we would like. The Harbor Master don't receive these fees directly, but a man who is supposed to be a Deputy Harbor Master. There is no such thing as a Deputy, but he calls himself so to receive these fees; the Harbor Master getting them through him, so that in a legal proceeding he can make an affidavit that he didn't receive them. The Harbor Master says, '*I am Harbor Master, and this man represented himself as an assistant Harbor Master; he had no authority from me to go to your place for fees; you should not have given him anything.*' They charge the owners

as much as \$50 for the privilege of working a vessel, and then \$10 or \$12 for wharfage. The consequence is, the vessels are taken to Brooklyn, the North River side, or elsewhere, and we lose work.

"There are any number of foreigners who are interfering with us,—Italians, Frenchmen, all nationalities. Through their connection with the Masons and other secret societies they get work where we cannot. Of course Catholics can't belong to those orders. These men are not Catholics; they only believe in what they eat and drink.

"To protect ourselves in getting work and the regular rates per hour, we have a beach-walker [with an apt remembrance of the cleansing power of a certain toilet article, he is called by some the 'beach-comber'], who is paid by the Society \$25 a week. We boycott the vessels. This man walks up and down the river front, and sees that such men that are working, and that he don't know, have the Society badge. Each man is obliged to carry one about him. Here is mine."

The speaker displayed a round, white metal badge, about as large as a silver quarter. Upon it were the letters:—

L. U. P. A.,
No. 2, N. Y.

That is, 'Longshoremen's Union Protective Association, Branch No. 2, New York, and the number of the man beneath.

"Then," continued the man, "if a vessel is being discharged by non-society men, it has to pay, I think, ten cents a ton, amounting sometimes to \$100, according to her tonnage; and before a man from our Society is allowed to work on her, that money must be paid. Down at the Maritime Ex-

change they held a meeting and wanted us to dispense with it; they called it an outrage, called it blackmail, this idea of dictating to them by whom their vessel should be worked. Now, if a consignee has a vessel sent to the Lackawanna yard, or the mahogany yards at Seventh Street, of course, any kind of laboring men may discharge a vessel; but we have got to stand by on the streets of New York waiting for that vessel to be discharged; then, when they want to employ experienced men to load her, as it should be done, they come to us. During all the time she has been discharging we have to stand by,—and they call us blackmailers! *We* don't think we are wrong. Why don't they employ us to discharge her as well as to load her! Of course, it is more difficult to load than to discharge. At the Delaware and Lackawanna Company yards they have Italians discharging stuff such as iron ore that they take out of blast furnaces, the men getting \$1 and \$1.25 a day, while we stand on the streets in New York waiting all the time she is being discharged. As soon as she is discharged they want us to load her. They tried to do away with our loading, but the insurance companies wouldn't insure them unless they were properly loaded.

"I said we stand around the streets waiting for work; but they talk of having a place where we can stop. This man [the liquor seller, in and about whose place there were a score of 'longshoremen at the time we were there] don't object to my coming here, but there's a good many people might wish to come in a place to get a drink, and they don't like to have a dozen men gaping at them while they go the bar. Here, some time

ago, they (the police) drove us off the sidewalks here,—wouldn't allow us the sidewalks,—down here in Maiden Lane and those places; drove us off, locked some of 'em up, and fined 'em a dollar for not going along quick enough!

"A man works four or five hours in a ship's hold; he comes up here, all sweaty; he stands on the sidewalk, gets sick, hasn't any money to pay a doctor, off he's sent to the hospital. They make no provision for us to get out of the inclemency of the weather; you have to stand here, rain and snow,—either that or go into a gin-mill. A man has to go to a gin-mill, and spend ten cents to go there. All those things should be looked into."

There are, approximately, about seven thousand five hundred 'longshoremen in and around New York. They have five societies, three in New York and two in Brooklyn. The New York societies were organized in 1864. The preamble of the Constitution of "No. 2" says:—"The importance as well as the utility of constituted associations must be acknowledged by every reflecting mind to be very essential, as it is the only method whereby they can insure their private as well as general interests, and protect themselves from arbitrary employers." And the object of the Association is stated as being "to bind members together as one man, that we may be better able to protect our interests, regulate our wages, and attend to such other business as may from time to time come before us." Membership is secured by the payment of an initiation fee of one dollar: the monthly dues are fifteen cents: colored persons are not eligible to membership; members shall not work with non-society men; drunkenness, cursing, and swearing dur-

ing meetings is punishable by a fine of one dollar; members shall not work for stevedores who employ non-society men. The funds are appropriated for the maintenance of wages, burying the dead, and other incidental expenses. Fifty dollars are allowed on the death of a wife, and fifty dollars on the death of a member.

Ocean Lighthouses.

A recent paper read by Mr. Christopher Anderson before the society of Engineers in England, discusses the feasibility of deep-sea lighthouses, to be anchored at various points in the ocean, and to serve, besides the purpose of a lighthouse, those of signal and meteorological stations. Mr. Anderson's plan contemplates the construction of such lighthouses of hollow riveted iron-work in the form of a large cylinder, about 36 feet in diameter, and 290 feet in length, consisting of three essential parts. The upper portion raising 140 feet out of the water, is to be similar, so far as shape, arrangements and internal fittings are concerned, to the tower of an ordinary lighthouse. The central portion, about waterline, is to be packed with a material (such as corkwood) much lighter than water, and capable of forming a durable and unsinkable floating power. The lower portion, extending 150 feet below the water-line, is intended to counteract the force of wind and weather acting upon the tower, and as a ballast to lower the center of gravity of the whole structure to any desired extent. To this compartment water is admitted, and, if necessary, a quantity of iron ballast can also be used. The lighthouse is to be erected complete in the shipbuilding yard,

launched and towed out to its intended site, where it will readily be made to assume its erect position by admitting water to the lower compartment. Having been properly floated and ballasted, it is to be securely attached by steel wire ropes two inches in diameter to anchor blocks weighing about 200 tons each, sunk in suitable positions, so that in water one mile deep each rope would be from two to three miles long. The proposed displacement is about 2,000 tons, for which there would be no difficulty in providing adequate moorings.

The structure is entirely dependent for its floating power upon the light material contained in the central division, and is consequently unsinkable, even if damaged by collision with a ship or an iceberg. Owing to its peculiar form and arrangement, its stability is very great, so that, if forced from the perpendicular, it would instantly right itself with great power. The author has calculated that a hurricane, moving with a velocity of one hundred miles per hour, equivalent to a pressure of 50 lbs. per square foot, will only cause a deviation of 10 degs. from the perpendicular. Against this it is to be noticed that the sag of the mooring ropes will form a most effective spring to control any tendency to oscillation. As the whole mass of the structure is comparatively great, and the area exposed to the lifting force of waves very small indeed, it is thought the rising and falling motion caused by passing waves will be almost inappreciable.

The extreme desirability and increasing necessity for lighthouses and telegraphic stations in mid-ocean is universally admitted. The following important objects to be attained by their construc-

tion may be briefly stated:—(1.) For meteorological purposes; as from a station say 1,000 miles from the English coast, a storm warning from the Atlantic could be sent thirty-six hours in advance, and a yearly saving of many million pounds' worth of maritime property and of hundreds of human lives thereby effected. (2.) Ship owners could be apprised of the passage and condition of their vessels, and could forward messages to the same *en route*. (3.) To afford rendezvous for vessels in distress or shipwrecked crews. The author also proposes to employ similar light-houses on a smaller scale for coast service. The immense saving of life and property which would result around the shores of the United Kingdom would be sufficient in one year alone to recoup their cost many times over.

One cannot help thinking, however, of the isolation to which the keeper of the place would be exposed, and the terrifying effect of a collision with an iceberg, even though in such an event,—as claimed by the author of the scheme,—the lighthouse would immediately right itself.

Bermuda as a Harbor of Refuge.

Captain Albert J. Kruger, of ship *Nevada*, of New York, writes home respecting the Bermudas as a refuge for vessels in distress. Atlantic sailing directions, which are mostly of old date, describe the islands as having a safe harbor for vessels of the largest size. But ships are being built much larger now than they were years ago, and masters with vessels drawing over eighteen feet will be sorely disappointed if they expect that they can enter a harbor at once on

arrival at Bermuda. All the shelter they can find is the roadstead called Murray's anchorage, situated to the north of the islands, and formed by the coral reefs which encircle the northwestern shores. These reefs are situated from eight to twelve miles off shore, so that gales between north-northwest and west by south raise a very heavy sea, and vessels often part their chains or drag. As to doing much work in such a roadstead during a severe winter season, it is entirely out of question. It is true that the largest man-of-war ships afloat go to Bermuda, it being a British naval station. The British Government had established a navy yard on Ireland Island, sheltered by a splendid breakwater, inside of which these ships lay snug and safe, but merchant vessels are not permitted to go there unless they carry Government supplies. There is also a Government floating dry dock (which was towed from England to Bermuda some years ago), capable of lifting a 6,000 ton ship. The Marine Slip, in St. George's, owned by a number of shareholders, cannot take out vessels of larger capacity than 900 tons, the charges for the use of either slip or floating dock are alike and not moderate, but the latter can only be made use of by merchant vessels in case the former cannot perform the service, whatever may be the reason—that is, the Government does not interfere with private interests. The same relations between Government and private individual Bermudans exist regarding work, supply, or assistance to foreigners. The former does not undertake or furnish any work or supply, unless the respective applicant can present a certificate signed by three merchants or mechanics respectively, stating that

no private individual on the island can or will furnish the work or supply. At times even the Government cannot supply, so that one has to send to New York for the required timbers or logs, for masts, spars, rudders, &c., are scarce, nor does any one keep a stock of yellow metal. Most of the Bermudan pilots are very inexperienced and ignorant, unfit to have charge of a vessel of any size; some are tricky, and will not hesitate to bring a vessel into difficulties if opportunity offers for the sake of gain.

leeve in these places. Oh, no, no, no, no! But that we leeve in this blesstit island of oors, Great Breetin. Oh, yes, yes. And in that pairt o' it named Scotland, and in that bit o' Auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Where there's neither frost, nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin' suns, nor hurricanes, nor——" Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

A Highland Exhortation.

"Ah, my freends, what causes have we for graatitude. Oh, yes! for the deepest graatitude! Look at the place of our habitaation. How graatful should we be that we do not leeve in the far North. Oh, no! Amidst the frost, and the snaw, and the cauld, and the weet. Oh, no! Where's there's a lang day in the tae-half o' the year. Oh, yes! And a lang nicht the tither. Oh, yes! That we do not depend upon the aurawry boreawlis. Oh, no. That we do not gang shivering aboot in skins. Oh, no. Smoking amang the snaw like modiwarts. Oh, no, no! And how graatful should we be that we do not leeve in the far South, beneath the equawtor, and a sun aye burnin', burnin', and where the sky's awfu' het. Ah, yes. And the yearth's het, and the water's het, and ye're burnt black as a smiddy. Ah, yes. Where's there's teegars. Oh, yes. And lions. Oh, yes. And crocodiles. Oh, yes. And fearsome beasts, growlin' and grinin' at ye amang the woods Where the very air is a fever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery drawgon. That we do not want to

Oil on a Rough Sea.

The efficiency of oil to temper the rage of the waves in storms at sea is now generally recognized, and it is becoming the practice for vessels to take oil with them to be used in this way in cases of extremity. The ship *Glamorganshire* was recently saved in a tempest by the timely use of oil; while a powerful steamer, the *Navarre*, neglecting it, was swept by the waves and went down in the North Sea, on the 6th of March, 1883, with those on board. The oil operates by preventing the waves around the vessel from breaking, and converting them into a heavy swell. *Chambers' Journal* remarks that "ships that leave port unfurnished with oil, in case of emergency, are defrauded of one of their chief elements of safety."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

The Ocean's Dead.

Some startling facts and figures have recently been presented to the British Parliament in the official Blue-book form. The volume is entitled "Shipwrecks," and its

three hundred and forty large quarto pages contain a record of all the losses of British merchant vessels the world over from shipwreck, and also all losses of British merchant vessels by spontaneous combustion of cargo. They do not include fishing vessels, or vessels sunk by collision with ice or floating wrecks, or vessels burned by other causes than spontaneous combustion of cargo. The following table shows the number of steam and sailing vessels founded and missing during each

year from 1873 to 1880, together with their tonnage and the number of lives lost:—

Year.	No. of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Lives lost.
1873.....	398	121,045	2,068
1874.....	319	120,973	1,842
1875.....	294	73,180	1,308
1876.....	288	104,968	1,321
1877.....	282	74,919	1,054
1878.....	244	92,434	990
1879.....	244	95,925	1,394
1880 (Jan.to May 16) 78		45,750	281
Totals	1,965	729,194	10,827

The volume should be called a Black-book, for its records teem with horrors.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE PILOT—CHRIST:—THE CHART—THE BIBLE.

Permit me, sailor friend, being myself the son of a shipmaster, who was, years ago, lost at sea, to offer you some thoughts in a matter of greatest importance to you not less than to me. We are alike voyagers to eternity. Human daring or skill, which may venture amid the perils of an unknown sea, can avail nothing in the utter darkness that shuts down upon the shoreless, fathomless hereafter. Scoffing and doubt, and ridicule now may whistle up a false courage, as one drifts helplessly toward the coming abyss; but the man of true firmness and reflection seriously admits his own ignorance of the course, where no coast line, or soundings, or noon-time observation can point his way. Even the boastful, godless audacity of the infidel is dumb, when it comes to the death launch "without hope."

Yet, happily, although none can return to earth; nor can the places that have known men, know them any more, we are not compelled to embark without sailing-directions, and a pilotage that will ensure our absolute safety. Human pre-

sumption and self-conceit fail to explore or map that ocean of destiny, but the voice of God brooding on the deep cheers the believing soul with promise of unfailing guidance. Is it wiser, better, to cast away fear, and refuse divine instruction, or to meekly put your helm into His hand, who "made the sea," who "inhabiteth eternity," and who, across the death mystery will steer those who trust Him, in safety, and "bring them unto their desired haven?" (*Ps. cvii, 30.*) There is not then for any man the awful necessity of weighing anchor for the voyage of despair. All depends on the welcome acceptance of His pilotage, who, assuming all the risk, takes no risk, for the winds and waves are subject to His will. (*Matt. viii, 27.*) And he teaches all his people the secret of his faultless navigation. Though one cannot go with another on board, yet by the way, quite down to the shore, he can explain what he has learned and commend to the departing, the blessed storm-Ruler, at whose word the furious, cruel sea lies still. Not a few of you

sea-faring men have I met personally, or in the columns of the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE*, to whom the Captain of our Salvation had plainly taught wonderful things full of wisdom and grace. But I began this writing chiefly to urge upon all men of the sea the need and worth of the Bible and of Christ.

You know the value of chronometer, and compass, and navigator and chart, and competent pilotage for safe adventure upon the storm-driven sea. You can well conceive the anxiety of a mariner blown far off his course, and befogged at length near some land not mapped down, of whose adjacent waters he is ignorant, and his compass a falling spar broken during the storm. At his wits end and in great dismay, he is suddenly hailed by a stranger close alongside, professing to be a Pilot, and holding up what he declares to be an official map of that coast. What would you do in such case? Would you raise objections to him and his chart, or order him off and lose precious time, while the strong tide and a land-ward gale are fast drifting the ship upon the reef? Would you dispute his knowledge of the situation, and boast your equal ability to take the vessel in to safe moorings?

I tell you, brothers, the reality with you in life's voyage is not far different. Ere long you will be running down the lee-shore of death, the misty, reef-bound, awful coast, on which the wind drives and the swift tide sets, and no craft has seamanship on board, that can help her crawl off into the open sea. Yet there is a safe haven, if you knew its bearings, and the entrance is narrow, though inside all the soul-craft in the world might ride at ease.

But what can you do? The fog of ignorance and unbelief shuts down thick, and you were never in that latitude before, and know nothing of the rocks and shoals, or how to find and keep the channel-way. If any glimmer of feeble light seems to struggle through the mist, it may be a decoy of wreckers, fiends who would gladly drown a poor soul in perdition. Do you feel helpless? or will you defiantly take the chances?

Hark! some one hails. He heard your signal-gun. He knows your danger. He has made haste alongside to save you,—yes, to save you; for He and He only can. Every foot of that bottom he knows, and the chart he unrolls was made from his own soundings and surveys. It marks the course so plain that the sea-faring “man, though a fool, need not err therein.” (*Isaiah xxxv, 8.*) Will you take him on board? Only with your consent will he come over the side. Do you say you have charts which you think are reliable, that have cost you too much to be lightly thrown aside. Do you doubt his license or his skill? Think quick, man! your only opportunity, the fleet moments are counting away. Alone, you presently perish. Were His credentials open to discussion, still, in his own waters he is presumptively capable. Half a chance of rescue were better than complete destruction. But, indeed, you run no hazard with Him. He can prove to you his thorough familiarity with that coast-line. He never lost a ship. “He is able to save to the uttermost” them who engage him. If time allowed he could shew you ten thousand names of men like you, “ready to perish,” well nigh “drowned in perdition,” but they gave him the

helm. They obeyed his orders. They worked the ship as he directed and were saved, for lo! "God has given him all them that sail with him." "There could not a hair fall from the head of any of them." "I exhort you," saith he, "to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you," and so in every case "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land," (*Acts xxvii.*) Look! that is the Psalmist's signature, *three thousand years old!* not by any means the first attestation, but notable for the graphic record he made of it in the one hundred and seventh Psalm: "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

My brother! you are too old a sailor to crowd sail into the straits of death in the rashness of self-confidence. You would not run such risk with any ship in an unknown sea. Do not stand any farther inshore with your precious soul, and no pilot,—no CHRIST on board. There is not even a chance in trifling with that peril. Over those ragged reefs and treacherous shoals there is no such thing as touch and go. It must be bold water or quick destruction. The blackened ribs of many a wreck darken that gloomy strand. Once more the Pilot hails, "To-day! if ye will hear his voice." "Now is the day of salvation."

Oh! welcome him on deck! Entrust all to him. Presently then he will have taken you inside the reef, beyond the roaring surf, to anchor in heavenly peace. Bend on now the cable of faith. He gives to them who are under his pilotage that Hope which is an an-

chor to the soul, sure and steadfast, bedding his flukes in the holding ground of heaven.

Mendham, N. J. CYGNUS.

Follow Me.

BY REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D. D.

I was visiting a Christian home a few weeks since, and as I conversed with the mother,—to whom God had given a group of precious little ones,—on the blessedness of working for the Master, and how grandly it paid even in this life, she said, in a despondent tone, "I am so discouraged with myself every day, because I feel that I am doing nothing for my Savior." "How is that?" I asked. "Why, my life is just shut into this nursery. My time is taken up all the day in caring for my children, in mending their clothes, in providing them with food, and in correcting their faults, and I cannot see that I am accomplishing anything grand for Jesus—and," she added with tears, "I do love him so!"

"Doing nothing for Jesus!" It set me to thinking as I walked away from that home. "Doing nothing for Jesus!" Was she doing nothing? Well, what was that mother doing, besides caring for the children's clothing and nourishment? Why, she was pouring her own pure, warm love into those young hearts! She was telling them every day of the heavenly Father, of the mansions where little ones are clothed in white, of the kind Shepherd who loves the lambs and never drops one from his everlasting arms, and by instruction, by prayer, by every word and look of a pure affection, she was training those children to love God, to hate sin, to live for heaven, and filling infant lips with

the praises of Christ. It was a work unnoticed by the busy world, it gained no applause of men, and the feet grew weary with the labor, and the eye, at times, wet with tears of anxiety; but that mother was doing a great work in the estimation of the Master,—a work which the revelation of eternity will stamp as sublime. For if we call him great who planned the Cathedral of St. Peter, with all its massiveness and beauty, if they call the old masters great whose paintings hang on monastery and chapel walls, is not she great who is building up characters for the service of God, who is painting on soul-canvas the beauty and strength of Jesus the Christ? Oh! mothers, who may read these lines, be content to be shut in to the quiet nursery with Jesus and his lambs, for you are doing a greater work than human thought can estimate, a work which might well excite the envy of angels. You are following the Master, and his benediction is your strength and comfort.

And is not this the definition of all Christian work?—following Jesus! And if we are laboring where he appoints, and as he directs, is not our work great? I can remember when, in the beginning of my ministry, I thought that all Christians should publicly speak in the prayer-meeting, and that all should take hold of this and that specific work; and if I could have had my way, it would have been like trying to build a ship by all the workmen making masts, or all adjusting the rudder; or like trying to build a house with the workmen all masons or carpenters. But I have learned that God's vineyard is very large, and that there is an infinite variety of work to be done. Yet all

the work is following Jesus, and it is all for Jesus. The minister may occupy a more prominent part of the field, but all cannot be preachers, and prominence is not the measure of the grandeur of the work. The word of loving warning or invitation dropped in the sinner's ear, on the street or in the counting-room, is as great a work in the Master's estimation as is a sermon an hour long. The visit to some desolate, sin-ruined home, the word of sympathy to the afflicted, the prayer by the sick and dying, they are all work for Jesus; and he rewards gloriously, though no one on earth may see the tired feet of Christ's disciple. The Sunday-school teacher may have but a small class, or it may be that the scholars are restless and inattentive, so that the teacher is tempted to feel that the labor is resulting in no fruit, and that some one else may accomplish more than he is doing; but the one question should be, Am I following Jesus? Am I seeking his guidance and his strength in every word and act? If so, then work on, labor on, pray on, confident that "ye shall reap if ye faint not." And the more earnest the prayer, the more entire the dependence upon Almighty power, the more clearly will God flash the light of his wisdom upon your path, and the more quickly will the harvest grain appear.

In the museum at Rotterdam is a rough, uninteresting painting,—it is more a daub than a painting, and the keenest observer cannot discover any mark on it of genius or of skill. By its side hangs a master-piece, whose value is almost beyond calculation. The artist of the two is the same,—the renowned Rembrandt,—and years of patient, earnest study and toil

intervene between the two paintings. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we can toil on,—we can make daubs,—and the touch of Jesus' hand will transform our daubs into masterpieces.

"Follow thou me," the following and the "me" linked together, work and fellowship married on Calvary. "Follow thou me,"—willing service, individual service, joyous service, steady, uninterrupted service for him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter for us. Christian, are you working? The deep roar of earthly trade sounds in your ears, fashion and pleasure are tempting you. "It will be a gay winter," said one to me a day or two ago. But the work, the work for Christ, the following in his bloody footprints, this must not suffer, and this is your supreme privilege. Charles, the twelfth king of Sweden, when besieged in Stralsund, was one day dictating a letter to his secretary, when a bombshell from the enemy's camp came crashing through the house, and burst close to the room where they sat, tearing it in pieces. The report was so loud that it seemed as if the whole house was destroyed, and the frightened secretary let the pen fall from his hand. "What's the matter?" said the king, with a perfectly composed countenance; "why do you not continue writing?" "Most gracious sire," replied the secretary, "the bombshell!" "Well," said the king, "what has the bombshell to do with the letter? Go on with the writing." And what has the world to do with our work for Christ? What right have its gayeties and wealth to stop your sowing and your reaping in the vineyard? And, oh, the work! how grand it

is; for we are working for a King, and he pays royally as we labor. How pressing it is! for on every side are hearts to be comforted, burdens to be lifted, souls to be saved. How joyous it is, leaning on the Beloved as we drop the seed, eating grapes of Eschol as we toil on in the wilderness. And how short the service,—only an hour, and then evening comes, and then the rest by the river of life, the hallelujahs of the redeemed, the crown heavy with stars, and the rapturous vision of his face which was marred for our salvation, but whose radiance of love illumines all the city of our God. In that city, before that glorified face, crowned by the pierced hand, in the vast choir of ecstatic joy, may you and I meet to hear the Master say, "Thou hast been faithful!"—*S. S. Times.*

Take—Break—Make.

BY REV. R. L. STANTON, D. D.

In June, 1880, the writer heard an address delivered by the Rev. Theodore Monod, an evangelical pastor of Paris, at the Mildmay Conference Hall, in London, during which he gave an account of his ripe religious experience. Mr. Monod is well known in the United States, received his theological training here, and has visited this country since then. He is every inch a Frenchman, though cosmopolitan in his religious instincts, and, as an evangelical worker, unites readily with all Christian people.

The time referred to in Mildmay Hall, was when the annual meeting, lasting three days, was held there. Three thousand persons were present. Mr. Monod spoke several times. He speaks English equally well with French.

The time in his religious experience of which he spoke on this occasion was not at his conversion, but when he was, by consecration of faith, seeking higher and fuller blessings. His prayer was, "*Take me, Lord; I give all to thee.*" This was his consecration. He "held nothing back; it was a complete surrender."

But he was not satisfied. He did not find peace and rest. Nor did he find joy in gospel labors, nor have success in them. He then prayed still more earnestly, "*Make me, Lord, successful in thy service; I would win souls to Christ.*" Still he did not find peace. His "work was formal;" his "spiritual life lifeless." He read, pondered, prayed, examined his heart and life, searched the Scriptures, but was ill at ease; his soul-longings were as great as ever, and as little satisfied. At length the Holy Spirit opened to him the depths of his heart,—revealed to him unholiness, ambitions, inordinate self-love, self-seeking desires,—and he began to see that his heart was but a cage of unclean birds; and he prayed for deliverance. The Spirit revealed to him that his self-renunciation was far from complete, and that Christ must "thoroughly purge his floor," and "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

Mr. Monod at last discovered his difficulty. He had been made to see the predominance of *self*, and that this idol must be utterly demolished,—that self must be wholly crucified. "I felt and saw," said he, "that I must be *broken all to pieces*, and formed anew, that God might *take me and make me* fit for his service. I had prayed, '*Take me, and make me;*' but I now saw that a new process was needful, and so I prayed, '*Break me upon Thy wheel,* until I am made meet for thee!'

"Yes," said he, "these three words make up the needed prayer, '*Take, break, make;*' a prayer which we must all offer, and the necessities of which we must all sooner or later learn, if we would rest in Christ in peace, and be successful in winning souls to him. This consecration, and truth, and 'baptism of the Holy Spirit,' constitute the trio of prime necessities for all Christ's people!"

The effect of this address was thrilling, as its plaintive notes fell upon the vast assembly. It reveals the *root* difficulty in many a Christian soul—the dominance of *self*. This idol, so inwoven with our very being, must be "broken all to pieces," as Mr. Monod said of himself—completely ground to powder, "purged" from the soul, and "burned up in chaff."

It is the middle term of this three-worded prayer which we too much lose sight of. Every earnest Christian may be ready to say, "*Take me,*" and many may also add, "*Make me what thou wilt;*" but how few are willing to say, "*Break me!*" How few are willing to be "purged" and "burned" until every particle of dross is cast out and every bit of chaff is consumed. The world and all its idols must be renounced, as the condition of acceptance by and peace in Christ. This prayer in three words should be adopted and urged by every one seeking full consecration,—"*Take, break, make,*"—with special emphasis upon the middle word.—*Triumphs of Faith.*

What is Good News to a Man Who Feels Himself Lost?

I was deeply impressed the other day with a sentence in a letter I received from a person at a

distance, in which he states: "The Gospel as (sometimes) preached in our day, is of no use to a man *who feels himself to be lost.*"

When a man has broken the laws of his country, and is under sentence of death, he paces the floor of his gloomy cell, looks through the iron grate, and thinks of the fearful morrow. That is something like being lost as to this world. Let us go down the dark passage, and speak to him at the iron grate. Hark! how he groans! What will you say to him? Would a lecture on morality do? Would you tell him to be a good man, and keep the laws of his country? Would he not reply, "You very much mistake my case; that sort of talk is no help to me at all; my life is forfeited; I am under the sentence of death"? Poor lost one! Would it help him if you engaged to keep the laws of his country for him! Not in the least: the law demands his life, and the day is fixed. The only way of keeping the law for him would be to die in his stead; and the only great news that would meet his case would be the free pardon of his sovereign.

Such is the case of an awakened sinner, who feels *himself lost*. This world to him is a condemned cell. The Devil roars in his conscience, *Guilty! guilty!* He has tried to be innocent; he has pleaded,—“Not so guilty as my neighbors;” he has tried “to mend;” he has tried to keep the law of God, but has broken it more and more. And now, trembling with guilt and fear, Conscience, the Devil’s jailer, has turned the heavy bolt of the iron gate of *despair*.

Reader, art thou the man? Have I described thy condition?

art thou one who feelest thyself lost? Then hearken; I will tell thee of One who came to seek and to *save the lost*. I come not to thy iron gate to tell thee what thou must do. Nothing that thou canst do can save thee from thy dark, condemned cell, nor thy future fearful doom. I tell thee, if the Spirit of God has thus made thee feel thou art lost, I have good news from Heaven to thee. There sits Jesus, at the right hand of the Majesty on high; that is the blessed One who came, in pity, to this condemned cell,—who took the sinner’s place, and died, the just for the unjust. Hadst thou forfeited thy life? He gave up His own, even to the death of the cross. Hadst thou forfeited heaven? He left it, to become a man of sorrows. Oh think of the glory of this mighty Savior! He knew that nothing short of His very life’s-blood could meet thy guilty, condemned state. He gave it freely. What plenteous redemption through that precious blood! Thou hadst sinned against God, and God is satisfied, justified, glorified by this precious sacrifice. God hath raised Him from the dead, “and through Him is preached the forgiveness of sins,”—free, full, everlasting forgiveness. Through Him, not through thy doing, and *by Him*, not by thy doing, thou and all that believe *are justified* from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

The door is open: come out, and rejoice in the gospel, that suits the man who feels *himself* to be lost.

C. S.

“Precious Blood.”

Blood, which is the life, is precious according to the rank of the animal or of the person whose

blood it is. The blood of a lamb is more precious than that of a bird, and the blood of a bullock than that of a lamb, and the blood of a human being than that of a bullock. But suppose that the man be not merely a man, but *God-man*, both human and divine, then his blood is greatly enhanced in value; it is infinitely precious. But Christ, the Son of God, who came to be the Savior of the world, is Immanuel, God with us. He was man, and yet He was more than man and more than angel. He was not less than God. Thus is it written of Him:—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." It was of Him that John wrote:—"This is the true God and eternal life." How precious then must His blood be! Nothing in the universe can equal its value. Peter, speaking of the price of our redemption, says,—*"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."* So precious is that blood that it has power to do for us what nothing else can do:—it "cleanseth us from all sin."

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they."

H. S.

How a Dane Found the Light.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D.

On the western coast of Denmark there lived an intelligent farmer, with a family of well-

trained children. The parents were worthy members of the Lutheran church. The children, being regular attendants on the church services, and having faithfully learned the Catechism, were confirmed by the Lutheran pastor as regular members of the church.

But one boy, George, in this family, was not satisfied with his spiritual state. He had not found peace. His heart was troubled. He felt there was great darkness and dearth within him, which neither attending church services nor partaking of the ordinances removed. Boy as he was, he was hungering and thirsting after a righteousness he struggled in vain to find. By-and-by he timidly approached the minister and stated his case as well as he could, and asked to be shown more light. He knew there must be more, and his soul craved it.

"More light!" said the minister, "you astonish me. What sins have you been committing?"

"Not any, sir," said George, "but I have got a bad heart, and I am unhappy. I want more light."

"Why, my son, do you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes, every day, twice."

"Can you repeat the Ten Commandments? Let me hear you."

George at once went through the Commandments with great fluency.

"Now go through the Catechism," and the young man did it with accuracy and without hesitation.

"Well, well," said the pastor, "there is no trouble with you. You are all right. You have got some strange notion in your head. Go home and be a good boy and be happy."

George went home dissatisfied.

He failed to get the light, do the best he could. He ventured to see the preacher once again, but he was turned off as a troubler of the good man.

While working in the field by the sea, the ships passed out from the harbor, and sailing over the German Ocean towards England disappeared in the dim distance. George said to himself day after day, as he saw them go,

"There is more to be known about religion where they go than my pastor can tell me. There must be more light, and I will go and find it. I must get more light."

After long importunity, his father consented to his departure. With a bounding heart he went down to the docks and found a ship soon to depart for New York. He applied to the captain, asking to work his way on the ship, and was roughly sent away. After a little he came back and pleaded his case eloquently. The captain told him to go away and trouble him no more.

George went away heavy-hearted, and as he journeyed homeward he saw a little thicket of pines near the road, and he went into it and kneeled down, and opened his heart to God in prayer, asking God to change the captain's heart. When he arose his burden was wonderfully lightened, and he went directly back to the ship and told the captain if he would take him to New York he would do anything for him, he would sleep anywhere, and eat anything.

The captain said, "You are a plucky fellow to face me three times. I fancy there must be something in you. Get aboard."

On the voyage he was very helpful and found favor with the captain. One Sunday afternoon

in mid-ocean a lady gave him a leaflet with these words. "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." That afternoon, as he sat, and read, and thought, the light broke into his soul like the morning.

"We are God's children," he reflected, "not by saying creeds, and catechisms, and going to sacraments, but by faith in Christ Jesus. I have got the light. I have found that something that I wanted, thank God."

The lady conversed with him and gave him a New Testament, and he soon found this,—“Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ,” and his soul was filled with gladness to overflowing.

At New York he got a place in a bakery, by the side of a good Christian member of Dr. W. R. Williams' Baptist church, which he attended, and made great progress in the Christian life. His Bible was open before him as he toiled, and at night he fairly ate the word, as hungry men did the bread he kneaded. He said, "I am the happiest young man in the world. I make bread that perisheth, and I eat the Bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger." He sent by letter many a loaf to his father and friends in Denmark. He removed to St. Louis, and in due time was married, and has a comfortable home and a group of pleasant children.

He has never lost the light, nor the Bread of Life, nor the power of prayer. Here is an instance. Two days before Christmas, not long since, he went to a toy bazar for presents for his household. He had \$26 in his purse, but could spend only two dollars, as he owed \$24 to workmen and had promised

to pay them. In the crowd his purse was taken, and he could get no trace of it, though the store was faithfully searched. He stated the case to the clerk, and returned home and went to the upper chamber, and bowing before God asked him to make the money hot in the pocket of the thief, that he might return it, as years before he had wrestled with God in the pine-thicket to soften the captain's hard heart. The next day at three o'clock he went to the chamber again and prayed as aforetime, and rose lightened of the burden, and went directly to the store. The clerk saw him coming, and held up the purse to his delighted vision, and opening it everything was found in it safely preserved but one horse-car ticket. A man had come and laid it down before the clerk a few minutes before the owner appeared, saying some one must have lost it, and swiftly departed. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"He Leadeth Me."

A boy was being examined for admission to the church. When he had finished a modest statement of his loyalty to Christ and his acceptance of Him as his Redeemer, he was asked how he expected to be able to keep close to his Savior and not to be led astray. "I," said he, his face brightening, "I will just put my hand in His and He will lead me right along."

The boy had learned the lesson of complete submission to the Divine will, and under the guiding, paternal care of God he felt that he could never lose his way. The highest type of spiritual life is found in those whose intercourse with God is unbroken and who dwell continually under the shadow of the Almighty. There the soul is safe; storms of doubt and despair may assail it, but its fortifications are secure. The Almighty is its protector, and against Him no assaults of the enemy can be successful. — *Benj. F. Hubbard.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Coast, N. A.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

No report we have published from the Mission has given a more life-like picture of its work than that now printed, lately received from the Treasurer of the Ladies' Mission Society in Montreal, through whom our remittances in aid of its support are made. It came to the Canadian Society from Rev. GEORGE ROGER, the missionary at the Station, and covers operations for portions of the year 1882 and nearly all of 1883.

Arrival.

"When we arrived here, Sept. 16th.

1882, we were kindly received and much helped by Mr. WHITELEY, who continues to be a great friend to Mission and Missionaries. On our arrival people were not prepared to go into winter-quarters, so we remained at Bonne Esperance for five weeks, putting mission and private property in order, visiting people who lived near, and conducting ordinary services, which were attended on an average by thirty people, who always listened with much attention to the preaching of God's word.

Buildings and Families.

"On the 20th of October, following the example of our neighbors, we re-

moved to our house in the Bay of St. Paul's River. There we found the buildings and Mission property in a wretched condition, and they had to be attended to by ourselves, as every one around was engaged making their own house fit to live in. As there had been no missionaries in the settlement during the preceding year, a number of families had left it, and as they did not know long before of our coming, they could not gather round us for the last winter. So there were only six houses in it beside our own. In two of these two families lived in each, two and a-half miles further up the river there were other six houses, and still further up were other three. Between us and the coast at various distances and in different directions lived the other inhabitants, many of whom are Roman Catholics.

Sabbath Attendance.

"Under these circumstances and with the addition of an unusual severe winter we could not expect large attendances at our services. On the Sabbath our morning and evening services and Sabbath-school would be attended by from twenty to thirty-five people. Adding the attendances of Sabbath and week-day meetings will give us an average attendance of one hundred and thirty people weekly during the winter months. Some of the people who thus met with us walked or rode from two and a-half to ten miles through deep snow, exposed to the blast and severe frost. Often the thermometer was 35 and even 40 below zero. Yet their hungering and thirsting for the word of life made them willing to leave their comfortable homes and face such difficulties, to be able to meet with God's people, and to listen to the message of salvation.

The Working of God.

"We are glad to add that often we felt that the Lord was working in our midst, strengthening his own and convincing others of their need of Salvation! Yet I cannot state with certainty a real case of conversion. Christian work in a place like this is generally quiet and hidden. In our weekly prayer-meeting several members took part in prayer, and in the women's prayer-meeting, conducted by Mrs. ROGER and Miss COREY, nearly all who met with them took part, not in formal prayer but in a real out-pouring of their heart's desire to God for blessings to themselves and others.

Visitation.

"Owing to the severe winter and my want of knowledge of places there was not much visiting to places far removed from the mission. Visiting here, we find, can not be done regularly, only when circumstances make it possible. However, the visits made have been much valued. We have always met a warm reception, and generally had an attentive ear.

On the Coast.

"During the month of March ('83), I went along the coast eastward for sixty miles, distributing papers of a religious nature, reading, praying and conversing with the people in their homes, and in the evenings when a few could be gathered together we had services which were attended by numbers, varying from thirteen to sixty. All present listened with much attention to every word spoken. On leaving each settlement invitations were given us to make another visit soon. During my absence from home at that time I had addressed about four hundred people, who seldom or ever hear the Gospel preached, and had time permitted twice that number might have been dealt with about their soul's salvation. I am (D. V.) going eastward again next week. Much good could be done in this way if the missionary had a boat and dog-sledge at his command.

Summer Work.

"We came to Bonne Esperance on the 20th of April. Soon after that date the ice became bad so that few people could attend our services, and visiting by us was altogether an impossibility. The ice continued in this dangerous condition until the 14th of June.

"During summer our work has been rather trying; for during the first part of the season fishing was a failure. So all were down in spirits, and people whose vessels used to lie in our harbor, kept moving about hither and thither, they knew not where. Our services suffered, of course, by the fluctuation of those who generally worshipped there during summer, and those who did meet with us were worried about other things. We could only pray for them and encourage them to call on the Lord, and ask him not to visit us with judgment as we deserved. Soon after there was abundance of fish. Our Sabbath morning attendances have ranged from thirty-five to one hundred and fifty, and the evening attendances from twenty to two hundred; our Sab-

bath-school attendances from fifteen to fifty.

"We visit people who live near our summer-residence weekly, distributing religious papers, reading, praying or conversing with them as there is opportunity. Those living at a distance we have not been able to visit regularly, as we have no boat; but occasional visits have been much valued by their recipients.

"Fishing and other vessels lying in our harbor are visited weekly. Some weeks there are few, and at other times there have been thirty, forty and fifty vessels anchored in the harbor. On boarding these I am generally invited to the cabin where often there is an opportunity of entering into conversation about spiritual things, with the warm-hearted Christian as well as with the careless and hardened sinner. The parcels of papers and tracts made up for each vessel are always received with gratitude, and invitations given to attend services are generally not forgotten.

"Other ports than our own have also been visited, where services have been held in some house, or on the deck of a fishing-schooner. Much of this kind of work could be done along the coast, and I hope it will be begun next year. To be able to do this I am now trying to procure a suitable boat, trusting that this will have the committee's approval.

Incidental Work and Benefit—The Church.

"During both summer and winter many have been benefited by medicines received from the Mission. Library books have been lent. Several Bibles have been given to those in want of such, yet not able to buy them.

"Including missionaries there are now twelve church members here. One has joined since our arrival; we hope to receive others as members soon. Others again who have got good in connection with the mission would join us, but are hindered by relations who are English Church people. We have about eighty adherents, including children, *i. e.* those who are here all the year round.

Week Day School.

"During winter the week-day school was well attended, considering the few people near us. The scholars made good progress. Miss CORRY went into the work of teaching with a whole heart, being much attached to the children and they to her. Those attending school in winter

are too far off to attend now. So she has at this time a new race of children altogether. But some of the children with us now and several others will be added to the number of scholars that attended school last winter. We hope to have twice the number of families around us during the coming winter, and that school and church will both be better attended. And our heart's desire and prayer is that we may also have more of our Master's spirit and presence, so that our labor may be crowned with success.

Prayers Asked.

"We are very thankful to have the prayers and sympathy of Christian friends. In return we shall not forget to pray for such that God may water their own souls, while they are wrestling with him for blessings to others."

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In October, November and December, 1883, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT preached 59 sermons, held 23 prayer-meetings and Bible classes, and twenty-six other religious meetings, besides visiting on 74 vessels and distributing 1,600 pages of religious reading matter. His reception by seamen was "with thankfulness." He mentions several cases of interest in religious matters met with on shipboard, and says that at Råa, the fishing place one-half a Swedish mile south of Helsingborg, with about 3,000 inhabitants, many sailors and fishermen heard the word of salvation. In the evening meetings several persons had inquired for the way of life in Jesus, and afterwards confessed their joy and peace in believing upon His name.

GEFLE.

There being a "dryness" among Christians in Gefle during the latter portion of the year '83, it was decided to hold prayer-meetings every evening for two weeks before Christmas. These the Lord blessed, says Mr. ERIKSSON, seamen's missionary, in his last report,—“the children of God were strengthened, and some sinners were converted.”

"Out in the country," he adds,— "the Christians have been more lively than in the town. When navigation for the season ended, I went out on the south coast, between Gefle and Stockholm, walking from village to village and preaching the word to multitudes of hearers every evening. Neither rain or snow, or darkness have prevented their coming to our meetings. The Lord has blessed His word, and rejoiced the hearts of His children. Some seamen have received peace, most of them being young men." On a voyage to Westears he aided in a meeting of preachers and elders; at Upsala he preached and the congregation felt the presence of the Lord.

ISLE OF GOTHLAND.

Writing from Buttle and Wisby, the aged JOHN LINDELIUS, sailor-missionary since 1848, says:—"My health is weak, and my strength has decreased. Perhaps the message soon cometh—'come a little higher up!' I am content with the will of the Lord. May He Himself prepare me for that voyage! I am glad that during this quarter (ending Dec. 31st, '83,) He has granted me to do a little for the kingdom of God. I will try to do what I can for it, and hope to be enclosed in the kindness and prayers of my honored Society. I wish it a good New Year, great progress, peace and blessing in all its work. God be with us!"

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. A. WOLLESON, seamen's missionary, wrote with much gratitude to God, at the close of last year, in view of His blessing upon work at the Bethel Ship:—

The Work in Gross.

"The result has been," he says, "that a large number of sons and husbands, who have been lost to their parents and families, and dead in trespasses and sin have, through the preaching of the word, been convinced of their errors, and being

led to know their lost condition, have returned unto the long-rejected and despised Friend, who offered them a ready welcome. Their experience has been that their happiest moments now are spent upon their knees, drinking out of the Master's cup, and feeding out of His hand, like the poor man's ewe lamb in Nathan's parable.

"The influence of our Mission has been felt for good in distant lands, but especially does my soul rejoice in the knowledge that pure religion has evidently gained ground this last year among our Scandinavian sea-faring population. The many thousands who during the year have been within the reach and influence of our efforts, a goodly number bringing the little leaven to their different homes, which were formerly poor and neglected, assure this. Often do I receive communications as to the changes now realized, the happy and comfortable homes with the family altar, and the songs of praise. On the great day there will be some from distant corners in this part of the land, who will pay their tribute unto Him who is worthy, for the efforts of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Numbers express their warmest gratitude to it, who years ago were of the long-neglected Scandinavian seamen.

Hospital Visitation, Etc.

"Hospitals, asylums and other institutions have been visited. I have prayed with the sick and dying, and comforted them with that word which bringeth salvation. I have endeavored to bring the patients to serve and please God, and prepare them for that hour when heart and flesh shall fail. I have encouraged them to rely in the hour of death on the faith that God would be the strength of the believing heart, and their portion for ever, and in my mind there are many hallowed associations connected with these visits, which often have been of the deepest interest.

On Shipboard—At The Bethel.

"I have visited 3,000 ships, of nine nationalities, supplied the crew with suitable reading as well as furnished them with the Holy Scriptures in their own language. Our Bethel Ship has been open daily from 5 to 10 p. m. for reading, and writing, and for private devotion. We have had public service three or four times every week. Besides this,

brother NIELSEN, one of our workers, has rendered valuable service to those who emigrate to America, and I am in receipt of large numbers of letters with the best of news about it. I take a few lines from a couple of them, translated by a Christian gentleman, as follows:—

“*Rev. Mr. Wolleson*:—I received your welcome letter, for which receive my heartfelt thanks. I am happy to hear that you still remember me in your prayers, for I do feel the need of them. I must confess my thoughts are often too wandering. I pray the dear Jesus to make me more obedient, and ask for grace to rely more on Him. Then I should experience a larger measure of His love and power in my soul, and be more like the salt which lost not its savor.

“When I recall the time I was in C., there were but two persons who I remember comforted me and assisted me when I was in need,—dear Mrs. W. and yourself. It is therefore with a son's love I think of you, and pray God to reward you for all your affection shown unto me.”

“Another writes from London, expressing thanks for the many blessed hours in the Bethel Ship here. ‘Never shall I forget the pious endeavors put forth to reach the prodigals, of which I was one. I believe I have saving faith now, but I have not the peace and rest that are now always for me the highest blessing in experience. I beg of you, dear sir, to pray for me.’

At Elsinore.

“Mr. COULTHARD has in the past year been in daily attendance upon the Seamen's Mission. He has distributed religious reading, given invitations to seamen to attend to the means of grace, and provided for them in the Mission. There have been services every week, and the Rev. Mr. BERTELSEN, formerly in London, has done all to make the Mission attractive and prosperous.

At Korsor.

“The Mission in Korsor has been kept up. A pious Christian man invites and befriends the seamen; but the preacher in charge in Korsor has done little or nothing for the Mission, so there is little spiritual work going on there. I have many invitations to come to preach, but

as my time is so busily taken up I can only pay one visit every year.

The Sailor's Home in Aarhus.

“Mr. JOHN MAENSSSEN with his excellent wife are in daily attendance, and have rendered valuable services to many seamen.

Asks For Prayer.

“I implore Christian brethren to pray for us and for the prosperity of Zion in these regions. Although I state that religion has gained ground among this people I see clearly also that the enemy has been sowing his tares. We have great obstacles and hindrances, but I hope and pray that the Lord of all mercies may endow our workers with grace to endure and persevere in our great work for the Master.”

ODENSE.

Rev. F. L. RYMKER, missionary, in 1883, visited 1,088 vessels, sold 113 Bibles and 311 Testaments, besides distributing 83,800 pages of tracts, with 613 Scripture texts.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, missionary, forwards a succinct and vivid picture of his work for the year 1883. We quote:—

Afloat.

“Through the continued liberality of Mr. EDWARD CHAPLIN, Chairman of the local committee, who for the last two years has provided a man at his own cost to row the missionary to the ships on the river and in the harbor, a large number of vessels were visited. Thousands of pages of reading matter were distributed in ten different languages, and many opportunities offered for personal conversation. Several meetings were also held of an encouraging character.

Ashore.

“At the Institute about two hundred and forty meetings of various kinds were held, attended by about eight thousand seamen, including meetings for Scandinavians, and meetings for the promo-

tion of temperance, at which ninety-one pledges were taken. During the winter a free concert was given every Monday evening, and three free teas and entertainments were provided by the chairman and another member of the committee, and by English and American ladies who reside in Hamburg, to two hundred and thirty seamen at Christmas, and on New Year's day and at Easter. We need not say how much the sailors appreciate and enjoy what is provided for them at the Institute. They can best testify to the benefits and blessings received at these gatherings. This we can say that not a few regard the Institute as a moral safeguard and refuge from the temptations of the city.

Reading Room.

"Here sailors come to write their letters. Pen, ink and paper are provided free for them, together with newspapers, the *Shipping Gazette*, periodicals and useful books, etc., etc., and on the evenings when no meetings are being held, innocent amusements and games of skill complete the attractions at the Institute, to which nearly ten thousand seamen come during the year.

Thanks—The "Parish Visitor."

"We gratefully acknowledge with sincere thanks the many valuable gifts of books and papers sent to the Institute, some coming every month from New York. One paper, the *Parish Visitor*, is especially valued and well read.

Seamen Aiding.

"To the question, what are the sailors doing, themselves? we are pleased to say, that they are doing what they can to help sustain and make the Institute attractive and inviting. In addition to their annual subscriptions, the captains have bought some large chromo pictures for their reading-room, and the sailors in addition to their weekly offerings in the Bethel Box, which amounted to 310 marks, also bought pictures for their reading-room, and in other ways rendered valuable help.

Results.

"The nature and calling of the men among whom we labor preclude us from following up results. We perhaps see an inquirer once or twice and he is gone to sea again, perhaps never to return, or to be shut up for months in the ship with thoughtless and persecuting shipmates.

Still we can follow them with our prayers to Him 'who compasseth the path,' and 'whose ears are open to the cry of the contrite one.' Nevertheless we have every reason to believe that there were many decisions for Christ from among the sailors, who have gone to sea in ships from Hamburg, to witness for Jesus."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Reporting for the year 1883, Rev.

ARTHUR POTTS, chaplain, writes:—

"The chapel services have been the central work, and have been encouraging. The character of the congregation, its reverent manner, the enthusiasm of the singing, the general use of Bibles in finding the text, and following the reading of the Scriptures, the fixed and unwavering attention to the sermon, all encourage the minister to believe that the good seed is 'falling into good ground.'

The Congregation.

"Our congregation differs from the majority in consisting in great part of men, a congregation of which the 'better half' is probably in England, or the United States, waiting and praying for the safe return of their loved ones.

"Of the large army of officers, engineers and seamen on the *Red Star* line of steamers, many are regular attendants at the chapel services when in port, while the families of those resident here are constant worshippers with us. Another large class, though not seamen, are their "cousins," being shipping merchants, ship chandlers, and clerks, who if they do not go upon the sea in ships, yet go down to the sea and do business on the waters. Besides these we have a number of our most prominent citizens, whose places are seldom vacant, and whom I hope will become permanently interested in the Society.

"God's providences in sickness and death open the ears and hearts of the people here as in other places, and I have had a number of opportunities to minister to the dying and comfort the mourning.

At Hospital.

"I find men in all conditions in my weekly visit to the hospital, and they seem glad to see me, and listen to my

message. Victims of accident, storms, fevers, scaldings, broken limbs, stabblings, are brought there, perhaps for me to speak to, at least so I choose to think, and occasional letters received after the return home of some of them encourage me to feel that what I have said has been blessed.

Steps for a New Sailors' Home.

"The Scandinavian church has been taking steps for founding a Sailors' Home, and have already raised quite a sum toward the object. The British, United States and Norwegian consuls are coöperating, and are talking of renting two very pleasantly located houses for the experiment.

Weekly Entertainments.

"The Antwerp Committee have opened the weekly entertainments at the 'Institute,' for the winter. I gave the opening lecture on 'What I saw in Egypt,' and expect before the course closes to give another, on my 'Ride through Palestine.'"

France.

HAVRE.

Mr. C. J. HEPPELL, missionary, in 1883 wrought 3,644 hours, among seamen, making 1,350 visits to vessels and to the reading-room, held 230 religious services, and 44 temperance entertainments, enrolling two-score men among pledge-signers, and reaching nearly 36,000 sailors by his ministrations.

MARSEILLES.

The last communication of Rev. H. I. HUNTINGTON, chaplain, gives so comprehensive and clear a view of work done at this station, that we print it entire.

"The mission work here, as you are aware, is exclusively in the hands of the Church of England. I am assisted by Mr. WILLIAMS, the scripture reader, whose stipend is paid partly by the English Seamen's Mission Society, and partly by the Bishop of Gibraltar. I can speak in the highest terms of his unremitting devotion to his work. He spends six

hours daily in visiting the shipping, in distributing tracts and printed notices of the Sunday services, and in conversing with the men and officers. He is also most useful in piloting the men to the Sunday services at the Church and Home.

Chaplain's Sunday Duties.

"My Sunday duties comprise two full services at the English church, a religious service at the hospital, and a fourth service at the Sailors' Home. The latter always seems to me the most real work of the day. It is an informal service of praise and prayer. We sing Moody and Sank-ey's hymns, have prayer, partly from the prayer-book, partly extemporary. A chapter or part of a chapter is read, and a stirring address is given. These services are much liked by the sailors and often form the subject of conversation on board ship. If only the vessels remained longer in port, we could be sure of a very large attendance. But it is in the nature of our work that we cannot see its results, 'casting our bread upon the waters in the hope that we may find it after many days.' I am thankful, however, to note a reader and heartier welcome on board ship both for myself and Mr. Williams, and increased facilities for conversing with the men.

Visitation.

"At no port on the Mediterranean is the work of visitation so laborious as here, owing to the vast extent of the docks, and the fact that the vessels are scattered, one here, one there, in six different basins or docks. The Home, which is on the central dock of the Joliette, is two miles distant from the outlying ships, and a dark and dreary walk it is for the sailors on a winter night. The average attendance is from 15 to 60, according to the number of ships in harbor.

Sailors' Home.

"The Home, besides its other uses, supplies a meeting place and refuge for all sailors when they come ashore. It is well supplied with books, magazines and newspapers, and also with games, such as drafts and dominoes, besides facilities for writing letters, free of expense. It is our object to make the men feel that the room is their own, that it belongs exclusively to them, and many of them are glad to learn that there is such a refuge for them when they come on shore.

In Hospital.

"The average number of sailors in hospital is from 5 to 18. I have held forty-seven services there during the past year, besides visits during the week, and even daily when required. The distances are great. The hospital is two miles from the church, and three from the port. Besides occasional visits I have also held, during the past year, eleven religious services in the jail.

"Notwithstanding the importance of my work as chaplain to the little community here, I yet feel that my chief mission is to the sailors, and I desire to take this opportunity to express the deep sense of gratitude I owe to your Society for the confidence they have placed in me, and the support they have given me."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, appointed seamen's chaplain for this port, had reached Callao, Peru, on the 28th Dec., '83, and wrote to us, thence, with high hope, and anticipation of soon reaching his field of labor.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The last quarterly report from Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, speaks of the presence, in harbor, of the U. S. Flag-ship *Richmond*, and his pain at finding

her chaplain very ill and in hospital. By the chaplain's request, and with U. S. Capt. SKERRETT's cordial approval, Mr. A. did as much as was possible towards carrying on the chaplain's duties while the latter was kept from them. For some six or seven weeks he went on board to conduct divine services, Capt. Skerrett placing the steam launch at his disposal, and at other times when Navy duties allowed.

The following are statistics of the quarter's work done by Mr. A.:—

Number of visits to the hospitals, 29; services held, 36; temperance meetings, 9; Bible classes, 2; visits to prisons, 9; visits to ships, 8; visitors to reading-room, 752; attendance at meetings held at the mission, 844; seamen's letters sent and received, 15.

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

"I beg most sincerely to thank you and the Society, for their very kind and generous donation," says U. S. Consul HUTCHINSON, through whom our funds in aid of the harbor mission are transmitted,—"and I am glad to be in a position to say that the work here among seamen is productive of much good. Mr. SMART, missionary, will also acknowledge your kind assistance."

At Ports In the United States.**New York.**

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the Sailors' Home since 1869, in applying to our Board of Trustees for "a little more money than usual," to relieve some of the great suffering among destitute seamen's widows and families, which, this winter, presses upon his hands and heart, sent for inspection, his Record Books, containing an account of every dollar he has ever received and expended in such beneficence, and an abstract by which it ap-

peared that the total amount up to January, 1884, was \$6,969.59. It need hardly be added that this good man's request was heeded and complied with.

BROOKLYN, U. S. NAVY YARD.

Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$40 from Mr. HENRY C. ELLIS of B., which has enabled him to furnish the Sailors' Library Hall and reading-room, on Cob Dock, with a full supply of the best popular magazines. These, with the goodly num-

ber of daily and weekly papers, both religious and secular, previously supplied, mainly by the sailors' own subscriptions, make a very complete provision for their united instruction and entertainment.

VAN BRUNT ST. BETHEL.

At this chapel, on Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 8rd, Rev. E. O. BATES, chaplain, rejoiced to see a stalwart Scandinavian sailor coming in with a companion, and under great concern for his soul's salvation. Seating himself, with head bowed, he began to cry out, in his native tongue,—"Pray for me! Pray for me!"—and the place was a veritable "Bochim." Other seamen, on the same Sabbath, gave evidence that the Holy Spirit strove with them for their good.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER, who succeeds Rev. L. H. SHUCK as chaplain,—the latter having accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Paducah, Ky.,—was detached for this work by and from Harmony Presbytery. He wrote, January 25th, that he entered upon his duties the previous Sabbath (20th). Besides Sabbath services at the Bethel and in the Sabbath School, he has commenced a prayer meeting in the Sailors' Home, on Wednesday evening.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.

The fifth annual report of the Floating Bethel has come to hand from chaplain J. D. JONES. The attendance at meetings in 1883, was 10,427, and visitors at the reading room who left their signatures numbered 6,568. More than a thousand, sailors and others, rose, during the twelve-month, and at the religious services, for prayer,—and of these some began the new life in Christ. An undenominational

church has been organized in connection with the Bethel, with 33 members. The missionary committee, ship-keeper and chaplain made, in ten months, 571 family visits, mostly among the sick. Expenses for the year were \$3,386 86.

"Free to All"—In Memoriam
Frederick Marquand, Esq.

BY DENIS WORTMAN, D. D.

Suggested by seeing the legend "FREE TO ALL," on Mr. Marquand's large Portfolio.

Yes, symbol of the friend revered
Whom we with grateful mind recall,
On all his work, his wealth, his heart,
He wrote out plainly,—"*Free to All!*"

Not vainly sought his open home
The poor in spirit or in bread,
To princely causes princely helps,—
To lowliest just as cheerful aid.

Yet not along the public way
Where an applauding world would see,
In quiet nooks with God's shy flowers,
Bloomed his fair fragrant charity.

Who unto others strongly gave,
Received with trembling hand his own,
Who bravely bore the Master's cross,
Scarce brooked the faithful servant's crown.

With trembling trust and halting hope
He passed to heaven's holy hall,
To find his gifts but feeble types
Of Jesus' grace, made—"Free to All!"

Fort Plain, N. Y.

Obituary.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER ARCHIBALD.

Died in Brighton, Eng., February 8th, 1884, Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald, C. B., K. C. M. G., for many years British Consul-General at New York. "Mr. Archibald," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, of Feb. 9th, "was trained to the profession of the law and entered the public service over fifty years ago. He was assigned to duty in Newfoundland and filled during nearly a quarter of a century several offices connected with the judiciary, the Legislature and the Government of that Province. While filling the of-

fice of Attorney-General he advised and promoted the grant of concessions which furnished the most substantial encouragement of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Twenty-six years ago he was appointed to the Consulship of New York, which he held during the most eventful period in the history of the United States. The burdensome and harassing duties of his office were performed to the entire satisfaction of both countries.

"During the first three years of his service in the city he was engaged in detecting and reporting slave-trading expeditions. He said in his speech at a dinner which was given in his honor on his retirement from the British Consular service in January, 1883:—'It would astonish those who listen to me to know to how great an extent that abominable traffic was then carried on with impunity, not by American citizens, but by foreigners who made this country and especially this city, the seat and centre of their operations. I believe I was enabled to report every expedition which during these years was fitted out not alone from the United States ports, but from those of the West Indies and the continent of Europe. Without the mutual right of search which I had urged, and owing to adverse influences, little or nothing could be done to suppress the traffic. But with the outbreak of the Civil War, there came a sudden revulsion of sentiment on the whole subject of slavery. Speedy convictions were obtained and very soon the accursed traffic was swept into the depths of the ocean.

'Then it was that a treaty with the United States embracing the mutual right of search was negotiated and under it there was established an international tribunal, a court of mixed commission for the trial of slavers captured under either flag and brought into United States courts for adjudication. Of this court I was appointed Her Majesty's Judge. No case ever came before that court, and after eight years of existence it was abolished and the commission was extinguished.'

"Mr. Archibald took part in paying over to the United States Government the amount of the Geneva Award.

"He was a man whose aim and efforts were to maintain a conscience void of offense. His closing words at the dinner tendered to him at the end of his consulate, were:—

"When I am dead and gone
And the mould upon my breast,
Say not that he did ill or well,
Only he did his best."

To this record of a useful and noble life we need only add that some of its best strength was habitually given in several ways, to the welfare of seamen. The Board of Trustees of this Society marked their sense of this, by appropriate action in connection with Sir E. M. ARCHIBALD's departure from New York city, as recorded in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for March, '83, p. 89.

The Last Marine Horror.

About 4 a. m. on Friday, January 25th. the steamship *City of Columbus*, which had left Boston, Mass., on Thursday. for Savannah, struck a ledge off Gay Head. the southeastern end of Martha's Vineyard, and went down, carrying with her one hundred persons. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and although the boats were quickly launched, and a raft made on the instant, these were swamped almost as soon as they touched the water; most of the passengers put on life-preservers, but this precaution was rendered useless in many cases by the rough water. About forty persons took refuge in the rigging, and many of these were taken off by the lifeboat which later in the morning was sent out from Gay Head. About noon the revenue cutter *Dexter* appeared on the scene, and rescued twenty persons. The *City of Columbus* at the time of the wreck had eighty first-class passengers, twenty-two steerage passengers, and a crew of forty-five. The ledges on which the vessel struck are among the most dangerous along the coast, but there is ample sea room for passing steamers, and the terrible disaster which sent the *City of Columbus* upon the ledge was probably one of those crimes of carelessness for which adequate and just punishment is rarely administered.

It is gratifying to know that the Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded to the crew of the revenue cutter *Dexter*.

\$200, to be divided among them by Captain GABRIELSON according to their deserts. They have also awarded to Lieutenant JOHN U. RHODES, of the *Dexter*, the society's gold medal for his heroic exertions; to Captain ERIC GABRIELSON, of the same vessel, the society's silver medal; to such of his officers as he may designate, the society's certificate for humane efforts at the same wreck. The society has also awarded to each of the Gay Head Indians who went in a boat to rescue the survivors, a silver medal and \$25; to the members of another crew, each a bronze medal and \$15. The certificate of the society and a cash award are given to Lighthouse-keeper PEASE, the Rev. A. P. SHIELDS and several women of Gay Head for their heroic efforts in saving life. Money awards, from \$5 to \$10 each, are given to a large number of other persons on the island of Martha's Vineyard for their services at the time of the disaster.

The Boston *Post's* fund for Lieutenant Rhodes, of the cutter *Dexter*, had reached \$2,001 on the 4th February, and the Gay Head Indian fund, \$4,251.

Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

At the annual meeting Jan. 17th, the President reported that presentations were made during the last year, to sixty-one persons, for meritorious services in rescuing persons from drowning. Thirteen silver and four gold medals and \$1,115 in money were presented. The officers elected were: —*president*, J. D. Jones; *vice-president*, Royal Phelps; *secretary*, Clifford A. Hand; *treasurer*, Joseph H. Chapman. William H. H. Moore, Walter R. F. Jones and Crossman Lyons were appointed the "Committee on medals, diplomas, donations, and other rewards for courageous efforts to save life."

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	188
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,877
of which \$539 was sent to relatives and friends, \$90 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$1,268 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for March, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 51m., and south of east 22° 6'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 26th at 9h. 38m., being 3° 25' south; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 59m., and north of west 10° 23'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 30th at 1h. 7m., being 4° 31' north.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 45m., being at this time 23° 19' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 20m. past midnight on the 8th, being 9° 6' north; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 7m., being 21° 44' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 7th at 8h. 28m., being 5° 54' north; is stationary among the stars in Gemini at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 20th.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 43m. past midnight and north of west 25° 50'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3rd at 2h. 20m., being 1° 42' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for January, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. church	\$ 10 96
Bennington, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	9 74
Bristol, Cong. church.....	2 62
Concord, South Cong. church.....	13 05
Greenville, Cong. church.....	8 00
Hopkinton, Daniel Sawyer.....	1 00
Kensington, Cong. church.....	12 50
New Ipswich, Cong. church.....	2 50
Sanbornton, Cong. church.....	10 00
Seabrook and Hampton Falls, S. S., for library.....	20 00
Walpole, Cong. church.....	8 50

VERMONT.

Chelsea, legacy of Mrs. Sophia D. Drew, deceased, late of Chelsea, Vt., per Edward Douglass.....	300 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Free church, of wh. \$60 to const. Benj. W. Farnum and Gil- bert French, L. M's.....	64 68
Boston, from a friend, for lib's.....	40 00
L. F. W.....	2 00
Cambridgeport, Prospect St. ch., for libraries.....	44 18
Campello, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 00
Chelsea, Lieut. H. C. Keene, for lib'y.....	20 00
Dalton, Mrs. James B. Crane.....	100 00
East Bridgewater, Z. Hatch.....	3 00
East Hampton, Payson church.....	33 53
Framingham, Plymouth church.....	4 00
Gardner, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	29 31
Mr. E. A. Sawyer, for lib'y in mem- ory of his wife, Minnie Pierce Sawyer.....	20 00

Gloucester, Cong. church.....	5 00	Norwalk, 1st Cong. church.....	62 30
Great Barrington, 1st Cong. ch. and Society.....	106 18	Norwich, Broadway Cong. church.....	100 00
Greenfield, 2nd Cong. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00	Orange, Cong. church.....	7 14
Hadley, Mrs. George Dickinson.....	1 00	Redding, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	2 00
Haverhill, Cong. church.....	1 00	Ridgefield, 1st Cong. church.....	5 50
Lowell, George F. Willey.....	5 00	Salisbury, Cong. church.....	10 10
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	9 00	Sharon, Cong. church.....	2 00
Marblehead, 1st Cong. ch., to const. Joseph Gregory, L. M.....	30 00	Thomaston, Cong. church.....	9 15
Marion, S. D. Hadley.....	10 00	Wapping, Cong. church.....	60
Milford, Cong. church.....	12 00	Waterbury, Eben Hoadley.....	2 00
Millbury, Cong. church.....	18 84	Wolcott, Cong. church.....	2 50
North Adams, Cong. church.....	10 00	Woodbury, Mrs. E. L. Curtiss.....	10 00
Oxford, Cong. church, \$10, and S. S., \$17.84.....	27 84	Mrs. C. P. Churchill.....	2 00
Pittsfield, James H. Dunham.....	50 00		
Randolph, "New Year's Greeting".....	25 00	NEW YORK.	
Reading, Old South church.....	8 19	Brooklyn, Nathan Stephens, for lib'y.....	20 00
Rockport, Cong. church.....	17 18	Mrs. Rosa P. Atwater.....	10 00
Salisbury, Union Evangelical ch. of Amesbury and Salisbury.....	4 35	Mrs. J. Healy.....	5 00
Spencer, Cong. church.....	80 04	Harlem, Dutch Ref. church for lib'y.....	20 00
Springfield, 1st church.....	16 38	Newtonville, Margaret and Mary F. Cushman.....	5 00
South church.....	28 98	New York City, S. T. Gordon.....	50 00
South Attleboro, S. S., additional.....	1 44	Morris K. Jesup.....	50 00
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and Society.....	7 00	Henry C. Ellis, special donation.....	40 00
Stockbridge, Cong. church.....	44 08	Mrs. S. R. Stone for two libraries, one to be called the "Morning Side Library No. 4,".....	40 00
Wakefield, Cong. church.....	38 48	Missionary Society of the Church of the Strangers, for library.....	20 00
Warren, S. S., additional.....	1 00	Reformed Dutch church S. S., 48th St. and 5th Ave., for library.....	20 00
Webster, Cong. church.....	11 00	Pilgrim church, Augusta C. McKinney for "Troy Library,".....	20 00
Wenham, Cong. church.....	7 18	C. A. Davison.....	20 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	1 77	Silver Link Band of 4th Presbyterian church, to keep in repair Library No. 7,751, now on board ship <i>San Joaquin</i> , bound for Bombay, per Rev. Dr. J. Spaulding.....	10 00
Weymouth, 1st Cong. church.....	7 47	Joseph S. Holt.....	10 00
Wilbraham, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 00	M. C. D. Borden.....	5 00
Williamsburg, Cong. church.....	10 50	Crew of schr. <i>Charles Noble Simmons</i>	2 25
Winchester, a Friend, for lib'y.....	20 00	Cash.....	2 00
Yarmouth, Cong. church.....	37 80	Poughkeepsie, Julia P. Wickes.....	10 00
		Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman.....	5 00
RHODE ISLAND.		Saugerties, Mrs. Maria A. Kiersted to const. Jeremiah K. Merritt, of Saugerties, N. Y., a L. M.....	30 00
Providence, Union Cong. church.....	2 00	Smithtown, 1st Pres. church.....	8 40
CONNECTICUT.			
Birmingham, Cong. church.....	20 00	NEW JERSEY.	
Branford, Cong. church.....	8 90	Caldwell, Pres. church.....	15 00
Bridgeport, Mrs. Mary B. Loomis, to const. self L. M.....	30 00	East Orange, Munn Ave. S. S. class No. 24, for library.....	20 00
Bristol, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00	Englewood, A friend.....	1 00
Columbia, additional.....	1 00	Flemington, W. P. Emery.....	5 00
East Hartford, Friends.....	5 00	Lakewood, Mrs. M. L. Smallwood, balance for library, a thank offering.....	10 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	40 29	Madison, Pres. church, S. S. Missionary Association, for libraries.....	40 00
Fairfield, Cong. church, collection for 1893, for the "Parents' Memorial Lib'y of Fairfield, Conn.".....	20 00	Newark, 1st Pres. church, of which Mrs. C. L. R. Hall \$30, to const. Samuel Hall Nichols, of Pittston, Pa., a L. M.....	100 00
Granby, South Cong. church.....	8 22	North Reformed church.....	100 00
Greenville, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$20.....	47 00	2nd Pres. church.....	7 70
Greenwich, a Friend.....	5 00	Newfield, Rev. Charles Willey.....	5 00
Groton, Bap. ch. of Groton Heights, for library.....	20 00	Orange, L. P. Stone.....	50 00
Mrs. Betsey A. Copp.....	4 00	Orange Valley, Dr. Wm. P. Vail.....	3 00
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	9 00		
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. ch.....	295 48	MARYLAND.	
Mrs. Mary C. Bemis.....	15 00	Baltimore, Rev. John S. Jones, D. D., for library.....	30 00
Jewett City, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	2 00		
Kensington, Miss F. A. Robbins.....	5 00	UTAH.	
Lebanon, Mrs. D. S. Woodworth, special donation.....	1 00	Salt Lake City, M. B. Osborne.....	1 00
Litchfield, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. towards lib's, \$30.....	56 67		
Lyme, 1st Cong. church.....	31 50		
Middletown, South Cong. ch. and Society.....	49 68		
Milford, Plymouth church.....	34 40		
Mount Carmel, Cong. church.....	8 84		
New Haven, O. A. Dorman, for lib's.....	100 00		
Richard S. Fellowes.....	30 00		
Lyman Osborne.....	5 00		
Northford, Cong. church.....	1 00		

\$3,237 38



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Prisoner.

It was not quite train-time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro in the long depot, holding his little daughter's hand. A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner. It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal who was sentenced to the State's prison for twenty years.

The child looked at him, first with wonder and horror, then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words. He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back half afraid to her father. But a moment after she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness, and this time the prisoner dropped his self-defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed on his hard face. Then the father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly.

The train came presently, and the prisoner went quietly aboard, and during the journey he gave the officers no trouble.

Upon their arrival at the prison, his conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so. Inmates of that prison having terms of twenty years and over, are allowed a light in the evenings, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible. At length some one asked how it came that he brought such a reputation for willfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, I'll tell you: It was when I was waiting in the depot, before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wasn't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flying over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you won't often see. Somehow I couldn't help looking at her. By and by she let go her father's hand and came over to me and said: 'Man, I am sorry for you;' and you wouldn't believe it, but there were tears in her eyes! Something appeared to give way inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it; I just scowled at her blacker than ever. The little dear looked kind of scared like, and ran off to her father; but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me and said: 'Man, Jesus Christ is sorry for

you.' O, sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoken to me like that since my good old mother who died years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the way down here I was just thinking of mother, and the many things she used to teach me when I was no bigger than the blessed baby—for I'd a good bringing up, though more's the shame for me. Well, the whole of it is, I made up my mind that I would never rest till my mother's God was mine also; and O, sir," he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "He's saved me,—He's saved me!"

This little child spoke a great truth when she stated that Jesus Christ is sorry for the unsaved. He is full of compassion, and longs to have all come to Him. My young reader, Christ really loves you. He died on the Cross, and there shed His blood to cleanse you from your sins.—*Parish Visitor.*

A Beautiful Incident.

A young man who had been on a three days' debauch, wandered into a reading room of a hotel where he was well known, sat down, and stared into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five cent piece, and she went to the gentleman spoken of and asked for a penny, adding:—"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was out of humor, and he said, crossly:—"Don't bother me; I haven't had anything to eat in three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder, stared at him for a moment, and walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob, and then, after hesitating a few seconds, walked up to him, and gently laying the five cents on his knee, said, with a tone

of true girlish pity in her voice:—"If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy you some bread. Perhaps I can get more somewhere."

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair, and, lifting the child in his arms, kissed her two or three times in delight. He then took her to the persons in the room and those in the corridor and office, and asked contributions, himself giving all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over forty dollars, and sent the little one on her way rejoicing.—*London Graphic.*

Have you Heard of Jesus?

Little child, so bright and fair,
By my pathway straying;
Eyes of blue, and golden hair,
Laughing mouth beyond compare.
Have you heard of Jesus?
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

He was born in Bethlehem,
Cradled in a manger;
King, without a diadem;
Wise men brought him spice and gem:
Brought the Little Stranger,
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

Little people in his arms
He was wont to take them;
There they rested from alarms;
There they felt his tender charms:
He would ne'er forsake them.
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

But there is a stranger tale,
Which to learn I'd have you;
How this Jesus stooped and died,
How with spear they pierced his side,
From your sins to save you.
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

Little child, so bright and fair,
He would have you love him;
From his throne he watches there;
Cast yourself upon his care;
There's no friend above him!
Little child, so bright and fair,
Have you heard of Jesus?

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

He Might Ax About It.

"Dunno, miss,"

"But, Tessie, you must know where you got it."

"Deed, miss, I dunno no more'n de dade. I nebber took it none: it jes' comed."

"Just came! O Tessie, Tessie! are you never going to be good?"

"I is good, miss," said the little colored girl, who could not seem to learn how very wicked it is to take other people's property, and who had never been taught it is wrong to tell an untruth.

"Yes, Tessie, you are good about some things," I said; "but you are not good when you take things out of my room, as you did last night."

"Deed miss, I neber tuk it none: it jes' comed."

'Tessie,' I said solemnly, "what will you do when God asks you about this."

"I jes' say I dunno nuffin' 'tall 'bout it."

"But you can't tell a lie about it to God, for he saw you take it."

"Reckon ye're out dar, 'cause it were dark as Egyp," said Tessie, grinning at me, and showing a row of white teeth and a pair of large black eyes.

"But, Tessie," I said, "that makes no difference; God sees you all the time, and knows what you do in the dark, just as well as what you do when it is light."

The girl's expression changed, and she looked about her stealthily, as though in some dark corner she expected to see some one looking at her. Failing in that, she looked back at me, and said:

"Tain't wurth while ter vex 'im."

"No, Tessie," I said, "It's not right to vex any one who has been kind to us; and God does more for us than any earthly friends we have."

"Reckon ef I puts it back in the dark agin, he'll see it?"

"Yes, Tessie. God will see you, wheth-

er you put it back at night, or in the day."

"Den it'll be all right?"

"If you make up your mind never to take again what does not belong to you."

"S'posen His head is turned round the wrong way, an' He don't see me?"

"God's head is never turned round, Tessie; it is always towards us."

That evening I watched Tessie to see the effect of our conversation, and soon after dark I discovered her on her way to my room, with the little thermometer she had taken from it the night before.

After that there seemed to be a decided change in Tessie, which pleased me very much; but I was even more pleased when one day I found her with a bottle of cologne in her hand, and heard what she was saying:

"I reckon it smells kind o' good, an' I reckon I'd like ter hab it; but the good God's a lookin' on an' He moight ax 'bout it some day."

My little friends, would it not be well if we could take that as a sort of watch-word—"He might ask about it some day?" Do we not all do little things quietly, in a kind of slurring way, as if they wouldn't count? And yet we would be ashamed to be asked about them. Remember that everything counts, and that "He might ask about it some day."—*Well-Spring.*

He Knows Them All.

Can you tell me how many starlets
Are twinkling and gleaming on high?
Can you tell me how many cloudlets
Are spreading white sails through the sky?
One there is who has numbered them all,
Who knows every star, whether great or small—
He knows them all, He knows them all.

Can you tell me how many children
Are sleeping serenely to-night,
Like lambs in the fold of their Shepherd
Kept safe through His power and might?
One there is who has numbered you all,
Who knows each dear child, whether great or small,
And loves you too, and loves you too.

From the German

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1884, seventy-two loan libraries, thirty-six new and thirty-six reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,033-8,057, inclusive, and No. 8,059, at New York;—and Nos. 7,908-7,914, inclusive, with Nos. 7,916, 7,918, and 7,919, at Boston.

The thirty-six libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,232,	No. 5,434,	No. 5,768,	No. 6,271,	No. 6,812,	No. 7,183,	No. 7,428,	No. 7,585,	No. 7,837,
" 4,914,	" 5,475,	" 5,831,	" 6,619,	" 6,937,	" 7,247,	" 7,500,	" 7,629,	" 7,843,
" 5,073,	" 5,473,	" 6,075,	" 6,633,	" 7,039,	" 7,336,	" 7,516,	" 7,744,	" 7,865,
" 5,451,	" 5,676,	" 6,233,	" 6,772,	" 7,167,	" 7,816,	" 7,568,	" 7,800,	" 7,894.

Memoranda.

IN THE interesting record published in the January LIFE BOAT, headed "A Seamen's Library," (see foot note, page 84 of SAILORS' MAGAZINE for that month,) the Loan Library No. 7,355 should have been credited to the S. S. Congregational Church, Thompson, (not Thompsonville) Conn., as the donors thereof.

PURITAN CONGREGATIONAL S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., is the donor of Loan Library No. 8,067, which we placed, Feb'y 7th, 1884, on bark *Nova Scotia*, of Windsor, N. S., for Amsterdam, in care of Capt. Potter, 22 men in the crew,—and if the prayers of the donors follow the books with a faith and zeal akin to that of the lady teacher who brought us the identical \$20 in silver, etc., which the children gave to send the library to sea, it will surely be blest to a noble and saving work among the sailors.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Secretary.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., Treasurer.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.



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From The Popular Science Monthly.

SCIENCE AND SAFETY AT SEA.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In the autumn of 1879 the steamship *Arizona*, five thousand tons, at that time the swiftest ocean-going steamship in existence, was urging her way, at the rate of some fifteen knots an hour, on the homeward course from New York, whence she had sailed but a day or two before. It was night, and there was a light haze, but of danger from collision with a passing ship there was little or none. The captain and crew knew of no special reason for watchfulness, and the passengers were altogether free from anxiety. Indeed, it so chanced that at a time when, in reality, the most imminent danger threatened every soul on board, many of the saloon-passengers were engaged in purchasing at auction the numbers for the next day's run—runs below three hundred and fifty knots being sold at a very low rate indeed. Suddenly

was heard, the ship's swift progress was stopped, and a few minutes later every one knew that the *Arizona* had run dead upon an enormous iceberg, the spires and pinnacles of which could be seen hanging almost over the ship, and gleaming threateningly in the rays of her mast-head light. But the risk that threatened her living freight was not that of being crushed by falling ice. The bows of the *Arizona* were seen to be slowly sinking, and presently there was a well-marked lurch to starboard. The fore compartment and a smaller side compartment were filling. It was an anxious time for all on board. Many an eye was turned toward the boats, and the more experienced thought of the weary miles which separated them from the nearest land, and of the poor chance that a passing steamer might pick up the *Ari-*



zona's boats at sea. Fortunately, the builders of the *Arizona* had done their work faithfully and well. Like another ship of the same line which had been exposed to the same risk, save that her speed was less, and therefore the danger of the shock diminished, the *Arizona*, though crippled, was not sunk. She bore up for St. John's, and her passengers were taken on later by another steamer.

The danger which nearly caused the loss of the *Arizona*—collision with an iceberg—is one to which steamships, and especially swift steamships, are exposed in exceptional degree. Like this danger, also, it is one which renders the duty of careful watching, especially in the night and in times of haze or fog, a most anxious and important care. But, unlike the risk from collision with another ship, the risk from collision with icebergs can not be diminished by any system of side-lights or head-lights or stern-lights, except in just such degree (unfortunately slight) as a powerful light at the foremast-head, aided by strong side-lights or bow-lights, may serve to render the gleam of the treacherous ice discernible somewhat farther ahead. But to a steamship running at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour, even in the clearest weather, at night, the distance athwart which a low-lying iceberg can be seen, even by the best eyes, is but short. She runs over it before there is time for the watch to make their warning heard, and for the engineers to stop and reverse their engines.

But science, besides extending our senses, provides us with senses other than those we possess naturally. The photographic eyes of science see in the thousandth part

of a second what our eyes, because in so short a time they can receive no distinct impression at all, are unable to see. They may, on the other hand, rest on some faintly luminous object for hours, seeing more and more each moment, where ours would see no more,—perhaps even less,—after the first minute than they had seen in the first second. The spectroscopic eyes of science can analyze for us the substance of self-luminous vapors or of vapors absorbing light, or of liquids, etc., where the natural eyes have no such power of analysis. The sense of feeling, or rather the sense for heat, which Reid originally and properly distinguished as a sixth sense (not to be confounded, as our modern classification of the senses incorrectly confounds it, with the sense of touch), is one which is very limited in its natural range. But science can give us eyes for heat as keen and as widely ranging as the eyes which she gives us for light. It was no idle dream of Edison's, but a thought which one day will be fraught with useful results, that science may hereafter recognize a star by its heat, which the most powerful telescope yet made fails to show by its light. Since that was said, the younger Draper (whose loss followed so quickly and so sadly for science on that of his lamented father) has produced photographic plates showing stars which cannot be seen through the telescope by which those photographs were taken. As yet the delicate heat-measures devised by science have not been applied to astronomical research with any important results. But Edison's and Langley's heat-measures have been used even in this way, and the very failure which attended the employment

of Edison's heat-measurer (the *tasimeter*, or, literally, the strain-measurer, described shortly before in the *Times*) during the eclipse of 1878 shows how delicate is the heat-estimating sense of science. When the light of the corona,—which has no heat that the thermometer, or even that far more delicate heat-measurer, the thermopile, will recognize—fell on the face of the *tasimeter*, the index which Edison supposed likely to move just perceptibly actually flew beyond the index-plate. Thus, though the heat of the corona could not be measured, the extreme delicacy of the *tasimeter* was demonstrated unmistakably. Langley's heat measurer is scarcely less sensitive, and probably more manageable. But in point of fact each instrument is more sensitive than the heat-sense of science is required to be, to do the work I have now to indicate; and an instrument can readily be constructed which shall be, in the right degree, less sensitive than they are, though it might be difficult at present to invent any that should be more sensitive.

The sense of sight is not the only sense affected as an iceberg is approached. There is a sensible lowering of temperature. But to the natural heat-sense this cooling is not so obvious or so readily and quickly appreciated that it could be trusted instead of the outlook of the watch. The heat-sense of science, however, is so much keener that it could indicate the presence of an iceberg at a distance far beyond that over which the keenest eye could detect an iceberg at night; perhaps even an isolated iceberg could be detected when far beyond the range of ordinary eye-sight in the day-time. Not only so, but an instrument like

the thermopile, or the more delicate heat-measurers of Edison and Langley, can readily be made to give automatic notice of its sensations (so to speak). As those who have heard Professor Tyn dall's lectures any time during the last twenty years know, the index of a scientific heat-measurer moves freely in response either to gain or loss of heat, or, as we should ordinarily say, in response either to heat or cold. An index which thus moves can be made, as by closing or breaking electrical contact, or in other ways, to give very effective indication of the neighborhood of danger. It would be easy to devise half a dozen ways in which a heat-indicator (which is of necessity a cold-indicator), suitably placed in the bows of a ship, could note, as it were, the presence of an iceberg fully a quarter of a mile away, and speak of its sensations much more loudly and effectively than the watch can proclaim the sight of an iceberg when much nearer at hand. The movement of the index could set a fog-horn lustily announcing the approach of danger; could illuminate the ship, if need be, by setting at work the forces necessary for instantaneous electric lighting; could signal the engineers to stop and reverse the engines, or even stop and reverse the engines automatically. Whether so much would be necessary,—whether those among lost Atlantic steamships which have been destroyed, as many have been, by striking upon icebergs, could only have been saved by such rapid automatic measures as these,—may or may not be the case; but that the use of the infinitely keen perception which the sense-organs of science possess for heat and cold would be a feasible way of obtain-

ing much earlier and much more effective notice of danger from icebergs than the best watch can give, no one who knows the powers of science in this direction can doubt.—*London Times*.

From the New York Evening Post.

CURIOUS MARINE RISKS.

DANGEROUS ANIMALS OF THE SEA—WHALES THAT STRIKE SHIPS—
SUNK BY THE SWORD-FISH—SPEAR AND CUTTLE-FISHES—THE
OCTOPUS, GARFISH, SHARKS, PHYSALIA.

Among questions recently proposed to a naturalist at a dinner given by some persons interested in insurance matters was:—"How do the dangerous animals of the sea,—that is, those that in any way endanger life or property,—compare in numbers with similar instances on land?" The reply, given at length, elicited curious and interesting facts.

As a rule, man is capable of defending himself on land, and generally has the advantage, but at sea, coping with marine animals of a dangerous character, the case is different. The actual dangers to life and property on the high seas are much more varied and extensive than is generally supposed. As an example of animals whose attacks upon property are extremely common, though rarely chronicled, may be mentioned the sword-fish.

A fisherman informed Fish Commissioner Blackford that his vessel had been struck twenty times by a sword-fish. That these blows are not to be disregarded is shown by the evidence of Prof. Richard Owen, who testified in court to the effect that the sword-fish strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-handed hammers. Its velocity being equal to that of a swivel shot, it is as dangerous in its effects as a heavy artillery projectile. This case is perhaps

the only instance in which insurance has been asked for damages done by a sword-fish. It was brought up in the Court of Common Pleas in London. The ship *Dreadnaught*, classed A1 at Lloyd's, having been insured against all risks at sea, sailed from Colombo for London. When several days out the crew in fishing hooked a sword-fish, in itself a very unusual proceeding. The fish, which was of the genus *Xiphias*, our common form of the New England coast, soon broke the line, and leaped from the water a few moments later,—as the sailors thought,—to see the nature of its enemy. It probably took the ship for a whale, and a short time after charged at her with such effect that she sprung a leak. The water gradually gained despite the efforts of the crew, and the ship was finally put back to Colombo, and from there sent to Cochin, where she was hove down, and a round hole found in her bottom running completely through the copper and all the bottom planks. Attacks from such a source were included in sea-risks, and the company professed willingness to pay if it could be shown that a sword-fish did the damage. Hence the suit, in which it was shown by such witnesses as Professor Owen and Frank Buckland that, although this was the

first instance in which a sword-fish had been able to withdraw its sword, they had *lateral* power sufficient to enable them to "wriggle out" of the hole, and on this testimony the ship-owners were paid about \$2,500, the amount claimed.

In this country a similar case has never been brought into court, though accidents are extremely common. The little sloop *Red Hot*, used by Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian, in the interest of the Fish Commission, was struck and sent to the bottom by a sword-fish; and Prof. G. Browne Goode in his interesting report gives a long list of vessels that have been more or less injured in this way. The Gloucester schooner *Wyoming*, on a trip to the George's Banks, was struck by a sword-fish at night, and with such force that the blow was felt by all on board, the sword penetrating the plank a distance of two feet, where it was broken by the terrible struggles of the fish. The vessel sprang a leak and the men were kept constantly at the pumps to keep her free. The brig *P. M. Tinker* had a similar experience. She was eighteen days out from Rio when the crew felt a jar as if some floating object had struck the vessel, and an examination soon after showed that she had made over ten inches of water. The men were kept steadily at the pumps until off Norfolk, at which port the vessel was put in the dry dock. Here a sword was found broken off below the bends, about sixteen feet abaft the forefoot. The force of this blow was enormous, the weapon penetrating the copper-sheathing, a four-inch plank, then through the timbers about six inches—in all nearly a foot. In many cases the attack of the sword-fish is entirely unprovoked,

but sometimes it is made in revenge or rage. Captain Dyer, a well-known sword-fisherman of New Bedford, struck a fish once off Norman's Land that turned and rushed at the boat, sending its sword through the thick planking into the iron ballast, where it broke sharp off. The most remarkable case, illustrating the force of these fishes, is that of the Plymouth whaler *Fortune*. When she was dry-docked a sword was found that had gone through the copper-sheathing, an inch-board under the sheathing, a three-inch plank of hard-wood, the solid white oak timber twelve inches thick, then through another two-and-a-half-inch hard oak ceiling, and finally into the head of a barrel of oil, where it remained.

The smack *Evergreen* of Mystic was struck off Hatteras by a sword-fish and began to leak so badly that they were obliged to ask another vessel to stand by, and keep away for Charleston. When the vessel was laid down, the sword was found to have penetrated planking, timber, and ceiling, so that an entire plank had to be taken out before she could proceed on her voyage. In fact, a large volume could be filled with similar accounts, tending to show that the sword-fish is an enemy to be respected.

The risk from whales is a no inconsiderable one to owners of vessels, and it is rare that an old whaler can be found that has not been damaged by them in some way, either by the loss of men or boats. A few months ago a report went the rounds of the press to the effect that a large vessel had been struck by a whale and nearly wrecked. Captain Samuel Littlefield, of Ogonquit, Me., when sailing from the South

American continent to the north, was either struck by a whale or the schooner (a three-master) ran upon it. The shock was so great that the men were thrown upon the deck, the foretopmast carried away by the board, and part of the cutwater broken off, occasioning such a leak that the men were kept at the pumps to keep her afloat. Immediately after the collision the whale appeared at the surface, leaping into the air, rolling over and over, and in many ways showing that it had also been severely injured.

The most tragic case of this kind, however, was that of the ship *Essex*. The boats had fastened to a whale in the Pacific, and one of them being injured had returned to the ship for repairs. The men were hardly aboard when a sperm whale, nearly ninety feet long, came up near the bow, and a few minutes later struck the ship with a terrific crash, head on, just forward the chains. The whale swam off, lashing the water into foam. A few moments later it began to dart about as if in search of its antagonist. The ship was already settling by the bow, and all hands were at the pumps, when one of the men observed the whale coming again, and a moment later it struck a terrible blow, completely staving her in, so that in ten minutes from the first collision the *Essex* was on her side, sinking. The crew took to the boats and endured incredible hardships before they made the island known as the Ducils, in latitude 24° 40' south, longitude 124° 40' west. From here part of them sailed in open boats, intending to reach Juan Fernandez, two thousand miles away. They drifted about for a long time, finally resorting

to cannibalism, by which means three men were preserved until finally picked up by an English ship. In southern waters the incidental dangers to mariners are not a few. Among those that menace individuals may be mentioned the *physalia*, a beautiful bubble with tentacles sometimes 100 feet long, armed with darts of the most poisonous nature, by which human beings have been killed.

In some of the Pacific islands the garfish is looked upon as a decided enemy by the inhabitants. They lie at the surface of the water, and when alarmed dart out of their native element and skip away, now out, and now in, in blind fear, striking boat or man that happens to stand in the way. These gars are three or four feet in length, with long sharp bills, and have been known to pass entirely through a canoe and to pierce natives that were wading over the reef, inflicting dangerous or fatal wounds.

The gigantic *Cephalopods* may well be regarded as enemies to be dreaded. Professor Verrill, instructor in zoölogy at Yale College, quotes B. H. Révoil, as saying that when he was in the neighborhood of the Lucayes Islands, his ship was attacked by a gigantic cuttle-fish that stretched out its enormous arms and seized two of the crew, dragging them into the water, and making off only when attacked and its tentacles severed by an ax in the hands of the helmsman, who rushed to the rescue of his companions.

Adventures with these animals have been chronicled nearer home. Two fishermen were out in a small boat off Portugal Cove, Conception Bay, about nine miles from

St. Johns, New Foundland, when they saw some curious object floating upon the water near at hand. Supposing it to be a mass of wreckage, they pulled close up to it and struck it with an oar or gaff. "Immediately it showed signs of life, reared a parrot-like beak, which they declared was as big as a six-gallon keg, with which it struck the bottom of the boat violently. It then shot out from its head two huge livid arms, and began to twine them about the boat. One of the men seized a small axe and severed both arms as they lay over the gunwale, whereupon the creature moved off, ejecting an enormous quantity of black ink. The men saw it a short time later and declared that it was over sixty feet long and five feet in diameter. One of the arms was afterward brought ashore and found to be nineteen feet in length." Numerous other cases have been recorded on the New-

foundland coast, where these great animals have attacked boats.

Probably the shark is dreaded more than any other sea animal, yet the casualties from this source are comparatively few, and the cases where this fish boldly attacks the swimmer are infrequent; that sharks are cowardly when numbers of persons are about, the writer can aver, having often dived into the water with others, in the South, where a few moments before large thirteen-foot sharks were seen swimming by. In the Pacific and Australian waters accidents are sometimes heard of, and a shark taken from the latter locality measured thirty-six and one-half feet; its jaws are now in the cabinet of the British Museum, and would easily take in a man entire. One of these monsters examined by Bennett, the naturalist, at Botany Bay, had nearly an entire horse in its capacious stomach. C. F. H.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

CAPTURE OF A SHARK.

We had been sailing on the broad Pacific for many days out of sight of land. All these days, without change of sail, we had been driven forward by the steady push of the north-east trade wind, one of those mighty rivers of air with which God has encircled the earth for our health, and help, and comfort. We had seen many of the wonders of the deep. The whale had spouted in the near distance, and by his bulk had made the waves seem almost small. Schools of porpoises and black fish had played around the ship, and the flying fish had dart-

ed off from the crests of the waves in countless numbers. We had even captured a large dolphin, and in admiring silence had watched the unrivaled beauty of his rain-bow coat of many colors, made more beautiful in the changing lights and shades of his death agony. We had dipped up with a bucket the tiny form of the floating jelly-fish and marvelled at the delicate structure that could withstand even the terrible fury of an ocean storm. But we had not seen a shark. As we drew near to the equator the trade-wind gradually lessened in power and finally ceased. We had reached the regions of uncertainty,—the

doldrums,—the rainy squalls and heavy thunder storms of the equatorial region. After two days of storm, and wind, and rain, the sun came out with burning heat from a cloudless sky. As the morning breeze died away the sea became smooth like glass, but still there remained the long, slow, heavy roll of the billows of the Pacific Ocean. In a little while the ship lost its headway, and refusing to obey the helm fell off into the trough of the sea, and began that slow, heavy roll that tires mind and heart with its deadening sea-sick motion. We crawled away into the shadow of the great sail, and too oppressed and deadened even for thought, half-dozed and gazed dreamily off over the bulwarks upon the shining surface of the ocean.

But we are suddenly roused from our dreams by a cry that rings out sharp and clear into the almost absolute silence of the becalmed ship. Could we believe our ears? Yes, for the cry is repeated, over and over, as one and another going to the side of the ship straightway cries out, "Shark!" We sprang to our feet and rushing to the side of the ship leaned over the bulwark and watched. We looked steadily down into the sea for a few minutes, and then out from under the shadow of the ship swam the shark. Through the ripple of the surface of the sea he appeared twice as large as he really was. We watched with eager interest the preparations that were being made for his capture, for we had thoroughly entered into the sailor's feelings of hostility to this dreaded fish. Nothing pleases Jack more than during a calm to capture one of them. The sailors have a superstition that has passed into

one of the proverbs of the sea in the words, "Catch a shark, catch a breeze." But besides this, the sailor and the shark are sworn foes. Ever ready the fish waits, lurking under the ship, to seize upon the sailor who may accidentally fall overboard. But there is even deadlier enmity than that produced by this waiting and lurking. The sailor who escapes the wreck, to toil for days in the small boat seeking land, can never forget the malignant pursuit, as day after day the shark persistently followed their boat, apparently hoping for their failure and death. No greater term of reproach can the seaman give to one who may be trying to cheat or rob him, than to call him a *shark*.

But while we have been listening to all this from the captain, the mate and sailors have prepared for the capture. They have brought to the stern of the ship a chain three feet long with a large hook attached. They fasten a half-inch rope to the chain, and put upon the hook a chunk of pork of about two pounds. Overboard they throw hook and bait, and as we watch we see the shark swim lazily out from under the ship towards the bait. As he nears the bait he makes a quick movement forward, and as he seizes the hook rolls over, showing the under side of his body. If he had seized an arm or leg, that powerful grip of the jaw and roll of his heavy body would at once have torn them off, for the shark depends not on the sharpness of his teeth to bite off an arm, but on the roll of his body to tear it off. This time he has not found a welcome dinner, but a powerful hook that has pierced his jaw. In vain he struggles against his doom. Two stout

sailors haul in the rope hand over hand. When his head is nearly up to the ship's rail they stop, and the mate slipping a rope noose around their rope drops it down over the shark's head and over the body, and tightens it near the tail. Now the sailors pull quickly on both ropes, and over the rail comes the shark, falling with a heavy thud upon the deck. We shiver as we look into that glassy eye, and see the gaping mouth and rows of glistening teeth, and are intensely glad that we meet on the deck of the ship, and not in the waves of the sea. As he sweeps the deck with his muscular tail, we realize the strength that is contained in that body stretching along the deck over six feet in length. The sailor cautiously avoids the sweeping blow of the tail, as with an axe he severs it from the body. Then with repeated blows he cuts off the head, and with sharpened knife opens the stomach. It is empty and we feel just one single throb of pity, as we realize that desperate hunger drives the shark to his deeds of cruelty. But our pity disappears as the captain tells how once on a voyage a child fell overboard and was lost, and then that the next day in the stomach of the shark they caught, they found the hand and arm of the child, with the little gold bracelet still on the wrist.

We draw near to the dismembered body to scrutinize more eagerly the cruel mouth and prepare to ask more questions, but the captain cuts us short with the cry, "The breeze," and points to where full three miles off a dark line shows on the bright surface of the sea. "Throw him overboard and wash the decks," is the captain's order to the sailors, and

as they obey him we see the marvelous tenacity of life with which the shark is gifted. It is seventeen minutes by the watch since his head was cut off, but when the sailor puts the severed tail into the jaws of the severed head the jaws close tightly, and cling to the tail while the sailor lifts them both up together and drops them overboard. Our sails fill and the good ship bears now steadily on across the waves. We sit again in the shadow and enjoy the cooling breeze.

And while we are borne on we think of Him who once walked the waves that were formed by His own word. He seems to speak to us lessons for life's guidance, drawn from these experiences of the sea. So long as we breasted the wave and the favoring breeze filled the sail, no fin of shark cleft the waters at our side, but straightway when we lay still and were drifting in the calm the fish swam hither and thither, around and under the ship, seeking his prey. So long as by prayer we catch the favoring breezes of heaven, so long as by earnest effort we keep the sails set and full, so long as we press onward towards the harbor, we sail away from many a powerful evil and strong temptation. It is when we have lost the breeze and are fallen into the calm of idleness, self-indulgence or despair, that the sharks of evil gather and surround us with fearful possibilities of danger and death. Look to heaven, then, for the helping breeze and keep the sails full!

V. A. L.

"EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN, he cannot see the kingdom of God!"

John iii, 3.

REST IN THE LORD.

Is there storm in the cloud, is there gloom in the sky?
 O rest in the Lord, till the tempest pass by!
 He is pledged to defend thee, His might is thy shield,—
 Trust all to the love in thy Savior revealed.

Is the path of thy feet thick with brier and thorn?
 Do hindrances meet thee at eve and at morn?
 And oft art thou weary, as oft art dismayed,
 O rest in the Lord, nor be weakly afraid.

Surely, all things together shall work for thy good,
 Among them, the things that are least understood,
 The losses, the crosses, the griefs, and the cares,—
 And the pain, blessed thought, that the Lord with thee shares.

O rest in the Lord, wherefore struggle in vain,
 And fret like a captive who tugs at a chain;
 'Tis resting, not toiling, He gives thee to-day,
 'Tis waiting, not weeping, O hear and obey.

Dear child of thy Father in heaven be sure,
 Whatever He sends, He will help thee endure;
 And in the hereafter thine eyes shall behold
 Himself in the light of the city of gold.

Then, sight shall be thine, where to-day thou hast faith
 And fulness of vision, for so the word saith;
 But O, 'tis so sweet, here to trust to His love;
 What wisdom may reckon the treasure above!

Margaret E. Sangster.

From the New York Independent.

THE HYGIENE OF THE SEA.

It seems quite natural for us to look upon the sea as free from many of the risks to health which we find upon the land. Surely the ocean is well ventilated, and pure air is half of a man's physical life. Yet it has so happened that some of the severest epidemics have raged upon the sea. Of old scurvy was as much a terror as any plague upon the land. Any one who has read the story of "Lord Anson's Voyage Round the World," a little over one hundred years ago, can form some idea of its ravages. Here is one selection:—"Soon after passing straits Le Maire, the scurvy began to make its appearance amongst us; and our long continuance at sea, the fatigue we underwent, and the various disappointments we met with, had occasioned its spreading to such a degree, that, at the latter end of April, there were but few on board who were not in some degree afflicted with it; and in that month no less than forty-three died of it on board the *Centurion*. But though we thought the distemper had then risen to an extraordinary height,

and were willing to hope that, as we advanced to the northward, its malignity would abate, yet we found, to the contrary, that, in the month of May, we lost nearly double that number; and as we did not get to land till the middle of June, the mortality went on increasing, and the disease extended itself so prodigiously that, after the loss of 200 men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch, capable of duty." So frequent were such experiences that the efficiency of the British Navy was imperiled thereby. The mastery over this disease was one of the early triumphs of sanitary science. It proved to be nothing more nor less than an error of dietetic management, and to be preventible and sometimes curable by a free use of vegetables and vegetable acids. But, while this disease no longer prevails, ship life is not a healthy life. The stories of the fore-castle are too true. The provisions for food and rest and for cleanliness are often so meager as to aid in making the average life of the sailor very short. In emigrant ships the herding of human beings has reached such an extreme that law has had to interfere and limit the number of passengers. But this does not wholly mend matters. On a steamship which carries steerage passengers one may yet see such defects in care, such unwholesome provision of food, and such general neglect as cause most insanitary condition. There can be no doubt that, when an infectious disease occurs on shipboard, it is apt to be rendered more virulent by the surroundings. There are many good authorities that still believe yellow fever to be a disease brought from the coast of Africa, and made more virulent in an

ocean voyage. There are some facts as to its first occurrences in the West India Islands, which seem strongly to support this view. While the length of the voyage is much shortened, the great increase of traffic has more than counterbalanced this. For this very reason we are now exposed to all the pestilences of the known world. Cholera in Egypt is an occasion for anxiety; and the rags in cargo from Italy may cause an outbreak of fever in an inland paper mill a few days after their arrival. Indeed, there is now no more important study in the line of Hygiene than to settle just what are the methods to be used as to persons and things arriving from foreign ports. The plan initiated by the National Board of Health, of having notification from consuls in foreign ports as to the sailing of vessels from infected localities, has proved of essential service. There should certainly be sanitary inspectors, whose duty it should be to examine every vessel clearing for a foreign port, and also to make full inspection of the sanitary condition so soon as they are reached by a pilot-boat. The examination of the Quarantine officer, while it may generally assure as to the presence or absence of communicable disease, does not at all assure as to the sanitary condition of vessels. It has always been found that seaports are, especially, the foci from which pestilences are spread. Emigrants now move so rapidly over large spaces of territory, carrying the seeds of disease, that it is liable to have many points of outbreak. Those who have studied the facts for the last five or six years, are very anxious that a system be inaugurated which shall secure, both to our steam and merchant ves-

sels, improved sanitary conditions. This can never be until either the general Government or each State devises a system by which full and thorough examination can be secured, and disinfection when needed be carried on in a skilled manner. It is noticeable that the European governments are taking unusual precautions, and have not ceased their inquiries because of the cessation of the cholera in Egypt. Every apprehension of

Europe, as to this disease, must needs be shared by this country. We hope that New York, Boston and other seaports, will see to it that there is full anticipation of the possibilities of the coming Summer. But better than this would it be if a more constant vigilance could be maintained over all ocean transportation, so that both immigrants and baggage could be landed without so much peril to the public health.

THE OILED OCEAN.

The patented system by which Mr. SHIELDS, of Perth, smoothes the broken surface of the sea is at the present moment being put upon its trials at the entrance to Folkestone Harbor. The Chairman and Directors of the South Eastern Railway Company have granted the use of their pier to Mr. Shields for his experiments. On the eastern side of the pier, where the entrance to the harbor is situated, a leaden pipe a thousand feet in length, has already been laid along the bottom of the sea. The pipe is furnished with a series of iron branches about two feet in length and some seventy feet apart. Each branch terminates in a valve and a brass rose like that of a watering-pot. The main leaden pipe is connected at its shore end with a force-pump placed on the pier. By means of the force-pump oil is driven through the leaden pipe and out of the small perforations in the roses. The oil then rises in minute globules to the surface and rapidly spreads over a wide area. On Monday morning a brisk easterly breeze and a strong tide made it rough enough to cause some

hesitation as to sending the patentee's steam barge out of the harbor. For the first time, therefore, the virtues of the apparatus were tested. Some fifteen or twenty gallons of the cheapest rock oil (6d. per gallon) were speedily pumped into the troubled waters. The effect was magical. In half an hour there was not a sign of broken water between the pier head and Copt Point. The barge came off to the western side of the pier in smooth water. A curious fact was the permanence of the result obtained. Though a very strong tide was running to the eastward, yet this small quantity of oil kept its original position for fully two hours. Mr. Shields is now laying down a shorter length of pipe (460 yards) to the westward of the pier, where the force of the waves is much greater. Experiments will then be tried on a large scale on the next occasion that heavy gales visit the coast. The mortar and oil shells, which are also inventions of Mr. Shields, are ready on the pier for this opportunity. If oil can "make them of a cheerful countenance," those who face the horrors of the Chan-

nel passage ought to feel their spirits revive at this intelligence.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

There has been considerable controversy in shipping circles recently with regard to the effect of using "oil on troubled waters," as a preventive of disasters at sea. Many seafaring men contend that practical experience has convinced them of the good effect of oil in preventing mountainous seas from breaking over their vessels and doing great damage. Captain G. OLSEN, commanding the bark *Ovos*, is the latest advocate of using oil in a heavy sea. He says that for many years he has "used oil often with good results, and I am fully assured that there is no remedy so effective in preventing the sea from breaking down a vessel when it is used in a proper manner. Oil so used will not create a smooth sea around the ship, but the oil is, as every sailor knows, not used for that purpose; instead, it is to prevent a vessel's being destroyed or broken down by those giants, the waves. In this the oil is a never-failing agent. I am certain it would pay both ship-owners and insurance companies well if every vessel carried a barrel of oil for that purpose on a voyage from America to Europe or vice versa. A barrel of oil does not cost as much as new bulwarks and stanchions, and far less than a ship and its crew." If oil has this effect, as Captain Olsen testifies, it is surprising that those most interested in shipping have not taken steps to advocate or establish rules looking to its general use in tempests or hurricanes at sea. It is certainly inexpensive as compared with the yearly record of disasters, and much has already been accomplished by its use in

quelling the surf at the mouths of harbors. Experiments made in Great Britain the past year were found successful in breaking the force of the waves rolling into harbor, and the experiments made upon the Massachusetts coast which proved unfavorable should not deter further experiments.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WM. J. CARD, captain of the coasting schooner *Turban*, reports some interesting particulars of his use of oil to break the force of waves, on a voyage from North Carolina to Nova Scotia, in September last. The vessel ran into a gale, which blew up a heavy sea, the fury of which was increased by a cross sea, caused by a hurricane that prevailed for some days to the southward of the vessel's position. The schooner, by reason of her deep loading, was completely at the mercy of the seas, which broke over her with terrific force. Capt. Card stationed a man in the bow of the schooner and directed him to throw over from a small oil-can a little oil at the approach of every "comber." At first petroleum burning oil was used, and while this had some effect, it was not heavy enough to thoroughly break the wave, and linseed oil,—some ten gallons of which had been laid in for painting purposes,—was then employed. The result was in every way satisfactory. Capt. Card says that without the use of the oil the vessel could not have lived out the gale,—the effect of the oil having been to level the comb of the wave and prevent its breaking over the vessel.

—◆◆◆—
"EXCEPT YE REPENT, ye shall all likewise perish!"

Luke xiii, 3.

What is "A Sea?"

The General Term of the Superior Court has reversed the judgment of the lower court in the case of Charles Snowden and another against William H. Guion and others, and ordered a new trial. Mr. Snowden secured a verdict for damages done to cattle which he had shipped by the Guion Steamship Line; of these 156 were killed or maimed in a heavy storm which prevailed between February 14th and March 2nd, 1883. Mr. Snowden brought the suit upon a policy of marine insurance against the loss of cattle shipped on the steamship. The case involved a construction of the phrase "directly by a sea," which was contained in this provision in the policy:—"Liabie on-ly for loss of animal or animals caused directly by a sea, stranding, sinking, burning, or collision," etc. The animals had been injured by being thrown from their stalls through the pitching of the vessel. Chief Justice Sedgwick, who writes the opinion reversing the judgment which Mr. Snowden secured, says:—

The parties meant by a peril of "a sea" not a peril of the sea that might be in the winds as well as in the water, but a risk connected with a movement of the water of the sea. As it was described as a or one sea, the intention was to designate some part of the water, for example a wave, of which there might be several, each of which would be a different object from the general body of water, and would involve its peculiar or characteristic risk. A sea in the sense of a general agitation of the water or waves was not meant, because that is a collective term embracing many waves, and

it ceases to be applicable when the individual waves which compose it are intended to be designated. A loss could not occur from the particular waves considered collectively, but only from their proper individual effects. I do not mean that the parties confined themselves to a wave specifically, but they intended a definite and separate part of the general body of water and a risk that would be peculiar to that, and a loss that might be definitely traced from that. . . . In this particular case the ordinary motion of a vessel would be likely to throw animals down and lessen their value or endanger their lives. . . . A loss that follows the direct action upon animals of a sea shipped would as practically as possible distribute between the parties the risks each would be likely and willing to take. . . . There was some evidence tending to show that some of the cattle died from want of air, the hatches having been battened down. None of the cattle suffered injury from the direct action of the water upon them. There was no evidence that any water reached them. I am of the opinion that the general tossing and laboring of the steamer which caused the injury to the animals was not the result of a sea, in the sense of the policy, but of the general commotion of the sea and of the winds, and that for these reasons the defendants were not liable for the loss on the evidence as given.—*Tribune*.

Life in a Lighthouse.

The most important duty of the keeper of a lighthouse is to keep the lamp burning at night, at any rate. This may sometimes require great self-sacrifice, as appears from

this record in the *New York Times*.

Job Smith, assistant keeper of the Highland Lighthouse, had a narrow escape from a terrible death recently. The "twin lights" of the Highlands are situated in two towers on either end of a large, castle-shaped building on the highest hill of the Highlands of Navesink, N.J., overlooking the Shrewsbury River and Atlantic Ocean.

Alone in the building on his weekly tour of duty, Keeper Smith was compelled to remain in the house day and night, as the heavy snows made it impracticable for him to reach his home in the lowlands below, in the daytime.

The lard oil which is used in the great lanterns of the Fresnel lights is easily chilled, and, the night being intensely cold, it was necessary to apply heat to the pipes through which the oil passes from the tank below to the towers where the lights are situated.

For this purpose Keeper Smith used an ordinary alcohol flambeau. Standing directly underneath the large lantern in the tower on the south end, the keeper held the flambeau above his head.

From some cause not known, the top of the alcohol-holder became detached, and the fluid, igniting, poured in a burning stream of fire down upon his head.

Maddened with pain and blinded by the burning oil, Mr. Smith groped his way down the narrow stairway in the tower to the building below, and succeeding in finding the ponderous door, which was unlocked, he rushed from the building, enveloped in flames.

His position for a time was perilous in the extreme, but plunging himself in the deep snow he succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Notwithstanding the unfortu-

nate man's beard and hair were singed and his clothing scorched and his face and hands shockingly burned, the brave fellow again entered the lighthouse building, warmed the oil, and climbing both towers lighted the great lanterns that warn the mariner from the treacherous beach.

Nursing his terrible wounds, Smith watched the lights until daybreak, when he managed to signal assistance from the village below. The head keeper then took Smith's place, and the suffering man was carried to his home in the lowlands and medical aid summoned. Smith is marked for life.

Two New Lighthouses.

The Phoenix Iron Company, of Trenton, N. J., received a Government contract in August last for the construction of two lighthouses, to be located, one at Cape St. Blas and the other at Sanibel Island. These places are near each other on the gulf side of the Florida coast. The work of building the houses was commenced about the first of September, and they are now nearly finished. They are iron skeleton structures, painted red, and they tower in the air 108 feet. Each is surmounted by a parapet and a lantern, accessible from below by a spiral stairway inclosed in a cast-iron cylinder. These stairways are in two flights. The parapets are circular, and the lanterns ten-sided. The latter are of brass, covered with copper, which adds to their durability. The buildings from their bases to the centre of the lights are 96 feet 7½ inches high. The dimensions above stated mean the whole height of the buildings from their bases to the tops of the pinnacles. The structures weigh 145,000 pounds

each. When they reach their destination they will be placed upon circular foundation disks anchored to concrete foundations. The Phoenix Company are also building two dwellings for the keepers of the houses. The structures are all to be connected when located. The finishing touches are now being put upon them, as by the terms of the contract they must be done by the first of April. The Government superintends the shipping of the buildings, the usual method, when they are constructed here, being to first have them taken to New York, and in that city placed on vessels provided for the purpose of carrying them to their destination.—*New Jersey Paper.*

A Knot He Could Not Tie.

A young man who said his name was Charles Wilson entered the Sailors' Home in Cherry street (New York) yesterday, and, handing a letter to Superintendent ALEXANDER, begged for relief. His face was sorrowful, his clothes were seedy and his tale was pitiful. He said he was a sailor and that a few months ago rheumatic pains destroyed the nimbleness of his legs and constrained him to become a land lubber. His last dollar had been spent a week ago, and by the advice of a policeman and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, who furnished him with a letter of introduction, he had come for help to the Sailors' Home.

Mr. Alexander studied the letter in thoughtful silence. At last he raised his head and said quietly,—“You're an able seaman are you? Well, tell me what part of the deadeye would you have your lanyard knot on the starboard rigging?” The distressed mariner

scratched his head with his right hand, rubbed his rheumatic knee with his left hand, and, after a long examination of his boots, blurted out a torrent of nautical gibberish that seemed to be a catalogue of the principal parts in a ship. There was a dangerous gleam in the superintendent's eyes, but he let the able seaman exhaust his eloquence. Then, pointing to the door, he exclaimed,—“Get away out of this, or I'll—.” But, at the first word the luckless mariner had rushed in terror from the room.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Objector Answered

“I don't like so much talk about religion,” said a rude stranger in a city boarding-house to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. “I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to every thing pleasant in the world. It ties a man up hand and foot. It takes away his liberty; *and it isn't natural,*”

“O, no!” answered the lady, “it isn't natural. We have the best authority for saying so. ‘The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, for they are *spiritually discerned.*’ True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide.”

A pause for a few moments followed: then the stranger began again,—

“People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, anyhow. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them; nobody likes them, for they are like nobody; they are so very peculiar.”

“Allow me to interrupt you

again, sir," said the lady; "but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with Bible language that I shall have to introduce another quotation from the blessed book. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people.'"

"Does the Bible say they are peculiar, then? That's odd. That book, somehow, has got a dose for everybody. Yet, ma'm, you must allow that the commands that book lays upon us poor sinners are hard. It's thou shalt not, and thou shalt not, all the time. Why, its precepts and views of things are not only systematic tyranny, but they are narrow, very narrow."

"Yes," replied the lady, "they are narrow, for the Bible says they are. 'Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life.' We have to struggle hard to keep in this narrow way, if we once get in it. It is too narrow for pride, worldliness, and sloth. It is too narrow for the service of two masters. It is too narrow for covetousness, envy, and all other evil passions. Hatred can find no place for so much as the sole of its foot in the narrow way. Good deeds, kind words, faith, hope and charity, occupy all the ground, and will continue to hold it to the end."

The stranger listened surprised and annoyed, and at last arose and left the room, apparently a more thoughtful, if not a better man.—*American Messenger.*

Good Words by Martin Luther.

"O Lord Jesus, thou art my righteousness; I am thy sin. Thou hast taken all that belonged to me,

and given me all that belonged to thee."

"You say with Israel, 'Peace, peace,' and there is no peace. Say rather with Christ, 'The cross, the cross,' and there will be no cross. For the cross ceases to be a cross when we can say with love, 'O blessed cross, there is no word like thine!'"

"Wherefore these words, '*which loveth me,*' are full of faith. And he who can utter this word '*me,*' and apply it to himself with a true and constant faith, as Paul did, shall be a great disputer with Paul against the law."

"For He delivered neither sheep, ox, gold, nor silver, but even God himself, entirely and wholly, 'for me;' even '*for me.*' I say, a miserable and wretched sinner."

"We are not justified by good works. But having been justified by faith, we shall do good works."

"If Moses comes to 'judge me I will motion him away, in God's name, and say, 'Here stands Christ.' And, at the Last Day, Moses will look on me and say, 'Thou hast understood me aright.' And he will be gracious to me."

"The sweetness of the gospel lies mostly in its personal pronouns, as *me, my, thy.* 'Who loved *me,* and gave Himself for *me.*' Christ Jesus *my* Lord.' 'Son, be of good cheer; *thy* sins are forgiven thee.'"

"The Lord hath touched me sorely, and I have been impatient. But God knoweth better than we ourselves where to it serveth. Our Lord God doeth like a printer who setteth his types backwards: we see and feel well his setting, but we shall see the print yonder in the life to come. In the meantime we must have patience."—*(On the death of his daughter.)*

The Professor's Story.

When I was at college one of our professors, at one of the meetings at his house, told us how it was he became a Christian. It was as follows:—

“When I became a college student I was indifferent to religion. My father was a godly man, and the subject of religion was the only one on which we did not agree. It grieved him to find me so indifferent to what he felt and knew to be of supreme importance.

“I was a steady, hard-working, and successful student. I used to pursue my studies with ardor all the week, and especially on Sundays, as then there were no college classes to interrupt my continuous attention to my books.

“While I was going on thus ‘without God in the world,’ a lady gave me a little book called ‘The Test of Truth.’ I read it, and it put the subject of religion to me thus:—God says in the Bible.—‘Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to

them that ask Him?’ Now, is this true? Try it, and see. Ask God to give you the Holy Spirit to renew, enlighten, strengthen, and guide you; and thus prove His own word.

“This,” said our professor, “seemed to me so very reasonable that I did kneel down and besought God to give me His Holy Spirit, pleading His promise,—‘Ask, and it shall be given you,’ and I did not plead in vain.

“From that time I was a changed man. I found joy and peace in believing in Jesus. Old things passed away, and all things became new. I no longer pursued my secular studies on the Sabbath; but I can truly say that I henceforth made more progress in my studies in the six days than I had before done in the seven.”

Our professor has long since rested from his labors and entered into the rest that remains for the people of God; but he being dead, yet speaketh. If you have not sought and found peace with God, do as he did. Ask, and you too shall receive,—shall receive that gift compared with which all earth's wealth and pleasure are less than nothing and vanity.

G. W.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

We reprint, by permission, the article published under the above heading, in the third and last volume of the SCHAFF-HERZOG Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, just issued in this city by Messrs. FUNK & WAGNALLS. It was prepared by the Rev. H. H. McFARLAND, who has succeeded in giving us the most readable and satisfactory paper that we know on the subject.

And it is but just to say in this connection that like carefulness and research are shown throughout the work by its various learned and conscientious editors. It makes us quite out of conceit of what is on our shelves, in the line of this new publication, to glance through the revised and virtually original Schaff-Herzog.

It certainly is a great advance on the past in every sense, and whoever has occasion to supply himself with an Encyclopædia of this kind, will surely know where to go, and what to call for.—EDITOR.

Rev. John Flavel (England, 1627—91) and English contemporaries (Ryther, Janeway, *et al.*), as also a few clergymen of the established and dissenting churches in England in the eighteenth century, preached occasional sermons, special and serial, some of which were printed, on behalf of seamen; but the second half of the eighteenth century witnessed the first united efforts for their evangelization.

An association, styled at first *The Bible Society*, was organized in London in 1780, to supply English troops in Hyde Park with the Holy Scriptures, whose field of labor was speedily enlarged to embrace seamen in the British navy. The first ship furnished with Bibles by this society was *The Royal George*, sunk off Spithead, Eng., August 29th, 1782. The society's name was soon changed, becoming *The Naval and Military Bible Society*. It is still in operation, confines itself to its original specific object, the diffusion of the word of God, and has been of immense service to the Army and Navy of Great Britain. This society had its influence in originating the *British and Foreign Bible Society*, and the work of the latter led eventually to the formation of the *American Bible Society*. (Cf. art. "Bible Societies," *Encyc. Brit.*, 9th ed. vol. iii. p. 649.)

The need for Christian exertion among sailors was urgent. Destitute, as a class, of any access to the Bible, to preaching, or to any service, instruction, or consolations of the church, their lives passed, for the most part, without access to the gospel of Christ. "It would be difficult," says a well-informed writer, "to conceive of a deeper moral night than that which for centuries had settled upon the sea."

Early efforts made in England to furnish sailors with the gospel, however, met with serious opposition from Christian people, as well as from unchristian officers in the royal navy. So late as 1828 the king was petitioned to abrogate an order, then recently issued by the lord high admiral, prohibiting the free circulation of tracts in the navy. But in 1814 the pioneers of the movement for this end, Rev. GEORGE CHARLES SMITH, a dissenting clergyman, once a sailor, and ZEBULON ROGERS, a shoemaker of the Methodist persuasion, established prayer-meetings for seamen, on the Thames, at London; the first being held on the brig *Friendship*, June 22nd of that year, by

Mr. Rogers. These were multiplied and sustained upon the shipping in the river. March 23rd, 1817, the first bethel flag was unfurled on the *Zephyr*, Capt. Hindulph of South Shields, Eng.

The Port of London Society was organized March 18th, 1818, to provide for the continuous preaching of the gospel to seamen in London, upon a floating chapel, (ship) of three hundred tons' burden, and Rev. Mr. Smith ministered upon it with success during the ensuing year. November 12th, 1819, *The Bethel Union Society* was formed at London, which, in addition to the maintenance of religious meetings on the Thames, established correspondence with local societies that had been started by Mr. Smith's exertions in various parts of the kingdom. These two societies were subsequently united to form what is now known as *The British and Foreign Sailor's Society*.

The Sailor's Magazine (London) merged, after publication for seven years by Rev. Mr. Smith, into the *New Sailor's Magazine*, also issued by him, was established in 1820. The monthly magazine now issued by *The British and Foreign Sailors' Society* is *Chart and Compass* (pp. 32), established in January, 1879. It has presented the facts, and discussed questions connected with the evangelization of seamen, with fervency and force. Up to April, 1883, *Chart and Compass* had circulated 128,000 copies.

In 1825 *The London Mariner's Church and Rivermen's Bethel Union* was organized, to provide a church for seamen on shore, Rev. Mr. Smith becoming pastor. This church was for years the centre of an extensive system of labor, including a sabbath-school, Bethel prayer-meetings, tract and book distribution, magazine publishing, and open-air preaching the seamen on the wharves. Rev. Mr. Smith died at Penzance, Cornwall, Eng., in January, 1863.

Existing seamen's missionary societies in the empire of Great Britain, distinct from local organizations which limit the prosecution of work to their own ports, are, (1) *The British and Foreign Sailors' Society* (at Sailor's Institute, Shadwell, London, Eng., with receipts from April 1st, 1881, to April 1st, 1882, of £10,123 18s. 8d., and expenditures for the same period of £9,510 3s. 7d.), which in its sixty-fifth annual report (1882—83) names the ports of Rotterdam, Hamburg, Antwerp, Genoa, Naples, and Malta, outside England, and London, Milford-

Haven, Falmouth, and Barrow-in-Furness (English), as occupied more or less effectively by persons having entire or partial support from its treasury, and devoting themselves to the spiritual and temporal welfare of seamen. (2) *The London Missions to Seamen* (Established English Church), whose operations are, for the most part, carried on afloat. Its chaplains are at twenty English and three foreign, its Scripture-readers at twenty-nine English and four foreign seaports. Local English societies for seamen are at Liverpool (formed in 1821), Glasgow, and other ports.

Evangelical Lutheran missions to seamen are prosecuted with vigor by societies with headquarters in the Scandinavian countries, whence come, in our day, the larger number of sailors for the world's mercantile marine. The Norwegian society—*Foreningen til Evangeliets Forkyndelse for Skandinaviske Sjømand i fremmede Havne*, or, in English, *The Society for the Gospel's Preaching to Scandinavian Seamen in Foreign Harbors*—was organized at Bergen, Norway, Aug. 31, 1864, and now (1883) has stations at Leith, Scotland; North Shields, London, Cardiff, Eng.; at Antwerp, Belgium; Havre, France; Amsterdam, Holland; New York, U.S.A.; Quebec, Can.; and at Pensacola, Fla., U.S.A.

Mission-work for seamen is also carried on by this society at Montrose, Scotland. Its aggregate working force consists of eleven ordained pastors, with five or six assistant missionaries, unordained. The society owns churches at all its stations, and publishes a monthly paper, *Bud og Hilsen*, now in its eighteenth year of issue. Receipts in 1881-82 were 103,855 kröner; * expenditures 58,297 kröner. The Danish seamen's mission society—*Danske Forening til Evangeliets Forkyndelse for Skandinaviske Søfolk i fremmede Havne*, or, in English, *The Danish Society for the Gospel's Preaching to Scandinavian Seamen in Foreign Ports*—has its stations at Hull and Grimsby, London, Newcastle, and Hartlepool (Eng.), and at New York City, U.S.A., with an aggregate of four ordained pastors. Three other ordained pastors perform some labor for sailors at Frederickstadt and Christianstadt (St. Croix, W. I.), and at St. Thomas and St. Jan, W. I. The same society supports a seamen's pastor at Madras, India; and at Brisbane, Australia, an ordained pastor gives a por-

tion of his time to the interests of Scandinavian sailors. Its bi-monthly paper is *Havnen*, published at Copenhagen, Denmark. Receipts in 1882, 22,034 kröner; expenditures, 10,421 kröner. The Swedish society for home and foreign missions—*Forterlandsestiftelse*—has sustained missionary work for seamen since 1869, and has the following stations where such labor is performed by its agents—Constantinople, Turkey; Alexandria, Egypt; Liverpool, Grimsby, and Gloucester Eng.; Boston, Mass., U.S.A.; Marseilles, France; St. Ubes, Portugal,—with five ordained pastors. The State Church in Sweden has three ordained pastors laboring for seamen, at London and Hartlepool (Eng.), and at Kiel in Prussia. The Finland seamen's mission society, *Föreningen för Beredande af Sjøaleward af Finska Sjöman i Utländska Hamnar*, organized in 1880, has a station at London, Eng., with one ordained pastor in charge, and is about to establish another at Grimsby and Hull, Eng. The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod in America has a station for Scandinavian seamen, with one ordained pastor, at Philadelphia, Penn., U.S.A. The synod for the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church in America has a mission in Australia, with one ordained pastor. The total of stations occupied by the Scandinavian (Lutheran) societies is thirty-three, with twenty-nine ordained pastors and six unordained pastors as laborers.

No organizations exist in North or South America, outside the United States, for the sole purpose of prosecuting religious labor among seamen. At Boston, Mass., the first society for this object was formed in May, 1812, but soon suspended operations. The first religious meeting on behalf of sailors in New York City (N.Y.) is believed to have been held in the summer of 1816, at the corner of Front Street and Old Slip. *The Marine Bible Society of New York City* was organized March 14, 1817, to furnish sailors with the Holy Scriptures. *The Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the Port of New York*, commonly known as *The New York Port Society*, a local organization, was formed June 5, 1818. This society laid the foundations of the first mariner's church ever erected, in Roosevelt Street, near the East River, which was dedicated June 4, 1820, Rev. WARD STAFFORD preacher and pastor. In 1823 *The New York Port Society* set at work in that

*A kröner is about twenty-six cents, United-States currency.

city the first missionary to seamen. Rev. HENRY CHASE. This society now sustains a church at Madison and Catharine Streets in New York, and a reading-room for sailors in the same edifice, employing in the year ending Dec. 31, 1882, nine missionaries. Receipts for 1882 were \$11,667.04; expenditures, \$10,682.07. *The New York Bethel Union*, for the establishment and maintenance of religious meetings on vessels in the port (organized June 3, 1821), had but a brief existence.

The movements noted,—that at Boston, Mass., issuing in the formation of the earliest society of its kind in the world—led to similar action for the performance of local work for seamen at Charleston, S.C. (1819), Philadelphia, Penn. (1819), Portland, Me., and New Orleans, La. (1823), at New Bedford, Mass. (1825), and elsewhere. In the latter year there were in the United States seventy bethel unions, thirty-three marine Bible societies, fifteen churches and floating chapels for seamen. There had been many conversions to Christ among sailors, and their evangelization was recognized as among the most prominent and important of Christian enterprises.

Accordingly, after its formal establishment in the city of New York (Jan. 11, 1826), succeeded by a new organization in its board of trustees (May 5, 1828, from which time its birth is dated), *THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY* (80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.), unquestionably the most widely operative and efficient of existing missionary societies for seamen, came into being. Its first *President* was Hon. SMITH THOMPSON, then secretary of the United-States navy; Rev. C. P. McILVAINE, afterwards Protestant-Episcopal bishop of Ohio, was its *Corresponding Secretary*; and Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT its *General Agent*. Article II. of its constitution provides:—

"The object of this society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf, by promoting in every port boarding-houses of good character, savings-banks, register-offices, libraries, museums, reading-rooms, and schools, and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings."

Its first foreign chaplain was Rev. DAVID ABEL, who reached his field of labor at Whampoa, the anchorage for ships trading at Canton, China, Feb. 16, 1830. In its fortieth year (1867-68) its laborers (chaplains and sailor missionaries) were stationed at twenty foreign, and thirteen domestic, seaports, as follows: at Caribou Island on the Labrador

coast, N.A.; at St. John, N.B.; in Norway, at Christiansand, Kragero, and Porsgrund; in Denmark, at Copenhagen and Odense; in Sweden, at Gottenberg, Warberg and Wedige, Wernersberg, and Stockholm; in Belgium, at Antwerp; in France, at Havre and Marseilles; in the Hawaiian Islands, at Honolulu and Hilo; at the Chincha Islands in Peru, at Valparaiso and at Buenos Ayres, S.A.; and in the United States, at the following seaports: San Francisco, Cal., Norfolk and Richmond, Va., Charleston, S.C., Mobile, Ala., Boston and Gloucester, Mass., and at New York, N.Y. Its missionary work was prosecuted in 1882-83 on the Labrador coast of North America, in the countries of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, at Hamburg in Germany, at Antwerp in Belgium, in France at Marseilles and Havre, at Genoa and Naples in Italy, at Yokohama in Japan, in the Sandwich and Madeira Islands, at Valparaiso, S.A., and in the United States, at Portland, Ore., and on the waters of Puget Sound; also in the ports of Galveston, Tex., New Orleans, La., Pensacola, Fla., Savannah, Ga., Charleston, S.C., Wilmington, N.C., Norfolk, Va., and at Boston, Mass., as well as in the cities and vicinities of New York, Jersey City (N.J.), and Brooklyn (N.Y.), including the United-States Navy-Yard, numbering forty-two laborers at thirty-one seaports (eighteen foreign and thirteen domestic) supported in whole or in part by the society.

Its receipts in the first decade of its existence were, in round numbers, \$91,000; in the second decade, \$165,000; in the third, \$229,000; in the fourth, \$375,000; in the fifth, \$655,000. Receipts for the year ending March 31, 1883, with small balance from previous year, \$80,762.60; expenditures for same, \$70,455.55 inclusive of an investment of a legacy for permanent fund.

The Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City of New York (Protestant-Episcopal), in its Thirty-Ninth Annual Report (1882-83), states that the society sustains, as heretofore, two chapels, three mission-houses, with reading and lecture rooms, oversight being in the hands of three clergymen, with the assistance of a colporteur at each station. Its total services for the year were 628; visits to reading-rooms, 5,622; seamen supplied with Bibles, 204, with Testaments, 613, with the Book of Common Prayer, 621. The bishop of the diocese is its president.

Besides the employment of chaplains, residents at seaports, and serving as

Christian ministers, of Bible and tract distributors, Scripture-readers, colporteurs, and helpers, whose titles declare their functions, the missionary societies for seamen have usually wrought for their welfare by establishing, and in part sustaining (temporarily), Sailors' Homes in various ports. In them are resident missionaries, who, besides their services in religious meetings, devote portions of their time to spiritual and charitable visitation among sailors on shipboard and shore, at sailor boarding-houses, and in hospitals, and, in some cases, to such service for the families of seamen. The Wells Street *Sailors' Home* at London (Eng.) Docks was established by Mr. George Greene in 1830, was opened in 1835, enlarged in 1865. In one year it admitted 5,444 boarders, who, besides a home, had evening instruction, the use of a savings-bank, etc. The Liverpool (Eng.) *Sailors' Homes* were opened in 1844. The *Sailors' Home* at 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and is under the direction of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, re-furnished, and re-opened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any sailors' home in the world. During the year 1882-83 it accommodated 2,003 boarders. The whole number of boarders since the Home was established is 102,713, and the amount saved by it to seamen and their relatives during the forty-one years since its establishment has been more than \$1,500,000. The systematic supply of carefully selected libraries, to be loaned to vessels for use at sea, by their officers and crews, is now largely carried on by these organizations, especially by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Its shipments of such libraries from 1858-59 to March 31, 1883, were 7,764, and the re-shipments of the same, 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes was 419,420, accessible by original shipment to 301,425 seamen. Of the whole number sent out, 943 libraries with 33,948 volumes were placed upon United States naval vessels and in naval hospitals, and have been accessible to 107,995 men: 106 libraries were in 106 stations of the United States Life-saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to 742 keepers and surfmen.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE (32 pp., monthly), organ of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, is now the eldest of the periodicals issued on behalf of seamen. It was established in September,

1828, is in its fifty-fifth volume; and of its issues for 1882-83, 81,000 copies were printed and distributed. In the same twelvemonth 18,000 copies of THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND (4 pp., annually), established in 1858, were issued by this society, for sailors; and 145,000 copies of the LIFE-BOAT (4 pp., monthly) for the use of Sabbath schools.

Varied help is habitually extended to shipwrecked and destitute sailors by all these organizations. The establishment of savings-banks for seamen has ordinarily been due to their influence. The Seamen's Savings-Bank in New York City (78 Wall Street) went into operation May 11, 1829. Sailors' asylums, orphanages, and "Rests" (houses of entertainment conducted upon temperance principles) are open in many seaports as the fruit of their existence. Miss Agnes Weston, from her "Rest" at Devonport, Eng., was distributing, *gratis*, by voluntary contribution, in 1882, 15,000 monthly *Blue Books* (8 pp., temperance and religious tracts) in the English tongue, and these were regularly translated into Dutch and German for the navies of Holland and Germany.

It is impracticable to present detailed statistics as to the results of Christian labor for seamen: the best general estimate fixes the number of Christianized sailors at not far from thirty thousand. But to say that during the last half century these men have been gathered into the church of Christ by thousands, that as a class sailors are now manifestly being lifted out of the ignorance and degradation in which they lived at the opening of the nineteenth century, and to attribute these changes, realized and still progressing, to the exertions of these societies, is to speak with truthful moderation. The corporate and individual efforts of persons connected with them have often originated and made effective beneficent public legislation, in the interest of sailors, in Great Britain and in the United States. It is in place to add that, with few exceptions, all seamen's missionary societies are administered upon a non-denominational basis.

LIT. — Reports of various seamen's societies, *passim*; SAILOR'S MAGAZINE (N.Y.), *passim*, particularly its arts. "Ocean Pioneers," in 1876, by Rev. C. J. JONES; *Notes of Fifty Years' Efforts for the Welfare of Seamen* (New York, AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOC., 1878); HAYDN'S *Dictionary of Dates*, art. "Sailors' Homes," 17th ed. (New York, 1883).

AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

The following figures show, as far as figures can do so, the present condition of the missionary work of American churches in foreign lands. Many important missions in European countries, which are considered evangelical, are excluded. "We believe," says the *N. Y. Observer*, "the table will be found as approximately correct as the reports of the various Societies and Boards will permit."

DENOMINATIONS.	Ordained missionaries.	Total missionaries male and female.*	Total Native helpers.†	Ordained Native ministers.	Communi-cants.	Students and Scholars in Seminaries and Schools.	Foreign Missionary Revenue for latest year recorded.
Congregational A. B. C. F. M.	154	433	1,827	144	19,364	25,625	\$ 590,996
Am. Baptist Missionary Union.	78	193	686	174	50,691	14,137	307,195
F. M. B. Southern Baptists.	15	40	26	..	1,022	..	56,905
Free Baptists.	6	14	14	..	551	8,080	14,517
Lutherans.	9	11	203	5	2,787	716	43,263
Methodist Episcopal, North.	103	187	1,845	246	20,065	12,608	362,338
South.	22	34	104	36	2,796	1,497	150,971
Protestant Episcopal.	16	48	145	34	1,190	1,525	158,390
Presbyterian, Northern.	160	446	810	92	17,366	21,253	655,588
Southern.	23	50	56	15	1,700	502	69,071
United Presbyterian.	11	52	211	11	1,906	4,531	102,839
Reformed.	3	9	43	..	130	648	16,422
Cumberland "	2	5	6	..	85	..	10,185
Reformed (Dutch).	20	44	135	20	2,843	2,183	65,285
Other denominations, not enumerated.	80	100	100	..	1,130	330	100,000
Totals.	652	1,666	6,213	781	123,536	98,639	\$2,704,565

* This includes medical missionaries and teachers.

† Including ordained native ministers.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Denmark.

ODENSE.

Readers of the MAGAZINE who have followed the work of Mr. F. J. RYMKER, our seamen's missionary on the Danish island of Fünen since the year 1863, his services for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY having begun in Norway, in the year 1857,—will hear from him no more,—his earthly labors having been closed by summons to his Divine Master's immediate vision and presence, on the 23rd January last. In the early years of his Christian labor, as well as subsequently, Mr. Rymker was greatly blessed with the manifest approval of that Master upon his labor for sailors, in the conversion

of many of them to Christ. He was himself a converted seaman, and we have long counted him as one of the most faithful of our workmen. The following tribute to his memory is from the pen of Mr. J. HANSEN, Harbor Master at Odense.

"Brother Rymker was only sick about a day, and had been down by the harbor and ships and hospital only a day or two before his death. So he kept doing his good work to the last. I have known him more than thirty years and can truthfully say that he was a Christian whose greatest delight was to do good to his fellow men, by showing them to the Lamb of God and beseeching them to seek salvation while it may be found. He had his own mild and pleasant way of speaking, so that no one could refuse to listen, or to take the tracts or books

which he always brought with him. Surely the seed sown by him will bear its fruit in due season, for it was sown in faith and love to our dear Savior.

"How glad brother R. was when we, a few months ago, opened our Sailors' Reading and Meeting Rooms close to the harbor, because we now had a place where we could invite the sailors to come and spend their evenings. And we who got the rooms started were looking to him as the one that should, next to God, be our greatest helper in the work. The Lord thought otherwise, and before the work was well started took His obedient servant home to rest from the labors he had so faithfully performed.

"At his burial different ministers spoke of him, and gave testimonies concerning his Christian life and how faithfully he had done his work. For my own part I can say that I was always happy to speak with brother Rymker. I used to get from him the SAILORS' MAGAZINE to read, which I like very much. Now and then I find in it something from San Francisco, from our dear brother, Rev. J. ROWELL, of the Mariners' church, to which I belonged about eighteen years ago. Brother Rymker leaves a widow who is in very delicate health.

"Before closing permit me, in the name of many sailors and sailors' friends here, to tender our sincere thanks to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for what they have been doing here by assisting this brother, so that he was enabled to do what he did. Wishing your Society God's speed and blessing in all their efforts for promoting seamen's welfare in the different parts of the world, I remain with brotherly love,

Yours thankfully,
J. H."

Rev. Mr. JACOBSEN, pastor of the M. E. church in Odense, writes in a letter dated February 5th:—

"By what I can learn from my friends, Mr. Rymker was persecuted when he first

came to Odense, both by the public and by the roughs of the town, in very much the same manner that the early Methodists were in England; yet he never gave in, but to the very last did his duty manfully."

He rests from toil at last. God bless his work and memory!

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, for the past three years seamen's chaplain at this port will be succeeded, April 1st, proximo, by Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, for several years past seamen's missionary at Hamburg, Germany. Mr. H., we believe, has faithfully served, both the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY in Hamburg, with acceptance and usefulness, and goes to Antwerp with great experience of work in a continental port. We bespeak for him a pastorate, aided by the prayers of all who love the seamen's cause. Rev. Mr. POTTS will speedily return to the United States.

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

We learn that a proposed change in his pastoral relations with the Bethel church will afford to the Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., seamen's chaplain for forty-two years past at this important port, the opportunity of a trip to China and return with Mrs. Damon, to be taken during the present season. The visit will doubtless augment and stimulate his well-known interest in the evangelization of the Chinese in Polynesia.

At Ports In the United States.

New York:

BROOKLYN—U. S. NAVY YARD.

A large and interesting Temperance Meeting was held at Sailors' Library Hall and Chapel on Cob Dock, Wednesday evening, February 27th, and the U. S. NAVAL TEMPERANCE UNION organ-

ized, with about 200 names of seamen and others who have signed the pledge since Chaplain CRANE commenced his labors at the Yard last November. A constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: *President*, Rev. E. N. CRANE, *Vice President*, Lt. Com. J.

E. NOEL, *Secretary*, GEORGE CALDWELL, *Treasurer*, WILLIAM THORNTON, *Pledge Registrar*, JOSEPH ELLIS.

The Society was by a unanimous vote made auxiliary to the *Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York*, that staunch old organization of over half a century's standing, and will co-operate with it in the temperance cause. The Blue Ribbon Badge was adopted. Rev. DUNCAN MCGREGOR, of the Meth. Epis. Church, was introduced by the president and delivered a most effective and entertaining temperance address. The exercises were interspersed with gospel temperance hymns, in which a number of lady visitors assisted, with organ accompaniment by Mr. CHARLES WALTON, of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. At the close of the meeting a goodly number of new names was added to the roll of members. Stated meetings will be held on the first Wednesday evening of each month, and the annual meeting on the first Wednesday evening in May. This good work is thus inaugurated anew among our naval seamen under the most favorable auspices.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

Rev. J. W. CRAIG is reappointed chaplain in the service of the local Seamen's Friend Society. The total receipts of the Society for the year ending February 5th, '84, were \$1,248.70; expenditures, \$1,138.35.

Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.

The forty-seventh annual report of the Bethel Society, lately published covers its operations to Nov. 1st, '83. The receipts of the year were \$401.61, expenses \$370, the latter as follows:—to needy seamen \$76.00, to seamen's widows \$50.00, to the Labrador mission \$30.00, to local distribution of reading matter \$20.00, to

library committee \$150.00, to AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY \$30.00, incidentals \$14.00, leaving on hand \$31.61. The value of clothing distributed is about \$13.00.

The report speaks in these words of the expenditure for library work:—"It is our aim to respond to any call that comes to us for books, and to place libraries on board all new vessels sailing from this port; but in two instances during the past season we have failed to offer the books from lack of funds. We earnestly hope that contributions may be received for this branch of our work, that even the appearance of neglect may be avoided. Libraries have been furnished to schooners *Chas. C. Dame*, *Albert H. Cross*, *Albert T. Stearns*, *Maud Sherwood*, *Lavinia Campbell*, and ship *Mary L. Cushing*. It would be pleasant to establish a loan library system for all vessels coming to this port. A plan of this kind was tried some years ago, but was necessarily abandoned both from want of a proper depository and a permanent fund to make needful additions and repairs as the libraries were returned. We hope at some future time to be able to make greater outlays in the matter of good reading for the men who occupy the cabins and forecastles of our vessels.

"This is the eleventh report of work among vessels in our harbor. The first visits were organized to convey personal invitations to the crew in port to attend the Sabbath Bethel services, which were held for several summers. At the close of the first year it was suggested that a constant distribution of interesting reading would be profitable, and perhaps reach more men than the preaching service could, and from this beginning a special work has been continued for ten years, including visits to more than 1,400 different vessels and the use of 1,550 packages of books and papers. Considering these facts and the knowledge that much of the time Mr. LUNT, our missionary, has worked single-handed, we most heartily renew our thanks for his cheerful and persevering assistance. Our thanks are also due to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for a supply of SAILORS' MAGAZINES, which has proved a valuable addition to those furnished by our ladies. We look upon this distribution as perhaps the most important branch of our work, but we cannot note results, for comparatively few vessels return to this port. Still, the blessing is for those 'who sow beside all waters,' and we know that the harvest is sure."

The report is signed by Miss F. G. BRAY, *Secretary*, and concludes with a tribute of respect to the memory of Mrs. S. A. FOLLANSBEE, and four other members, who deceased in 1883. The present membership of the Society is 265.

Rev. S. W. Hanks.

A correspondent of the *Salem (Mass.) Gazette*, writing from Middleton, where the Rev. S. W. HANKS recently lectured, closes with the following interesting paragraph. Mr. Hanks, it will be remembered, was the first pastor of the John St. Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., and resided there from 1840 to 1853. He is still well remembered by a large number of the citizens. The *Gazette's* correspondent says:—

"Mr. Hanks is a little upwards of seventy years of age, though apparently ten years younger. He was born in Connecticut and graduated from Andover, and for many years has done much for temperance and the benefit of seamen. He is a very genial, pleasant man, of more than ordinary ability, and an attractive speaker, and in his younger days we should judge that he was a joker of the first water. He so resembles our lamented Abraham Lincoln that at the time Lincoln was President of the United States, while Mr. Hanks was passing through Vermont, in the cars, word was sent ahead that Lincoln was on the train, and a crowd was gathered at the depot to get a speech or sight of him, and Mr. Hanks was urged to step upon the platform, if no more, to show himself. Mr. Hanks concluded to refuse the ovation as it was a little too much of a joke for a minister of the gospel. President Lincoln's mother was a Hanks and a connection of this Mr. Hanks. Thus the blood runs through many generations and crops out now and then, giving duplicates not only physically but mentally. Mr. Hanks bids fair to attain the age of one hundred years. He is sure to keep up with the times. We have known him for twelve or fifteen years, and no change seems to have taken place in him. A short time ago he preached in a pulpit where he had preached more than forty years before. He was met at the pulpit stairs as he came down by a lady who was so glad to see him, because she was so well acquainted with his father. 'Why,' said he, 'I

am the father.' 'Well,' says she, 'you look younger than you did fifty years ago.' He is the originator of the great panorama of the Black Valley Railroad, where the cars throw out their passengers without stopping the train."

A Message from the Sea.

A despatch to the *New York Tribune*, dated Norwich, Conn., March 4th, 1884, stated that "Mr. and Mrs. Robbins Little, of this place, who are on a tour around the world, sailed from San Francisco, September 6th, 1883. When twenty-four days out, Mr. Little placed a note in a bottle and threw it overboard, with the request that the finder send it to John Mitchell in Norwich. To-day Mr. Mitchell received the note, with a letter from John Stuppelbeen, dated Kawaihae Island, Hawaii, February 22nd, 1884, saying he had picked it up on the beach there."

Died,

In New York City, March 5th, 1884, ANNIE, eldest daughter of FREDERICK and MARY ALEXANDER.

"OUR DARLING ANNIE"

SLEPT IN JESUS' WEDNESDAY MORNING.

She slept. So gently failed her breath,
We scarce could call the slumber death:—
An infant on its mother's breast
Sinks not more sweetly to its rest.

She woke. But what a glad surprise
That wakening in Paradise!
The balmy air, the softened light
Of Heaven, dispelled the chill and night,

And set her free: no weary feet;
She treads erect the golden street;
And sings with glad exultant tongue
The anthems she has loved so long.

Dear child! Her sojourn here was short;
With pain and ill her years were fraught;
But now the vigor once denied,
Flows, through, her in a full, rich tide.

We weep; and yet we chide ourselves;
Beyond our anxious thoughts and fears,
Beyond our tenderest watchfulness,
In joy supreme, our darling lies.

O JESUS! soothe our pain and grief!
In thy sweet will for us relief:—
Our treasure keep for us above,—
Keep us for her in thy dear love.

HELEN E. BRO

Sailors' Snug Harbor.

STAPLETON, S. I.

Chaplain C. J. JONES reports that during the year 1883, sixty-four inmates died, of whom 56 were Protestants, and 8 Roman Catholics. Of the whole number 26 died in the hope of eternal life through our risen Redeemer, of whom 10 were hopefully converted after entering the Institution. As to their nationalities, 33 were born in America, 8 in England, 8 in Ireland, 4 in Denmark, 3 in Sweden, 2 in Wales, and 1 each in Scotland, Germany, Holland, Italy, France, and Nova Scotia. Their united ages were 4,346 years, or an average at death of 67 years, 1 month, 26 days. Two were over 95, 5 between 80 and 90, 21 between 70 and 80, 25 between 60 and 70, 11 between 50 and 60, and between 40 and 50, only 2. This is the list:—

January 4th, W. B. Churchill, 54 years, Massachusetts; Jan. 9th, J. A. Chappell, 70, Connecticut; Jan. 11th, John Goubin, 45, France; Jan. 14th, E. L. McCready, 60, New York; Jan. 14th, C. G. Hempstead, 68, Connecticut; Jan. 18th, Edward Jones, 62, Pennsylvania; Jan. 18th, Frederick Devoe, 96, Italy; Jan. 28th, Andrew Johnson, 63, Denmark; Feb. 3rd, Daniel Drew, 59, England; Feb. 10th, Martin Gray, 76, Sweden; Feb. 26th, W. H. Morey, 72, England; March 16th, Peter Nelson, 2nd, 73, Sweden; March 19th, James Donohue, 65, England; March 19th, Caleb Johnson (colored), 57, Delaware; March 22nd, Edward Taylor, 70, England; March 23rd, Horace Curtis, 64, New York; March 27th, William De P. Stagg, 80, New York City; March 27th, William Bennett, 57, London, England; March 28th, John C. Smith, 74, Germany; April 4th, Charles Given, 68, Denmark; April 22nd, John Phillips, 75, England; April 28th, Thomas Buckley, 62, Ireland; April 28th, Richard Dixon, 71, England; May 6th, Alexander Harlow, 54, New York; May 11th, B. F. Gardener, 66, Massachusetts; May 12th, Robert Dickson, 66, Nova Scotia; May 18th, Frank Bryant, 68, Maine; May 19th, Daniel Davis, 62, Wales; May 19th, Peter Nelson, 73, Denmark; May 20th, Cornelius Brankman, 50, Holland; June 2nd, Oscar Fish, 68, Connecticut; June 18th, Thomas White, 72, Wales; June 20th, William McCabe, 63, New York City; June 27th, John Petterson, 83, Sweden; June 28th, William Murdock, 77, Ireland; June 30th, Peter H. Roff, 80, New York; July 1st, Peter W. Lewis, 70, Ireland; July 3rd, Richard C. Vreeland, 95, New York; July 5th, J. B. Forsyth, 74, Con-

necticut; July 26th, Albert Cook, 71, New York; August 3rd, James M. Griffin, 58, New York; August 18th, Charles H. Clark, 68, Ireland; August 22nd, Richard B. Locke, 47, New York; August 26th, Bernard O'Hare, 73, Ireland; September 7th, Seaman Austin, 63, New York; September 15th, James Green, 70, Ireland; October 8th, H. K. Eldridge, 54, Maine; October 14th, John De Cordy, 63, New York City; October 21st, Charles Brown, 53, Ireland; October 22nd, Thomas C. Freeman, 63, New York City; November 13th, Erastus Baker, 71, Connecticut; November 18th, Leonard Gay, 74, Maine; November 18th, Thomas Calder, 89, Massachusetts; November 20th, John May, 69, Ireland; November 23rd, John Thomas (colored), 58, Maryland; November 23rd, David G. Worth, 61, Massachusetts; November 28th, Henry H. Smith, 51, Massachusetts; December 1st, John Bassford, 67, New York City; December 8th, Charles Bacon, 70, England; December 10th, Charles Thomas (colored), 66, New York City; December 12th, Jacob Nelson, 67, Denmark; December 27th, John Johnston, 76, New York; December 29th, Edward Thayer, 70, Massachusetts; December 30th, James Reed, 64, Scotland.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	151
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$805

of which \$230 was sent to relatives and friends, \$215 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$324 was returned to boarders.

Planets for April, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st about 10m. after the Sun; sets on the evening of the 22nd at 8h. 33m., and north of west 23° 25', being now at its greatest brilliancy; is at its greatest elongation at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 25th, being 20° 32' east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 26th at 6h. 7m., being 5° 47' north.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 7m., and north of west 28° 28'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 28th at 2h. 53m., being 7° 53' north.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 48m., being 21° 52' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 4th at 10h. 38m., being 8° 10' north.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 4m., being 21° 49' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3rd at 2h. 4m., being 6° north;

is in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 14th at 7 o'clock, and during the remainder of the month is considered as an evening star.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 47m., and north of west $20^{\circ} 36'$; is in conjunction with Venus at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 12th, being $4^{\circ} 13'$ south; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 27th at 2h. 8m., being $2^{\circ} 19'$ north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for February, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester, bequest of Mrs. Nancy C. Towne, deceased, late of Manchester, N. H., per Mrs. Nancy B. T. Greenough, trustee \$ 500 00
Milford, Cong. ch., of wh. Wm. Ramsdell, \$20 for lib'y 37 31

VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. ch., towards Life Memberships 34 80
White River Junction, Mrs. C. H. Latham and Mrs. Lydia E. Allen, 10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, Masters Clinton E., Ernest M., Milford E. and Edward N. Bliss, for lib'y 20 00
Beverly, Cong. ch., of wh. H. O. Woodbury, \$20 for lib'y 29 75
Boston, a Friend 25
Clinton, Cong. church 14 66
Conway, Cong. church 10 30
Dighton, Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. M. B. Green and Nathan Walker, each \$20 for lib'y 55 15
Dorchester, three members of 2nd Cong. church 5 00
East Douglas, Cong. church to const. Charles E. Kem, L. M. 32 41
Fitchburg, Mrs. N. J. Spaulding 1 00
Josiah Spaulding 1 00
Globe Village, Evang'l Free S. S., for library 20 00
Holbrook, Winthrop church 44 30
Lancaster, Evang'l S. S. 10 00
Lowell, Class in Kirk St. S. S. 8 60
Middletown, Cong. church, for lib'y .. 20 00
Norfolk, Cong. church 3 95
Northampton, 1st Cong. church 153 92
Rev. Isaac Clark's class in S. S. of Edward's Cong. ch., for lib'y 20 00
Pepperell, Cong. church 8 00
Shelburne, Cong. church 19 37
Somerset, Cong. church 10 00
Uxbridge, Cong. church 13 56

RHODE ISLAND.

Little Compton, Cong. church 7 82
Pawtucket, Central Falls church 25 00
Mrs. Amos B. Lane 2 00

CONNECTICUT.

Canton Centre, Cong. ch. and Soc'y .. 8 48
Colchester, 1st Cong. ch. and S. S. 14 37
Derby, E. S. Thompson 6 00
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. church 27 46
Griswold, Cong. church 5 00
Hartford, Mrs. Anna H. Bolton, for library 20 00
Higganum, Mrs. Selden Usher 5 00
Litchfield, S. S. 1st Cong. ch., balance for library 10 00
Naugatuck, Cong. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
New London, 2nd Cong. church 124 53
Norwich, 1st Cong. ch., add'l 3 00

Pomfret, Cong. church 6 00
Wapping, Mrs. L. C. Hyde 1 00
Warren, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y 2 00
Westford, Cong. church 6 20
West Haven' Cong. ch. and Soc'y 10 00

NEW YORK.

Brentwood, E. F. Richardson 2 00
Brooklyn, Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch., of wh. Helen M. McWilliams, for lib'y in memoriam Norman McWilliams, \$30, and Wm. W. Goodrich, for lib'y \$20 258 72
Throop Ave. Pres. ch. S. S. Miss'y Soc'y, for lib'y, to be called the Captain Wm. Aimes McKee Lib'y 20 00
S. S. Puritan Cong. ch., donation for lib'y and general Lib'y Work 20 98
Dobbs Ferry, S. S. Pres. ch., for lib'y 20 00
Gravesend, Ref. church 49 00
New York City, Broadway Tabernacle church 264 59
A. A. Low & Bros. 100 00
William Astor 100 00
Bruce & Cook, for Genoa 50 00
J. A. Roosevelt 30 00
Trustees Murray Fund, books valued at 30 00
Tiffany & Co. 25 00
William H. Fogg 25 00
Hitchcock, Darling & Co. 25 00
Mrs. Jonathan Sturges 25 00
Mrs. Julia F. Noyes 20 00
Miss Mary Boorman 20 00
S. T. Gordon, for lib'y 20 00
Oliver S. Fleet, for library 20 00
D. S. Egleston 10 00
G. G. Williams 10 00
Wm. M. Everts 10 00
R. J. Dodge 10 00
William Oothout 10 00
Miss Laura Boorman 10 00
S. W. Green 5 00
Mrs. Albert Storer 5 00
Mrs. N. D. Ellingwood 5 00
H. P. Marshall 5 00
Miss Annie Boorman 5 00
Capt. Evan Jones of barque *Ella*, \$2, and two sailors \$1 each, for general Library Work 4 00
From C. 2 00
A Friend 2 00
Yonkers, Mrs. R. A. Roberts, for lib'y 20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Englewood, Englewood Pres. ch., of wh. for lib'y in name of Fisher Howe Booth, \$20, and Mrs. James O. Morse, for lib'y \$20 368 72
Morristown, South St. Pres. ch., of wh. Wm. L. King, \$50 273 02

OHIO.

Burton, on account bequest Mrs. Lucina Beach, deceased, late of Burton, O., through Hon. P. Hitchcock, ex 500 00
Cleveland, Joseph Perkins, for lib'y .. 20 00

IOWA.

Lewis, Rev. Charles Little 2 00

OREGON.

Portland, Sailors of ship *T. E. Starbuck*, for general Library Work, per Capt. Wm. A. Rogers 20 00

SCOTLAND.

Greenock, Miss M. M. Nisbett 1 22

\$3,894 44

Mr. James W. Beach and Miss Martha Gillett are constituted Life Members by previously acknowledged donations from Plymouth Ch. of Milford, Conn.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

"Talitha Cumi!"

A SERMON TO CHILDREN PREACHED ON INNOCENTS' DAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1880,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BY THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.

Let me take this evening the story of our Savior's kindness to a little girl. There was in Capernaum a well-known house where lived one of the chief officers of the Synagogue. His name was Jairus. In that house was one only child, a little daughter of twelve years old,—just at the age when a child has had time to endear itself to its parents,—when its character first becomes to be seen and known. The child was thought to be dying. The father heard that the Great Healer had just crossed the lake. He was feasting in the house of Levi, the publican. The father rushes in,—he falls at his feet,—he entreats him to come and save his daughter. The Lord arose; that little life was as precious in his sight as the souls of those whom he was convincing by his divine wisdom. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," was as eager, if one may so say, to soothe the sick bed of this small Galilean maiden as though he had nothing else to do. For him the thought of human sickness, the call of a suffering parent, was the most sacred of human duties. He came at once. All along the

shore and all through the streets he had to force his way through the dense crowd, thronging even more and more closely around him. While he thus struggled with the crowd, a messenger broke through the press with the sad tidings that it was too late. "Thy daughter is dead." Amid the surging of the crowd, and above the hum of many voices, the Master's wakeful ear heard the whisper of the messenger. He bade the father still keep up his heart. "Fear not," he said, "only believe." "Fear not," he says to all anxious mourners. "Fear not the dark and dreary void into which thy loved one has passed. Fear not that God will desert thee in thine hour of need. Fear not but thou wilt once more see the child, the parent, the brother, the sister thou hast lost. Only believe in the loving-kindness of God our Savior. Only believe that He who makes the flowers to spring and the buds to come forth again, will raise that little flower, will help that bursting blossom of the human soul."

He reaches the house. The hired mourners of Eastern countries are al-

ready there. They are wailing and shrieking, as is their wont. He said to the parents, "She is not dead, but sleepeth,"—words that have often brought comfort to parents who have hung over the face of their dead child, in the hope of the general resurrection,—words that are written in this church, on the pedestal of one of the children of the great family of Russell, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He touched the hand of the child, as she lay on her couch as if in the sleep of death. He addressed her in words which have been handed down literally. It is doubtful, in his discourses generally, what language our Savior spoke,—whether Greek or Syriac; but here, at any rate, the Syriac words are given. They are, "Talitha cumi;" that is, "My little lamb, my little pet lamb, rise up." By these endearing appellations he roused the sleeping soul. By this he showed to the parents that he was one with them in their parental love, in their domestic joy as well as in their domestic sorrow. And she came again to life, and was to them as before.

Now let me apply this both to parents and children. Parents, remember what a gift, what an inestimable gift, is given to you in the gift of the soul of a little child,—how its playful ways are to you the special gift of God. Think what a sight it is to see an innocent little girl; reflect how, to any one except the most brutal of mankind, such a sight banishes all thoughts of filthy language or foul deeds; remember that the tenderness and gentleness which the sight of such a little girl awakens is one of the best parts of your nature. If any of you doubt whether it is in you to be self-controlled and masters of yourselves, remember that, unless you are very bad indeed, you must be so in the presence of such a little being. Sir William Napier describes in his "History of the Peninsular War," how affecting it was to see, at the battle of Busaco, in Portugal, a beautiful Por-

tuguese orphan-girl coming down the mountains, driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the armies. She passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, scarcely understanding which were French and which English, and no one on either side was so hard-hearted as to touch her.

And let me give two stories which show how the strongest men are open to those kindly feelings which little children are given by our heavenly Father to promote in all of us. That same Sir William Napier once in his walks met with a little girl of five years old sobbing over a pitcher she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her that he could not mend it, but that he would meet her trouble by giving her sixpence to buy a new one, if she would meet him there at the same hour the next evening, as he had no money in his purse that day. When he returned home he found that there was an invitation waiting for him, which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the little girl at the time stated, and he gave up the invitation, saying, "I could not disappoint her; she trusted in me so implicitly." That was the true Christian English gentleman and soldier. Another example is that of Martin Luther, one of the fiercest and most courageous men that ever lived. But when he thought of his little children, especially of his little daughter, he was as gentle and kind as any woman. His daughter Magdalen died when she was thirteen years of age, and it is most affecting to read his grief, and, at the same time, his resignation. "Magdalen, my little daughter, thou wouldst gladly stay with thy father here, and thou wouldst also gladly go to thy Father yonder." "Ah! thou dear little thing, thou shalt rise again, and shine like a star; yea, like the sun." "Her face, her words cleave to our heart, remain fixed in its depths, living and dying, the words and looks of that most dutiful

child. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ who called, chose, and magnified her. I would for myself, and all of us, that we might attain to such a death, yea, rather, to such a life."

And you, children, these words are also addressed to you. "My little lamb," the very word tells you how precious you are to the Good Shepherd. Arise, get up, bestir yourself; get up from any slothful habit, from any idle, selfish habit you have formed. Let his voice reach your innermost heart, and raise you from the deepest sleep.

There was a little boy who used to carry parcels from a bookseller to his customers. He went every day trudging through the streets with a heavy parcel of books under his arm, and one day he was sent to the house of a great duke with three folio volumes of Clarendon's "History of England." The parcel was so heavy, his shoulders were so tired, that as he passed through Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, he laid down the load, and sobbed at the thought that there was nothing lighter in life for him to look forward to than being a bookseller's porter. Suddenly he looked up at the great building which towered above him. He thought of the high thoughts and great men who were enshrined within it. He brushed away his tears, replaced the load on his shoulders, and walked on with a light heart, determined to bide his time. And his time came at last. He became one of the best and most learned of our Indian missionaries.

There was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a very good man, and one day when the little child came back from school he put in writing over her bed, "*God is nowhere*," for he did not believe in the good God, and he tried to make the little child believe the same. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was

very small; she could only read words of one syllable at the time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose as we ought all to rise, above the temptations of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because her little mind could not do otherwise, and she read the words, not "*God is nowhere*," but "*God is now here*." That is what we all should strive to do. Out of words which have no sense, or which have bad sense, our eyes, our minds, ought to be able to read a better sense. The old grandfather was touched, and made serious, and we ought all of us to be made serious in like manner by the innocent questions and answers of our little children. *God is now here*. God is now, at this moment, watching over them and us. God is here, in this very Abbey, watching over the little children here assembled. God is here, in your homes, in your play, in your prayers, listening to you, as he is in this church, and he says to each one of us, "*Talitha cumi*,"—My little lamb, rise, mount up, be better this year than you were last year, mount up, become better and wiser; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a long ladder; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a high mountain, and then you will be able to read these words, "*God is nowhere*," in their truest sense. They mean that God is in no particular place. That is true; but it is not the whole truth,—it is only half the truth, or, rather, it is, when taken by itself, the reverse of the truth. But when we make it, "*God is now here*," it becomes a great truth, for it tells us that it is because God is in no particular place, therefore he is in all places. God is now here, for God is always everywhere,—our help in ages past, your hope in years to come.—*Good Words*.

Calling the Ferryman.

They reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening.

The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinkling light in the small scattered houses; while farther off still were the bright lamps of the great city whither they were going. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry, they found the boat over on the other side where the ferryman lived. So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered; then he would walk to and fro, and speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call and call again. At length they saw a little light move, and heard the moving of the boat. Nearer and nearer the noise came, but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travelers entered it.

"Father!"

"Well, my child."

"It's very dark, and I can't see the shore where we are going."

"No, little one; but the ferryman knows the way, and we shall soon be home in the city, where there will be light and a good fire."

"Oh, I wish we were there, father!"

Slowly and gently the boat swung off in the stream; and though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her great fear. In a short time after they landed she reached her home, where loving arms received her, where the room was warm with fire, and was flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this, the same little child had gone to another river, darker, deeper, and more fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it, the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it, and all seemed like night. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross this

river, and he not able to go with her. For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals, and pray for the life of his precious child.

For hours she had been slumbering very quietly, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass away without her waking again; but just before the morning watch she suddenly woke, with the eye bright, the reason unclouded, and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on her face.

"Father, I have come again to the river-side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?"

"Oh, no! there are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver. The boat coming towards me seems to be made of solid light; and though the ferryman looks dark, I am not afraid of him!"

"Can my child see across the river?"

"Oh, yes! but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great, beautiful city, flooded with light and glory. I see no sun and no lamp, no moon or stars; but it's full of light. Ah! I hear the music too, coming softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make!"

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why, why, yes! I see One, the most beautiful form I ever saw! And what a face! what a smile! And He beckons me to come. Oh, ferryman, make haste! I know who it is! It is Jesus—my own blessed Jesus! I shall be received into His arms; I shall rest in His bosom!"

"Is my little daughter afraid?"

"Afraid, dear mother? Not a bit. I think of my Psalm, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.'"

And thus she crossed the dark river

made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled in their tears. They could almost see the golden gates open to receive their loved one; and they then understood the words of the prophet,—“The child shall die an hundred years old.”

Found Her Boy's Grave.

A member of the Sanitary Commission tells in the *Christian Woman* the following moving story of a mother's search, during the late war, for her only son, slain on the battle-field of Shiloh. He says that a lady from Philadelphia searched for days over that wide battle-field for the grave of her only child—a boy of eighteen:—

A detail of men was sent from the regiment to help search for the grave. The woman was quartered on our sanitary boat, and I went with her.

“They are all buried side by side—all we could find of our regiment,” said the sergeant who had charge of the squad of men sent out to help us search.

We scattered, keeping in sight of each other and in calling distance, and searched thoroughly, but it was not until the second day that we found the grave. It was the mother who found it. The name was written with a pencil on a bit of board at the head.

She gave a call and waved her handkerchief, and then fell on her knees with her arms over the mound of earth above her child. He was all she had on earth, for he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

As we gathered about the grave, and saw her frail form convulsed by the sobs of agony she tried to conceal, the roughest and bravest of the men were affected to tears.

“He was a good soldier—a good Christian; we had few like him in the regiment,” were the kindly comments that were made by them.

As I lifted her away from the grave, her eyes, though full of tears, caught sight of a passion flower at the edge of the mound. She plucked it and took it away as a keepsake, saying, “God is good to give me this token of His own love and passion.”

The body was to be taken up and placed in the burial-case she had brought for the purpose. They did not wish her to see it. Officers came and tried to dissuade her. No, she must and would see him.

“No matter how mangled, I shall know him; and I must know that it is my son.”

And so she had her way. He was brought up, and when the blanket, which was his only coffin, was unrolled, there he lay as natural as life. She clipped a few locks from his wealth of brown hair, and, kneeling by her dead, thanked God that He had given her back the body of her son, and for the hope that animated her that they should meet again in heaven.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Sabbath Day of Prayer.

Alice H—was of a peculiarly retiring disposition, and the one great stumbling block in the way of her becoming a Christian seemed to be the duty of publicly confessing Christ. She would be a Christian in secret. So she prayed and read her Bible, and endeavored to do her duty in the sphere in which she was placed, but still no light or peace broke in to her soul. Her reading was formal and joyless, and she could never feel that her prayers were answered. She could not put away the words concerning those who are ashamed to confess Christ before men. “This do in remembrance of me,” also troubled her conscience. But there came a glad midsummer day, when the whole earth put on a radiance that was as new to her as it was glorious. She had been alone in her room, and the struggle in her soul

had been long and painful. But now she had resolved, with Jesus' help, to obey all his commandments and let the world know whom she sought to serve. The sweetest peace and sense of pardon flowed into her soul, and she felt that she would praise his holy name forever.

In her new found-gladness, she longed to speak of the things of heaven to another. To some, the choice she made was peculiar. Her mind turned at once to a poor crippled colored woman, who had once been in the family, but had long been laid aside from any service, but whose life was one of joy in the Lord, in spite of most crushing afflictions.

Aunt Sarah rejoiced to see her, as she always did, and listened with happiness to her Bible reading, and then followed a pleasant chat on neighborhood news, so pleasant to one shut in, as was her life. Finally, Alice told the glad secret of her heart, that she too loved Jesus. The poor saint seemed lifted up into a heaven of rapture. With the emotional nature of her race was joined a sincere devotion to the Master she had so long served, and an ardent love for the family with whom her active years had been spent.

"Miss Alice," she said, "nearly all of last Sabbath-day your old auntie spent the hours in prayer for you."

This seemed the more remarkable, as she did not know that her young friend was more than usually interested in the subject of religion. How wonderful the workings of the Spirit, and how encouraging to even the humblest to persevere in asking for God's best gift of eternal life to those most dear!—*Olive*.

LITTLE THINGS are often nearest;
 Little words are always sweetest;
 Little lakes the stillest lie;
 Little blessings farthest fly;
 Little seeds produce our trees;
 Little drops of rain our seas;
 Little words of kindness often
 Will a heart of anger soften.

Little Tim.

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as shown by the following incident:—

A kit is a box of tools of whatever outfit is needed in any particular branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way and hear him say:—

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good, stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.

"Not 'zactly, boys; but I want a quarter the awfullest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'skursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit; and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money and said:—

"I guess I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it.

"He wrote:—

"Died—Litul Ted—of Scarlet fever: aged three years. Funeral tomorrow, gone up to Hevin, left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the counter and gasped:—

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been

home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord were touched?

Doing God's Errands.

Hester was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus. And she showed her love for Jesus by seeking to please Him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through, she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes, and said,—

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! Oh! it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl."

"Yes, dear," said her mother; "God has given us all errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell Him what we are trying to do, and ask Him to help us. And when He calls us home to Himself, we shall have great joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him."

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to *do errands for God*."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honor and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is what

the apostle John meant when he said that "His commandments are *not grievous*." His people serve Him from love, and that makes everything they do for Him light and pleasant to them.—*Children's Friend*.

The Child Dyke.

A great many years ago a flood swept over Holland and a large part of the water that came in then still remains. It is known as "The Maas," and in one part of it is a little island—a part of an old dyke or dam—which is called the "kinder-dyke," or child-dyke. The *Christian Weekly* tells how it got its name:—

"The waters rushed in over one of the little Friesland villages, and no one had any warning. In one of the houses there lay a child asleep in its cradle—an old-fashioned cradle, made tight and strong, of good stout wood.

"By the side of the cradle lay the old cat, baby's friend, probably purring away as comfortably as possible. In came the waters with a fearful roar. The old cat, in her fright, jumped into the cradle with the baby, who slept through all the turmoil as quietly as ever. The house was torn from its foundation and broken to pieces. But the cradle floated out on the angry sea in that dark night, bearing safely its precious burden.

"When morning came there was nothing to be seen of the village and green meadows. All was water. Hundreds of people were out in boats trying to save as many lives as possible; and on this little bit of an island what do you think they found? Why, that same old cradle, with the baby asleep in it, and the old cat curled up at her feet, all safe and sound.

"Where the little voyagers came from, and to whom they belonged, no one could tell. But, in memory of them, this little island was called 'kinder dyke'—child-dyke—and it goes by that name to this day; and this story is told to thousands of little people all over Holland as a remarkable instance of God's providence."

"Tabb."

A little girl, nine or ten years old, sat on the curbstone, one summer's day, in the city of Chicago. They called her "Tabb." She was so busy with a poor little rag baby that she seemed not to mind the heat and the glare. One of the baby's arms had been torn off, and its head fell over one side, and every time it was moved the sawdust fell out from a hole in its foot. As the child sat there, trying to make the poor baby whole again with a darning-needle and some string, a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age came along, and stopped to look at her. The boy snatched the doll out of her hands, in spite of her efforts to prevent him. The eyes of the poor girl filled with tears, and her chin quivered as she said, "Is your mother dead?"

"Not as I knows on."

"But mine is, and she made that dolly for me when her hands trembled so much, and her eyes were so full of tears, that I had to cut the clothes for her. That's why the baby looks so bad."

"I remember now about seeing the crape on your door. I'm awful sorry I was rough. This 'ere lining in my cap will make that baby a hull dress; and if you wont say nothin' to nobody about how I acted, I'll give it to ye."

Out came the lining with one pull. He laid it down by the doll, and then put two coat-buttons down with it. These were all he had in his pockets.—*Youth's Companion*.

A YOUNG MAN once 'picked up a sovereign in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life, he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature was beautiful around.

He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money from, as you walk along.

How Is It?

ARE THERE ten thousand children.
Filled with a zeal intense,
Ready for Christ to offer
Their labors, their prayers, their pence!

For the gifts and the prayers of the children,
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a holy land!

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

District Secretary:—

REV. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

SHIPPED IN DECEMBER, 1883, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1884.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

DECEMBER, 1883.

During December, 1883, eighteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,022-8,032, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,901-7,907, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7901.	Cong. church, Palmer, Mass.	Ship Pannay.	Calcutta.	12
7902.	Cong. church, Hopkinton, Mass.	Schr. James W. Loud.	West Indies.	8
7903.	S. S. Cong. church, Haverhill, Mass.	Bark T. A. Goddard.	Valparaiso, S. A.	12
7904.	Cong. ch. and S. S., Upton, Mass.	" Leading Wind.	Melbourne.	16
7905.	Miss Osgood's S. S. class, Greenfield, Mass.	" Euryta.	West Indies.	12
7906.	Cong. church, Sandwich, Mass.	Schr. Louisa Bliss.	"	9
7907.	Miss Ada M. D. Alexander, Northfield, Mass.	Bark Pilgrim.	"	12
8022.	S. S. Central Pres. ch., New York City, for <i>Artie and Mabel Library</i> .	Ship S. P. Hitchcock.	San Francisco.	20
8023.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.	Bark Kintail.	Java.	12
8024.	" " " "	Ship Jacob A. Stamler.	Havre.	16
8025.	" " " "	Bark Yamoyden.	Rio de Janeiro.	12
8026.	O. S. Holt, Chicago, Ill.	Ship St. Mark.	San Francisco.	20
8027.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.	Bark Geneva.	Montevideo.	10
8028.	S. S. Cong. church, Bristol, Conn.	Ship Almeda.	Portland, Oregon.	25
8029.	E. B. Monroe, Southport, Conn., in <i>memorial</i> F. Marquand Monroe.	" Belle.	Shanghai.	26
8030.	S. S. Ref. Dutch ch., Harlem, New York City.	Bark Cashmere.	Sydney, N. S. W.	14
8031.	E. B. Monroe, Southport, Conn., in <i>memorial</i> F. Marquand Monroe.	Ship Seminole.	San Francisco.	25
8032.	Infant Class South Cong. ch., New Britain, Conn.	Bark S. Hobart.	Madagascar.	12

Assignment was made during the month, from libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

8010.	Elliot church, Lowell, Mass.....	Ship Paramita.....	Melbourne.....	28
8012.	S. S. Cong. church, Trumbull, Conn...	Bark Gloire.....	Antwerp.....	18

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8013..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City	Bark P. J. Carlton	Singapore.	14
8014..	Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, " "	" Silas Fish	Sydney & Brisbane	18
8015..	" " " "	" Harvard	Java	22
8017..	" " " "	" Jonathan Bourne	Melbourne	20
8020..	" " " "	" Caprera	Adelaide	13
8021..	" " " "	Ship Tsernogora	Japan	20

JANUARY, 1884.

During January, 1884, thirty-six new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,033-8057, inclusive, and No. 8,059, at New York;—with Nos. 7,908-7,914, inclusive, and Nos. 7,916, 7,918 and 7,919, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7908..	David Whitcomb, Worcester, Mass.	Schr. C. E. Morrison	Port Royal	8
7909..	" " " "	Bark A. M. Allen	West Africa	10
7910..	" " " "	" Carrie Hickels	Port Antonio	10
7911..	" " " "	" Flora Preston	Demerara	12
7912..	" " " "	Brig Jane Adeline	Barbadoes	10
7918..	Lieut. H. C. Keene, Chelsea, Mass.	" Nahum Chapman	Buenos Ayres	10
7914..	Cong. S. S., Seabrook, N. H.	Pilot boat Sylph	Boston Harbor	8
7916..	Cong. church, Wilbraham, Mass.	Bark William Bessie	Brisbane, N. Z.	12
7918..	Prospect St. ch., Cambridge, Mass.	" Evenall	Africa	10
7919..	W. G. Chaffee, Winchester, Mass.	Ship Spartan	Philadelphia	22
8033..	S. S. Ref. Dutch ch., 48th St. and 5th Ave., New York City	" Northern Light	Hong Kong	25
8034..	Mrs. M. L. Smallwood, Lakewood, N. J.	" Benj. F. Packard	San Francisco	20
8035..	Mission'y Soc'y, Ch. of Strangers, New York City	Bark Escort	Adelaide	12
8033..	"Friend," Fairfield, Conn., for Parents' Memorial Library	" F. W. Carlon	Progresso	12
8037..	O. A. Dorman, New Haven, Conn.	" J. S. Stone	Sydney, N. S. W.	15
8038..	Mission'y Soc'y, S. 3. Pres. ch., Madison, N. J.	" Eugenie	Valparaiso	15
8039..	Bap. ch., Groton Heights, Conn.	" N. Thayer	Adelaide	12
8040..	Mission'y Soc'y, S. S. Pres. ch., Madison, N. J.	" Director	Callao, S. A.	14
8041..	Rev. J. S. Jones, Baltimore, Md.	" Robert Porter	Buenos Ayres	16
8042..	"Friend," Boston, Mass.	Ship George Stetson	San Francisco	24
8043..	" " " "	" Stephen D. Horton	Paraboro, N. S.	26
8044..	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.	" Susan Gilmore	Melbourne	25
8045..	O. A. Dorman, New Haven, Conn.	" Servia	San Francisco	30
8046..	" " " "	" Anahauc	Melbourne	20
8047..	" " " "	" Frank N. Thayer	Calcutta	22
8048..	" " " "	Bark Bonny Doon	Havana	15
8049..	S. S. Cong. church, Litchfield, Conn.	U. S. S. Galena	No. Atlantic Squadron	200
8050..	" " " "	" " "	" " "	"
8051..	Mrs. S. R. Stone, New York City	Bark Ingleside	Valparaiso, S. A.	17
8052..	" " " " for	" Mary J. Leslie	" " "	16
8053..	E. A. Sawyer, Gardiner, Mass., in memoriam Mrs. Minnie Pierce Sawyer	Ship Henrietta	Shanghai	24
8054..	S. S. 2nd Cong. ch., Greenfield, Mass.	Bark Amy Turner	Honolulu	14
8055..	Mrs. A. C. McKinney, New York City	U. S. Life Saving Station,	Holly Beach, Cape May Co., N. J.	6
8056..	Class 24 Munn Ave. S. S., East Orange, N. J.	Bark Belle	Portland, Oregon	20

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
837..	Mission'y Soc'y, Throop Ave. S. S. Pres. church, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Levi G. Burgess....	Antwerp.....	24
8059..	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Santa Clara.....	San Francisco.....	25

FEBRUARY, 1884.

During February, 1884, seventeen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,058, 8,060-8,069, inclusive, and No. 8,071, at New York;—and Nos. 7,920-7,924, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7920..	Mrs. M. B. Green, Dighton, Mass.....	Bark Amy Turner.....	Honolulu.....	12
7921..	Nathan Walker, Dighton, Mass.....	" Florence.....	Cape Town.....	10
7922..	C. O. Woodbury, Beverly, Mass.....	" S. B. Allen.....	West Africa.....	12
7923..	Cong. S. S., Middleton, Mass.....	" F. Genovar.....	Brazil.....	10
7924..	Evang'l Free ch. S. S., Globe Village, Mass.....	Ship Samuel Scofield....	Melbourne.....	24
8068..	Mrs. Anna H. Bolton, Hartford, Conn..	" Big Bonanza.....	Calcutta.....	25
8060..	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	Bark Scammell Bros....	"	30
8061..	Mrs. R. A. Roberts, Yonkers, N. Y.....	" Amanda.....	Marselles.....	20
8062..	S. S. Cong. ch., Naugatuc, Conn.....	Ship J. F. Chapman.....	San Francisco.....	24
8063..	Rev. Isaac Clark's S. S. class, Edwards Cong. ch., Northampton, Mass.....	" Jabez Howes.....	"	25
8064..	W. W. Goodrich, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Addie Morrill	Buenos Ayres.....	13
8065..	O. S. Fleet, New York City.....	" Xenia.....	Hong Kong.....	18
8066..	S. S. 1st Pres ch., Troy, N. Y.....	Ship Daniel Barnes.....	San Francisco	21
8067..	S. S. Puritan Cong. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y	Bark Nova Scotia	Amsterdam.....	22
8068..	Helen L. McWilliams, Brooklyn, N. Y., for lib'y in memoriam Norman McWilliams.....	Ship Ruby.....	Antwerp.....	22
8069..	S. S. Pres. ch., Dobb's Ferry, N. Y.....	" Vigilant.....	Japan.....	25
8071..	Joseph Perkins, Cleveland, O.....	Sample Lib'y for Lake Service.....		

Assignment was made during the month, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7779..	Fisher Howe Booth, Englewood, N. J..	U. S. schr. Palin rus....	Stonington, Conn..	15
7789..	Mrs. James O. Morse, " ..	U. S. Rev. cutter McLane	Galveston, Texas..	33
8009..	Clinton E., Ernest M., Milford E. and Edward N. Bliss, Attleboro, Mass.....	Cranberry Isles U. S. Life Saving Station, District No. 1.....		6

During February, 1884, twenty-three loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 4,367; No. 5,125; No. 5,434; No. 6,264; No. 6,941; No. 7,118; No. 7,307; No. 7,429;
 " 4,737; " 5,193; " 6,067; " 6,472; " 7,052; " 7,136; " 7,346; " 7,569.
 " 4,997; " 5,396; " 6,100; " 6,506; " 7,077; " 7,191; " 7,418;

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Dec., 1883—18</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in Dec., 1883—32</i>
" " Jan., 1884—36	" " Jan., 1884—36
" " Feb., " —17	" " Feb., " —23
71	91

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools, but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE-BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-six years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York. N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 56,

MAY, 1884.

No. 5.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Annual Sermon before the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be preached this year, by the Rev. Dr. S. E. HERRICK, of Boston, Mass., in the Broadway Tabernacle, 34th Street and 6th Ave., New York City, on Sabbath Evening, May 4th, at 7-45 o'clock.

“A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA” REVIVED—ANOTHER CHAPTER.

Readers of the MAGAZINE, with average memories, will recall the cases of the Captain (SPARKS) and mates, (WATTS, first mate, and CURTIS, second mate), the first and last of whom were tried at San Francisco, Cal., in 1882, for cruelty to the crew of the American ship *The Gatherer*, on her passage from Antwerp to Wilmington, Cal. The brutalities inflicted were so far beyond the common run of such enormities that public attention was aroused by them in an unwonted degree. The captain, Sparks, escaped conviction on the plea that he was not responsible for his mates' cruelty unless he ordered it. The first mate, Watts, having been brought to California by extradition from England, where he was secured by detectives sent after him from this country, escaped conviction, at the time, on the ground that he was not indicted in the California court for the offense charged in the extradition papers, but he was, notwithstanding, held in prison. The second mate, Curtis, was sentenced, in 1882, to six years' confine-

ment. The *San Francisco Daily Repository* of 5th March, of the present year, contains the record of the final disposition of Watts' case. No punishment can be adequate to the enormity of crimes committed by this mate,—the nature of which we bring to our reader's recollection in the paragraph which immediately follows this one, but it is well to note the illustration which Watt's sentence gives to the truth that if justice sleep at given times, she is often sure to visit the wrong-doer, even in human tribunals. As preliminary to the record of sentence from the *Repository* we reproduce the following from page 258 of our 54th volume (SAILORS' MAGAZINE, September, 1882):—

"The testimony showed that first mate Watts knocked down Adling, a sailor, and blinded him with a kick in the eye as he lay on the deck; that second mate Curtis knocked down Jacques de Bayrer with a belaying pin, splitting open his head and breaking his nose, and while his shrieks rang through the ship Curtis made him clean up his own blood; that Peterson was beaten by the first and second mates till his blood ran about the deck; that Thomassen was never without scars on his face from the day of leaving Antwerp; that McKew was dragged around the deck with a watch tackle; that Rassmussen was struck in the face with iron knuckles till he sought to end the torture by committing suicide; that *Hansen drowned himself to escape the cruelties of the mates*; that *Soucher, a boy, was beaten and worked till he fell overboard*; that *Tommy, the steward, was beaten on the head until he became a maniac, and is now in an asylum*; that Olman was beaten four times, and his nose broken with a belaying pin; that Turner was kicked off the forecalt the first day out, and Brown beaten and made to swab up his blood. For one hundred and thirty-seven days this ship was a floating hell; and it is only to be hoped that Watts, who fled from justice to a foreign country, will be extradited and punished like Curtis. The jury twice failed to convict Sparks, the captain, although Adling, who was led into court half blind from the kicks of Watts, testified that Watts beat him in full view of the captain; and the third mate, Driscoll, corroborated him. The cries of the tortured seamen were heard all over the ship, but Sparks took no notice of them. Seaman Mill testified thus:—"Saw the mate beat McKew in the presence of the captain. The captain said:—'Mr. Watts, take this ——— out of my sight.' The mate took him away, knocked him down, and kicked him about. Then he made him wipe the blood up, and after that he beat him again. The man's face was so bad you could not tell he was a man. I saw the mate knock McKew down, and kick him in the presence of the captain."

From the San Francisco Daily Repository, March 5th, 1884.

SIX YEARS—WATTS SENTENCED TO SAN QUENTIN FOR THAT TERM—
THE JUDGE WONDERS THAT THE WORLD PROVED LARGE ENOUGH
TO HOLD HIM AND HIS LATE CREW—THE CONVICT
REVILED BY THE CROWD.

A large crowd thronged the Circuit Court room, this morning, to hear the sentence of WILLIAM WATTS, the mate of the *Gatherer*, who

was convicted on Thursday last of cruelty to sailors. No case that has occupied the attention of the Circuit Court for months, has attracted the notice that this one has. Throughout the trial every seat in the Court-room has been filled and during most of the time the walls have furnished support for a large number of standing spectators. The great majority of those present showed by their appearance that they were sailors or connected in some manner with the sea. The case of the *Gatherer* was such an aggravated one of cruelty and ill-treatment that the two years which have passed have not caused the maritime population of this city to forget any of the details.

When the case was called and Watts was asked if he had any reasons to give why sentence should not be passed upon him, his attorney, W. W. BISHOP, responded on his behalf. Mr. Bishop said that he had no reasons to interpose why sentence should not be passed, neither had he any grounds to offer for a new trial. He wished, however, to call the opinion of the Judge to several points in the prisoner's favor and to ask him to pass as light a sentence as possible. He would ask that his imprisonment be in the County Jail rather than in the penitentiary, but if in the latter place that it be as short a time as possible and without labor. He would call the attention of the Court to the fact that Watts had been a mate for twelve years without heretofore a single reproach; that the crew of the *Gatherer* were mostly foreigners, and were undoubtedly guilty of a conspiracy against this man; that the presentation of fifty-one charges against his client, most of which it was impossible to prove, was done for the purpose of influencing the jury. He reviewed the testimony, calling attention to the weak points. He finally contended that it was impossible for Watts to receive a fair trial in San Francisco, as the *Gatherer* case was one of such notoriety that men could not render a fair judgment in it. In concluding, he stated that Watts had already passed fifteen months in jail since the offense was committed.

Assistant District Attorney COOK then arose. It was not his custom, he said, to speak in such a case as this, but he felt constrained to do so in answer to some of the statements of Mr. Bishop. He contended that no one could have had a fairer trial than Watts had. No technicality has been interposed, and no objection of any kind put in the way. The jury had convicted Watts of but two of the charges, it was true, but those two were the most serious of any, one being the blinding of the boy Gustave Adlung, the other the beating of the sailor Rasmussen with brass knuckles. He did not think that the case was one for clemency.

Judge SABIN, of Nevada, presumably selected to try this marine case because he comes from an inland district, on the same principle that Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., became commander of the Queen's navee, then pronounced judgment on the prisoner. He told the prisoner that he thought the trial had been fair and impartial, that every advantage had been given him in the selection of the jury and that the jury had convicted him of the two most serious of all the charges. The offenses were committed without the slightest provocation on men who were scarcely more than boys. No proof of any kind was introduced to show that there had been any insubordination

or disobedience of the crew. The Judge was surprised that the world was wide enough to hold both crew and officers of the ship. He should have supposed that private vengeance would have more quickly accomplished the punishment of the officers, and that it would not have been left to the slow course of the law. He then sentenced Watts to four years in San Quentin for putting out the eye of Gustave Adlung, and to two years for beating Rasmussen with the brass knuckles, the latter sentence to begin on the expiration of the former.

When sentence was pronounced, a murmur of satisfaction ran through the assembled audience. Watts himself appeared unmoved. As he passed through the wall in charge of the Marshal, even though accompanied by his wife and baby, the crowd jeered and taunted him. So ends the notorious *Gatherer* case.

From the N. Y. Nautical Gazette, March 6th, 1884.

MARINE HORRORS IN DETAIL.

A TERRIBLE RECORD OF A WEEK'S DISASTERS ON THE OCEAN.

From time to time we have published brief statistical facts respecting the enormous losses of British-built ships, and have done all in our pen's power to arouse a public sentiment respecting the growing increase of maritime losses and casualties in this class of vessels. There are abundant proofs that our labor has not been in vain, but still the array of facts is alarmingly large, and by no means on the decrease. We now present the details of *one week's* losses and casualties, and regret to say that the official record for that time does not include the loss of life which occurred in connection with this terrific loss of property:—

Casualties reported at Lloyd's on Loss-book (see note) and vessels posted as missing, between midnight, January 23rd, and midnight, January 30th, 1884:—

Name of vessel.	Sail or Stm.	Tons.	Flag.	Built.	Nature of Casualty.
Beltree	Sail	373	British	1873	Dismasted
Lizzie Burroughs..	Stm	20	do	1879	Stranded*
New Union	Sail	55	do	1800	Burnt*
Muriel	do	—	do	—	Ashore
Caerleon	Stm	539	do	1873	Ashore*
Terra	Sail	56	do	1838	do
Margaret Jane	do	—	do	—	do
Olinde Rodrigues..	Stm	2013	French	1874	Ashore
Liberty	Sail	35	British	1861	Foundered*
Excel	do	98	do	1850	Ashore
Mio Cugino	do	523	Italian	1869	Stranded†
Lochalsh	do	99	British	1873	Ashore
Ariel	do	24	do	1844	Sunk, coll'n*
Haab	do	865	Norwegian	1877	Ashore*
Irene	do	—	British	—	Sunk
Waterwitch	do	—	do	—	do
Jordor	do	123	Danish	1846	Foundered*

Name of vessel.	Sail or Stm.	Tons.	Flag.	Built.	Nature of Casualty.
Strathlyon.....	Stm	523	British	1883	Ashore*
Ottawa.....	Sail	187	do	1866	Ashore
William Jones.....	do	240	do	1865	Abandoned*
Providence.....	do	—	do	—	Sunk*
Betty Russell.....	do	148	do	1864	Ashore
James Postlethwaite	do	121	do	1881	do
Margaret.....	do	—	do	—	do
Virginie.....	do	—	Dutch	—	Capsized
Vyf Gebroeders.....	do	—	do	—	Lost
City of Perth.....	do	98	British	1854	Ashore
Caspian.....	do	997	do	1857	do
Si.....	do	517	Italian	1870	do
John and Rebecca..	do	—	British	—	Abandoned*
Jacques Mathieu..	do	92	French	1873	Ashore
Luther.....	do	214	British	1855	Sunk†
Latona.....	do	693	do	1857	Ashore
Edith.....	do	—	do	—	Ashore†
Angharad.....	do	84	do	1853	Ashore
Diana.....	do	—	Swedish	—	Dismasted
Caldwell.....	do	—	British	—	Sunk
Stratbesk.....	Stm	93	do	1881	Ashore
Louisa.....	Sail	163	German	1863	do
Olympia.....	Stm	1691	British	1882	do
Emma.....	Sail	—	German	—	do
August Anne.....	do	99	French	1867	Stranded*
Henry.....	do	241	German	1887	do
Alarm.....	do	55	British	1838	do
Adelheim.....	do	399	Norwegian	1867	Dismasted
Janet Johnston....	do	60	British	1870	Ashore
Brilliant.....	do	96	do	1832	Ashore*
Benda.....	do	189	Norwegian	1875	Dismasted
Matheran.....	do	111	British	1874	do
Karen.....	do	193	Danish	1849	Condemned
Marie Charlotte....	do	358	French	1872	Ashore
Carlo Mainetto....	do	906	Italian	1879	do
Topsy.....	do	132	British	1853	Sunk, coll'n
Hawthorne.....	Stm	473	do	1861	Ashore
Emma.....	Sail	78	do	1857	Ashore†
Jonathan Weir....	do	314	do	1878	Ashore
Bjornstjerna.....	do	446	Norwegian	1875	Ashore†
Ayrshire.....	Stm	456	British	1880	Stranded
Royal Blue Jacket	Sail	94	do	1854	Sunk*
Civet.....	do	379	Austrian	1870	Ashore†
Battista.....	do	365	Italian	1867	Dismasted
Scotian.....	do	39	British	1874	Ashore*
Mark.....	do	—	do	—	do
Herbert Beech.....	do	1062	do	1868	Ashore
Slavianska B.....	do	257	Austrian	1870	Abandoned*
Lorne.....	do	148	British	1877	Stranded*
Hebe.....	do	—	do	—	Ashore
India.....	do	202	do	1853	Stranded
Charles Walker....	do	40	do	1839	Ashore
G. D. T.....	do	119	do	1852	Ashore*
Adelaide.....	do	1281	German	1881	Ashore
Loreley.....	do	544	Norwegian	1864	Dismasted
Acorn.....	Stm	—	British	—	Stranded
Lady Stuart.....	Sail	62	do	1841	Ashore
Emily Lowther....	do	762	do	1870	Dismasted
Alma.....	do	—	Norwegian	—	Ashore*
Hans Holmboe....	do	186	do	1893	do
Caroline.....	do	187	British	1848	do
Thomas.....	do	51	do	1831	do

Name of vessel.	Sail or Stm.	Tons.	Flag.	Built.	Nature of Casualty.
Alice.....	Sail	311	Hayti	1871	Ashore*
Harmonie.....	do	175	Dutch	1868	Ashore
Olive Branch.....	do	46	British	1871	do
Sea Belle.....	do	51	do	1878	do
Bon Pasteur.....	do	92	French	1858	Ashore*
Lizzie Porter.....	do	201	British	1876	Stranded
Herrington.....	do	289	do	1857	Ashore
Alliance.....	do	81	do	1858	Ashore*
Gylfe.....	do	984	do	1847	Ashore
Alfred.....	do	19	do	1835	do
Personel.....	do	—	Dutch	—	Stranded†
Nokomis.....	do	853	British	1876	do
Clarence.....	Stm	124	do	1873	Stranded†
Earl of Clarendon.	Sail	84	do	1856	Ashore
Alphonse.....	do	—	French	—	do
Soca.....	do	—	Norwegian	—	Ashore*
Chittagong.....	do	1042	British	1864	Dismasted
Mary Campbell..	do	—	do	—	Sunk
William.....	do	—	do	—	do
Carnedd Llewellyn.	do	24	do	1843	do
Juno.....	do	1454	do	1874	Lost†
Peggy.....	do	47	do	1844	Abandoned*
Clarinda.....	do	251	do	1850	do
Antje.....	do	—	—	—	Stranded*
Sybil Wynn.....	do	175	British	1873	Ashore
Evangelismos.....	do	—	Greek	—	do
Providence.....	do	—	British	—	Foundered*
Five Brothers.....	do	—	do	—	do
Ann Francis.....	do	—	do	—	do
E. A. Bird.....	do	115	do	1862	Ashore*
Venture.....	do	49	do	1841	do
Nerrus.....	do	1068	do	1868	do
Mary Jane.....	do	—	do	—	Ashore
Mary Louisa.....	do	—	do	—	do
Aurora.....	do	—	do	—	do
Elizabeth Mary...	do	—	do	—	do
Margaret.....	do	77	do	1838	do
Adelaide.....	do	—	do	—	Ashore*
Hey my Nannie...	do	24	do	1863	Foundered*
Robert.....	do	104	do	1775	Ashore
Thomas.....	do	—	do	—	do
Wilhelm Meyer...	do	—	German	—	do
H. Porter.....	do	85	British	1866	do
Virginie.....	do	104	do	1848	do
Emily.....	do	97	do	1847	do
Snowdrop.....	do	—	do	—	do
William.....	do	—	do	—	Ashore†
Caerau.....	Stm	361	do	1865	Ashore
Flid.....	Sail	—	Norwegian	—	do
Helena.....	do	158	British	1852	Ashore*
Norden.....	do	—	Norwegian	—	Abandoned†
Ingraban.....	do	187	Russian	1875	Ashore
Miss Evans.....	do	97	British	1855	do
Agnes.....	do	37	do	1833	do
Pursuit.....	do	89	do	1862	Ashore*
Royal William.....	do	—	do	—	do
Mary Ellen.....	do	102	do	1857	do
David Anterson...	do	256	do	1870	Ashore
Gleaner.....	do	62	do	1841	Ashore*
John Clifton.....	do	61	do	1823	Ashore†
Francis Anne.....	do	—	do	—	Sunk
Simcon.....	do	—	do	—	do

Name of vessel.	Sail or Stm.	Tons.	Flag.	Built.	Nature of Casualty.
Louise.	Sail	—	British	—	Lost
Willie.	do	—	do	—	Ashore
G. C. Trufant.	do	1529	do	1874	Foundered*
Amelia.	do	—	do	—	Ashore
Elizabeth.	do	—	do	—	Sunk
Warwick.	do	113	do	1865	do
Thomas Mason.	do	51	do	1838	Ashore
Evelina.	do	92	do	1862	do
Elizabeth M'Clure.	do	63	do	1848	do
Victoria Nyanza.	do	1022	do	1863	Atd., Ashore
Caledonia.	do	—	do	—	Sunk†
Amaryllis.	do	99	do	—	Ashore
Jewess.	do	74	do	1846	do
Janet and Marion.	do	57	do	1874	do
Jean and Margaret.	do	50	do	1838	do
Condor.	do	—	do	—	do
Clara Maria.	do	94	do	1874	do
Strathelutha.	do	54	do	1856	do
G. P. Williams.	do	—	do	—	do
J. J. Richardson.	do	—	do	—	do
Emil.	do	—	—	—	Abandoned*
Arran.	do	1064	British	1855	Stranded
Nordboen.	do	387	Swedish	1865	Condemned
Lady Helena.	do	45	British	1852	Dismasted
Maglona.	do	115	do	1876	do
Gannet.	do	41	do	1866	Ashore
Simla.	do	2172	do	1854	Sunk, coll'n†
Holland.	do	216	Dutch	1866	Ashore
Edgar.	do	1090	British	1872	Abandoned
Eugenie.	do	36	do	—	Ashore
Elmairanda.	do	656	American	1874	do
Islay.	Stm	163	British	1867	Stranded
Hunter.	Sail	59	do	1861	do
Virginia.	do	1095	American	1863	Condemned
Burns and Bessie.	do	86	British	1870	Ashore
Royal Victoria.	do	58	do	1837	do
Phillis.	do	69	do	1860	do
Engelbrecht.	do	650	Swedish	1874	do
Eulomene.	do	1624	British	1877	Ashore*
Said.	Stm	667	do	1870	Missing†
Maria.	do	114	do	—	do
Kingaloch.	Sail	123	do	1860	do
West Ridge.	do	1400	do	1869	do
Aurora.	do	116	Swedish	—	do
Lady Clare.	Stm	760	British	1874	Ashore
Lauderdale.	Sail	1259	do	1880	Abandoned*
Lyon.	do	—	do	—	Ashore
Katherine.	do	—	do	—	Sunk
Queen.	do	17	do	1839	Abandoned*
Marion.	do	137	do	1867	do
Successor.	do	87	do	1868	do
Donna Maria.	do	124	do	1862	do
New Granada.	do	325	Norwegian	1862	Ashore
Jesse Bannatyne.	do	26	British	1853	do
Marianne.	do	—	do	—	Abandoned*
Flower of the Dart.	do	42	do	1868	do
Attivita.	do	783	Italian	1874	Ashore*
Centenary.	do	63	British	1839	Sunk*
Elise Petersen.	Stm	583	German	1881	Ashore
Camille.	do	—	French	—	Collision
Black Eagle.	do	—	British	—	Ashore
Vesta.	do	29	do	1853	do

Name of vessel.	Sail or Stm.	Tons.	Flag.	Built.	Nature of Casualty.
Rhiwabon.....	Stm.	824	British	1880	Ashore†
Margaret	do	—	do	—	Ashore
Groja.....	Sail	—	Norwegian	—	Ashore*
Formosa	do	—	British	—	Stranded

*Crew saved.

†Part saved.

‡Crew lost.

Note.—Casualties on Loss-book include vessels ashore, burnt, sunk, or abandoned, including British coasters, vessels ashore, got off much damaged, vessels with loss of any one principal mast, and vessels condemned, whether reported before as a casualty or not. In cases where the information is not given respecting the crew, the probability is that the majority were saved.

Number of sailing vessels lost for week ending January 30th:—British, 139; Foreign, 47; total, 186. Number lost for the month to date:—British, 199; Foreign, 96; total, 295. Number of steamers lost for week ending January 30th:—British, 18; Foreign, 3; total, 21. Number lost for the month to date:—British, 42; Foreign, 17; total, 59.

An analysis of this report indicates that from 150 to 200 lives were lost during that week; say one person every hour, a British vessel in every hour and a fraction of an hour, and one vessel of all nationalities in less than every hour, while of 21 steamers lost all but three were under the British flag. For the three quarters of the month 353 vessels of all nationalities are reported lost, nearly 17 every day, or not quite one for every hour in the day. Of this number 199 were British sailing vessels, and 42 were British steamers. In looking over the list it will be seen that only a very few of the week's losses were of old ships, hence their destruction cannot be laid to old age. This is a terrible record, and we do not see how men can be found who are honest and intelligent, or who love their country, who can advocate the purchase of such types of vessels over which to hoist the Stars and Stripes. It must be borne in mind that the list we give above is a chance list, and has not been selected as a special one, for the records of the previous weeks show quite as terrible a percentage as the one we give in detail. It seems almost superfluous to have made any comment upon this terrible array of facts, but we were so impressed with their magnitude that we could not refrain from adding a few lines, by way of making them more clear to our readers.

Sent by the American Bible Society from the Bible House, New York City, March, 1884.

CONVERSION OF A NOBLEMAN.

Portions of this remarkable story were given to the public by the Woman's Board of the Reformed Church in 1877. The sequel is no less interesting, and the whole narrative is a striking illustration of the power of the printed Bible over a thoughtful mind.

WAKASA AND HIS KINDRED.

In the year 1854 an English fleet of war came into the harbor of Nagasaki. This was before any

treaty with England, and such an event created great excitement. A large force of troops was gathered to watch the vessels and prevent any trade or intercourse with

the people. The commander-in-chief was named Wakasa, and he was accustomed to go out in a boat to see that all was right and that no secret communication was attempted.

"Bread on the Waters."

On one of these excursions he discovered in the water a small pocket Testament, which was quite unlike any book he had ever seen, and he was very anxious to know its contents. After considerable inquiry, he learned from some Dutch interpreter that it told about God and Jesus Christ. This only increased his curiosity to understand it all; and having heard there was a translation in China, he sent to Shanghae and procured a copy. Having returned to his home at Saga he began the study of the Testament, and induced four others to join him. One of these was a brother named Ayabe, and another, a relative, named Molino.

Ayabe.

In the autumn of 1862 Ayabe came to Nagasaki for further instruction, and was taught by Rev. Dr. Verbeck. During the following spring, this man came to Dr. Verbeck at night and warned him of danger to himself and family if they did not leave at once. It is probable that this caution saved their lives, as they fled to China and remained there until the serious troubles which followed were ended.

Molino.

When Dr. Verbeck returned, he found that Ayabe had received some government appointment which removed him from Nagasaki, and it seemed that all his labors and prayers were to be in

vain. But not long after, Wakasa sent Molino (who had learned to read English) with instructions to read over and get explanations of such portions of the Scriptures as they could not understand, and he was also to procure any books that would be helpful in their efforts to know the word of God. In this manner the Bible class was carried on for nearly three years, the faithful messenger making the two days' journey to Nagasaki and returning in due time with the desired knowledge.

"After Many Days."

On the 14th of May, 1866, a messenger came to Dr. Verbeck and announced that some high officials from the province of Hizan had arrived, and desired him to appoint a day and hour for an interview. To his great joy and surprise, these men proved to be Wakasa, with his brother and Molino.

At the time appointed Wakasa and his train appeared. He was then one of the ministers of state, or governors of the province. In appearance he was tall and dignified, with a most pleasing expression. He said to Dr. Verbeck,—
"I have long known you in my mind, and desired to converse with you, and I am very happy that, in God's providence, I am at last permitted this privilege." Two of his sons were with him.

These men had evidently received the word with all readiness of mind, and now sought only for some additional light in reference to Christian character and customs. In the course of their conversation Wakasa said:—"Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen,

or heard, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life." He showed great familiarity with the Bible, made several pertinent quotations, and was prepared to believe all that Jesus said and to do whatever He required.

"What Doth Hinder Me?"

After a long conversation on the power and love of Christ, Dr. Verbeck was taken quite by surprise by the request from Wakasa that he and his brother should be baptized. It was well known that such an act would be attended with great peril, as the law of the land strictly prohibited the Christian religion. Molino also wished for baptism. Dr. Verbeck warned them not to entertain any superstitious notions in regard to the efficacy and importance of baptism, and told them of the sacred obligations of those who received it. After explaining the form, they were asked to decide as in the presence of God. Without hesitation the request was repeated, with the simple provision that it should not be made public, as it would not only endanger their own lives but their families also. Further examination showed that their experience had been thorough. They felt their sins to be great and realized the need of a Savior. Recognizing the insufficiency of all other systems, they joyfully received Christ as their hope for time and for eternity.

The following Sabbath evening was appointed for the ceremony, and at the appointed hour the three men appeared. Their retainers had been dismissed with orders to return in an hour. The shutters were closed, and after

some words of exhortation they were baptized and partook of the sacrament. "Now," said Wakasa, "I have that which I have long been heartily wishing for." He then told the story of the book found twelve years before in the harbor of Nagasaki, and all that it had led to. Wakasa returned home (like the eunuch who had met Philip) rejoicing in the love of God and presence of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Verbeck removed to Tokio, and the account sent to America was carefully preserved and for a long time was known to but few.

Unlooked for Visitors.

In April, 1880, Rev. Mr. Booth, of Nagasaki, was surprised one Sabbath morning to see in his audience two strangers, one of whom was evidently a lady of rank, with an attendant. They sat in front, and not only gave the most strict attention, but often during the service would wipe the tears from their eyes. After preaching they were introduced as the daughter of Wakasa and her former nurse, who were anxious to have an interview at once, but were requested to wait until the next day. Early the next morning they appeared and told how faithfully they had been taught about the true God and Jesus Christ the Savior. They had learned the Lord's Prayer and a few portions of the Scripture, which Wakasa had written out in simple characters for their special use. Wakasa had died eight years before, with a firm hope of eternal life through the Redeemer. The daughter had married and was now living with her family in Nagasaki. Since the removal of Dr. Verbeck, she knew of no Christian or missionary to whom she could

go for sympathy or instruction. As her husband was soon to remove to Osaka, she did not wish to leave until she had received baptism; so she sent to Saga for her old friend and nurse, and together they set out to find a missionary. At first they discovered a Catholic priest, who gave them a prayer-book, but upon examining it, they decided that this must be a different kind of teaching from that which they had before received. They did not dare to make inquiries on the streets, as they would be suspected of being Christians, and would only be treated with insults. After wandering about for some days they chanced to find a store where Scriptures of the American Bible Society were kept for sale. They saw on the covers some familiar characters, and so they went in and began to examine the books. On opening the Gospel of Matthew they saw the Sermon on the Mount, and recognized it as the same as they had already learned, and their joy was unbounded. They purchased a full supply of Scriptures at once, and talked with the bookseller until midnight. This was on Saturday, and it was the next day they appeared at the service. Now they both desired baptism at once. Mr. Booth asked why they were so desirous of receiving this rite. They replied, "Whosoever believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." And when he said, "How can I know that you are a true believer?" the young woman replied, "It has been my custom for years to go into my husband's storehouse every day for private meditation and prayer to God, and the Father of Jesus Christ." To the question, "How do you know that this salvation is for

you?" they replied, "It is written, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'" With tearful eyes they begged that they might not be denied the sacred ordinance.

Rejoicing in God.

A time was fixed for the ceremony, and the intervening days were spent in careful Christian instruction. At the appointed time the lady was accompanied by her husband, who listened with close attention to all the service, and at its close expressed a desire to know more of Christianity, "We can never," said Mr. Booth, "forget the expression of peaceful joy which shone in the faces of the two women as they went away." When I met them afterward they would talk of nothing but Christianity, and seemed to be very happy to be called Christians.

• *Fruitful in Good Works.*

The old woman returned to her home in Saga and resumed her work of teaching a small school of girls. She soon organized a class of women for the study of the Bible, and after a time began a Sabbath-school, with the Bible class as teachers. There are now upwards of twenty professing Christians in that town, and the most of them have been brought to Christ through her efforts. Among the believers is a son of Wakasa. Although she has now gone to her reward in heaven the work has not ceased. A request has come to Nagasaki for a regular preacher and the formation of a church, and this is to-day one of the brightest spots in Kinsin.

"And Thy House.."

The daughter of Wakasa went

with her husband and family to Osaka, where she was soon one of the leaders in Christian activity and benevolence. Her distinguished rank and earnest devotion gave her great influence. When her husband returned from a trip to some island, and reported that he had there found a people who were without any religion, she went to the pastor and begged that some one should go and teach them, and offered to pay one-half the salary and expenses. She has returned to Nagasaki, and is now, with her family, a regular attendant at church, and one of the most active and useful members. A little daughter is also a Christian, and expects soon to make a profession of her faith in Christ. Such is the hatred of Christians in that town, that when this child appears in the street the other children will call out, in derision, "*Kuro*" (black) and refuse to associate with her.

Ayabe, Again.

Four months ago, Dr. Verbeck was acting as an interpreter at a meeting in Tokio, and at the close a man stepped forward and said to him, "I am Ayabe, the brother of Wakasa. Since my baptism I have been in the army, and also employed in surveying. During all these years I have always carried the Bible with me, and have been accustomed to read it daily." The next day he came with his only child, a daughter, and asked that she should be baptized at once. The young girl was fifteen years of age. Dr. Verbeck did not consent to do so then, but asked that she should be suitably instructed, and then he would be very glad to administer the ordinance. Ayabe called at the store a short time since, and has con-

firmed the above narrative. His family are now connected with the Kajimachi Church in Tokio. The daughter was to be baptized on the 22d of December; and it is his earnest desire to devote the rest of his life to spreading the Gospel in Japan.

H. LOOMIS.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

The Works of the Lord.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." *Ps. ciii, 23.*

A slight acquaintance with the experiences and vicissitudes of sea-life leads a person to notice how many allusions there are in the Bible to the sea and to ships; and a further acquaintance leads one to feel how truly the Bible sets forth that strange and varied experience.

In no experience in life do we realize more fully that "truth is stranger than fiction." Oftentimes the career of a ship, or the adventures of a sailor exceed in romance the most extravagant dreams of fiction, and furnish almost inexhaustible lessons of the strange guidings of Providence when helm and sail and compass are all swept away.

Some years ago the British ship *Ada Iredale* sailed from Liverpool with a cargo of coal. She braved the storms of Cape Horn, but met disaster in the smoother waters of the Southern Pacific. She was a staunch iron vessel of 997 tons register. One day smoke was seen coming out of the hatchways, and after a brave but ineffectual struggle with the fire the crew were driven to the boats. They made a gallant fight for life.

and sailed in their open boat over two thousand miles without sight of sail or land, until they made a landing at Nuka Hiva, an island of the Marquesas group. From thence they scattered, taking service in the different vessels that touched at those islands. One of the crew made his home on this island, and took command of one of the small sloops which run on trading voyages among the islands.

While ministering to his sick child in the harbor of Nuka Hiva, I learned from him the trials and perils and hardships of that disaster, and of that long weary voyage in the open boat. A week afterwards I was in the harbor of Papeete, Tahiti, and there in casual conversation with a stranger I learned of the after history of the burning ship, which they left on the ocean wave with its hold full of a mass of red-hot coals. Her masts, rigging, deck and cabin yielded to the flames, but the iron hull and braces not only resisted the fire, but, strange to say, grew stronger in those days of fiery tribulation, for under the antagonistic workings of the fire inside and the water outside, the hull was changed into steel. After a time the fire burned itself out and the hull drifted through that Southern Pacific Ocean, driven by wind and current, until it was seen off the Island of Tahiti and towed into the harbor of Papeete by a French man-of-war. There it was sold as a derelict at auction, and was bought for two hundred dollars by a Mr. Thayer, who was then residing at Papeete as agent for A. Crawford & Co., ship chandlers of San Francisco. He communicated with them, and they united with him in the work and expense of re-fitting the ship. The

work was a difficult one. Mr. Thayer labored for months, and expended no less than seventy-thousand dollars, before she was ready to sail from Papeete. But at length the ship reached San Francisco, proving herself in that voyage to be a first class sea vessel and a fine sailer. Her next page of history is found in the Journal of the U. S. Congress. Application was made for an American register on the ground that she had been rebuilt from her hull up by American workmen and American material. The application was granted and she was re-christened the *Annie Johnston*, and, bark-rigged, sailed out of San Francisco harbor an A No. 1 ship. Since that time she has made four successful voyages to Liverpool, England, from San Francisco, under the command of Captain Marcus Hull. She has in these voyages proved a most successful investment.

As we saw her sailing out through the Golden Gate to meet all the possible dangers of another voyage I thought of her crew who were, like sailors, to sail with their life in their hand, and I rejoiced that on many a ship might be found the token of Christian love and prayer that followed them, in the shape of a library from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Then, too, I thought of the wonderful Providence of our God, proving that He holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand, and I felt that He who guided that boat's crew two thousand miles to land, and who wrought the strange history of the bark *Annie Johnston*, might well be trusted in our daily pilgrimage.

"The sea is His for He made it. His hands also formed the dry land." I thought also of those

days of the drifting wreck when God as the only workman wrought out with fire and water a better day for that burning ship. I thought of that beautiful verse,

"I only intend thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

In days of trial we may look for like blessed results. God has some wonderful wrappings of pain and affliction for some of His choicest blessings, and I turned from the wonderful experience of the bark *Annie Johnston* to emphasize the same lesson revealed in the Bible, as I marked the precious verses:—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned. neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

We may find on the ocean of life a like deliverance, and a fiery, desolate past turned into a future of choicest blessing. Trust in the Lord, for he hath said, "I am the Lord thy God, thy Savior. Fear not, for I am with thee."

V. A. L.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Did Noah's Ark contain a Pump?

This question was once put to me by a dear servant of the Lord who has now gone to his reward. It was asked in a very quiet, cheerful manner, with a view to a larger and deeper meaning than that on the face of the words. I replied that I did not believe that she had a pump any more than a mainmast or a compass; that a pump was not a necessary part of

a ship, though no ship was equipped without one for the simple reason that a sunken rock, or a midnight collision might instantly summon all hands to the pumps, in order to save the ship from sinking. But no such casualty could for a moment be entertained as occurring to the first ship and the first master. Calmly she floated, bearing her living freight over the dark waters of death! But my friend led me on to another ship and to another Captain, the grand old GOSPEL SHIP. Did *this* ship have a pump? Was there a reef of rocks "not laid down on the chart," which could by any possibility bring a sad surprise to the ever watchful commander, and cause consternation and wild dismay to her devoted crew? Again I had in this glad interview to give to my devoted friend an answer according to his mind.

Through the medium of these valuable pages I am glad occasionally to give a hail to many of my sea-faring brethren. There is not a man living who has spent some time at sea, who has not a bundle of facts having reference to the question herein suggested.

I have heard of old tars who, when offered a berth, would quietly go on board and examine the pump-gear, before consenting to sign articles. They had helped to bring across the ocean leaky old tubs, *in their arms*, and this had made them cautious.

I once passed a big ship at sea with a singular apparatus in full swing between the main-mast and the poop. A young shipmate said it was an auxiliary power to help the ship along. "Not at all," said an old sailor, "it is a wind-mill-pump, don't you see the water pouring out of the scuppers as clear as the water alongside?"

In the George's Dock, Liverpool, the Mariner's Church was moored for many years, the ship grew old and so did the ship-keeper. He pumped her out "dry" for many a day; at length he was glad of the services of a grandson to help him in this work. The lad did his best for some time, but occasionally he did not pump till "she sucked," and lo, one fine morning the good old Mariner's Church was found at the bottom of the dock, having broken her moorings on her way down. A steam-pump was got on board with all speed and was kept going until the old church was towed out of dock and laid on the "hard" at high water up the river, and so ended her noble mission.

Can the Gospel Ship sink? No. Has she ever lost a man? No. Will she ever? No. Why? Her Captain is mighty. The Lord of Hosts is His name!

"How can I sink with such a prop,
Which bears the world and all things up?"

Jesus stands at the gangway today. He bids you welcome on board. "Come unto me." "Five bleeding wounds he bears." He invites. He commands. Oh! for grace to enable you to hear, believe and live. Sing out to Him as many a sailor has sung:—

"Jesus at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
In thee I would the world resign
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul the sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more."
North Hastings, Ontario.

H. T. M.

"He Leadeth Me."

* * * * *

Many of us have seen an electrical machine made on the principle of a lawn-mower. The current is established by what is called a little "keeper." When this connection is made the wheels turn round, the roller moves and powerful electricity is generated. But remove that "keeper" and start the machine. To all appearances everything goes on as before, but it is merely motion without force; the machine is useless—the current has been broken. Just so it is in our spiritual lives. The current between God and man must be constant and complete. Break this current, and though the machinery of our lives goes on as before; though there be the same form, motion and speech, yet our former power to reach other lives and generate in them something of that fervent piety which once was ours, is forever gone. Those living streams of purity and love which have their source in God's own character, may flow into other lives, while ours is powerless.

Though we may feel at times that we are alienated far from God, yet if we long for his presence he is near at hand. Doubt often takes possession of our souls and we become confused and discouraged trying to find the strait and narrow path. We think of our Father as afar off instead of beside us, awaiting to lend us aid. It is like a traveler who, returning

home, is overtaken by a dense fog. He knows home is somewhere within a few miles of him, but he cannot see it through the mist. He wanders about discouraged, disheartened and weary. Night is coming on and he is afraid he will be lost, when to his surprise and joy he suddenly finds himself before the door of his own cottage, and meets the out-stretched arms of his wife and the loving caresses of his children!

A party were following a guide across a chain of mountains. One of the gentlemen remarked to their leader that "they could take care of themselves; the way looked clear." "So it is, right here," replied the guide, "but beyond are narrow trails and deep cañons, where one misstep would be fatal. It is there that you will feel the need of my assistance." In the strength and pride of manhood we feel all-sufficient. The great sea which stretches out before us looks calm and peaceful. "Surely," we say, "we can have no need of a pilot here; the water is unruffled." But by and by those quiet waters will foam and seethe with fury; gales and tempests will assail us, shipwreck and death may stare us in the face. Then if we cry unto the Lord in our trouble, he will deliver us out of all our distresses. "He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still." If we feel the need of such a supreme, omnipotent Being to direct our lives, let us draw near to Him and seek his guidance. Then, whether our voyage be one of sunshine or storm, shipwreck or death, we shall have the perfect assurance that "He is able to keep that which we have committed unto him."—*Benj. F. Hubbard, in New York Observer.*

"It Will Light You Home."

Going two miles into a neighborhood where very few could read, to spend an evening in reading to a company who were assembled to listen, and about to return by a narrow path through the woods, where paths diverged, I was provided with a torch of light wood, or "pitch-pine." I objected; it was too small, weighing not over half a pound.

"It will light you home," answered my host.

I said:

"The wind may blow it out."

He said:

"It will light you home."

"But if it should rain?" I again objected.

"It will light you home," he insisted.

Contrary to my fears, it gave abundant light to my path all the way home, furnishing an apt illustration, I often think, to the way in which doubting hearts would be led safely along the "narrow way." If they would take the Bible as their guide it would be a lamp to their feet, leading to the heavenly home. One man had five objections to the Bible. If he would take it as a lamp to his feet it would "light him home." Another told me he had two faults to find with the Bible. I answered him in the words of my good friend who furnished the torch, "It will light you home."—*American Messenger.*

Saved or Lost?

The reason why so many people do not know whether they are saved or not is that they never really knew that they were lost. They never had that awful truth driven home into their souls. They

never knew or comprehended how utterly they were ruined; and as they did not know whether they were lost they cannot be expected to know very clearly whether they are saved or not. A knowledge of the great fact of man's utterly ruined and lost condition, serves as a preparation for comprehending the glorious fact of salvation by grace, and redemption through the cleansing of the blood of Jesus Christ. Know that you are lost, and then do not rest until you are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.—*Christian*.

"The Guest of the Heart."

"Ye are not your own." Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Is that an unmeaning metaphor or an overworded ex-

pression? When God enters the soul heaven enters with him. The heart is compared to a temple,—God never enters without his attendants; repentance cleanses the house,—watchfulness, like the porter, takes care of it,—prayer is a lively messenger, learns what is wanted and then goes for it,—faith tells him where to go, and he never goes in vain. Joy is the musician of this temple, turning to the praises of God and the Lamb; and this terrestrial temple shall be removed to the celestial world, for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

"COME UNTO ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Matthew xi, 28.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

The Fourth Annual Report (for 1883) of the SAILORS' HOME states that the institution has been fairly patronized and that the comfort and peace it offers to its inmates have been appreciated. There were 802 inmates, and they deposited in the Savings Bank \$1,170 98, of which \$820 was withdrawn. Two hundred and twenty-two shipwrecked sailors were cared for.

Italy.

GENOA.

Excerpts from recent entries in the journal of Mr. J. P. JONES, harbor missionary, are as follows:—

Trophies for Christ.

"21st January, 1884.—This has been a

day of singular testimony. In the morning I was welcomed on one steamer by the captain who said, 'come aboard, Mr. Jones, I have one of your converts here in the shape of the boatswain, and I just wish you could turn me out a few more like him.' In the Bethel, in the evening, one sailor testified that six years ago when I had preached on board the *B*— he had been brought to see himself as a terrible sinner, but yet as one whom Christ was able to save, and he had been able to take God's word for it.

"Another rose and said he considered himself as among the first-fruits of the beautiful new Bethel, for soon after it was opened he had found Christ in it, though he had to come every night for a fortnight before he finally made up his mind. He further gladdened my heart by saying that there were three others in his ship who had also come out on the Lord's side, and that they used to meet for prayer every night in his room during the voyage.

*Meeting for Prayer—"Happy" ever
after Conversion.*

"25th February.—Had a wonderful meeting to-night, about fifty present, among them the ladies of last night. After a short address which I gave from the sixth chapter of *Daniel*, Miss D— sang 'Do you see the Hebrew prophet kneeling,' in a manner that thrilled every heart. Then we had hymn after hymn, with a few words between each. Mr. D— spoke of the Blue Ribbon work in Edinburg.

"3rd March.—I have paid fifteen visits to ships to-day, and had one of the most blessed meetings to-night I ever experienced. It was a thorough prayer-meeting. Thirty-five were present. After reading and prayer I threw the meeting open when an old gray-headed mate came to the table and testified what Christ was to him.

"A negro steward from an American ship spoke well and the sailors listened to his earnest, 'Get Christ, boys, get Christ, if you want to be happy.' We had six speakers besides myself, and the old mate engaged in prayer with true Methodist fire. After the meeting another mate came to me and said, 'I wanted to speak a word, but did not get a chance, I wanted to tell what the Lord had done for me. You remember the conversation we had in September last year. I gave myself to Christ right away and have been a happy man ever since.'"

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

We take from a recent number of the *Record*, its account of the reception of Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, by the Union Church, in January last, he having reached the port, with his family, on the 6th of that month.

"On the Sabbath following, Jan. 13th, Rev. Mr. THOMPSON was received and publicly recognized as the Union Church Seamen's Missionary, in union with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. After the usual introductory services in which the Scriptures were read that mention 'the ships of Tarsish,'—*Isaiah*, 60, 9, and the welcome to a Christian minister, 'I sent unto thee, and thou hast well done that thou art come'—*Acts*, 10, 33, Dr.

TRUMBULL gave the following historical sketch:—

"Direct efforts to reach the seafaring men on board their vessels were, so far as I am aware, commenced here for the first time in 1846. Having come to gather a congregation among the foreign residents, a commission was afterwards tendered me by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY jointly with that already held (from the Foreign Evangelical Society) which commission was retained till the pressure of duties on shore in 1852 put it out of my power to prosecute further the work of the Gospel on ship-board.

"The chaplaincy to seamen afloat was resumed temporarily by two laborers,—in 1853 by Mr. D. WHEELER, a Methodist local preacher, and eight years later by Mr. VON KREVELIN, a Baptist lay missionary, both being in part supported by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and partly by ourselves. Then followed a long recess (save that in 1875 the Rev. Mr. LLOYD of the Anglican Church held for a time a service afloat on a hulk which was that same year sunk in a norther) until 1878, when the Rev. Mr. WM. TAYLOR proposed a chaplain should be sought, himself offering to procure one. The Rev. Mr. LA FETRA came accordingly. The crews of ships at that time in the bay contributed to bear the cost of his passage, and for a time he was measurably sustained by the shipping. But on my return from the States in '81, I found Mr. JEFFREY had succeeded the former chaplain and been himself succeeded by Mr. KRAUSER, and was distressed to learn that the organization (styled the Seamen's Evangelical Society) was so far behind-hand as to be in debt more than twelve hundred dollars, of which sum fully one half was due to Mr. J. BLAKE who had advanced it from his private resources. This having been paid off, Mr. Krauser went on prosecuting the work zealously and successfully. Friends on shore, however, had to bear the chief, in fact the entire responsibility, and as there was always a deficit occurring, the request was forwarded to the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to renew the assistance of former years. To this they acceded, and in '82 and part of '83 aided us, until the health of Mr. K.'s family made it necessary for him, though reluctantly, to withdraw. The credit of the resumption of the work belongs, therefore, to Mr. Taylor, although the original plan for sustaining it proved for us impractical.

ble. The work having come into and upon the hands of the Union Church, it had been resolved in September, '81, by a formal vote, that the Church assume it; and when Mr. Krauser went away it was decided again to request the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to continue their aid and to send a minister who might permanently engage in it. Secretary Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL and their Board took the case up, and the result is that to-day we welcome Mr. Thompson, an ordained minister who for years has had experience as a pastor, and who feels a loving interest in sea-faring men, having in earlier life himself been a seaman and an officer,—to the work to which God has called him.

"There are peculiar reasons that make it fitting for us to welcome him. 1. Our own Missionary Society has sent for him to come and assist in carrying forward the work already in hand. 2. All of us are more or less directly interested in the commerce of this harbor, and therefore have a right to busy ourselves in efforts for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the men of the sea, through whose toil that commerce is carried on. 3. This congregation in its earlier history and infancy was in part sustained by the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY from '46 to '52, and from it, when in '55 we erected our first church in Quebrada San Augustin, received the only aid that came to us from abroad,—a donation of \$1,000. We in consequence never have failed to welcome and have in fact, by printed invitations carried about the harbor and otherwise, courted the attendance of masters, officers and seamen in our services; although as for many it is not practicable to come on shore to the church, we desire to offer to them inducements to wait on the preaching of the Gospel on the water.

"It seems suitable in this connection to define the nature of the work hitherto sustained by us and now to be continued. Let me therefore read our basis of Christian doctrine, with which Mr. Thompson is in hearty agreement, after which he will address you briefly touching his sentiments in assuming this task; your pastor the Rev. Mr. DODGE will then speak touching the occasion, who now bidding him welcome recognizes him in your name as your Seamen's Missionary and Chaplain for this harbor, extending to him the right hand of fellowship. May the Lord Jesus Christ smile on the work we attempt to do this day, and shed forth from Heaven, where He sits enthroned,

the Holy Spirit with touching and potential manifestations!

"The doctrines of the church having been read at this point, and Rev. Mr. Dodge, standing with Rev. Mr. Thompson in front of the pulpit, having cordially taken him by the hand, Rev. Mr. T. spoke as follows:—

Rev. Mr. Thompson's Remarks.

Dear Brethren and Friends of the Union Church:—

"I have for many months been looking forward to this hour and this meeting with a growing interest and an increasing anxiety.

"If it is a sound maxim in business, 'never to leave an old place where you have met with some success, unless you have reasonable grounds for believing that you will be, at least, as successful in the new one,' then you can readily understand my state of mind, when last May a letter reached me from the Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York, inquiring would I entertain a call to the work among seamen in the harbor of Valparaiso, under the auspices of the Union Church Missionary Society.

"Having been associated formerly with the sea for twelve years, I naturally have had a deep interest in the religious welfare of sea-faring men. So when the correspondence of the Rev. Dr. Trumbull on this subject was laid before me, it was not so difficult to find an answer to the call.

"I am now here to enter upon this department of labor in your spiritual vineyard, with a heart filled with solicitude, that such results, and only such as will be acceptable to God and commendable to your Christian judgment, may be obtained.

"In entering upon this service, I have no new theories to propound, no patent methods to test, no mysterious powers to call into exercise. I cordially assent to the creed of this church. My hope of success in my work is founded upon God's promises made to the faithful, diligent servant, and is therefore strong and cheerful. My sole reliance for direction in my work is upon the Spirit of God and his truth. Believing as I do, that God's word is the only divinely adapted means of salvation, it shall be my constant care and effort to present it as the only ground of hope, faithfully, honestly and lovingly, and urge its claims with all earnestness. In doing this, I am

deeply sensible of my own wants and necessities.

"I shall, therefore, look with confident expectation for the continuance of your sympathy, counsel and prayers. With your coöperation and God's blessing, grand results may be achieved, without it nothing is to be hoped for. And from the very cordial reception already given us, I know we shall not look in vain for your fraternal help. I enter upon the work here with a profound conviction that God will favor it with his blessing; and that you, who have already done so much, will continue toward it your fostering care. It shall be my aim to put myself in accord with my brethren here in the ministry, to share the labors and bear the burdens, and rejoice with them in the success of the Gospel. I am here to follow, not to direct, to lift and bear burdens, not to make them; to minister to others, not to be ministered too. As the representative of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in New York, I trust the bonds of Christian fellowship between us and the constituency of that body will be drawn closer and become more intimate. I can already assure you of the genuine interest of its Secretary and Board of Trustees. By their liberality, nothing was allowed to retard the progress of our preparations for our departure hither. We bring to you their cordial, Christian greeting, and the assurances of their high regard, both of yourselves and your work.

"Brethren, we thank you for the very cordial welcome you have already given us. The tongue, which is ordinarily a too ready servant, fails to meet the demands of our hearts just now. Let me assure you, however, that we fully appreciate the many acts of thoughtfulness, courtesy, and hospitality already shown us, for which I return to you the grateful thanks of myself and family."

Rev. Mr. Dodge followed these remarks by Rev. Mr. Thompson, in an address of much pertinence.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The testimony of Rev. H. LOOMIS, now in the American Bible Society's service, sent from this port, December 15th, 1883, is of especial value in its bearing upon the question of the presence of vital re-

ligion among seamen, in our generation. Forwarding the letter of Lieutenant G. C. FREDERICK of the British Navy, dated at Singapore, E. I., and addressed to Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, our sailor-missionary,—whose Christian utterances have heretofore appeared in the MAGAZINE,—he says:—"It is evident that there are still men in the English service like HEDLEY VICKARS, Captain VANDELEUR and General HAVELOCK. It will encourage all Christians to learn how great a change has taken place in the English navy. *It was formerly rare to find a single earnest Christian on one of the ships of war,—but now it is usual to find a good band who labor and pray together for the salvation of their shipmates and friends.*"

Lieutenant Frederick's letter is as follows:—

"H. M. S. MAGPIE.

SINGAPORE, November 6th, 1883.

"My dear Mr. Austen:—

"I was very glad indeed to receive your last welcome letter though it gave such a sad account of Mrs. A's health. You may be quite sure our prayers have been offered up in her behalf, and the throne of grace has often been sought for a blessing on you and yours.

"Oh! what a glorious privilege it is to be allowed to work for God and to be instrumental in winning souls to Him, and the more consecrated our lives are to His will, the more faithful we shall be, and more used by Him. But sometimes we are laid aside for a time, just to learn some other point in God's character; perhaps more of His kindness, and love, and faithfulness; we may be tried and tested: or in heaviness, 'if need be,' and it is a glorious thing to remember that it is God Himself who decides about that need be.

"We are enjoying a blessed time of refreshing, down here, in meeting some of God's dear children and having sweet communion with them; talking of Him and His love, and working together in striving to win souls to Him. And He is indeed working in our midst. His Holy Spirit pleading very earnestly with many hearts, not only in our own little ship, but among many on shore.

"Yes, I am sure you have both passed through a time of great trial, for which God alone can give strength and grace to bear. Let me write out a few lines which may be of some little cheer and comfort to you as they have often been to me at such seasons.

"It was such a time of trial
That I was asked to share,
That the thorn, and the sting, and the
bitter,

Seemed more than I could bear;
Till one look up at Jesus
Lightened my heart of care.

"Keep looking up to Jesus,
He looketh down on thee;
The faces upturned to the light
Shine ever radiantly;
And the glory resting on them now,
Crowneth eternally."

"What a blessing it is to have our mind stayed upon God and enjoying His peace!

"Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round,
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found."

"There is one dear bright Christian on board the *Pegasus*, named Thomas, and I hope there are more, but have not met them yet. There are plenty of meetings here, Bible classes, &c., so we hope some of them will join us. Miss COKE is a wholly consecrated person, and is doing

an immense amount of good among all classes, but especially among sailors, soldiers, and policemen. It is a marvel how she finds time for so much outside her own schools, which must occupy a great deal of her time and thought. The Bishop, too, is a most active worker, and last Sunday evening gave a beautiful address on the last two verses of Jude; an earnest appeal to those who have not found the Savior to accept Him while it is called to-day; and of comfort and cheer to those who know Him and love Him.

"Our little band of Christians on board of this ship is slowly increasing in numbers, and there are seven or eight who always attend the evening prayer meeting if possible, having found what a blessing and help it is to them. Temperance work also is being owned of God, and we number twenty-five or twenty-six in the Society, besides two honorary members, who, of course, never drink.

"In a few days we expect to sail for Penang, as we are to survey the coast in that vicinity, and early next year we hope to be on our way home to dear old England, and the blessing and happiness of meeting our dear ones once more in this world.

"With very kind regards to yourself and wife; and may God bless you both very abundantly in His service and supply all your need according to His riches and glory by Christ Jesus.

"Ever your sincere friend in Christ."

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

In his quarterly report, dated April 1st, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary, writes:—

Conversions.

"Although the three first months have not been so encouraging in the number of hopeful conversions to Christ among seamen as some others, yet some have borne testimony to the truth that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin. Of the number of sailors who have been led to Jesus, at the Home, since the beginning of the year I mention N. S—, a Swede, who testified that at the watch-meeting held at the Home, Dec. 31st.—Jan. 1st,—after seeking the Savior for some time, he found peace in believing.

He has come back from sea since then and is a growing Christian, ever willing and ready to tell what a precious New Year gift the Lord gave, when He gave him a heart to love and serve Him. Another, H. A—, a Norwegian, aged nineteen years, testified that since he came to the Home he had experienced a change of heart, giving thanks to God. Still another, C. H—, a New Zealander, testified that he was converted at the Home, and spoke of the blessedness of being a Christian. An elderly Irishman arose in one of our meetings and said that since he came to the house he had been blest with a peace in Christ, which he had never known.

Afloat.

"Many others have gone to sea who did not have such experience of conversion, but we can have no doubt that they have been touched by the spirit of God.

Temperance.

"The Temperance cause at the Home has been very much blest. Quite a number have taken the pledge since the beginning of the year. Ten seamen came forward and signed it at the meeting held in March, and the step thus taken by many of the sons of the sea, will, we believe, lead to a better life in the future.

Hospitals, etc.

"I am also thankful to report that in my visitation to the sick in the hospitals and the poor in the city, God's blessing has been manifested in no small degree. I have met anxious inquirers after salvation, penitent and in tears, and asking me to pray with and for them.

"As usual I have visited vessels and boarding houses, attending two meetings daily and sometimes more, and through the Society's aid helped a number of destitute seamen's widows and orphans."

Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, seamen's missionary, reports for the first quarter of this year:—

"I have been enabled to prosecute my visits to vessels of all classes lying on the water front between Hamilton Avenue and Atlantic Avenue ferries, and Atlantic Basin and its water front, South Brooklyn; also on the Wallabout Basin, Brooklyn, E. D., and on the water front between Grand and Stanton Streets, East River, New York, so as to supply those on board with religious reading and extend the usual invitation to attend the religious services. In addition to this I have urged parents on barges and canal boats to send their children to Sabbath School. During these visits I have prayed and conversed with sick seamen in the fore-castle, and while in quiet conversation they have said much which showed that early pious home influences had not been in vain. The sailor boarding houses have also received attention and numbers of seamen attend the religious services. Many give evidence of having received a change of heart.

A Primary Difficulty.

"A primary difficulty experienced in my work is to get the sailor to attend meetings when he first comes to port, to lead him in the right way at once, before the adversary gets the advantage. This accomplished, subsequent efforts for his welfare in many cases lead to his conversion.

Marine Hospitals.

"In visits paid to Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, and to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, E. D., I have distributed to the patients religious reading, engaged in conversation and prayer, and in other ways endeavored to give aid and consolation.

Old Friends Met.

"Often in these visits I meet with old shipmates. Recently I recognized one with whom I sailed forty-three years ago. Right glad was I to hear that he is now a Christian. Another, a Mexican, now boatswain's mate in the U. S. Navy, I discovered to be one I had met during the Mexican war, when, after the taking of Mazatlan, he, at that time a little boy, came riding into the city from his father's ranch. His eyesight having failed I had the pleasure of presenting him with a fine pair of spectacles, together with a large print Testament in Spanish which he promised to carefully read, although he is a Roman Catholic. At the close of our pleasant interview we knelt together in prayer.

Faith Tested.

"One of the seamen lately at the Sailors' Home, during a recent voyage had his faith in Christ severely tested. He had lost valuable clothing and papers, and on shipboard his Bible was stolen from him. Thus he was deprived of reading his daily lesson. His testimony before leaving the Home the last time was that he had determined to be more zealous in winning his shipmates to Christ. An aged sailor in distress who had been kindly cared for by the Superintendent, said:—'I can only express my feelings in a small degree. Since coming here I have been aided and much blessed, and feel that I have become a converted man.' The sceptic mentioned in my last report, (SAILORS' MAGAZINE, February, '84, p. 58) having returned from sea, testifies that he finds that he is altogether a different man, both by reading the Bible, by prayer, and a desire to know more of the Word of God and be conformed to its teaching. He adds:—'I am now going on my second voyage to sea since taking this course and request your prayers.'

Signs of The Times.

"Other evidences of the 'signs of the times' among seamen are cited in the following cases. A young sailor, not long converted, after having received his wages put his money securely in his

pocket, while he drew from his other pocket a Testament, and began thoughtfully reading.

"Another young sailor, a Scandinavian, who could not understand the English language was brought by a shipmate to the prayer and testimony meeting. While listening to a seaman who with much earnestness was relating his experience, he said to his companion:—'What's that fellow talking about?' His shipmate interpreted that he was telling how much he had lost while in sin, and what he had gained since becoming a Christian. To this the sailor earnestly replied:—'I would like to be as he is.' He was afterwards encouraged, became a Christian, and now is able to testify for Christ in the English language as in his own. Foreign sailors who attend the English speaking meetings are often much aided, thereby, in acquiring our language. The eye never grows weary in looking upon these stalwart men who were once giants in sin, nor the ear heavy while listening to their story of redeeming love.

A Loss at The Sailors' Home.

"The Home has suffered a loss in the death of ANNIE, daughter of Superintendent ALEXANDER. The funeral services conducted in the chapel were very impressive. The deepest sympathy was shown by the large congregation in attendance. Many of the older seamen looked upon Annie as a guardian angel of the Home, and doubtless some of them have received impressions through her exemplary Christian life that will enable them to live so as to meet her again in that 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.'"

BROOKLYN: U. S. NAVY YARD.

The first annual report of Rev. E. N. CRANE, our chaplain, who began labor here in November last, is dated April 1st, 1884. He says:—"I entered upon my work with many of the advantages and appliances which Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, my predecessor had secured, and with the favorable *prestige* he had established, and I trust am profiting by them to continue the mission on a firm basis for active progress.

"The attendance upon our Sunday morning Gospel service, as well as our more social Prayer and Praise meetings on Sunday afternoon and Wednesday

evening, has largely increased since I commenced them, and at times a special interest has been manifested, as many as twenty-five, upon request, indicating their hope in Christ as their Savior, or a desire to possess it.

"Our temperance work, commenced early in December, has progressed very favorably. As heretofore reported, we organized (Feb. 20th) the U. S. NAVAL TEMPERANCE UNION, and have enrolled over two hundred members. An attractive and appropriate pledge card of the Union, with the national colors emblazoned upon it, is presented to each member.

"An abundant supply of reading matter of the best character has been regularly furnished, not only to the men aboard the receiving ship and the marine guard, but also to the crews of all the vessels that have been at the Yard.

"The Reading-Room at Sailors' Hall and Chapel on Cob Dock is now fully supplied with papers and magazines,—daily, weekly and monthly,—thirty different periodicals being placed upon the tables regularly (the newspapers on files recently procured for them), besides a number of others occasionally furnished. Large packages of back numbers of the *Manhattan Magazine*, and of *Frank Leslie's* periodicals, and the *N. Y. Weekly Witness*, *Christian Advocate*, *Christian Herald*, *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and *American Messenger* have been kindly donated from the offices of those periodicals, besides the regular supply monthly of a package of the *Parish Visitor*, and weekly of the *N. Y. Observer*, *Evangelist*, and *Witness*, and other occasional donations.

"A considerable addition has been made to the Library by contribution of books from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and others, and a full supply of tracts has been received from the American Tract Society and the National Temperance Society. A distribution of tracts is made at the close of every service, and special effort is made to induce the proper use of them and direct attention to the saving truths they contain. Since November 1st I have distributed about 14,000 pages of tracts, 3,000 papers and magazines, 135 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms, and 40 Prayer Books.

"March 6th a musical and elocutionary entertainment was given at Library Hall and Chapel by members of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. and some of their lady friends, for the arrangement of which we were indebted to Messrs. C.

WALTON and G. H. UMBACH of the Association. It was a refined and elegant entertainment and was highly appreciated by the large audience of officers and their families and seamen present. Thus intellectual recreation has been combined with moral and religious instruction and influences, with encouraging prospects for the most beneficial results."

STAPLETON, S. I.

The last report of Rev. Dr. F. M. KIP, chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital, just at hand, says:—

"My duties from week to week being the same, but little variety can be expected in my quarterly reports. Preaching upon the Sabbath and on week days, visiting the wards and having personal conversation with the patients, are the only means through which I can hope, by the Divine blessing, to be useful to the men. For the quarter now ending the number of inmates of the Hospital has varied from 140 to 108. My labors have been prosecuted pleasantly to myself; every facility being afforded me by Dr. SAWTELLE, and the other officials of the Institution.

Sabbath Services.

"Our Sabbath afternoon services have been interesting and encouraging. As the great proportion of the patients are lying on beds of sickness, or prevented by rheumatism, fractured, or diseased limbs, from descending the stairs to the room where our services are held, we cannot look for the attendance, at any one time, of a large number. Yet I have been cheered and encouraged by the attendance and attentiveness of those who are physically able to be present at the exercises. To these I endeavor to preach Christ, faithfully, simply and fully.

"Of the pleasing incidents I have noted, allow me to present a few:—

Incidents.

"A seamen from the West Indies, evidently a sincere Christian, in reply to my inquiry, 'How long he had trusted in Christ as his Savior,' replied,—'about a month.' He was washed overboard from the deck of the ship, but through the kind providence of God regained it. Then he determined to seek the Lord. And he did, and found in Christ the salvation he desired.

"A warm-hearted African sailor said he became Christ's disciple some months since. He was not ashamed of Christ, but gloried in the avowal of his Master. In the presence of his shipmates he would fall on his knees and pray, never allowing their ridicule to deter him from the duty. He was anxious to have a Bible, which I furnished him.

"A young man told me in reply to my question, that he is consumptive, having no hope of anything more than temporary relief. I urged him, in view of his condition, to suffer no delay in preparing to meet his God. He said this subject had been impressed on his mind by previous convictions of his duty. My conversation with him was very encouraging. I have had several subsequent talks with him, and he expresses his confidence in Christ as his redeemer.

"As I entered a ward I found a Swede reading the Testament, and conversed with him freely. He said he did endeavor to cast himself on Christ as the only Savior. I entreated him to yield himself to Christ at once. 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is to-day and not to-morrow.'

"Another Swede, who is consciously hastening to the grave, a sufferer from consumption, said that before entering the Hospital he had exercised faith in Christ, but since that time his faith had greatly increased. Now he enjoys the peace of God, casting all his care upon Him.

"I feel it a privilege to labor for Christ among these seamen. It is to me a work of very hopeful success. What we know not now of the results, we shall know hereafter."

NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY.

The Sixty-sixth Annual Report of the "Society for Promoting the Gospel Among Seamen of All Nations" (for the year 1883) is at hand,—opening with a fit tribute of respect and affection for its late president, Mr. GEORGE W. LANE. In recording the work of the twelve-month, the statement is made that "every effort to reach" seamen "and present to them the precious offer of salvation by Jesus Christ, has been honored by the Holy Spirit." Under the heading *Reading Room*, the beneficial influences of a room (Madison and Catharine Sts.) open

every day, from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., are fully set forth, and a call is made for means to supply sailors as they go out to sea, with reading matter in their own language.

Daily religious services (lasting one hour) have been held at 9-30 a. m. and 7-30 p. m. In *Inquiry Room Work* the report declares that "scores and scores of sailors have gone out of these rooms new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are now living earnest Christian lives, as we know from letters received from many of them constantly from all parts of the world."

Five religious services are held every Sabbath, and one meeting each week, in the Scandinavian language. Nine hundred and thirty-six such services were held during the year, and fifteen Christian men and women were employed in the prosecution of the Society's labor. One hundred and one seamen were received to the communion of the Mariner's Church, and besides these 300 appeared before the Board of Examination as candidates for membership. Receipts for the twelvemonth, with balance from year 1882, were \$10,833 12. The General Statistics for 1883 are thus given:—

Visits to Reading-room, 42,365; Letters written by seamen, 4,654; Letters received by seamen from home and friends, 3,856; Visits to vessels, 7,238; Visits to boarding-houses, 18,726; Signed the pledge, 767; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2,254; Number of libraries afloat, 260; Received into church on confession, 101; Received into church on probation, 300.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

On the 30th of March the thirteenth anniversary of the New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society was observed at the Lower Bethel, Rev. L. H. PEASE, chaplain, on Esplanade street. Rev. Mr. Pease, in his annual statement, said:—

"Thirteen years ago this Society was organized, and I am now the only one of the original members remaining. Almost nineteen years ago I commenced my labors among seamen in this Southern climate, and through all the com-

motions and deaths of that period have never lost a day by sickness, and neither here nor on my annual northern tour have ever encountered the least casualty. I expect to go when my Master calls me up higher, but intend "to stand by until the morning," and the longer I live the stronger is my love for my work, and the more fixed is my purpose to make my Bethel the house of God, and to make the immediate salvation of the soul the great end toward which every energy is directed.

"This desire and endeavor the Lord has been pleased to continue to crown by permitting us, as an addition to previous successes, to receive since last October, into our church organization, which we style the "Brotherhood of the Sea and Land," about twenty members as hopeful converts, with the expectation of receiving many more, and to receive the signatures of about two hundred men on our "roll of honor" as signers of the temperance pledge; and in filling our Bethel throughout every day by sailors and citizens reading or writing home, and through every evening with an attentive worshipping assembly, and by day and by night, in all our discourses and lectures, and in all our visits on shipboard and in the boarding-houses, and our distribution of reading matter and labors in the Sabbath-school, showing everywhere that He is the hearer of prayer, and that the tearful sower shall be the joyful reaper."

Half Century Reminiscences.

The recent occurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of the connection of Mr. L. P. HUBBARD with this Society, prompts us to the following review:—

Previous to the year 1833 no agent had been appointed to distribute the Scriptures in the City of New York, but in March of that year a well-known New York merchant secured the services of a young man to explore and supply the destitute in that part of the city located above Fourteenth street. In the same year the officers of the NEW YORK MARINE BIBLE SOCIETY were looking through the churches for an agent, and Rev. SAMUEL HANSON COX, D. D., recommended one of his deacons, Mr. LUTHER P. HUBBARD, who was appointed to that service Feb. 27th, 1834. He commenced his labors on

the first day of April following. Accepting a desk in the office of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which was gratuitously offered to him, he took the place that has since been continuously occupied by him. His period of labor has been divided about as follows:—twenty-nine years in connection with the BIBLE SOCIETY, and the NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY,—and twenty-one years as financial agent of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

Fifty years ago there was no Sailor's Home and but one Mariners' Church in the port of New York. Now eight ministers are preaching the gospel to seamen every Sabbath. The Loan Library system of our own Society, which has come to great magnitude, was then unknown.

During the last twenty-one years Mr. HUBBARD has mainly devoted his time to the collection of funds for this Society. Previous to that this labor was shared with missionary work. While he was with the Port Society it, incurred a debt of \$20,000 in the purchase of their church edifice, which was reduced to about \$4,000. That organization has attained an age when most men retire from business, but is still prosecuting its work with energy.

The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in appointing this agent had two objects in view,—to pay a debt of \$15,000, and to provide means for enlarging its operations. The debt was paid in eleven months from the beginning of the agent's efforts, and the Society has enlarged its work from time to time.

Mr. HUBBARD, we are certain, has the most pleasant and grateful recollections of those who have cheerfully contributed through him to the Seamen's Cause for this long period of time, and it is proper to add that they cherish the same esteem for him, as do all his fellow laborers in this office. His long career of goodness is a new proof that "the righteous shall hold on his way rejoicing." *Servus in cælum redeat!*

Annual Meeting.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the chapel of the SAILOR'S HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York City, Monday, May 5th, 1884, at 3 o'clock, p. m., when the reports of the year will be submitted and the usual business will be transacted.

The Life Directors and Life Members, with the friends of the Society, are invited to be present.

SAMUEL H. HALL,
Secretary.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Five Minutes in Hong Kong.

By Miss Jennie Anderson, of the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Board.

Hong Kóng is the port in China where America does most trading. Many of my sailor readers doubtless have visited this port, and will remember the high peaks rising abruptly from the water and the city at their base. The mixture of English and Chinese here baffles all description. The Chinese swarm in some quarters and in other parts Europeans abound and go about in oriental luxury. There are about 3,000 English inhabitants and perhaps 30,000 Chinese. I do not know the figures exactly. This is the way it looked to me.

Even in this queer city there is some work being done for sailors, though one could wish there were more.

I visited on a Sunday evening a hall where coffee and sandwiches were served to those who asked for refreshments. After this a man who spoke with a strong German accent, preached a good discourse. The audience was "rather mixed;" Chinese, Japanese, mulattoes, and all European nationalities were present. They all seem to enjoy singing.

I met here in the South of China many of my old sea friends in the Navy who I had before met in Chefoo. "Sailors are not such bad kind of fellows after all," I kept thinking to myself as my old friends crowded about to wish me a pleasant voyage on my passage home,—and a company of them escorting me to my boat made me feel quite proud and safe.

The life and soul of the work in Hong Kong seems to be a colored man, Adams by name. There is so much shipping in this place that there is room for a great deal more Christian work than is now being done, but it rejoiced my heart to see some work. Two ladies of an English mission are quite interested in it. I heartily wish that all of us might work, with all our powers, since so much is waiting to be done.

And let me say to my seamen friends that those who labor in their interests are always glad of sympathy and coöperation. Look for those who will be friendly to you in foreign ports, and take your companions with you. Our good ship *Essex* lay calmly in harbor, but my eyes were not cheered by any sight of U. S. uniform among the sailors. I was sorry for this. The troop ship is taking back to England most of my old friends among the seamen. I hope the new men on the China station will look to their own interests enough to keep out of low grog shops and go only where they can take their honor and their manhood with them. And so I say adieu to the China coast, for a season. The sailors there *have* friends if they will only go to them. I wish they had more.

Obituary.

CAPT. THOMAS MELVILLE.

Captain MELVILLE, Governor of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, at New Brighton, S. I., for sixteen years, died suddenly March 5th, 1884, leaving a wife to mourn his loss. The late Governor took great pride in making this institution one of the first

of its kind in the world, and through his executive ability it has become noted for its discipline and cleanliness, as is well known to the public. "On visiting the Harbor," says a correspondent, "I have found it at all times, as stated, and the inmates well cared for."

Sailor's Snug Harbor.

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

Captain G. D. S. TRASK has been appointed Governor of the Harbor in place of THOMAS MELVILLE, deceased. Captain Trask was a ship master for many years, out of the port of New York, and was Inspector of the Atlantic Insurance Co. for many years, serving the company with fidelity. He was born at Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and is about 48 years of age.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	157
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,805
of which \$615 was sent to relatives and friends, \$80 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$1,110 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for May, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star until the afternoon of the 17th at 5 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is twice stationary among the stars in Taurus during this month, the first time at midnight of the 5th, and then again at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th at 1h. 49m., being 1' south.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 50m., and north of west 36° 28'; is at its greatest elongation on the afternoon of the 2nd at 5 o'clock, being 45° 38' east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 27th at 8h. 6m., being 8° 7' north.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 6h. 27m., being 18° 28' north of the equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the forenoon of the 2nd at 9h. 18m., being 7° 9' north, and then

again on the afternoon of the 30th at 3h. 34m., being now 5° 50' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at midnight on the 5th, after this it becomes an evening star.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 33m. past midnight; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the 1st at 33m. past midnight, being 5° 58' north, and then again on the afternoon of the 28th at 3h. 54m., being 5° 49' north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 5m., and north of west 27° 26'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 25th at 6h. 13m., being 2° 32' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for March, 1884.

MAINE.

South Berwick, Cong. ch. for lib'y ... \$ 20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hancock, Bequest of Salina Hills, deceased, late of Hancock, N. H., per Miss Annie A. Hills, executrix, for a memorial library 25 00
Milford, Cong. ch., in full for lib'y ... 4 00

VERMONT.

South Burlington, P. E. Smith 1 00
Springfield, Cong. S. S. 10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church 8 62
Andover, South church 50 00
Auburndale, Cong. ch. and Soc'y 41 37
Boston, Schr. Jennie R. Morse, Capt. Colcord 3 00
Branintree, 1st church 14 25
Chicopee, 2nd church 81 63
Foxboro, Cong. ch. and Soc'y 32 90
Groton, Cong. church 35 25
Hatfield, Cong. ch. and Soc'y 45 25
Hinsdale, Cong. church 40 00
Holbrook, Sarah I. Holbrook, for lib'y Longmeadow, Ladies' Benevolent Association 20 00
Gents' Benevolent Association 18 45
Middleboro, Central Bap. S. S., for lib'y 17 55
Newton, 1st church S. S., for lib'y 20 00
South Wellfleet, Cong. church 2 00
Springfield, Memorial church 38 00
Olivet church 10 53
Walpole, Orthodox Cong. church, to const. Archer S. Little, L. M. 35 30
Waltham, Trin. church 18 29
Warren, Cong. S. S., for lib'y 20 00
Wellfleet, Cong. church, in part to const. C. Young, L. M. 20 00
Westfield, 2nd church 11 89
Weymouth and Braintree, Cong. ch. Wilbraham, Cong. church 30 06
Wilbraham, Cong. church 10 06

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut, "Brinckerhoff," 10 00
East Granby, Cong. church 4 58
Enfield, 1st Cong. church 16 70
Groton, Groton Cong. church S. S., for lib'y 20 00
Naugatuck, Cong. church 25 00
New Britain, 1st Church of Christ 44 78
New London, Church of Christ 13 88

Norwich Town, A friend 15 00
South Britain, Cong. church 10 00
Stonington, 2nd Cong. ch. and Soc'y 41 00
Torrington, 3rd Cong. church, of wh. \$30 for lib'y, and \$10 to refit same when needed 49 84
Wallingford, Cong. church 25 00
Wethersfield, Miss Frances Wright 5 00
Whitinsville, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, of wh. \$40 for lib's 238 05

NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Supt. H. E. Huntington, Keepers and Surfm. of 3rd U. S. Life Saving District, for lib's Brooklyn, Clinton Ave. Cong. church, of wh. James W. Elwell, \$100 209 50
Canandaigua, Mrs. George C. Curtis, Great Neck, Meth. Epis. church, S. S. for lib'y in memoriam Miss Mary Emma Vogt, per Mr. Joseph S. Spinney 20 00
Homer, Cong. church 27 50
New York City, Edward S. Jaffray 100 00
Miss S. Rhineland 50 00
John D. Fish, for lib's in names of Agnes L. Fish and Robert T. Fish 40 00
Robert Gordon 25 00
David Dows 25 00
Gerard Beekman 25 00
Naylor & Co. 25 00
Frederick Billings 25 00
J. T. Terry 25 00
Anson Phelps Stokes 25 00
J. G. De F. 25 00
Stamford Manufacturing Co. 25 00
Cash 20 00
Leaher Whitman & Co. 10 00
George S. Fraser 10 00
Theodore Gilman 10 00
Ezra White 10 00
F. A. Palmer 10 00
George F. Baker 10 00
Thomas Scott 10 00
H. W. Loud & Co. 10 00
Capt. Andrew Crowell, of bark Emma T. Pendleton, for library work 5 00
Miss Eliza Wheaton 5 00
Isaac H. Bailey 5 00
James Cruikshank 5 00
Henry Rowland 5 00
Zophar Mills 5 00
Wm. B. Kendall 5 00
O. P. C. Billings 5 00
D. B. Whitlock 5 00
Southampton, A friend of the sailor, for lib'y 20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Cape May Point, G. S. Corwin, for lib'y 20 00
New Brunswick, Miss Mary H. Parker 5 00
Trenton, 3rd Pres. church 6 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Sewickley, Miss E. H. Tite 2 00

TEXAS.

Houston, L. I. Latham, lib'y in name of Mrs. Lucy E. Miller 20 00

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Primary Department of the Bible School of Pilgrim Cong. church, for a memorial library to be called the "Howard Fuller Ripley Memorial Library." 20 00

\$2,144 25



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

"Help Me Across, Papa."

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands, and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. O, the awful, cruel strength of death, the weakness, the helplessness of love! They who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait until the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed!

Then it was, as the shadows fell in

denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "She is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us; her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! O! how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless Him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand,—cold almost pulseless, but better, better,—we would have it so,—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest to her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving.

She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star, or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his,—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms said, in her weary, flute like voice:—

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O, Infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach out pleading hands to Thee, wilt Thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of Thy presence!—into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God!

A Real Boy.

A real, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher. He can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews, or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can *eschew* it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peace-

able, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit.

Above all things he is never afraid to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do anything because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother will not like it if I do so and so." It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Every one respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—*The Outlook*.

Lead Them Straight.

At the struggle at Tel-el-Kebir there was a midnight assault. The British had no sufficient plans of the ground, and yet the Highland Brigade had to be led by the light of the stars round a dangerous semi-circle in order to be at their post. Lord Wolseley selected a young naval officer, who had taken the bearings of the enemy, and he said to young Rawson:—

"I leave you to guide the Highland Brigade by the light of the stars to the post where they will be wanted at such an hour."

The brave young fellow put himself at the front of those hardy men, and there, in silence, led them round the enemy, till he got them to the position where Lord Wolseley wanted them to be; and then the enemy's fire opened, and men fell all around, and Commodore Rawson was one of the first to fall. When the shout of victory went up Lord Wolseley, in the

midst of all the responsibility and excitement of his position, was told that Rawson lay dying. He left his men and galloped across the field to the spot where the young man was lying, that he might have one word with him before he passed away. Entering into the little tent that they had drawn over him the dying man knew him, and a smile came over his pale face as he held up his trembling hand to the general, and looking him in the face he said:—

"General, didn't I lead them straight?"

By-and-by, Sunday-school teachers, you will meet the great Captain of our salvation, and I pray that when that day comes you may look Him in the face, as you think of your class, and say:—

"Captain, didn't I lead my children straight?"

Martin Luther.

Luther was always in his happiest humor among his children; through their eyes he looked into an open heaven. He used to take them one after another upon his knee, and the great Reformer became himself a child again, and the learned doctor learned from the children.

"They are," said he, "much more learned in faith than we old fools, for they believe in the most simple manner, without any disputation or doubt."

One day, watching them at play, and observing how speedily they made up their little differences, he exclaimed,—
"How pleasing to Thee, O God, are such child-life and play. All their sins end in forgiveness!"

One Christmas he composed for his children the hymn, "*Von Himmel Hoch*," &c. Again, in the midst of his great anxiety, he writes from Coburg to his little four-year old Hans that incomparable letter about what fine things he would bring with him from the grand yearly market, and from the Paradise garden with its apples and pears, its golden horses and silver cross-bows, and when Kathie sent him to Coburg a like-

ness of his little Magdalene Veit Dietrich, wrote to her:—

"You did well to send the picture, for over it he forgets very many of his sad thoughts. He stuck it up on the wall right away."

The Boat Dwellers.

The happiest-looking persons in the great metropolis of Canton are the inhabitants of boats. Children are reared, married, and die in these boat-houses, knowing no other life than that of their parents before them, and that life a continual struggle to gain from the water by fishing and rowing, enough to keep the appetite satisfied and a scanty supply of clothing for the body. Most of these boats are manned by women; and though their life is a hard one, and they row and scull and push and scrub their little homes, and cook the rice and look after the babies, and then have to hand over their hard earnings to their lord.

On the rear end of these house-boats is a willow-coop full of chickens, and on many a pot of growing vegetables or green stuff, which gives a garden look to the small deck. The baby is fastened by a cord to the mat roof above, while the older ones wear a gayly painted gourd or a piece of bamboo on their backs, so that in case they should fall overboard they would float. Wee little ones are given an oar and learn the stroke by the time they can walk, so that while very young they are really of help to the mother in guiding and propelling the boat.—*Round the World Letters*.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS met on the street the other day, and one said to the other, "I've put all my dolls into deep mourning, and it's so becoming to them." "What did you do that for?" "O, we had a c'lamity. Our dog got killed, and there didn't anybody care but me and them; we've just cried our eyes out." Then the other little girl said, in slow, deliberate tones:—"May Wilson, ain't you lucky, though? there's always something happening to you!"—*Detroit Post*.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During March, 1884, sixty-five loan libraries, twenty-three new and forty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,070, 8,072-8,086, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,925-7,928, with Nos. 7,930, 7,931, and 7,932, at Boston.

The forty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,001;	No. 4,733;	No. 6,019;	No. 6,831;	No. 6,933;	No. 7,802;	No. 7,442;	No. 7,618;	No. 7,839;
" 3,922;	" 5,193;	" 6,170;	" 6,844;	" 7,000;	" 7,351;	" 7,473;	" 7,706;	" 7,857.
" 4,098;	" 5,458;	" 6,300;	" 6,854;	" 7,009;	" 7,375;	" 7,488;	" 7,756;	
" 4,534;	" 5,887;	" 6,830;	" 6,876;	" 7,071;	" 7,380;	" 7,509;	" 7,813;	
" 4,612;	" 5,832;	" 6,558;	" 6,911;	" 7,166;	" 7,395;	" 7,547;	" 7,819;	

"Thy Kingdom Come."

I'm only a little herald,
But the kingdom needs my voice:—
To herald in the King of kings
Is all my happy choice.

I can teach a text to brother,
And speak kind words of peace,
And help to bring His kingdom in,
Which ever shall increase.

I cannot be a herald bold
To distant lands to-day;
But, if I learn my lessons well,
I hope I may, some day.

I'm only a little worker,
But the kingdom needs my hand.—
I'll use these busy fingers
To do my Lord's command.

And day by day He'll give me work
My happy childhood through;
Some task of patience and of love,
Which only I can do.

I'm only a little soldier,
But the kingdom needs my sword:
I'll draw it from its scabbard—
God's own most holy Word.

First using it in my own heart,
To cut away each sin:
My mother bids me not forget
His kingdom is *within*.

I'll daily pray, "Thy kingdom come!"
Seeking each day to bring
Some rebel thought to own Him Lord,
Some friend to own Him King.

—C. T.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*



Vol. 56,

JUNE, 1884.

No. 6.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

The abiding nature of Christian work for seamen, as well as the continued interest felt in it by the Christian public, was manifest, at this year's Anniversary, which took place at the Broadway Tabernacle, 34th St., and 6th Ave., New York City, on the evening of Sabbath, 4th May. The *resumé* of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S operations for the twelvemonth ending on the 31st of last March, was read by Secretary HALL, and is printed below. Religious services prior to the Sermon were conducted by Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, lately our chaplain at Ahtwerp, Belgium, and by Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D. D., pastor of the Tabernacle, who in introducing the preacher, Rev. Dr. S. E. HERRICK, of Boston, spoke of him as the son of an American sea captain who, many years ago, was led to Christ, at sea, by the Spirit of God, at the exact time when prayers for his conversion were being offered at his New England home.

The discourse of Rev. Dr. Herrick, which appears in the present MAGAZINE, not only attests the broad grasp of his theme which possessed the speaker's mind, as well as the fervent emotion which inspired its utterance, but gives its impressive testimony to the fact that a Divine work once begun in human hearts, passes, by God's



blessing, from one generation to the next, often with augmented force. For the qualities we have named, and a delightful freshness in the manner of the presentation of his subject-matter, this sermon by the Rev. Dr. Herrick has commanded high praise,—and the Society at its Annual Meeting, requested its publication and voted to print a pamphlet edition of it, for general distribution. The thanks of the Society were tendered, by vote, to the Pastor and Trustees, and to the organist and choir of the Tabernacle, for the use of the edifice, and for musical services in connection with the Anniversary exercises which were participated in by a large congregation.

SUMMARY OF

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT,—MAY 5th, 1884.

The outfit and sending forth on the part of the United States Government of still another costly expedition to the Arctic Seas, in the hope of somewhere finding and relieving ice-bound adventurers, evinces (along with other things) a continued and generous interest in the physical welfare of the sailor.

The review of another year of Christian work in his behalf, which has just been granted us, also makes its disclosure: showing on the part of the patrons of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY a continued warm-hearted interest in the sailor's moral and spiritual welfare; and the blessing of God on the efforts which have been divinely directed toward that result.

Fifty-six years have now passed since its organization; and allowing for the usual fluctuations, in the long progress of the Society, the past year may be counted as one of success in all its departments.

The lives of those variously engaged in its service at the opening of the year have been "precious in God's sight;" all connected with it having been spared, (with the single exception of Mr. RYMKER our missionary, six years in Norway and sixteen in Denmark,) to do the work assigned them, and to do it with the Divine approbation.

In the MISSIONARY WORK of the Society during the FIFTY-SIXTH year of its history, the *Chaplains, Missionaries, Bible and Tract Distributors, Colporteurs, Helpers* and others, who have been aided (wholly or in part) from its Treasury, have wrought on the Labrador Coast of North America;—in the countries of Sweden, Norway and Denmark;—at Hamburg in Germany;—at Antwerp in Belgium;—in France, at Marseilles and Havre;—at Genoa and Naples in Italy;—at Yokohama and Kobe in Japan;—in the Sandwich and Madeira Islands;—at Valparaiso, S. A.;—and in the United States, at Portland, Or., and on the waters of Puget Sound;—also in the ports of Galveston, Tex.;—New Orleans, La.;—Pensacola, Fla.;—Savannah, Ga.;—Charleston, S. C.;—Wilmington, N. C.;—Norfolk, Va.;—and at Boston, Mass.;—as well as in the cities and vicinities of New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, including the U. S. Navy Yard,—numbering thirty-nine laborers at thirty-two seaports;—nineteen foreign, and thirteen domestic. The labors of these devoted men have been blessed to the rescue, comfort and conversion of very many seamen.

They have preached the Gospel in Bethels and on ship-board, have visited sailors in the fore-castle, hospitals, and elsewhere, conversing with them, giving them the Scriptures, and in every possible way befriending them, with reference to their temporal and spiritual good.

LOAN LIBRARY WORK.—During the year the Society has sent out SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN loan libraries (of which TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY were new, and FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE refitted) containing 12,678 volumes, and placed on vessels carrying 7,510 seamen. This makes the whole number of new libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the Society at New York and Boston, to April 1st, 1834, 8,044, and the reshipments of the same, 9,583, the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, accessible by original shipment to 308,935 seamen. Of the whole number sent out, nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes, have been placed upon United States Naval Vessels, and in Naval Hospitals, and have been accessible to 108,243 men. One hundred and ten libraries have been placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and Surfmen. In the record of results from our Library Work for the twenty-fifth year of its systematic prosecution, there is no abatement of encouragement and cheer.

NEW YORK SAILORS' HOME.—This Home at 190 Cherry St., is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842; reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. During the past year it has accommodated 1,828 boarders. These men temporarily deposited with the Lessee, \$23,923, of which amount, \$10,146 were sent to relatives and friends, \$1,190 were placed to their credit in the savings Banks, and the balance was returned to the depositors.—The whole number of boarders since the HOME was established is 104,541, and the amount saved by it to seamen and their relatives during the forty-two years since its establishment, has been more than \$1,500,000. Shipwrecked sailors are cheerfully provided for within its doors.

Its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but hundreds of seamen have there been led to Christ as the sinner's Friend and Savior. These results have come, under God, from the facts that family worship has always been regularly maintained in the chapel of the Institution, accompanied by other religious meetings, and evangelistic labor. During the past year, as heretofore, missionaries have been steadily in attendance at the HOME; daily meetings for prayer have been held, and stated temperance and devotional meetings have been sustained on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week.

SHIPWRECKED AND DESTITUTE.—At the SAILORS' HOME, and at the Rooms of the Society, there has been expended, during the year, for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen, and of seamen's families and widows, the sum of \$748.10. Seamen discharged from the hospitals as incurable, and some permanently disabled from accident or other causes, have been provided, as heretofore, with transportation to their friends, assisted in their applications for admittance to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, or aided in such other ways as their necessities demanded. Burial permits have been issued in the case of seamen who have died in hospitals and boarding houses.

PUBLICATIONS.—The Society has published during the past year, 75,650 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE:—and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, 20,000

copies of the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*; with 121,250 copies of the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath Schools. It has also printed for distribution, 1,000 copies of its Fifty-Fifth Annual Report, and numerous tracts and leaflets illustrating and emphasizing its work.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.—Rev. A. A. McALISTER, U. S. N., the Chaplain in charge, expresses great interest and satisfaction in the work of the Society at Annapolis, Md., and has asked that the next annual presentation of books to the graduating class, to occur early in June, be made by a special representative, who is invited for the purpose.

SPECIAL GRANTS.—As in past years, the Society has continued to respond, to the extent of its ability, to applications for help from Auxiliary Societies; and from independent seamen's missions and individuals in the naval and merchant service, when such help seemed to be worthily called for.

FINANCES.—A statement of receipts and expenditures is made by the Treasurer at each monthly meeting of the Trustees, and upon approval is referred to an Auditing Committee. These monthly statements for the year just closed, have been examined, and pronounced correct. During the year ending March 31st, 1884, the disbursements of the Society for Missionary Work, Publications, Loan Libraries, expenses, etc., amounted to \$37,846.61. The receipts from all sources, including balances from preceding year, and legacies, amounted to \$49,835.46.

LIFE MEMBERS.—Fifty-six persons have been constituted Life Members, during the past year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Thanks are tendered, as in previous years, to the *AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY* for generous grants of the Holy Scriptures,—and to the *AMERICAN TRACT*, with other Societies, as well as to various publishing houses in this and other cities, who have furnished us books for our libraries at reduced rates. The Trustees of the *LINDLEY MURRAY FUND* have also shown us generous favor.—Prof. R. H. BULL of the University of the City of New York has continued to furnish the monthly record of the position of the principal planets, for the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*.—The leading private, as well as public hospitals, of this city, have received and gratuitously ministered to such sick seamen as we have sent to them,—and the Colored Home and Hospital in 65th Street has done the same.—Railroad, Steamboat and Ocean Steamship Companies have kindly responded when asked to assist in the transportation of disabled seamen to their homes.

CONCLUSION.—The work to which we have been providentially appointed, along with the philanthropic and evangelistic forces of the day, opens invitingly as ever. The man last sent out as a chaplain to seamen, and already entered on his work upon the South American coast as a preacher of the Gospel on shipboard and on shore, the Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, was himself converted at sea.

In the hope that others in their day may go and do likewise, thus perpetuating those labors for seamen which Christ himself began on Galilee, we enter on another year with grateful and encouraged heart, trusting in the strong arm that has hitherto supported us, and given success to our endeavors.

Asking the friends of the sailor to remember us in their prayers and their gifts, we shall seek henceforth with new earnestness to make the sailor a better and a happier man, and everywhere enlarge for him the circle of his usefulness.

CHRIST FOR THE SAILOR—THE SAILOR FOR CHRIST;

A DISCOURSE BEFORE

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

AT ITS

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY,

SABBATH EVENING, MAY 4TH, 1884,

BY

REV. S. E. HERRICK, D. D.,

PASTOR OF MOUNT VERNON CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.,

In the Broadway Tabernacle, Sixth Avenue and 34th Street, New York.

Mark iii, 9.—"And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him."

Aside from the evident convenience which would be secured by our Lord for the purpose of teaching the thronging multitudes that pressed about him on the sea shore, there is a touch of propriety in the command, which I do not remember to have seen noticed by any of the commentators upon this passage. In the verse just preceding we are told that a great multitude came to him from the region about Tyre and Sidon. And it was for the purpose of teaching these men that he commanded the attendance of a small ship. Tyre and Sidon, the two great cities of Phœnicia, were renowned beyond all others of the ancient world for their maritime commerce. The whole lives of these men were associated with the sea, with sailors and with ships. Not improbably many among them had been or were even then men of the sea. Not improbably the suggestion was present to the mind of the Master that a bond of sympathy and kindly feeling might be established between himself and them, should they see him speaking from a boat as his pulpit. They would take the truth more kindly at his lips were he to speak to them as a sailor to sailors. Then as now, sailor's heart warmed to sailor's heart. The men of Tyre and Sidon would be sure to give respectful hearing to the man of Galilee, when they discovered that like themselves he was no stranger to the pains and perils of the seaman's life. Even as the sailors of Boston thirty years ago loved Father Taylor, or as their successors, in later days, believed in Peter Larsen.

I am jealous of those petty methods of interpretation which read large meanings into the most trivial incidents of the Gospel story, and therefore I notice this matter simply as an interesting coincidence, without putting upon it any special emphasis. But I do not think I shall be transgressing the limits of sober exegesis if I seize this command of our Lord that a small ship or boat should wait upon him, that he might more conveniently pursue his evangelistic labors, and deduce from it as my theme for this occasion.—*The importance of making the sea with its forces, moral and material, auxiliary to the extension of the kingdom of Christ.*

From the beginning the Gospel has sought the alliance of the sea. Our Lord's personal labors when upon earth were confined to a

small and comparatively insignificant territory. And yet in those labors the sea of Galilee with its shipping and its sailors played no unimportant part. Lying as it did, a fair sheet of water some fourteen miles long and half as many broad, in the very heart of Palestine, without its boats and sailors it might not have been a serious obstacle and hindrance to his work, though with them it served as a most ready and helpful medium of communication. It was a little sheet of water, to be sure, and its ships were small at largest, but we must not allow our modern ideas to do injustice to the Galilean fishermen and their seamanship. They were the skilled sailors of their day. The lake was not contemptible, its storms were not gentle breezes, its dangers were not inconsiderable, its vessels were not mean. Josephus narrates a sea fight which took place on the lake, conducted on the part of the Romans by no less a commander than Vespasian himself. Its sailors, rough, hardy, weather-beaten men like our own mariners, were the Lord's generous helpers and furnished a large proportion of his chosen disciples. When a few years later he took his departure, the disciples to whom he had committed the continuance of his work with the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," found a broader sea to be traversed, lying, as its name implied, in the heart of the world as it was known to them. The little lake of Tiberias gives place now to the Mediterranean. For Capernaum and Bethsaida and Tiberias and Chorazin, they had now Corinth and Alexandria and Thessalonica and Rome. In the broader promulgation of the Gospel the fishing-boats of Capernaum and Bethsaida must give place to the corn-ships of Alexandria and the transports of Rome. Gennesaret was girdled by Judaism. The Mediterranean introduced its navigators to the nations of the earth. To and fro across that inland sea passed the great apostle to the Gentiles until he knew all its ports, was familiar with its prevailing winds, could read its signs of storm and calm, until he was as expert a mariner as he was in making goat-skin tents, and in the time of peril could counsel the sailors with wisdom better than their own. "Thrice I suffered shipwreck," he exclaimed,—“a night and a day I have been in the deep.”

For centuries the Mediterranean was the highway of Christianity, and Mediterranean sailors shared with the apostles the honor of spreading its triumphs. The churches were few that were formed without their aid. The large ships waited upon Christ and his Gospel as the small ones had done upon the sea of Tiberias. To Gaul, to Spain, to Africa the corn-ships carried along with the bread which perisheth, the bread which endureth unto everlasting life. And even to Britain the Roman war-ships along with the legions of the empire carried the soldiers of the cross. Then, when after the long night of the Middle Ages had passed away, and the revival of letters was followed by a reformation of religion, and discovery had unveiled a new world to the cupidity of commerce, and there were broader seas to be crossed and greater dangers to be braved, the voice of the man of Galilee was again heard making a corresponding demand that a ship should wait upon him. And then came along with the gold seekers and fortune hunters the pious Catholics exploring our inland lakes and rivers, the

Dutchmen of the New Netherlands, the Pilgrims of Plymouth and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, the Huguenots of Oxford and New Rochelle, the Scotch and North Irish of the middle colonies, until out of the varied elements the genius of Christianity built up a Christian nation, and another grand step was taken in the conquest of the world to Jesus Christ. Again history expanded her horizon, the globe was circumnavigated, and the vast insular world of Australasia was opened up to commerce and to religion by the courage and enterprise of European sailors,—a wilderness of utter darkness and degradation when discovered,—but thanks under God to sailors' fortitude wedded to Christian zeal, sparkling on the bosom of the Pacific, to-day, like a baldrick of island gems glowing with the radiance of heaven.

The lines of Tiberias have swept on and out until the little inland lake seems to have taken in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Pacific. Capernaum and Bethsaida have taken to themselves Alexandria, Rome, London, New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Queens-town. But once more that mighty voice is heard calling for a ship to aid Him in His work, and now, where the farthest east and the remotest west meet on the shore of the Pacific,—in Yeddo and Yokohama, in Pekin and Canton, the sailor, obedient to the call, has at last girdled the world with the story of the cross.

I have no doubt that in "Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, and James the son of Zebedee and John his brother," our Lord discerned peculiar features of character which adapted them to the work of Apostleship. But does not the history of Christianity and its progress for eighteen hundred years, in the light which it reflects upon His choice of these men, make it abundantly evident that He contemplated at the outset the perpetual alliance of the sea and its forces with the work of His Kingdom? How absolutely indispensable has the sailor been at every point of new departure! What a debt do we owe him! What a debt does all the world owe him! Without the intervention of his self-sacrificing service the Gospel itself must have been confined to the narrow region of its first publication, or at best to those adjacent territories which might have been reached by the Apostles' footsteps.

But large as has been the sailor's service to the Gospel, it might have been and ought to have been far greater. He has carried the apostle, the missionary, the church to their advancing conquests. He ought himself to be the apostle, the missionary, the church. Indeed our Savior seems to have contemplated not merely alliance, but identity. He made sailors themselves to be His first Apostles. In the beginning the sailor and the Apostle were one. Did not our Lord not only anticipate this,—that the continents are to be saved by the way of the sea,—when He made sailors the first evangelists, but did He not mean to teach His church this lesson for all time, that this important class of men must first be saved and utilized if she would most speedily and effectively save the world? Let the church learn this lesson, the very first that her Master taught, and not the least important. Let her go to the ships to find her missionaries, as He did.

For a missionary the sailor is, by virtue of his very calling,—an apostle of some sort, with a roving commission. Sailors are the common carriers, not of one world only, but of three worlds. Three millions

there are of this apostolic class of men. What a mighty force if it were but inspired with loyalty to one common purpose! Moving over every sea, touching every shore, striking with some sort of moral impact, as ceaseless as that of the tides of ocean itself, the life of every land beneath the sun.

Indeed the analogy is a close one between this ever recurring moral influence and the hygienic value of the ocean tides. Think for a moment of that movement, grand, silent, mysterious, by which twice every twenty-four hours, now while we wake and now again while we sleep, the unresting sea heaves its mighty tide upon our shores. That rising flood by its silent but resistless influx fills our docks, creeps up our creeks, sweeps up all our river-mouths, insinuates itself into all the tortuous windings of our shore-line, floods our marshes, covers our unsightly flats, bringing healthful purity, literally "the salt of the earth" with every visitation, and in exchange bearing away our pollution with every retirement. The tides are thus doing for us incessantly what the heaving lungs do for the heart's blood. Without this ceaseless ebb and flow every continent of earth, every island of the sea would be girdled or fringed with corruption and death.

But the ocean has other tides than these,—tides as ceaseless, as invisible. Would that they were as pure and wholesome! The rising of the waters to-day is not more certain than that a fresh wave of human life will come in upon us, bringing, probably, not purity but death. Some portion of these three millions of sailor-lives is now sweeping silently into our harbors. It will wind through our border streets. It will settle into every slum and fill every purlieu of darkness and of vice. It will leave the seeds of disease. It will dissolve the foundations of virtue. It will strike more deeply the stains of shame and dishonor. It will imbrute sensibility and petrify conscience. And the fall of the tide to-night is not more certain than that this wave in its recession will take with it a charge of poison as deadly as it brought, not to lose it in the deep sea but to bear it to other shores, there amid other scenes to still "work out all uncleanness with greediness." And this ebb and flow is going on ceaselessly. Two thousand men, more or less, here in New York to-day, as many more to-morrow, some going, others coming, not all impure, not all bad; many of them, thank God, pure, honorable, good, life-givers wherever they go; but all out upon a mission, all apostolic, every one morally dynamic beyond human estimate or conception.

Now, because the sailor is such a moral dynamic, he ought to be secured to the Kingdom of Christ. Suppose every sailor's heart were charged with the grace of God, and every sailor's life were true and loyal to Jesus Christ. Suppose this incessant tide which rolls upon every shore were saturated with the purifying salt of Christian love, every ship a "Morning Star," the combined fleets of the nations the navy of the Kingdom of God, with Jesus Christ for Lord High Admiral. The sailor's life speaks in every language if his lips do not. Christian virtues, like Pagan vices, do not have to be translated in order to be understood as they pass from land to land. The beauty of the Lord appeals to every eye and impresses all the sons of men. Suppose that every Christian land should make it its first endeavor to

renovate and Christianize its own mercantile marine, what an immense Foreign Missionary work would be immediately and effectively accomplished! The commerce of the United States alone employs half a million sailors, one-sixth of the whole sailorhood of the globe. Why should not the Christians of the United States see to it that these men are evangelized and so do a great stroke of both Home and Foreign Mission work at once?

“Can it be done?” do you ask? This Society whose anniversary we are celebrating to-night is doing that very thing as rapidly as the Christians of America supply the means. It is leavening,—if you will allow me to use the word, Christ-ening,—the forces of the sea. It was content in former years with meeting the sailor as he set his foot upon the dock, giving him a Christian welcome, shielding him from the sharks and harpies of the shore, conducting him to clean and comfortable quarters, providing for his physical and spiritual necessities for the brief period of his life on land, and then bidding him God-speed in his new departure. And this was much. But it has learned the art, of late, of going to sea with him, of accompanying him with its counsels and its comforts into every latitude, of speaking its friendly words to him when half the world away from home and church, in the loneliness of the watch, in the peril of the storm. In a word it is sending to-day 400,000 chaplains in more than 8,000 vessels going and coming between the sea-ports of all countries. These chaplains speak to the German, the Dane, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, as well as to the English and American sailor, and to each in his own tongue wherein he was born. They consume none of the ship's supplies. They take on no airs of superiority. They are promoters of peace. They dispel *ennui*. They awaken the best feelings and affections of the men. They know how to be familiar without being obtrusive. They stand on terms of equal intimacy and confidence with captain, crew, and cabin-boy. They inevitably soften and humanize;—more, they Christianize. It has been my good fortune to fall in with many of these silent, but mighty chaplains, after long voyages, and I have revered them. As they have often come into port in well-worn and sometimes tattered uniform, weather-beaten, water-stained, honorably scarred, fragrant of oakum and tar, still more have I revered them. They have uttered no boastful words of their doings and their dangers as I have grasped them by the hands, but they have been eloquent to the eye, of noble duty done, of Christly service performed, whose only record was treasured up in sailors' hearts and in the book of God's remembrance. These 400,000 chaplains are doing a mighty work at an insignificant outlay. They are changing the quality of the moral forces of the sea. They are renovating and cleansing those perpetual tides. The Sailor's Library was a heaven-born thought. Multiply these chaplains a hundred fold and the promise will speedily be fulfilled,—“The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee.”

Another consideration which forces upon us the importance of making the sailor auxiliary to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ is to be found in the fact that sailors as a class are peculiarly adapted to be the Apostles of Christianity. They are so adapted by the nature

of their calling as well as by virtue of their opportunities. The sailor is brought face to face with God as other men are not. No narrow horizon shuts down upon his vision. No petty, noisy activities, no turmoil of the town, no murmur of the street shatters the profound and protracted silence in which his life is passed. The utter loneliness of day after day, and the watches of the night lighted only by the silent stars are transfused with the felt presence of the Deity. On the deep as nowhere else, "day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge." No speech, no language, yet all eloquent of the mysterious, ineffable presence, which made the Psalmist to cry out, "The sea is His, and He made it." "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me." The sailor feels this, though he could not, it may be, express it. Among no other class of men is the religious feeling so strongly developed. Accordingly, if a wicked man he is proverbially superstitious, if a good one he is proverbially devout. Sailors as a class believe in God. They can not otherwise without doing violence to their sensibilities. It is difficult to make them atheists, unless you can keep them on shore long enough to make them forget the sea. They know the thunder of His power. They have seen the terrors of the Lord. They have heard His footsteps who "walketh upon the wings of the wind." They are correspondingly accessible to the message of His love and grace in Jesus Christ. It is a portion of my pride of which nothing but death will ever divest me that I am the son of a sailor, and that among sailors my happy boyhood was passed. I know them. I have preached to them. There are no other such audiences. They have been subdued by the majesty of nature. They are reverential, submissive, child-like. They need and want no dialectics, no clatter of logic, nor pomp of rhetoric. The simple story, told straight out from the heart, of Him who shared with the sailors in the toil, and the tempest, and then gave His life for their salvation, takes them captive, and they make as noble disciples now as they did at the beginning. Convert a sailor in Boston or New York, or on board his ship, and he is a Christian the world over.

I have spoken of the debt which the Christian world owes to the sailor for its very Christianity. God's unspeakable gift has come to every race upon the globe by the hands of the men of the sea. But there is an ever accruing indebtedness, which we owe to them for our civilization apart from our Christianity. What human ministry to our daily wants is so wide-spread and so minute as theirs? What a barren life would ours be without that ministry. The furnishings of our homes, the provision of our boards would fall back into primitive rudeness and meagerness but for their perpetual assistance. Every cup of coffee has been set upon your breakfast table, and again every cup of tea at night, at the risk of a score of sailors' lives. The very commodities which the pioneer of the prairies counts among the necessities of his existence, as well as the luxuries which garnish the life of the city and the town, are the fruits of his daring and fidelity in our behalf.

The wide range of foreign merchandize which any country gathers

into its marts of trade and distributes again among its citizens is the evidence and the measure of its civilization. At the same time it is evidence and measure of something more that we do not often think of. It is the exponent of great dangers braved. It is the evidence often of great suffering cheerfully borne and meagerly recompensed. It is the measure of high hardihood and courage on the part of the ten thousand toilers of the deep. From the time when the ships of Tyre brought silver, and gold, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks to the court of Solomon, to the last merchantman that brought her cargo of spices into the harbor of San Francisco or New York, sailors have toiled at the ropes, by day, and trod the deck in nightly watch, and encountered windy storm and tempest, to procure what would minister to the landsman's comfort, or gratify his taste. Like Virgil's bees they are gatherers of honey, but not for themselves. You would not know your own home to night, if you were to go back to it from this place to find it stripped only of what sailor's toil had brought. You have not paid for these things when you have simply given their monetary value in exchange for them. A large part of the debt still remains uncanceled. You owe a debt of sentiment, of feeling, of gratitude. Commerce may recognize no such obligation, but equity does. Selfishness may refuse to discharge it, but generosity and Christianity cannot.

And apart from this actual and ever accruing indebtedness I remember that we have been and may be again dependent upon these men for a more momentous and urgent service. While I have been preparing this discourse, and, indeed, almost daily for many years, I have had occasion to pass and re-pass a noble monument on Boston Common, at whose foot there stand the effigies of the American soldier and the American sailor, who joined hands a score of years ago at the call of patriotism for the salvation of our Country in her time of peril. I remember that when that fearful war broke out our lean and impoverished navy could muster but about 8,000 men. During the war that number was swelled to 75,000. And whence came that extra 67,000? Largely from our mercantile marine,—our common sailors. Hatteras, Port Royal and Hampton Roads, Donelson, Island No. Ten, Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile, New Orleans, bear witness to the bravery and devotion of our common sailors, who were found as ready to hazard their lives for our safety in war as they ever had been for our comfort in peace. Nor under like conditions would they be found wanting now. *Common* sailors, indeed! We owe them no common debt. We owe them what money never measured,—we owe them the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Two-fold, then, is the necessity which confronts us. The sailor needs the Gospel, the Gospel needs the sailor. I plead with you for each that you will give to it the other. On the one side I see these 3,000,000 of our brethren, with no homes but their hammocks, with no Sabbath-rest breaking for them the monotony of the year, with no cessation of care, and no domestic retreat, and no unbroken repose when night stops the plow, the shuttle, and the hammer upon the land,—with no church-fellowship and no place of social prayer,—their lives passing away like their own swift ships, before the blasts of

exposure, hungering for a Heavenly Presence in the ship as once the timid sailors hungered for their Lord on Galilee,—and on the other, I see their Lord and ours making the same demand now, as of old, upon His disciples in His longing to reach the world,—that the “ship should wait upon Him.”

Let us obey, my brethren, and give the Gospel to the sailor, that the sailor may be given to the Gospel, and Christ may “see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied!”

At the Society's fifty-sixth Annual Meeting, held at the Sailors' Home, in the City of New York, on Monday, 5th May, President BUCK presiding, the following persons were elected by ballot to serve as Trustees for three years, or until May, 1887, viz.:—

Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, D. D.,	Capt. DAVID GILLESPIE,
JOHN DWIGHT, Esq.,	Rev. JOSEPH R. KERR, D. D.,
HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq.,	GEORGE BELL, Esq.,
FREDERICK STURGES, Esq.,	WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq.

After the reception of the annual reports made to the Society by its Board of Trustees and Treasurer, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.
 HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents*.
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*. WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.
 L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by Rev. A. M. MERWIN, pastor of the Spanish-speaking Protestant congregation, in Valparaiso, S. A.,—by Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, late the Society's chaplain, for three years, at Antwerp in Belgium,—by Rev. S. W. HANKS, the Society's Secretary at Boston, Mass., and by Rev. E. HOPPER, D. D., pastor of the Church of Sea and Land in New York City. These four addresses were all of special pertinence and moment. That of Rev. Mr. Merwin most significantly exhibited the scope and value of work done by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in foreign lands. He said, in part:—

God has signally honored the wise and practical efforts of this Society in many portions of the globe. In no quarter, however, are the results of its operations more cheering and conspicuous than on the west coast of South America.

The little seed planted there by you, about forty years ago, has become a tree of goodly proportions. Birds of passage of all nations lodge in the branches thereof. At that time Valparaiso was a city of 50,000 inhabitants, half its present size. There was considerable shipping in the harbor, and some foreigners resident on shore. Your representative, now the Rev. Dr. DAVID TRUMBULL, was sent out to that port in connection with the work he had in hand for the Society which at present bears the name of the American and Foreign Christian Union. He labored among the seamen, visiting them in the harbor, distributing good reading matter, and inviting them to the Bethel services which he conducted. On shore he gathered a small congregation of English-speaking people, so small that an audience

of fifteen or twenty persons surprised him, and on such occasions the success seemed so great that he prayed earnestly to be kept humble. That little congregation has grown to be one of from 300 to 400 persons, many of them merchants of great influence in the country. It is rightly called the bulwark of Protestant Christianity on the west coast of South America. It is the mother of several important enterprises, among which are the Valparaíso Bible Society, which, during the past twenty-three years, has circulated 30,000 copies of Scripture, and the Young Men's Christian Association with seventy members and finely furnished rooms.

Through the efforts of Dr. Trumbull the way has also been prepared for the direct evangelization of the country, with a population of over two millions. It is sixteen years since the first Protestant church for Chilians was organized, and at that time it was doubtful whether the public authorities would permit us to continue our meetings in Spanish. Now look at the change. Last year the following events took place in rapid succession:—The Papal Nuncio was expelled from the country because of his intrigues; the liberal party triumphant in Congress; two important reforms reducing the powers and perquisites of the Romish clergy to a minimum, and lastly, the emphatic declaration of the Government as to the need and practicability of a speedy separation of Church and State. In a recent address the President of Chile said:—"I am now prouder than ever of my country, since we can say to the world that men of all religious beliefs have equal rights before the law."

Various causes have operated, in the providence of God, towards bringing about this hopeful state of the nation, but no one man in Chile has exerted so powerful an influence for religious freedom there, as your representative, the Rev. Dr. Trumbull. Meanwhile the seamen's work in that port has not been neglected. With your aid and that of the American Bible Society a colporteur has been sustained for many years and has labored successfully among the seamen. In response to our earnest appeal you have recently sent out the Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, as chaplain for Valparaíso, just the right man in the right place. A converted seaman himself, magnetic, devout, well educated, he reaches and rouses those men of the sea as few could do.

This one case of Valparaíso should not be overlooked. While the interests of the boys afloat have been cared for, the work has been truly missionary in its character. The spiritual wants of hundreds of foreign families have been provided for during all these years, the way has been opened for the preaching of the Gospel in Spanish, and the nation itself has received an impulse toward a purer faith. These results, I sincerely believe, are largely due, under God, to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Those who contribute to its funds may take satisfaction in knowing that their money goes a long way in more senses than one!

And now, in view of the past success and the present needs of the west coast of South America, permit me to plead in the name of Christ, and of the missionaries in Chile, that speedy provision be made for the spiritual wants of thousands of seamen in other large ports of that coast now without a chaplain.

TO THE RESCUE!

THE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE GREELY PARTY—HOW
THE ARCTIC COLONY WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE ICY NORTH—
CIRCUMPOLAR STATIONS AND THE VALUABLE WORK
THEY HAVE DONE—TWO FORMER FAILURES.

We abbreviate an article on the Arctic Expedition which has just left our shores, from the *New York Herald*, of April 21st, as follows :—

In a few days there will sail from this port an expedition to the icy North, which will carry with it the good wishes of both America and Europe. It goes on an errand of rescue, and that it may be successful in its merciful mission will be the heartfelt hope and prayer of thousands. The expedition has been fitted with every appliance that science and seamanship, backed up by long years of experience, can suggest, and every precaution that human ingenuity can take has been made use of in preparing the fleet to cope with the inevitable perils of the Polar seas. Three stout ships, —the *Bear*, *Thetis* and *Alert*,— have been chosen for the voyage. They are ships that ere this have battled with the ice, and have behaved admirably in tempestuous seas. The *Bear*, as a Dundee steam whaler, has seen arduous service in the Arctic whaling grounds, has been nipped more than once in the ice pack and has weathered many a heavy gale. The *Thetis* is equally well fitted for the expedition, and the *Alert*, as the flagship of the English Captain NARES in the Polar search of 1875-6, proved most effectually her enormous strength and stability. The *Alert* has been very generously presented to the United States by the British government, and, stanch in hull and sound in spars and rigging, will

no doubt render as good an account of herself under the Stars and Stripes of America as she did when flying the English flag.

The "Greely" party which these ships are to sail in search of is one of two expeditions sent out by the United States to form an international polar station. It consisted of twenty-four officers and men chosen from different branches of the United States Army and was commanded by Lieutenant ADOLPHUS W. GREELY. August 12th, 1881, the party was landed safely at Lady Franklin Bay. The orders of the United States government to the commander of the expedition were that he should not only make a series of scientific observations, but that he should explore as large an area of the Polar region as he should find practicable. He was to remain until last fall, when it was arranged that a relief ship should be sent for him. Two vessels, the *Proteus* and the *Yantic* were accordingly despatched to bring Lieutenant Greely and his comrades home, but, as our readers will remember, the *Proteus*, which was the advance ship, was nipped and crushed in the ice and all hands on board had a narrow escape from death. Such, in a few words, is the story of the events which have led to the fitting out of the present relief expedition.

CIRCUMPOLAR STATIONS.

Their Inception, Design, and Value for the Purposes of Science.

Lieutenant KARL WEYPRECHT, commander of the Austrian Arctic expedition on board the *Tegethoff*, was the first European to suggest the idea of establishing a number of circumpolar stations for the purpose of scientific observation and practical exploration. He thought that, year by year, the stations might be gradually advanced to the northward, and that in some favorable season a dash might be made even to the Pole itself. Weyprecht, as an Arctic explorer, did excellent work. He discovered Franz Josef Land, and his scientific attainments were undoubtedly of a high order. The views of such a man naturally had great weight, and he advanced such a number of sound arguments in support of his idea that he soon had a body of enthusiastic followers. It is and has been for some time admitted that the laws which govern the winds and the great currents of the sea will never be thoroughly understood until the physical conditions of the Polar basin and the movements of the great ice masses are known; therefore the importance of scientific explorations in the Polar regions. There are too, many problems of magnetism and electricity which might have a most interesting solution if experiments to that end were conducted in the far north. It is not denied that the recent expeditions, such as those of NARES and DE LONG, were furnished not only with scientific men, but also with the most approved instruments. Yet it is a fact that each expedition has had no fixed plans laid down for the observation of phenomena,

and the results have been unsatisfactory to the scientific world. Valuable additions to our geographical and physical knowledge have been attained; but at the same time there has been much energy wasted. Weyprecht's plan was that the money expended by the nations of the world in fitting out expeditions to the North Pole could be much more usefully applied to the establishment of Polar stations, which, on the basis of rules laid down, should be made the centres of scientific search, search, whence the lands already discovered might be effectually surveyed and explored.

America to the Front.

While Weyprecht was busy in Europe urging the importance of his plans with regard to circumpolar stations, Captain H. W. HOWGATE, of the United States Navy, was urging the government to equip one or more expeditions to the North Pole, and to establish a temporary colony for purposes of exploration at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, at or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. Captain Howgate suggested that the party sent out should consist of at least fifty men, and should be provided with provisions and other necessary supplies for three years, at the end of which period they should be visited and, if still unsuccessful in accomplishing the object, revictualled and again left to their work. He advised that the party should take out with it a strong, substantial building, and had no doubt that the members of the expedition could be made as comfortable and as safe from atmospheric dangers as are the men of the signal service stationed on the summits of Pike's Peak

and Mount Washington, or the employées of the Hudson Bay Company stationed at Fort York, where a temperature of minus sixty degrees is not uncommon. Captain Howgate advised that the principal depot or post should be located upon Lady Franklin Bay between latitude 81 degrees and 82 degrees. He insisted that as Captain HALL went as high as Cape Union (between latitude 82 degrees and 83 degrees) with the *Polaris*, and Captain Nares still higher in the *Alert*, a steamship would have no difficulty in reaching the spot. He was particular in pointing out that the only use of the vessel would be to transport the men and the supplies to the location of the colony, and, that being done, to return at once to the United States.

This proposition received considerable support from scientific men and members of Congress, and eventually the *Gulnare* was fitted out. The vessel, however, was unfitted for the expedition, and it turned out a failure. The incident is only referred to here to show that the project of reaching the Pole by means of gradual exploration was entertained in this country and advocated by our scientific men at the same time that it was receiving the attention of Europe. Among many eminent gentlemen impressed with the utility of simultaneous circum-polar exploration by various countries were Chief Justice DALY, president of the American Geographical Society; Professor ELIAS LOOMIS, of Yale College; President JOSEPH HENRY, LL. D., of the Smithsonian Institution; Admiral DAVID D. PORTER, Dr. HAYES, the arctic explorer, and a number of others who by experience were qualified to speak with authority.

The Meteorological Congress.

The project of Lieutenant Weyprecht, backed up by Count Wilczek, was laid before the Meteorological Congress at Rome. It was considered favorably and referred to an International Polar Conference held in Hamburg, in October, 1879. France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Norway and Denmark were the Powers represented at this congress. The matter was exhaustively discussed and the conclusion arrived at was that the best possible results to science would be likely to be achieved by exploration round the Pole, and that the most practical way of accomplishing this task would be by the establishment of Polar stations. A permanent Polar commission was then formed, consisting of delegates to the conference, and Dr. Neumayer was chosen president. A second meeting was held at Berne in the following August, and the number of nations represented received an addition, Italy sending a delegate. It was decided that eight stations at least should be provided for, and Russia, Denmark, Norway and Austria definitely announced that they were prepared to immediately do their part. The other Powers failed to make any practical proposition, and the lack of interest shown by civilized nations in an undertaking of such vast importance seemed astonishing and deplorable. The president resigned in sorrow and disappointment, and it appeared that nothing was to be done but to postpone for an indefinite time the execution of the project.

In March, 1881, Lieutenant Weyprecht died, and thus the commission lost one of its most energetic supporters. Matters, as will be seen, presented an unfav-

orable outlook, and delays and difficulties seemed to crop up continually. The Executive Committee, by vigorous action worthy of the highest praise, prevented the matter from dropping through, infused new life into the project, and by personal interviews and unwearying correspondence attained their long wished-for object. The members of this Executive Committee were Professor Wild, of St. Petersburg, who succeeded Dr. Neumayer as president; Captain Hoffmeyer, of Copenhagen, and Mr. Robert H. Scott, the English meteorologist. The United States government entered with spirit into the work and pledged itself to establish two of the necessary stations. Mr. L. O. Smith, a wealthy merchant of Stockholm, contributed a handsome amount toward the cost of a Swedish station, and in May, 1881, Professor Wild was enabled to make the welcome announcement that all of the eight stations were secured.

Completing the Arrangements.

In July, 1881, a third and final meeting was held at St. Petersburg to complete the arrangements. It was decided that the observations at all the circum-polar stations should be begun as soon after August 1st, 1882, as possible, and that they should be continued until September in the following year. It was announced at this meeting that France, England and Germany would also take part in the work. The stations were finally resolved upon as follows:—The United States in Lady Franklin Bay, in Smith's Sound and also at Point Barrow; Denmark at Godthaab; Germany in Cumberland Sound, on the west

side of Davis Strait; England at Fort Rae, in the heart of the Hudson Bay territory, near the Great Slave Lake; Russia at the mouth of the Lena and at Moller's Bay, Nova Zembla; Holland at Dickson's Havn; Norway at Bosekop, in the Alten Fjord; Sweden at Spitzbergen; Austria at Jan Mayen Island, famous for its fog and ice. The Finnish Landdag equipped a meteorological station at Sodankyla; a branch station was also established in Labrador. France selected a station near Cape Horn, and Germany also ventured into the Antarctic regions by sending a party to one of the islands of South Georgia, in 54 degrees south latitude and about eleven hundred miles to the eastward of Cape Horn. These southern stations were to perform the same work in the way of scientific observation as their friends at the north. They were to note carefully all the phenomena, in order that they might be able to compare their results with those of the Arctic stations. The gentleman in charge of the observatories at Melbourne and Cape Town were also instructed to make a series of observations in connection with the researches of the French and German expeditions. It will thus be seen that fifteen expeditions were arranged for to carry out the plans of the International Polar Commission. Arrangements were also made for the taking of magnetic and meteorological observations at a number of permanent observatories on the 1st and 15th of each month; the same work was also provided for on many ships of war belonging to various countries, and the officers of several merchant vessels were also enlisted in the cause of science.

THE GREELY COLONY.

The United States Colony, under Lieutenant Greely, having been established at Lady Franklin Bay, as heretofore stated, in August, 1881, has not been directly heard from since the 18th of that month, when "Good bye" was said to it by the officers and crew of the government vessel, which had taken them to their Arctic station. Rumors have reached us from various sources, but as they have all been traced to Esquimaux, it is needless to say that little or no reliance should be placed on them. A few months ago Baron NORDENSKJÖLD, in a despatch from Thurso, Scotland, stated that Dr. Nathorst's party had heard from some Esquimaux near Cape York that two members of the expedition to Lady Franklin Bay had died, while the others had returned to Littleton Island. A Copenhagen paper subsequently asserted, on the authority of its Upernavik correspondent, that Lieutenant Greely had been murdered by his mutinous crew. This statement was made on the authority of Hans Hendrik, the Esquimaux who accompanied Dr. Nathorst to Cape York, and who, it is said, got it from some Esquimaux whom he met in that locality. The statement seems incredible on the face of it, as it is almost certain that Dr. Nathorst would have heard of it as well as Hendrik, and if so it is safe to presume that he would have mentioned it. The rumor that the expedition has reached Littleton Island seems far more probable, and with the experience of the party in high latitudes and their skill in shooting and fishing it is not too much to presume that

they might winter on Littleton Island in safety. The Schwatka search party availed themselves of the resources of the country, and in their prolonged stay north depended for sustenance on the game they shot and the fish they caught. That Greely's position has been one of grave danger is recognized by geographical authorities both in this country and abroad.

THE PRESENT RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The British government presented the American people with the good ship *Alert*, and we have also to thank several distinguished British officers for their suggestions as to the best means to be pursued by the present expedition to attain their end. In a valuable document addressed to our minister at London, Mr. LOWELL, Captain Sir G. S. Nares, Major H. W. Feilden and Captain Albert H. Markham embodied their views on the subject. These gentlemen, who are well known Arctic authorities, recommended that the two main relief ships should arrive at Upernavik about the first week in July, and in the event of no tidings of Greely's safety being forthcoming at the Danish settlements they should proceed northward in company. If no tidings or traces of the missing party are forthcoming at the entrance to Smith's Sound further plans must be organized to prosecute the search through Kennedy Channel, even, if necessary, to Discovery Bay.

Failing to reach that point, or in finding Lieutenant Greely's party along the coast of Grinnell Land, the English officers have further recommended that at all hazards its fate be ascertained. Therefore, in their judgment, the

depot-ship of the present expedition should go into Payer Harbor for next winter's quarters, not later than September 1st, ready to start sledge parties as early as possible in the spring of 1885 along the shore of Grinnell Land, and with those of the advance ships complete the search of the whole coast line. Well considered advice is given as to the choice of a winter harbor, the use of the mode of boat expeditions and the chances of obtaining food supplies on Grinnell Land. It is, as we understand, in general accordance with these recommendations from England, that this noble search for the imperilled investigators is to be prosecuted.

The Thetis.

The *Thetis* is the flag-ship of the expedition. She was, until purchased by the government, a Dundee (Scotland) steam whaler. She is of great strength, an excellent sea boat, and capitally adapted for the present voyage. Like all vessels constructed for the whaling business, she is no beauty, but what she lacks in symmetry of shape she makes up in seaworthiness and solidity. She is of about 600 tons burden, 181 feet long, 29 feet beam, and her depth of hold is 21 feet. Her engines are of 98 nominal horse power and under favorable circumstances can steam from six to eight knots an hour. She was built two years ago and the price paid for her was \$140,000. On February 29th she sailed from Dundee for New York, under the command of Lieutenant L. L. REAMY, of the United States Navy. She experienced heavy gales on the voyage and was driven far to the northward. In latitude 46 deg. 20 min. north and longitude

47 deg. 14 min. west a field of ice was encountered twenty-five miles wide. The *Thetis* was rammed through it. The hatches were battened down for twenty days, big seas sweeping her decks fore and aft. The ship was not in the slightest degree injured by sea or ice, the only mishaps which occurred being the smashing of a whaleboat and the washing away of one of the sidelights. The *Thetis* was admitted to be the stanchest and most serviceable vessel in the Dundee whaling fleet. She was inspected in behalf of the government by Lieutenant Commander F. E. CHADWICK, naval attaché of the American Legation at London, assisted by Mr. LEIGH SMITH, the well known Arctic explorer. Since her arrival at this port on March 22nd she has been thoroughly overhauled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. New decks have been put in and extra diagonal and athwart ship braces have been fitted. The detail of officers for the *Thetis* is as follows:—

Commander W. S. SCHLEY, commander; Lieutenant Uriel Seabee, executive; Lieutenant E. H. Taunt, navigator; Lieutenant O. C. Lemly, Ensign C. H. Harlow, Passed Assistant Surgeon E. H. Green and Chief Engineer George W. Melville.

The Bear.

The steamer *Bear* was a steam sealer hailing from Dundee, where she was built some nine years ago. She is of 648 tons burden, heavily timbered and strongly bolted. She is, if possible, uglier to look at than the *Thetis*, but is doubtless a strong and serviceable craft. A year ago she was fitted at Greenock with a new steel boiler, and her engines, of 110 horse

power, are in good condition. She has three masts, is bark rigged and can steam about eight knots an hour in smooth water. She, too, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted.

The detail for the *Bear* is as follows:—Lieutenant W. H. EMO-
RY, commander; Lieutenant J. H. Crosby, executive; Lieutenant John R. Colwell, navigator; Lieutenant N. R. Usher, Ensign L. K. Reynolds, Passed Assistant Surgeon H. E. Ames and Chief Engineer John Lowe.

The steam launches, one for each vessel, are provided with a combination joint on the screw shafts so as to raise the screws from the water in case of danger from ice. The condenser for making fresh water for drinking purposes and for the feeding of the boilers is a pipe running along the bottom of the boat parallel with the keel. For the other boats sled runners have been made so as to be attached and detached at any time, and for some of the boats the runners will be attached permanently.

The Alert.

The *Alert*, the gift of the British government, has already gained fame as the advance ship of the Nares expedition of 1875. She was built originally in the Pembroke dock yard in 1856 and was then classed as a five gun steam sloop of war. The *Alert* may be fairly classed as one of the strongest vessels afloat, and is thus admirably suited for the arduous task on which she has been and will be again employed. She is a double-skin wooden vessel of 1,270 tons displacement and 381

horse power. In 1875 she was thoroughly rebuilt at Portsmouth, and specially strengthened for Arctic service, under the direction of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, for the expedition commanded by Sir George Nares.

After her return in 1878 she was again commissioned for surveying service, and was paid off in the autumn of 1882 at Sheerness. She has had new rigging and new spars, and a new rudder fitted for shipping and unshipping, which was necessary for Arctic work. She has been strongly protected at the bow with iron plates going entirely round the stem and eight feet aft, and new greenheart planks have been put in where the worst chafing had occurred on her previous expedition. In all other respects such changes have been made as to bring her as nearly as possible to her previous condition as fitted in 1875.

Captain Chadwick, naval attaché of the United States Legation, has had the direction of the work, which, under the supervision of Captain GOODRICH, with the advice and assistance of Captain PARR, has been effected with great promptitude and despatch. Throughout, the Admiralty have rendered all the aid they possibly could, while Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir George Nares, Sir Allen Young and Leigh Smith have placed their experience at the disposal of the new expedition.

The *Alert* will be in command of Commander COFFIN. On account of her size she will be used as a supply ship and will follow in the wake of the other vessels so as to be of service in case of need.

To the *Herald's* account we add that in the outfit of the Relief Expedition the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has been per-

mitted to have its welcome part,—in the supply of a loan library to each of the vessels,—the three going on board in this order, and from the following contributors:—

On the *Bear*, Library No. 8,097, contributed by the Missionary Society of the Church of the Strangers, New York City.

On the *Thetis*, Library No. 8,100, contributed by Mrs. J. O. Mahon, Washington, D. C., in memory of Mr. Allan Thomson.

On the *Alert*, Library No. 8,108, contributed by Primary Class S. S. First Cong. Church, Norwich, Conn.

Besides these loan libraries our chaplain at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) U. S. Navy Yard has furnished each ship with an ample and complete supply of papers and magazines, Bibles and prayer books, for use in divine service, and provided each sailor not already furnished, who would accept it, with a copy of the Scriptures in his own language, there being a dozen different nationalities and about half as many different languages represented among the crews.

The three vessels of the Expedition have now all departed on their errand of good-will,—the *Bear* sailing from the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, Thursday, April 24th,—the *Thetis*, from the same station, April 30th,—and the *Alert*, also sailing from Brooklyn, May 10th. May they return to us in due season, with amplest success, as the reward of their voyaging! It is only just to say that the prompt action for the United States Government in sending them out, has received, as it merits, most hearty and unstinted recognition at the hands of the American and English public.

Sailors' Letters.

The first of these epistles is from Capt. THOMAS PIKE, converted at the Society's Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, in this city, a year or two since. He writes, and his words evidence genuine Christian experience:—

CARBONEAR, N. F., Jan. 18th, '84.

"On the eve of leaving home your very kind and welcome letter came to hand. That was on the 19th of November, so you can see I was exposed to all the November gales, bound for Sydney, Cape Breton, but I am happy to inform you that through the providence of Him who has promised to give His angels charge over those who love and fear Him, I am brought back again in safety with a thankful heart, and with a greater determination than ever, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, while He gives me breath, to praise His holy name,—so that when my voice is lost in death, praise may employ my nobler powers.

"I can tell you that in the height of the storms the MASTER was present with me, and that to the joy of my soul, and to prove to you that 'God is Love,' I will say that one morning when I did not know that any moment would not be my last, wind and sea combining to swallow me up, I was at my usual prayer. I looked, in mind, to my earthly home, and to those who are near and dear to me, then away to the 'Home' where all is love. And I thought 'what a selfish man am I when I have those that are near and dear to me in Heaven, why do I cling to life!' But, dear brother, in that prayer I could also say, 'Lord, thy will be done! If it is thy will, spare my life, if not take me to thy arms of love and mercy, but 'thy will be done!' I was,—

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast.'

"It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and from that hour it is my prayer that I may be instrumental in my Master's hands of doing good.

May the Lord give me work to do and teach me how to do it!

"You asked me in your letter if I ever regretted that Saturday night at the Sailors' Home. No! I praise the Lord and thank Him for his love. Well may I say 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' How true are the words:—'Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.' I often look back to the place and time. You all appear before my mind's eye, and I wish and long to see you all. Please remember me in your meetings. You want to know a little about ours. Well, I can tell you, all are prospering. Last night we had a band meeting, and it was good to be there. As I was speaking I referred to the time and place of my conversion at the SAILORS' HOME, when you asked if there were any present that wished to be prayed for, and I held up my hand. At the close of our meeting our good minister asked if there were any present there who would hold up their hands as I did in New York, and God's people would pray for them. A lady in front of me held up hers. My soul went out in prayer to God. How true are the words,—'Like bread cast on the waters, found after many days.'"

Another sailor who more recently found the Savior at the Home, dates his letter, Baltimore, Md., Feb. 16th, '84. We quote, for his words exhibit the realities of many Christian sailor's experiences:—

"The Lord has been very near and dear to me since I came on board this vessel, though my shipmates are always throwing unpleasant hints and sneers at me. One young man who has been with me in four vessels running, who was my best friend only in this last one, is now my worst enemy. But the Lord helps me to forgive, and I pray for him each time I kneel.

"I pray, too, for you, for the Church (of Sea and Land), for Dr. HOPPER, and for the whole earth, and I am sure God hears me."

As to Our Last Year's Work.

From New York Evangelist, May 8th, 1884.

"THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY continues the noiseless and benef-

icent work in which it has been engaged now for fifty-six years. Aiming to reach and benefit the sailor, its good influence extends much further, tending to the safety of commerce and the good repute of all engaged in it. The chaplains employed, the world over, are faithful men; the reading distributed to the naval and merchant service by means of libraries, and the wide distribution of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and other publications, is of the very best; and this effort to feed the mind and touch the heart, is now supplemented in many large ports by such institutions as the New York Sailor's Home, where wholesome quarters are provided, and at a very low rate. The receipts of the Society from all sources the past year, are given at \$49,835.46."

From New York Observer's Article, May 8th, '84.

"Rev. Dr. HERRICK's sermon was an eloquent statement of the important part that seamen had taken in the early propagation of Christianity, and of the necessity of employing the forces of the sea to secure its further spread and its final triumph. 'Christ for the seamen and the seamen for Christ' should be the motto of the church."

From Christian Union. New York, May 8th, '84.

"The annual sermon of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was preached by the Rev. S. E. HERRICK, of Boston, on the occasion of the fifty-sixth anniversary, in the Tabernacle, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, last Sunday evening. The Society is steadily progressing in usefulness and influence, and the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer show that last year's work compares more than favorably with that of the preceding year."

Brooklyn, N. Y.,—U. S. Navy Yard.

The U. S. Naval Temperance Union held its annual meeting at Sailors' Library Hall and Chapel on Cob Dock, even-

ing of May 7th. The meeting was fully attended by the seamen and their friends from outside the Yard. The President, Rev. E. N. CRANE, was in the chair. Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, offered the opening prayer. Stirring addresses were made by Rev. Dr. T. L. CUYLER, of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Captain CYRUS STURTEVANT, the popular temperance advocate; Captain CHARLES F. SWAIN, President, and Captain D. C. SMITH, Secretary, of the New York Marine Temperance Society. Appropriate music, vocal and instrumental, was rendered by Mr. CHARLES WALTON and Mr. MALLMANN of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, and the Misses CHAMBERLIN, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Order of Good Templars. The closing prayer was offered by Mr. THOMAS W. WOODS.

This was a highly interesting and enthusiastic gathering, and gave new impulse to the cause of temperance among our naval seamen, a number of whom signed the pledge at the close. About 250 members are now enrolled. The former officers were re-elected for the ensuing year, save that Mr. CHARLES WALTON was elected *Secretary*, and Mate HENRY C. FULLER, *Treasurer*.

Incidents of Interest,

In connection with our Loan Library work for sailors, continually come to our notice. *Appropos* is the letter just at hand from the lady donor of the library placed last month upon the *Thetis*, of the Expedition just despatched to the Arctic Seas. Some reader will be led by it, we are assured, to personal participation in such good work:—

"I was delighted upon the receipt of your letter, informing me where the "Allan Thomson Library" was destined,—aboard the *Thetis*, the flag-ship of the Greely Relief Expedition. My

heart follows those vessels in the search of the supposed lost ones, and I pray God they may not only be found, rescued and restored to the loving, aching hearts that are living in such intense anxiety respecting the fate of these men, but that some of these precious souls may be rescued from the darkness of sin, and brought to the knowledge of their precious Savior, 'whom to know aright is life eternal.' Lieutenant Greely and his lovely wife are personal and intimate friends of ours, and our hearts beat in unison with hers, though she is hopeful and sure of his safety, while we fear otherwise.

Another singular incident is this:—Young LOCKWOOD is the son of one of Mr. Thomson's oldest and dearest friends, who went out with Lieutenant Greely. Would it not be a wonderful and mysterious Providence if these souls are found and brought to Christ by the perusal of some book in that library? My prayers shall follow that ship. Please unite yours with mine in a daily petition for the accomplishment of this desire!"

Sunrise Among The Hills.

"His mercies are new every morning, and His compassions fail not."

His mercies are new every morning,—

Heavy and long is the night,—

The sea moans in blackness of darkness,—

There may be a wreck ere the light.

Lo! sudden—a gleam on the mountains—

The shadows are fleeing away:

God touches the clouds with sun-fingers,

And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning,—

And oh, His compassions ne'er fail,—

To the timid sheep, cropping the herbage,

The mariner breasting the gale;

The child born to love and to laughter,

The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive,

The mourner, left "sleeping for sorrow,"

The sick man who wakes up alive!

"His mercies are new every morning!"

In the joy of our youth-time we sung;

"His mercies are new every morning!"

We sing yet, with faltering tongue.

And we'll sing it till bursts the grand music

That all earth's faint anthems stills,

And we see the glad Day-star arising

Above the eternal hills.

Shortlands, Kent, Eng.

Dinah Mulock Craick, in *Congregationalist*.

New York East Conference, M. E. Church, April Session, 1884.

At its late session in Brooklyn, N. Y., the committee on the Seamen's Cause reported as follows:—

American Seamen's Friend Society.

"This Society is laboring with great zeal and devotion for the temporal and spiritual interest of three millions of seamen, whose roving life and vocation deprives them of the privileges and blessings of home and the church. Through its chaplains and missions in America and in many of the principal ports of foreign countries, it befriends the men who have not learned on shipboard how to restrain and protect themselves against the many temptations that beset them on land. Its work is rewarded by many hopeful conversions.

"It has over 8,000 loan libraries, embracing over 400,000 volumes, that have been within the reach of more than 300,000 sailors while at sea.

"The Committee commends this work to the attention, prayers and benevolence of our congregations.

E. S. TODD, *Chairman.*

R. W. JONES, *Secretary.*

How one Loan Library was Provided.

Forwarding \$20 to the Treasurer of our Society, for a sailors' library, a friend in western New York writes:—

"The above was contributed by four individuals. I sent them my SAILORS' MAGAZINES. They said they were interested in them. I asked 'Our Father' to incline each to give \$5 toward a library. He did. I am filled with thankfulness for it."

May this record lead others to "do likewise"!

Deserved Tribute.

We extract from the Historical and Annual Statement to April 1st, 1884, of the First Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., a merited recognition of one who

for more than a score of years has faithfully wrought for sailors in connection with our own organization:—

"Rev. E. O. BATES, of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, has for many years been associated with our church in Quarterly Conference. We first met him, when, in 1855, he was appointed pastor of William Street, and since that time he has been so far out of the 'Itineracy' that his labors have been in South Brooklyn. Having the position of chaplain of the Seamen's Society, he has organized, and is the pastor of the Mariners' M. E. Church, the statistics of which were for several years included with those of First Place Church. We are indebted to this church for several families—among them a valuable member of our Official Board. Brother G. W. BLAUVELT, one of our trustees and Vice-President of our Sunday-school Missionary Society. Brother Bates' labors are known to us—his attention to the poor, the sick, the suffering and the bereaved—the funeral services performed. In his old age he is vigorous, needs no summer vacation to recuperate, and when many of the pastors of our city churches are absent during the heated term, has abundant opportunity to administer to the sick and the dying."

The Pitcairn Islanders.

A correspondent of *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., furnishes an account of a visit paid to these islanders, the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

"I asked them," said the correspondent, "as they were about to leave the vessel in their boats, if they wanted any Bibles or other books; but they said they had plenty of Bibles, but eagerly and most anxiously asked me if I could give them a Concordance, or, if not, some books explaining the Bible. They seemed a most religious set of people. They had just been to church (it was Sunday), and spoke with great pride and delight of the organ so generously sent them by the Queen some time ago. After getting into their boat, they said,—'We will sing you a hymn, captain, before we go,' and they sat and sang 'The Lifeboat,' and 'Pull for the shore,' taking the different parts and singing in beautiful harmony. Altogether they seemed very happy. There are now 103 or 104 people on the island, sixty are females."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

The First Ocean Steamer.

Under this heading, the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for December, 1888, contains a valuable and interesting article upon the building and experimental trip of the steamship *Savannah*, in 1819, but nothing is said as to where or by whom her propelling engines were made.

A supplement to this seems to be necessary. In *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1877, is a noteworthy article under the heading *The Log-Book of the Savannah*, in which it is stated that her engines were made by STEPHEN VAIL of Morristown, N. J. In strict truth they were jointly built by Stephen Vail of Morristown, and DANIEL DODD of Elizabeth, N. J., the principal part having been built at Morristown. This statement is made from actual knowledge, as the writer was one,—the only survivor, as he believes,—of those who wrought upon them.

W. P. V.

Montrose, N. J., May 12th, 1884.

Information Wanted.

Chaplain R. S. STUBBS writes us from Portland, Oregon:—

"An anxious mother desires information concerning her son. He goes by the name of JAMES EDWARDS. His proper name is JAMES McCUE, of Warsel, in Staffordshire, England,—within eight miles of Staffordshire. He is between twenty-eight and twenty-nine years of age.

"Any information will greatly relieve the solicitude of his mother, Mrs. JOHN B. PARKER, who resides on 11th and W. Streets, East Portland, Oregon, U. S. A. Any information can be forwarded to Chaplain R. S. Stubbs, at Portland."

The Oregon's Wonderful Speed.

The Guion steamship *Oregon*, which arrived off Sandy Hook Saturday after-

noon, after having made the quickest passage on record, came up to her dock yesterday morning. Her corrected time from Queenstown to Sandy Hook was 6 days, 10 hours, and 10 minutes. Her best day's run during the voyage was 472 miles, and her poorest 440. Her average was over 450 miles a day, or nearly 19 miles an hour. According to the log of the *Oregon* she traveled in all 2,861 miles. This is 100 miles more than was made by the *Alaska* on her quickest voyage. The days' runs of the *Oregon* were as follows:—April 14th, 440 miles; 15th, 460; 16th, 455; 17th, 470; 18th, 469, and 19th, 472. This leaves 95 miles, which the steamer made between noon on Saturday and 5:47 the same afternoon. She left Queenstown at noon on April 13th. She had good weather during the greater portion of the voyage. It was quite foggy on the Banks of Newfoundland, however, and considerable ice was seen, although the steamer went considerably to the southward of her usual course. While proceeding up Gedney's Channel she struck on a shoal. The rising tide, however, enabled her to float off, and she reached Quarantine at about 3 o'clock yesterday morning.—*New York Times*, April 21st, 1884.

Avoidable Loss of Life and Property at Sea.

From Chart and Compass, London, Eng.

"It is almost in vain that Mr. PLIMSOLL has legislated for the sailors. The loss of life at sea is greater than ever. The shipowner, it may be, is easy on the subject. He is insured, and loses nothing. *But in the storm and tempest the sailors can only look to God.*"

Sir E. J. Read, M. P., in London Contemporary Review.

"I am satisfied that it is possible, and compatible with every reasonable commercial requirement, to construct iron and steel steamers of an unsinkable type,—unsinkable, that is, by all but the most extreme accidents, and certainly unsinkable by causes which are now continually sending fine and costly ships to the bot-

tom. But this result must be brought about by much longitudinal as well as transverse sub-division, and by the resort to water-tight decks communicated with from above by water-tight trunks to an extent scarcely yet thought of. Nothing would tend more to enlarge ocean traffic, and enable it to compare and compete with land traffic on more equal conditions than at present, than the general resort to unsinkable steamships."

"Palmer's Land," in Arctic Seas.

In a late number of the *Sunday School Times*, Rev. HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL, writing of a visit just made by Rev. Mr. ROWLANDS, an English clergyman, to the site of the ancient Kadesh-Barnea, in Southern Palestine, says:—

"His skill as an explorer recalls a representative Yankee incident, out of the records of my early seashore home at Stonington, Connecticut. It was more than sixty years ago, that a Russian exploring expedition in the Antarctic Seas made the discovery of a new continent there. After taking formal possession of it in the name of the Czar, the fleet moved slowly along its shores, when to their amazement they came upon a small Stonington schooner, from which a boat pushed out to them, inquiring if they would like a pilot along the coast. This unparalleled enterprise of the Yankees moved the Russians to give the name of that schooner's captain (Nathaniel B. Palmer) to the new continent, which is still known on the maps as Palmer's Land."

Ships Leaving English Ports In One Day.

According to Sir E. J. READ, M. P., in the *Contemporary Review*, (London, Eng.), the number of ships which leave the Tyne on a busy day is not less than 70, and of those which leave the Mersey, and of those which leave Cardiff, scarcely less, and so on at other ports. The number of those which leave London on an ordinary day exceeds 200, on a busy day 300.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Life's Voyage.

Mariner! o'er life's broad seas
Sailing swiftly with the breeze;
Bound for some far distant shore,
Through the days that come no more,—

There are moments richly blest,
When the ocean lies at rest,
And the storm-winds are asleep,
On the bosom of the deep.

Onward then the good ship flies,
Overarched by sunny skies,
And the sailors' merry song,
Pipes aloft the whole day long.

Yet, beware! for round thee flock
Perils of the wave,—the rock;
'Gainst the tempest and the wreck,
Keep a constant watch on deck.

Night and day with eagle eye,
Scan the sea, the cloud, the sky;
On the tiller lay the hand:—
Heave the lead when nearing land.

Mariner! lo Bethlehem's star
Lights thy pathway from afar;—
Steered by that thou soon shalt rest,
In the haven of the blest.

C. E. L.

New Rochelle, N. Y., April, 1884.

Rev. George C. Smith, and His Church at Penzance, Wales.

The London, Eng., *Chart and Compass* for January, '84, prints the following from the record books of the Penzance church, concerning the connection with it, of this pioneer in Christian work for seamen, in England.

"Mr. SMITH accepted the Penzance pastorate in May, 1807, and continued in it four years. On 14th March, 1811, this entry was made, 'That if Mr. Smith cannot continue among them a majority of the church decided that a proposal should be made that Mr. Smith should continue the pastoral office, if he could only spend three months in the year at Penzance.' This singular proposal was not acceded to, but it shows the high value attaching to his work there, and also the appreciation of his outside work."

Books, Etc.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE PULPIT. FIFTY YEARS AMONG SAILORS. CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL REVIVAL UPON THE SEA. By Charles J. Jones, D. D., Chaplain of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, N. Y. With an introduction by W. P. Strickland, D. D., LL. D., New York, N. Tibbals & Sons, 124 Nassau St., 1884, pp. 528.

The testimonials prefixed to this beautiful volume by the genial and devout chaplain who over his initials, and by his full name, has been so well known for years past in the pages of this MAGAZINE, are from Prof. ADAM McCLELLAND, Rev. Drs. HOWARD CROSBY, T. L. CUYLER, S. H. HALL, E. D. G. PRIME, H. J. VAN DYKE, and Mr. W. GARRETSOHN, and in their hearty appreciation and praise of the book are, as we know, not a whit too strong for its merits. It is a record of weighty facts connected with the past and coming development of the Kingdom of God among men, the scope and force of which will make lasting impression on every thoughtful Christian mind who reads it. And once begun few will care to lay it aside, unread. Dr. JONES has done the Master good and honest service by this publication. Received as we go to press, this is all we can say of it in our present number, but our readers will be likely to hear of it in these pages, more than once hereafter, since its line is identical with that which directs and stimulates our own work for sailors. A steel-plate likeness of the author, which is the very mirror and image of his face, fronts the title page.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by John A. Paine. January, 1884, pp. 145, Quarterly, \$2.50 per annum.

The serious illness of the Editor, from which he has happily recovered, has delayed the issue, but in no sense impaired the value of this sterling publication, and the mere list of articles printed in this number attests the fact. These are,—

The Three Christian Graces, by Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers; The Theology of St. John, by Rev. J. B. Thompson, D. D.; The Agreement of Science with Genesis I, by Prof. C. B. Warring; The Principles of Protestantism and Romanism Contrasted, by Rev. Dr. P. Schaff; Lessons from the Hawaiian Islands, by Gen. S. C. Armstrong; The Site of Ebenezer, by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; Modern Scepticism, its causes and remedy, by Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher; The Power of Luther's Humanity, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.; Is Man's Moral Nature an Evolution from the instinct of Animals? by Rev. J. S. Van Dyke, and A Naturalist's Visit to Egypt, by Principal J. W. Dawson, LL. D. If its pages but occasionally offer feasts like this, the "Journal" will be a real force in current Christian literature.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

APRIL, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	127
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$ 506
of which \$305 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$300 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for June, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 8h. 56m. and 19° 36' north of east; is at its greatest elongation at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 12th, being 23° 19' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 16th, when it rises at 8h. 23m. and 23° 41' north of east; is in conjunction with the Moon at 58m. past noon on the 21st, being 1° 39' north; is in conjunction with Saturn at 5 o'clock on the evening of the 26th, being 1' north.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 25m., and 33° 31' north of west; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 3rd; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at midnight on the 18th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 7h. 35m., being 4° 6' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9m. past midnight and 17° 32' north of west; is

in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 28th at 2h. 43m., being 4° 8' north.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 47m. and 27° 19' north of west; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 25th at 10h. 38m., being 5° 35' north.

SATURN on the 1st is an evening star, but at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th is in conjunction with the Sun, after which time it becomes a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 21st at 10h. 42m., being 2° 46' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for April, 1884.

MAINE.

Bath, Winter St. Cong. ch. and Soc'y \$15 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Acworth, Cong. ch. 7 00
Keene, 2nd Cong. ch. 22 60
Mt. Vernon, Cong. ch. 6 88

VERMONT.

St. Johnsbury, North Cong. ch. 5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Free ch., to const. Kate M. Poor and Stephen Jackson, L. M.'s East Hampton, 1st Cong. ch. and Society 60 04
Easton, Cong. ch. 9 17
Gardner, 1st Cong. ch. 46 06
Gloucester, Cong. ch. 15 00
Hingham, A friend 5 00
Hubbardston, Cong. ch. for lib'y 20 00
Leicester, 1st Cong. ch. 17 08
North Hadley, Church and Society... 4 00
Peabody, South ch. and Soc'y 37 00
Pittsfield, Peck and Russel S. S. for lib'y 20 00
Plymouth, additional 4 02
Randolph, A. W. T. 25 00
Southampton, Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 15 17
Townsend, Cong. S. S. 6 50
Worcester, Piedmont ch. 18 00

CONNECTICUT.

Danbury, Bequest of Mrs. R. B. Frye, late of Danbury, Conn., per L. D. Brewster, adm'r 481 87
Essex, 1st Cong. ch. 15 12
Greenwich, A friend 5 00
Hartford, Miss Laura B. Dunham... 50 00
Meriden, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y. 20 00
Middletown, 1st ch. 42 79
Norwich, Primary Class of Broadway Cong. S. S. for lib'y 20 00
Southport, Miss Eliza A. Bulkley for lib'y in name of George Bulkley Perry 20 00
Stamford, Class No. 5, Cong. S. S., for lib'y, per Mrs. S. V. Ketcham, teacher 20 00
Waterbury, 1st Cong. ch. 32 55
West Suffield, Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 7 30

NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Miss Sarah Corwith and sister, for lib'y 20 00

Brooklyn, Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch.,

Wm. C. Prankard for library in name of Mrs. Mary A. Prankard... 20 00
Rev. D. H. Halliday 10 00
Cortland, Pres. ch. 9 08
Hudson, Miss Catharine A. Robinson, New York City, Higgins & Cox, Attorneys 2 00
W. B. D. 50 00
Wm. P. Douglas 25 00
John A. C. Gray 25 00
Robbins & Appleton 25 00
Cash 25 00
Hoyt Bros 25 00
Arnold, Constable & Co. 25 00
John Monroe & Co. 25 00
Henry Day 25 00
Missionary Society of Church of the Strangers, for lib'y 20 00
"Faithful Workers," Youths' Bible Class, Mizpah Chapel, for lib'y... 20 00
Mrs. James Brown 20 00
Mrs. Lispenard Stewart 20 00
Mrs. A. C. Kip 20 00
George F. Betts 15 00
Phelps Memorial Church 11 50
F. F. Thompson 10 00
S. M. Milliken 10 00
Lord & Taylor 10 00
M. L. S. 10 00
Cash 10 00
Cash 10 00
James C. Carter 10 00
Brooks & Co. 10 00
Wm. M. Halsted 10 00
Lazell, Marsh & Gardner 10 00
W. W. Kip 10 00
Theophilus A. Brouwer 10 00
Miniature Bethel Church 8 00
Bark Kings County, Capt. J. Potter, for lib'y work 6 00
H. F. Lombard 5 00
Charles Butler 5 00
Mrs. P. Bullard 5 00
Gaylord Watson 5 00
C. H. Isham 5 00
W. H. Tallor 5 00
E. N. Tallor 5 00
John H. Boynton 5 00
S. Wilde's Sons 5 00
D. Clarkson 5 00
Cash 1 00
Rochester, Mrs. Willard Hodges and three friends, for the "Buckland Library," 20 00
Southampton, Pres. Society of Southampton 27 35

NEW JERSEY.

Blairstown, C. E. Vail, for lib'y 20 00
Elizabeth, received for the "Sanford Library," 20 00
Holmdel, Rev. Dr. Wm. Reiley 5 00
Morristown, Children's Missionary Society of the 1st Pres. ch., for lib'y 40 00
Newark, Central Pres. ch. 10 00
2nd Pres. ch. 7 54

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon for library in memoriam Mr. Allan Thomson 20 00
Rev. Dr. T. S. Childs 5 00

OHIO.

Cleveland, J. O. Perkins, for lib'y.... 40 00
Salem, David A. Allen, for lib'y 20 00

\$2,064 63



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Hal's Convert.

He was a rough-looking Irish boy. This at first glance; but his face was full of fun, his brown hair clung to his head in tight curls, his eyes were merry, gentle or fierce, according to his quickly changing moods. I am not sure that you might not have called him positively handsome, had he been well dressed and cared for.

In speech Mike was the worst boy in school. Why should he not be? His father was unusually intelligent for one of his class, a good workman, but given to drink, and when drunk he was foul of speech, abusive of his family, the terror of the neighborhood.

Mike's mother, ignorant, hard working, honest, quick tempered, dealt many a blow to her children in her hot impatience, while she worked early and late to keep them clothed and fed. The boy had never learned the first lesson in self-control. How could he? When angry, as he was extremely often, his profaneness was fearful to hear. All the better class of boys avoided him; all but Hal, a fine, manly fellow of twelve, whose home was as good as Mike's was bad.

Hal admired Mike, who rivalled him in foot-ball, base-ball, jumping, and in

his classes even, for Mike was among the first there in spite of his disadvantages. Hal was distressed at Mike's profaneness, and determined to try to help him to give it up. This was how he did it:—

He took him home one day to see his fan-tailed pigeons; then to see his pups, a new and thriving, but sightless family. One day Hal astonished his Aunt Hannah by asking her if she would have a secret with him. Would she knit a pair of cardinal mittens like the pair she knit for him last winter? Of course she would. Christmas morning Hal slipped the mittens into Mike's cold hands. Copies of the *Youth's Companion* found their way into Mrs. Dennis' kitchen, and Mike, who dearly loved stories, pored over them evening after evening. One morning the boys were alone, again admiring the pups.

"Mike," said Hal, "if you'll give up all your bad words I'll give you one of my pups."

Now, these pups constituted a prospective bicycle fund, at least the beginning of one. Their owner expected to sell the five young setters for at least sixty dollars. It cost a struggle to give up one.

Mike could hardly believe his ears.

"I'll do my best," he said, and bore off his treasure in such a state of pride and delight as he had never known.

He kept his word. The foul words slipped out many times afterwards, but by-and-by he had so far given up the dreadful habit that his teacher praised him for his improvement.

"It's not meself it is," said the boy; "it's Hal intirely."

Some of the well-dressed boys in school jeered at Mike, calling him "Hal's convert;" but do you not think Hal had found out the secret of helping those less fortunate than himself?—*Congregation-alist.*

What is it to be a Christian?

BY EDITH.

I suppose that every one has, at some time of his or her life, felt a desire to become a Christian. It may have been but momentary,—other thoughts may have quickly taken its place,—nevertheless, I think it must have been in every mind at least once. And now, What is it to be a Christian?

It is what the name implies,—a follower of Christ. Some people have a very peculiar idea of Christianity. To them there is some great deed to be done, some great triumph to be achieved. In reality, it is only Jesus who has anything to do. You, dear reader, have *only to come*. Doing and working will naturally come of your love to Him, but they will come afterwards. What you want, *now*, is to believe on Him. There are two different kinds of belief: the general and the personal. One believes in a general way, and says: "I know that Jesus died to save sinners; He is the Son of God, that I know."

The personal belief is being able to say: "I know that Jesus died for *me*; He is my Savior, and as such I take Him to follow, to love, to serve, until it pleases Him to take me to Himself."

That is *saving* belief. It is very

different from the other, as I think any sensible person can see if they will only stop to think a moment. Now, perhaps, some one says:—"I do not love Him enough, I am not fit to come." No, you are *not* fit; you are naturally sinful and inclined to neglect this invitation. But He came to call "not the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If you felt that you were already good and holy, you would not feel the need of a mediator. Come to Jesus! If you do not love Him, kneel down this very moment and say: "Lord, I cannot love Thee as I ought; I wish to serve Thee, but I am weak and sinful, and my evil heart prevents my being what I long to be. Give me a new heart which will love and trust Thee."

Do you think He will ever send you away? No, indeed! He has said: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out." He is waiting to take you now, all wicked and sinful as you are. He is willing to give you another heart and make you one of His own children. Do not delay! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, *and thou shalt be saved.*"

How Jamie Hated Order.

When Jamie came rushing in from play to supper, his mother was obliged to speak to him about hanging up his hat; and when his hunger was satisfied, and he started from the table, she said,— "Jamie, do not leave your napkin like that! fold it, and put it in the ring. Has my boy no sense of order?"

"No, mamma," cried Jamie, rushing back to do as his mother told him, "I *hate* order! It's always hindering and interfering."

"Some people might say it was disorder that is always hindering and interfering." For instance, had you folded your napkin at the proper time, you would not have had to come back to do it," said Mrs. Wright. She added, "I guess you love order as well as any of us, if the truth were known."

"No, mamma. I am sorry, but I positively *hate* order. What I love is to fly my kite,—or to make a boat and sail it on the pond; and when it is dark, I love to come in and see you, and eat supper of huckleberries and milk, and doughnuts; but I just *despise* to be always folding up, or hanging up, or picking up something."

In emphasizing his views, Jamie jerked the table-cloth, so that baby's tray and spoon went clattering to the floor. Then there were two more things to pick up!

"Still," said Mrs. Wright, "I think there are some kinds of order which you like."

"I am afraid not, mamma, not one."

"When you have played out doors until the last minute, and you get into the house just as the clock strikes one, then do you mind dinner being all in order?"

Jamie smiled; then he looked a little sober.

"Yesterday, when Uncle Charles came to take you to ride with him, if you could be ready in five minutes,—Uncle Charles who is so elegant—then were you sorry to find clean collar, necktie, handkerchief, gloves, hat, all ready to lay your hand on them?"

"Mamma!"

"Would you like to find yourself at school with holes in your jacket? Do you hate when you go up stairs at night tired, to find a bed made up comfortable?"

"Mamma, what do you mean?"

"That is not order which you hate, but the trouble necessary to gain it. Ah, my boy! no one of us likes that; but ought not each of us to take a part of it? or should papa or mamma or grandma and Bridget do all the tiresome picking up and 'fixing up,' while Jamie only enjoys it?"

Jamie put two warm arms around his mother's neck:—"Mamma, you are great for explaining things, aren't you?"—*Boston Beacon.*

General Gordon.

All the boys ought to be interested in the English general who goes by the name of "Chinese" Gordon, because he is so interested in them. Street boys are his especial care, and when off duty for a few years he formed evening schools for them and got them chances to go to sea. He has a large map of the world all stuck over with pins, to show where the boys are whom he has befriended, moving the pins as they change from place to place.

He got the nickname of "Chinese" Gordon from his splendid victories in China, in what is called the great Taiping rebellion. A crazy sort of village school-master had formed an immense army of several hundred thousand men, and overrun a large part of Southern China, when the English were called upon for help. General Gordon was sent out with an army of about 4,000 men, and brought the rebels to terms. He carried no arms, but always had a small cane, which he waved before his men, and they came to look upon it as a kind of magic wand of victory. Occasionally, when the Chinese officers flinched, he would take one quietly by the arm, and lead him into the thickest of the enemy's fire, as coolly as though he were taking him in to dinner. He was the means of saving thousands of lives, but he left China without taking a penny of reward.—*Congregationalist.*

Prayer for Papa.

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father. Suddenly that father was removed by death. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side at evening the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed, "O mother! I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers." How sweetly she honored her father's memory by her tender love!

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During April, 1884, fifty-one loan libraries, twenty-four new and twenty-seven reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,087-8,105, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,900, 7,915, 7,917, 7,933, and 7,934, at Boston.

The twenty-seven libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,533; No. 6,400; No. 6,837; No. 7,030; No. 7,239; No. 7,360; No. 7,533; No. 7,631; No. 7,830;
 " 5,157; " 6,600; " 6,890; " 7,166; " 7,292; " 7,415; " 7,595; " 7,812; " 7,831;
 " 5,912; " 6,744; " 6,898; " 7,234; " 7,336; " 7,513; " 7,606; " 7,823; " 7,837.

JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick shepherd, heard a relation of his own, a worthy old shepherd, pray as follows on the day on which he buried his only son:—"Thou hast seen meet, in Thy wise providence, to remove the staff out of my right hand at the very time when, to us poor sand blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But O! he was a sicker (such) ane and a sure ane, and a dear ane to my heart! And how I'll climb the steep hill o'auld age and sorrow without it Thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

DOCTOR, *learned-looking and speaking slowly*,—"Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar or the incisor?"

JACK, *short and sharp*,—"It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side."

AN OLD SOLDIER, noticing that his pipe troubled a lady, said to her,—"They don't smoke in your regiment, ma'am?" "In my regiment, it is possible," replied the lady; "but in my company, never!"

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*



Vol. 56,

JULY, 1884.

No. 7.

From the N. Y. Independent.

WHY MY SISTER PARTED WITH HER DIAMONDS.

A TRUE STORY—AS TOLD BY HER BROTHER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

More than forty years ago I served as second mate on board the good ship *Orpheus*, Captain Laidlaw, bound from Rangoon to Madras, with a cargo of teak wood. The *Orpheus* was a vessel of four hundred and fifty tons burthen, very much out of repair, and in every respect very badly provided for. Her crew consisted of fifty-three men, chiefly Lascars, with a sprinkling of Europeans and a few Malays. I don't recollect how many. We had also four passengers on board besides Mr. Laidlaw, my sister (then newly married to Captain Laidlaw) together with her maid, a Rangoon girl, who had been persuaded with great difficulty to enter into my sister's service. We were seventy-two souls in all. Captain Laidlaw was a strong, handsome, burly man, of about forty years of age.

My sister was only eighteen; but, notwithstanding the disparity of the ages of husband and wife, the match between them had been, in all respects, a love match, and was as happy a one as all love-matches are, at least, for a certain time; where the flush of early passion lasts and sometimes grows as the flowers do. My age was twenty-five; and I had adopted the maritime profession not only from sheer love of adventure, but because I loved it. My father was a merchant in Glasgow, well to do, the head of the firm of Mac-Donald & MacGregor. He did not look with over-much favor on my love of the sea, but did not strenuously oppose my wishes when he found that I had set my mind upon a roving life, and that I desired, above all things, to see the world and to visit foreign



countries. We set sail on the 15th of May, 1844. We made but slow progress, though the winds were favorable, until the 1st of June, when we were overtaken by a strong gale from the South Southwest, with a very high sea. The crazy ship labored very much, and, unfortunately, sprung a leak, which, during six days, required the utmost exertions of all hands, including the passengers, to keep under. As ill luck would have it, we had no carpenter on board, very few carpenter's tools, and not a man who knew the proper use of them, and were reduced to the necessity of stopping the leak as best we could, by plugging it with a piece of canvas. To add to our distress the pumping-gear was greatly out of order; but, by dint of ingenuity and perseverance, with such tools as we had, we managed to get it into a comparatively efficient condition. And there was much need of all our efforts; for on the 12th of June, the severity of the gale increased, and the ship made more water than ever. We had all to labor incessantly,—all except the two women. On the 6th, well nigh exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep, we began to entertain serious apprehensions for the safety of the ship, and Captain Laidlaw, after consultation with the first mate and myself, determined to set all the sail we could carry, and keep her away, so as to fetch the nearest port of the coast of Coromandel, proposing afterward to coast along to Madras and bear up for Bengal, as our situation should permit. But, the leak increasing, and the pumps requiring such severe and constant labor, it was not in our power to devote the necessary attention to the sails, so that, before the 18th,

they were all blown away from the yards, with the exception of the foresail. The ship pitched so deeply and heavily that we sometimes despaired of her ever rising again, and the Lascars were so exhausted and dispirited that it was with the utmost difficulty the Captain and officers kept them to the pumps. The idea prevailed that the ship must inevitably go down, owing to the quantity of sand-ballast stowed away under the teak cargo. The Lascars were clamorous for getting out the boats, which Captain Laidlaw, Mr Ward, the first mate, as well as I, knew would be of no service, as we had only an old jolly-boat and a six-oared pinnace, both of which were rotten and leaky. It was thought advisable, under the circumstances, to cut away the main-mast to lighten the vessel, and prevent her from sinking, at least before the morning. This was effected; but, most unfortunately, the wreck of the mast fell within board. In the confusion thus created the man at the wheel let the ship broad to, and the sea made a fierce passage over the deck. At this critical moment my poor sister, who had been very ill all the time, and was in her berth, all but helpless with seasickness, found means to get up the hatchway. Mr. Ward and myself helped her to reach the quarter-deck rail and were making her fast to the mizzen rigging, when the ship came to her utmost bearings and instantly settled down. From the sudden jerk she made we all thought she was going to the bottom; but she sank no deeper than just to bring the upper deck under water. All hands scrambled up the riggings to escape drowning, climbing gradually further aloft, as each succeed-

ing wave ran higher and higher on the submerged deck. Captain Laidlaw, his wife, her maid, the chief mate and myself, with a few others, succeeded in reaching the mizzen top. My poor sister,—so young, so beautiful, and so weak,—complained bitterly of the cold, having nothing to cover her but her night-dress and an old petticoat. Her husband stripped off his jacket, and covered her shoulders with it, which gave her much comfort and relief.

In this position we passed the night,—seventy-two poor wretches, all told, clinging to the rigging for dear life, the sea running mountains high, and the ship threatening every moment to be overwhelmed by the furious waves that seemed to hunger for our half-dead bodies. Some few of the Lascars, unable to endure the suffering and the suspense, jumped into the sea and were drowned; and some few, I never knew how many, unable to keep their precarious hold of the rigging, were washed away. The gale continued for three days; and, to add to the horrors of our situation, we found that the only provisions we had, except those which were under water, was one small box of hard sea-biscuits. The boatswain, one of the few Europeans among the crew, who happened to lay hold of the same rope as I did in the rigging, asked me, in a whisper, as the fear of famine increased upon us, if I thought there would be any sin in eating the flesh of any one of the crew who happened to die, if by so doing we could keep ourselves alive; and the idea was horrible; but I think it did not inspire me with as much abhorrence as it ought to have done, and that I did not altogether look upon it with disfavor. This is

the plain truth, though I hesitate to confess it, and think myself a wretch for doing so. My hunger pains were at first very hard to bear; but after a time, a kind of callous apathy and indifference settled upon me. I at last fell into a stupid kind of broken and uneasy sleep, during which I had confused dreams of eating and drinking every imaginable kind of delicacy. But I found thirst much harder to bear than hunger. Suddenly I remembered having read somewhere that a shipwrecked sailor, suffering as I was suffering, had found relief from wrapping himself in a rug or blanket dipped in the sea, and letting it dry on his skin. I tried this remedy, and found considerable relief from it; and many of the Lascars did the same. But neither Captain Laidlaw nor his wife could be persuaded to try it.

On the fifth day of our imprisonment in the rigging, two of the Lascars dropped off, falling, like stones, into the water; and although I wished to live, I thought,—though it was only for a moment,—that I envied them their happy release from suffering. Captain Laidlaw and Mr. Ward having several times spoken of the desirability of constructing a raft, it was finally decided to make one out of the foreyard, the sprit-sail yard, and such of the spars, great or small, as we could collect together. It took us the best part of two days to construct it; and it was no sooner ready, as we thought, than the captain helped his wife to get upon it, and tenderly handed her down from the mizzen top, together with her maid. There was a general rush of the crew from all parts of the rigging, until so many crowded upon it, that we discovered that

the raft was much too small to hold them, and a scramble took place, during which many of the weakest and most exhausted were pushed off and drowned, without any attempt being made to save them. Under these circumstances the captain and several others made their way back to the wreck, to their former stations in the rigging. Among these were included the two women, who were, with the greatest difficulty, made secure with ropes in their old places, there to await either death or rescue, whichever it might happen to be. The next morning, at day-break, the Captain and all the rest of us who had returned to the wreck were greatly surprised to find the raft alongside of us, but on the opposite side from that where we had left it. We learned from one of the few men left upon it, who had still the power to speak, that they had paddled about all night, drifting they knew not whither. Finding themselves, to their surprise, alongside of us, they had made up their minds to leave the raft and take up their old positions in the rigging. Captain Laidlaw, soon after this, became delirious, doubtless from thirst, which so alarmed his wife that she fell into convulsions. She soon recovered, however, when her husband took her in his strong, loving arms, and held her close to his breast, almost smothering her with his embraces, and reproaching himself in passionate terms, for having brought her into such terrible danger and distress, and beseeching us in the wildest way to give her something to eat and drink, imagining, in his frenzy, that there was a bountifully spread table before him, filled with the choicest delicacies,—with water in

abundance, as well as champagne and other choice wines. For many hours he clasped his wife convulsively in his arms, loading her with the most passionate caresses, and praying that they might go to Heaven together. On the following day there came a heavy squall, which brought with it showers of refreshing rain. We endeavored, not unsuccessfully always, to catch the drops as they fell, and, failing in this, we squeezed the heavenly moisture out of our clothing, and found new life and vigor in drinking the scanty drops, until we almost forgot our misery in the blessed sensation which we experienced.

Though I suffered greatly, I really believe that my sufferings, intense as they were, fell short of what I had imagined they would be. I had the idea firmly impressed on my mind that no person could live without food beyond a week at the utmost; and as our stock of hard sea-biscuit, very sparingly doled out to each man, at the rate of about a quarter of a biscuit a day, was rapidly growing less, and threatened to be exhausted altogether, without the slightest prospect of any further supply, I had vague ideas that, when the worst came to the worst, we should be compelled to cast lots for putting one of us to death, that the survivors might feast upon his body. Rather than this, I thought, I should like to die, and looked death in the face without a shadow of fear. All I hoped was that I should not die mad, though, seeing so many delirious men around me, and watching them jump desperately from the rigging into the yawning waves below, I thought such an end to my own life was not at all improbable.

One of the Lascars, whose whole body broke out in ulcers of a very disgusting appearance, died in the cat-harpings, just under the mizzen top. His next neighbor endeavored to throw the body into the sea; but it had got so entangled among the ropes that all his efforts, on account of his extreme weakness, were unavailing to disengage it. It consequently remained in the rigging for two days and nights, until, at last, the stench became so intolerable as to give the man alongside a spurt of strength and desperation to get rid of it. He succeeded somehow or other; and the putrid body, released from the rigging, fell into the waves, and received merciful burial in the great deep.

On the morning of the eleventh day, the greatest calamity of all we had endured befell us; or, at least, befell my poor sister. That day, at early dawn, she found her beloved husband dead in her arms. He had passed away without a sigh or a struggle, and had, perhaps, been dead an hour or two before she was aware of the fearful loss she had experienced. I cannot say that his wife was inconsolable, though she might have been if she had not been unconscious and insensible. She saw some of us, who had still a little strength left,—I being one of the number,—exert ourselves to remove the body from the rigging, and consign it, after a prayer which I uttered over it, to the waves, after stripping off most of his clothing, which we thought might be useful to protect his wife from the cold. In the course of that day three of the Lascars died from cold, hunger, prostration, and perhaps despair, and were, in like manner, thrown overboard. Our numbers were

now very rapidly diminishing; and fewer demands were, in consequence, made upon our precious store of hard-biscuit.

Hitherto we had found the nights somewhat chilly, though it was the month of July. The heavy rains by which we were drenched, though agreeable in some respects, and most beneficial and welcome in others, rendered us more susceptible to cold than we might otherwise have been. After sunset our teeth chattered and our hands and feet grew benumbed; but at sunrise we recovered, by degrees, the use of our limbs. The heat diffused its blessed influence over our whole frames; and we became comparatively cheerful as we exposed first one side of our bodies and then the other to the rays of the vertical sun, which had such a benign influence upon our spirits that we indulged in conversation with one another. But toward noon, as the heat increased, we found it oppressive, and sank into almost hopeless lethargy, and were scarcely able to maintain our precarious hold of the rigging.

On the evening of the twelfth day, as nearly as we could calculate, after the hull of our ship was wholly submerged, one of the Lascars on the mizzen top declared that he saw land on the horizon to the eastward. But we all, though we looked wistfully, intently, failed to discover it.

I have not yet mentioned the cabin-boy,—once a strong lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age,—who had daily received, like all the rest, his allotted share of hard-biscuit, but who was too unwell to eat it, and had, consequently, allowed his little store to accumulate, until he was the possessor of what would have amounted to

two whole biscuits, had they not been, of necessity, broken up into fragments for the purpose of equitable distribution. The knowledge that the poor little fellow, whose name was Bloxam, was the possessor of such a store as this spread, no one knew how, among the crew, and I verily believe that the thought of murdering him, to gain possession of it, was no stranger to the minds of more than one ravenous Lascar among our company, and that many of them, whose thoughts did not run to this extreme length of cupidity would have been by no means sorry if the poor boy had dropped out of the rigging into the sea, and left his biscuit behind him for the benefit of the survivors. If such had been his fate there would doubtless have been a scramble, perhaps a fight for the valuable property he had left behind him. Mrs. Laidlaw, who, like the rest of us, had heard of the existence of the boy's treasure and of its uselessness to him, for want of the appetite to consume it, asked me if I did not think the lad could be induced to sell a portion of it, if an adequate price were offered for it. She was in possession of a splendid diamond bracelet, the gift of her rich father, valued at £400 (two thousand dollars) at the very least, and would willingly part with it for one biscuit, or even half of one, if the sickly boy could be induced to make the exchange. I communicated to the boy the splendid offer, in my sister's behalf; but he peremptorily refused to listen to it, and said he would not sell the quarter of a biscuit for all the diamonds in the world. My sister, as I learned for the first time, had no less a sum than eleven hundred pounds, partly in

notes of the Bank of England, and partly in gold, concealed in a belt which she wore around her body. The money had been confided to her care, three days before he died, by her husband, and she made known to Bloxam that she would give him all the golden sovereigns, amounting to at least five hundred, for one half of his unconsumed store of biscuit, which was not of any present use to him. He scarcely took time to think of the offer, but point blank refused it. My sister, who at the time was suffering greatly from the extremity of hunger, offered, in her desperation, to give him not only the whole eleven hundred pounds, but the diamond bracelet to boot, if he would divide his biscuit fairly with her. Much to my surprise, considering his previous peremptory refusals, he accepted the offer; and this remarkable exchange was duly effected. "If I should happen to die," said Bloxam to me, "you must promise to take care of the money for me. You may give the diamond bracelet back again to Mrs. Laidlaw; but I intend the money for my mother. She is a poor widow, in Glasgow. She loves me very much, as I love her; and this money will make her comfortable for the remainder of her life. Will you promise me this?" I promised him solemnly that I would carry out his wishes; for I felt that the biscuit he had parted with had, in all probability, saved my sister's life, and I would have scorned to break faith with him. The boy had evidently full reliance upon my word; and I resolved in my own mind, that, if my life was spared, I would go to Glasgow at the first opportunity and deliver the money with my own hands into those of the old lady for whom it was in-

tended,—provided, always, that the boy did not live to carry his own intentions into effect.

His life, however, was at this very time, fast ebbing away; and he died, in less than a week afterward, of cold and exhaustion, leaving the remainder of his biscuit unlesened and untouched. We consigned his poor, emaciated body to the waves, and I took possession of all his worldly goods, the bracelet, the eleven hundred pounds, and the biscuit. I gave the diamond bracelet back again to my sister; and I thought, under all the circumstances of the case, that I might also give her the biscuit, which I did. I must confess that, at her very urgent request, I consented to accept and eat a good mouthful of biscuit, and felt all the better for it. She received, with evident pleasure, her bracelet back again; for she clung to life, and had all a young and beautiful woman's love of finery. As for the eleven hundred pounds, she expressed no regret for the loss of it; but, on the contrary, entirely approved of the use to which Bloxam had destined it.

Three days after this, the boatswain, a European, reported that land was in sight, and that our ship, or the remains of it, was drifting rapidly toward the shore. The boatswain was right. On looking toward the shore, which was not far distant, we perceived that it was dense jungle. I had a dread that took very forcible possession of my mind, as it did of that of the boatswain, that if we were cast ashore, as it seemed very probable we would be, at that place, we should find ourselves exposed to the ravages of hungry tigers, who might possibly be the only inhabitants of the jungle.

This dread, however, passed over, when we plainly distinguished three men upon the shore. We made signals to them by waving our handkerchiefs, and such cloths or rags as we could muster; but they failed to observe them, or, if they observed, took no notice. We were not disheartened, however. The raft, or the planks and spars of which it was composed, still remained to us, and by trusting to it, such of us as might have courage to venture might hope to reach the shore, which was at less than a league's distance. If we reached it, as I had no doubt we should,—at least I had no doubts on the subject,—we might, if the people on shore were friendly, devise means for rescuing the two women, whom we should be reluctantly compelled to leave behind in the ship. Before trusting myself to the raft, I anticipated that I might possibly, on nearing the shore, have to swim a short distance. I resolved to disembarrass myself of the bank notes and gold, being the eleven hundred pounds which I held in trust for the lad Bloxam's mother. I, therefore, determined to ask my sister to take care of it for me, and to stow it away in the belt round her body, as she had formerly done, before she parted with it for the biscuit. To this proposition she readily assented.

On the following morning, before trusting myself to the spar that had formed a portion of the raft, and that I expected would be carried by the tide, with me holding fast to it, toward the shore, or, at least, to shallow water, through which I might wade to land, I took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Laidlaw, who was much too feeble and exhausted

to be able to help herself in an effective way, and whom it would have been unwise to have entrusted to the chances of reaching the shore in safety, either by raft or spar. She gave me her blessing at parting, and had such confidence in my exertions that she fully expected, if I reached the shore in safety, that I should be able to find the means of rescuing her from the wreck. She put a few rupees into my hand at parting, with the idea that I might find them useful among the natives on shore in buying their aid, if they should be otherwise unwilling to render it. Her thoughtful care was not employed in vain, as I found before many hours had passed over.

My efforts to reach the shore were painful and disappointing, and once or twice seemed as if they could not possibly be successful. After losing my hold of the spar, on which I had relied for support,—I do not know how or when the support failed me,—I found myself in the surf along shore, almost naked, and well nigh exhausted. I managed, however, to wade,—the water being up to my middle,—right on to the beach, where I found, to my great joy, that six of the Lascars of the crew had preceded me. They gave me a good account of the kindness of the natives, who had supplied them with as much boiled rice as they could consume with safety after their long fast. One of these good Samaritans, seeing me painfully hobble on the beach from sheer weakness, brought me a small quantity also, wrapped up in a large plantain leaf, and a cup of milk, which I found as delicious as any fabled nectar could have been, and which I greedily swallowed, to my great comfort

and relief. After this I lay down on the ground, and fell asleep in less than a minute, so exhausted I was, and slept the sleep of a stone, utterly devoid of motion, and perhaps of sense, also, for the time being.

When I awaked, after seven hours of divine forgetfulness, I was both surprised and bewildered to find Mrs. Laidlaw sitting by my side on the ground, together with her maid, both of them looking very pale and emaciated, but appearing to be in excellent spirits. I learned from my sister that six of the natives had come off to the wreck in a rude kind of canoe, and, for the reward of all the rupees which she possessed, had taken her and her maid from the rigging and brought them safely on shore. Great was my thankfulness to Heaven, not only for the preservation of my own life after so many trials and hardships, but for that of my sister, who had undergone sufferings severe enough to have proved fatal to a woman far stronger than she was, and which had already proved fatal to so many of our crew in the prime of their strength and manhood.

During that night, while we were still upon the beach, under shelter of a rock that partially protected us from the wind and rain, that fell at intervals, the ship, that had been driven violently on the lee shore in less than five feet of water, parted in two. The bottom stuck fast on the rocks, and the upper part floated so near that two Lascars, who still remained on the wreck, were enabled to wade on shore. At low water the natives went off to rummage and overhaul the wreck; but they found little to reward them, of any value. Everything had been washed away or lost, except a few brok-

en muskets, some iron, brass and lead, all of which they carried off, as well as some loose copper which they detached from the hull. We found that the place where we had landed was about five miles from the village called Ramoo, where there was a resident English magistrate, in the service of the East India Company. To Ramoo we, therefore, determined to make our way as soon as possible. The great difficulty was how to get Mrs. Laidlaw to the place, as she was far too feeble and exhausted to walk the distance. On our promise of large reward as soon as we reached Ramoo, where we knew the resident magistrate would supply us with money, we prevailed upon the natives and the Lascars of our own crew to construct a rude litter of bamboo for the conveyance of the two women. We had great difficulty in driving the bargain, as the men required ready money for their services, which we had not to give, unless we broke into the eleven hundred pounds which Mrs. Laidlaw had about her, which I would not consent to do, fearing that, if the men knew we had so much money, they might murder my sister and myself to obtain it. We managed, however, to satisfy the men that they would be, to a certainty, paid when we arrived at Ramoo,—a satisfaction that was partly due to the fact that I slipped into the hand of the chief of the party the few rupees which my sister had given me when I parted from her on the wreck, and the assurance that no more rupees were left to our little party to divide among them.

We arrived safely at Ramoo, where we were most hospitably treated by the President, and had all our wants supplied most bountifully. My sister gradually re-

covered health and strength, and was enabled, in less than six weeks afterward, to take her passage home with me from Calcutta to London, where we arrived safe and sound, little or none the worse for the long sufferings and hardships which we had endured, and deeply grateful to an All Wise and All Merciful Providence that so enabled us to surmount them.

As soon as I had settled affairs with the owners of the *Orpheus*, and transacted some other necessary business in London, I made my way to Glasgow, with Mrs. Laidlaw, to our father's house near the suburbs of Partick, where I rested for awhile, before proceeding again to sea. I made it my business, on a very early day after our arrival, to discover Mrs. Bloxam, the cabin-boy's mother, and relieve myself of the trust which I had undertaken on her account. I found her at last, after considerable difficulty, as, being still young and comely, she had changed her name and become the wife of a respectable minister of the Gospel, living on the poor stipend of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. I soon found, however, to my great astonishment, that, although so poor, he was rich enough to afford the great luxury of keeping a conscience. Greatly to my surprise, when he and his wife were fully informed of my errand, and of the whole of the circumstances connected with the eleven hundred pounds, they both positively and peremptorily refused to accept the money or any portion of it. Mrs. Chalmers, such was her new name, spoke with a very broad, but to my ears a very pleasant Scotch accent. "Na! Na!" she said. "We'll no tak the filthy lucre! It wad na be canny to touch it. More than a thousand pounds for

a wee bit o' hard biscuit. Such a thing was never heard o' since the creation o' the world! It wad be doon-right robbery to deprive Mrs. Laidlaw of a shillin' o' it. A shillin'; may be we might accept a shillin', though a shillin' wad be an unco mucka price for a wee bit o' biscuit, when the pair body that bought it was weel nigh dyin' o' starvation! Na! Na!"

The Rev. Mr. Chalmers was equally decided. "It would not be Christian-like to accept this money; and I quite agree with my wife in her determination to refuse it, and should recommend you to take it back again to your sister. I would suggest, at the same time, that, if she would devote, say five or ten pounds of the money to the poor of the parish of which I have the honor to be the minister, and charge me with the distribution of it, she would do a good action, and fully meet all the rational requirements and equity of the case."

"The vera thing!" interposed Mrs. Chalmers, in her sweet, mus-

ical voice. "So we'll no say anither word about it. Ye can gie Mr. Chalmers the ten pounds; and ye may depend he'll guide it cannily and wisely, and that a blessing will attend it."

No persuasion of mine could induce this worthy couple to alter the resolution to which they had come; and finding it both useless and ungracious to discuss the matter any further with them, I left them with feelings of respect such as I had never before entertained for a human being. Mrs. Laidlaw, in the week following, bought and presented to Mrs. Chalmers a black silk dress, together with a diamond ring, while I, on my part, purchased a folio Bible, handsomely bound in morocco, and presented it to her husband. Both of the gifts were kindly accepted.

* * * *

Thus ends the true story of Mrs. Laidlaw's jewels and money, and of the cabin-boy's biscuits, as told to me, long ago, by my cousin, the second mate of the *Orpheus*.

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL LEADER.

We have referred the following sketch, says the Boston *Congregationalist*, to Rev. Dr. RANKIN, who remembers the conversion mentioned and believes the narrative substantially correct:—

I was an infidel. I belonged to a philosophical club in the City of Washington, D. C., and was secretary of that organization. I am happy to say that upon my conversion the above mentioned organization was broken up, and the late infidel president is now preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Mr. HAMMOND had been laboring here with marked success, and we were discussing "true revivals" in our club meetings. I became interested in the meetings. I was anxious to discover the motive which influenced refined and cultivated ladies to labor so anxiously with men whose lives had been those of shame and degradation. I saw that when the change was effected in the career of a man, it was a change so striking and so real that it resulted in a complete revolution in his character and person.

I was standing in the rear part

of Dr. SUNDERLAND's church, talking with a gentleman on the subject of religion, when we were approached by his daughter, who said to me, "Pardon me for intruding upon your conversation, but if you are not too much engaged I would like to have you talk to that gentleman standing over there," indicating with her hand a young man standing and resting his hands on the back of one of the pews in the rear of the church. I said to her that I would rather not talk with him, for if he was interested on the subject of religion, I might lead him over into heterodoxy, and I did not care to assume that risk. "Oh, no," she replied, "he thinks as you do. But I would like to know whether your philosophy will do him any good." "Very well, then," I answered, "I will talk with him." I passed over and invited him to a seat. I found that he agreed with me on the subject of the probable cause of the conversions, and began to wonder why the young lady desired me to talk with him. While leaning towards him I discovered that he had been drinking, and then remembered to have seen him coming out of a liquor-saloon that very morning. I saw at once his difficulty, and recognized mine. What could my philosophy do for him? Surely he knew enough of physiology and anatomy to know what would be the effect of strong drink habitually indulged in upon the human system. But what good did his knowledge of these sciences do him? So I asked myself, what good can my philosophy do him, since my appeals to his head cannot reach his heart?

If anything could do this young man any good, then, it was not infidelity, or any other scheme of

man's devising. I saw this, I say, and getting up to go out of the church, I encountered my lady friend, and said to her, "My philosophy can do him no good." She replied, "That was just what I prayed for." As quick as a flash the truth entered my mind. If my philosophy can do him no good under the circumstances, what good can it do me? If the Christian scheme alone can benefit him, is it not grander and nobler than all others, and may it not also help me? I hurried out of the church, greatly troubled in my mind,—when something seemed to say to me, "You came near making a fool of yourself," and I inwardly resolved never to go near the church again.

I afterwards learned that this young lady repaired to her home, sought her sister, and the two together went to their room to pray for my conversion. The youngest said she believed I would be converted on the morrow. That prayer of faith saved my sick soul, and I was indeed converted on the morrow.

Notwithstanding I said I would not go near the church again, I was the first at the church on the next morning. I took a seat somewhat back, and, with my whole soul trembling, resolved to find peace if I could that very day. Just as this resolve was made, Dr. Sunderland asked for prayers for a young man in whom he was deeply interested, and then poured forth a prayer full of power and pathos. I tried to control myself, but the more I tried, the stronger this convulsion held me. It seemed as though two forces were contending within me for mastery, and neither would yield to the other. I thought of God and of Jesus. In-

voluntarily I repeated this passage of Scripture, but I repeated it as a drowning man catches at a straw, "I believe 'that Thou art, and that Thou art the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Thee'; and now I come to Thee, since Thou hast promised that him that cometh to Thee Thou wilt in no wise cast out. Save, Lord, or I perish!" Then all my burden dropped off, and the light of truth and God swept over my soul, until I could have shouted, Glory to God! for every joy. At this moment I felt a kindly hand laid upon my shoulder, and a voice in my ear asking, "How is it now, brother?" It was the voice of Dr. Rankin. I replied, "It is all right now!" And it has been all right from that moment up to the present hour.—*Herald of Mercy.*

Sunday Fishing.

In response to a recent paragraph in the *Congregationalist*, a "fisherman" tells his story as follows in *Zion's Herald*. The subject of keeping the Lord's day both on the land and the sea, and with professing Christians as well as other people, is one that calls for serious attention:—

When not yet fourteen years of age my father shipped me on board of a fishing schooner. In a few days we were on our passage to the Bay of St. Lawrence for cod-fish. The first day after our arrival on the bank chanced to be the Sabbath. After breakfast all hands went upon deck. The captain then addressed us in very nearly these words:—"Men, I have a family to support, and my rule is to catch fish whenever they will

bite. I shall fish Sunday, yet I shall not compel any one of my crew to fish Sunday against his wish. Let those men who will join me come on the starboard side, and those who do not go over on the larboard side." Suddenly the teachings of my childhood flashed before me, and the restraint of my parents, blended with the divine requirement, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," gave conviction to my conscience and decision to my will, and I went to the larboard side. Here I joined three men, including the cook. Out of a crew of ten men, four of us chose not to fish on the Lord's day. The next Sabbath, however, one of our number went over to the side of the majority.

But as I continued to follow the business, temptations to fish on the Sabbath multiplied. Had the choice always been mine, as at the first, I have no reason to doubt I should never have fished on the Sabbath thereafter. But I record with sadness that one captain with whom I shipped was so inexorably harsh and arbitrary that to refuse to fish as the others would have subjected me to most violent insults and persecutions; and though I never lost my abhorrence of this feature of Sabbath desecration, yet I was broken away from my steadfast purpose, and fished on the Sabbath. A stranger then to grace, it is no marvel that I did suffer myself to be coerced by a cruel custom which I knew I could not change.

In the year 1862 I began to go fishing from Gloucester, Mass. I then knew five or six men, who had charge of vessels, who did not fish on the Lord's day. Five men out of nearly, if not quite, three hundred! All possible efforts were

made on the part of those who would fish Sunday to create a public contempt for anti-Sabbath fishermen. The captains, unless they owned the controlling interest in their vessels, were constantly in danger, unless successful, of being turned out of command by the firms for which they sailed. Therefore, most of those men, whose moral purpose of life rose high enough to make conscience and the Word of God a rule for conduct, left the fishing business, many of them, largely, out of a feeling of non-congeniality with the business and its immoral environments.

In the year 1866 the grace of God, made me, as I believe, a new man. And for two years more, including a part of my student days while fitting for college, I continued to go fishing from Gloucester. But I would not fish on the Sabbath. Thus from a varied experience, and that from two standpoints, I have been enabled to pass judgment upon Sabbath fishing. It is a cruel system. It robs men of physical rest, which is a normal condition of health and happiness. It fastens a paralysis upon the conscience of men who own and sail the vessels.

Sabbath fishing, like the bond-

age of the Israelites, voices its own cry against the evil, and I believe has reached unto God. For the most part now a majority of those who go fishing from Gloucester are foreigners, dominated by papal ideas of personal duty, or else are infidels, who are content to be with this class. Thus the fishing business of Gloucester has passed into the hands of men who have no fear of God before their eyes.

Doubtless, personal guilt lies at the door of the captains. But they are not the "throne"; there is a power behind them. The "firms" in Gloucester have made men to err. They should demand that their vessels be not used in violation of God's command.

Gloucester has had its awful baptism of sorrow and mourning. We would not say that retributive justice is the only ground of the gathering pall which hangs each year over that ill-fated city; but we would ask, in the midst of these losses of sacred life each year, if the "firms" and the captains and the crew ought not to be God-fearing men, as a remedy for the evil? A petition ought to be gotten up, outside of Gloucester, if needs be, entreating the owners of vessels to begin at once a reform in this matter.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

LETTERS FROM THE PACIFIC.

I.

PACIFIC OCEAN,
18 N. LAT., 170 E. LONG.
March 10th, 1884.

It was my intention to have written a few paragraphs for the *MAGAZINE* on the 42nd anniversary of my sailing from New York in 1842. But, alas, we have no 10th of March, 1884, on board the good ship *Ceylon*, for having just crossed the meridian, Capt. BAR-

STOW has decided to drop "March 10th," out of his calendar. He really should have dropped the 9th, but that coming on the Sabbath, he fancied a week of eleven working days would be rather more than his sailors shipped for!

Reminiscence.

But to return to the 10th of March, forty-two years ago,—how

distinctly I can recall the scenes of that day! With Mrs. DAMON as my companion, we left our friends in the upper part of the city and, on our way to embark, we called upon good lady BETHUNE, who had been much interested in our mission. She gave us the memoir and letters of her mother ISABELLA GRAHAM, for reading at sea. On arriving at the pier in East River where the good ship *Victoria* lay, we found all was hurry and bustle, for the vessel was about sailing. A few friends came off to accompany us down the Bay. Dr. SPAULDING, Secretary of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and also Capt. RICHARDSON, the President, who had most thoughtfully fitted us off for a long voyage. Rev. Dr. S. offered prayer, and the Rev. Dr. ARMSTRONG, Secretary of the American Board, was present to accompany Mrs. THURSTON and family, who were our fellow passengers. Subsequently the noble secretary was lost when the steamer *Atlantic* was wrecked in Long Island Sound. The sound of his rich and sonorous voice has not yet died out from my ear, as he read the hymn commencing:—

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing,—
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways."

I distinctly remember that this was sung to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn," and that the shrill whistle of the tugs on the river harshly blended with its soft notes.

With a few hearty farewells, our friends left us, and we started on our long voyage around Cape Horn, and 124 days elapsed ere we again sighted land, which proved to be the isle of Mocha, three days before we entered the harbor of Valparaiso. Our ship was detained in that port for about

a month, and during that period we were most kindly entertained in the family of Captain WALSH, an American merchant, whose wife and daughter were, in subsequent years, our guests at Honolulu.

Christian Work in Chili, S. A.

I have always deemed it a great privilege to have spent a few days at Valparaiso and Callao, because I was thereby prepared to appreciate the grand and noble work which the Rev. Dr. DAVID TRUMBULL has been achieving in South America during the last forty years. Protestantism was then at a very low ebb and not allowed a foothold on shore, for the Episcopal chapel in Valparaiso, attached to the British Consulate, was actually registered as a stable for horses in the City Directory. It was not until after years of hard battling that Dr. Trumbull and his associates have been able to effect a revolution in public sentiment, and whether even now Protestant churches are allowed bells have not been informed. So far as interchange of letters and papers would allow, Dr. Trumbull and myself have carried on a frequent communication. But I can truly say, there is no man now laboring in the Master's vineyard whose personal acquaintance I have more desired to form. Only a day before leaving Honolulu, I received a most kind message from him, communicated by an officer of the U. S. ship *Hartford*, just then arrived in our harbor from Valparaiso. Our fields of labor in many respects have been very similar, although separated by the broad Pacific. If we do not meet this side Jordan, we shall hope to meet on the other side, where Christ's redeemed ones shall go up from all parts of the habitable world.

MARCH 12th.

We are now just two weeks out from Honolulu, and about 2,000 miles on our passage to Hong-Kong. We had light and variable winds on first leaving port, but were soon overtaken by a favorable "trade wind" which is now rapidly hurrying us on our voyage, sailing some two hundred miles a day. For two days we made two hundred and fifty miles a day. This is a portion of the great Pacific, between the 17th and 18th parallels of North latitude, remarkably free from all islands or reefs, so that we have no fears of being "cast upon some shoal."

A Model Captain.

We find our accommodations remarkably good, having no fellow passengers. Captain Barstow is a thorough seaman, manages his ship without that "noise and loud talk" which characterize so many commanders. Indeed, since coming on board, we have not heard a profane oath or the least coarse language. No sailor have we heard called out of his proper name. All is quiet and orderly as a well-conducted family. The *Ceylon* is one of the Brewer line of ships running between Boston and Honolulu, and the owners never allow any "rum" on board, even as freight. The views of Captain BREWER, the head of the firm of BREWER & Co., on this subject were published a few months ago in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, and their practical application is a rare exception to the average views of ship owners in America and England. If there are others holding Capt. Brewer's views, let their names be published to the world, thus bearing their honest testimony against the abominable and injurious transportation and traffic in rum!

MARCH 13th.

The day is bright and weather delightful. With a strong N. E. trade breeze we are rapidly sailing over the broad Pacific, making about 240 to 250 miles daily. This ocean, with such a smooth sea and favorable winds, may properly be styled the "Pacific."

Loan Libraries For Ships.

On making inquiries for some book to read, I was directed to the ship's library, and found No. 7,394,* the property of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, placed on board by the Society at Boston, Mass. I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of this most admirable system of ship's libraries as carried on by our Society. From the 14th annual list of the merchant vessels of the U. S. for 1882, now lying before me, published by the Secretary of the Treasury, which I have found in the captain's library, I learn that this list embraces 24,733 vessels, classified as follows:—Sailing vessels, 16,459; steam vessels, 5,026; unriggered vessels, 2,648, total, 24,733. From these figures it appears that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has furnished by loan a good library for more than one fourth† of all this large fleet of vessels. I think this is doing a grand and noble work. I cannot imagine how funds contributed for the benefit of seamen could be more profitably expended. It is a most gratifying pleasure to me to be able to draw from No. 7,394, books to beguile

* Contributed by Cong. Ch., Central Falls, R. I.

† In point of fact, including the more than 8,000 re-shipments of loan libraries issued by the Society, since 1858-9, our correspondent would be nearer the facts if he stated that nearly one-half of U. S. merchant vessels have received such a library at our hands.—Ed. S. M.

the otherwise tedious hours of a voyage across this broad ocean.

I am now reading "The Pilgrim's First Year in New England," by my old college friend, the Rev. NAHUM GALE, so well known among the churches of Massachusetts and Connecticut. His career as pastor and subsequently Professor in East Windor Seminary I was accustomed to watch with much interest. His character was a fine specimen of the New England pastor and theologian.

II.

PACIFIC OCEAN,
OFF LADRONE ISLANDS.

March 21st, 1884.

Protestant Missionary Ground and Work.

We find the good ship *Ceylon* this morning off ASUNCION, a volcanic island, the most northerly of the Ladrone group. During the last few days we have been passing to the north of the Micronesian Islands, combining the Gilbert, Marshall and Caroline Islands, where our missionaries, SNOW, STURGES, DOANE and others have been laboring during the last thirty years. Various reasons have led me to take a deep interest in the success of this mission-work. Long before this mission was established in 1852, I gave much attention to gathering information from whaling captains and others, relating the various groups, as the pages of the *Friend* will show. I reported the massacre of whole ship's companies at Strong's Island, or Kusai, where the Rev. Mr. Snow has labored so successfully, and also at the Marshall and Gilbert groups, and most strongly urged the establishment

of Christian missions as a means of arresting these cruelties and promoting the interests of commerce. The good results of missionary labors throughout all these groups have abundantly proved that missions are the best pioneers of commerce, but that when commerce has preceded missions there have been massacres and bloodshed. The planting of the missions of the A. B. C. F. M. on Ebon, of the Marshall group, by Rev. Dr. PIERSON with the assistance of Capt. HANDY of the whaleship *Belle*, in the summer of 1855, is a good illustration of this remark, for in 1852 the schooner *Glencoe* of San Francisco had been cut off at Ebon, and the same year the crew of the *Sea Nymph* of San Francisco had been murdered at Jalust on Bonham, another island of the Marshall group. Prior to taking up his abode among the Marshall Islanders, Dr. Pierson obtained a promise from the chiefs that they would protect him and his missionary associates. I am happy in the thought that the chiefs were faithful to their plighted promises.

All these facts and many others confirmatory, are perfectly familiar to my mind, for I not only assisted Rev. Dr. Pierson in obtaining a free passage for himself and wife on board the bark *Belle*, and published reports of their successful mission, but it was during the summer of 1861 that I visited all those islands as a Delegate of the Hawaiian Board, being a passenger on board the *Morning Star* when under command of Captain Gellette. On my return I published in the *Friend* a long series of *Morning Star Papers*, numbering about forty, besides much other matter relating to the Micronesian mission. I may most truthfully

assert that no publication contains so complete a history of the A. B. C. F. M. in Micronesia as may be found in its files from 1852 down to the present time.

In the summer of 1861, after spending some weeks in cruising among those islands and enjoying much delightful intercourse with the mission families,—the BINGHAMS, on Apaiang, the DOANES and PIERSONS, on Ebon, the SNOWS, on Kusai, and the STURGES, on Asunsion,—we sailed on our homeward voyage from the latter island, July 4th, bringing with us the wives of brother Sturges and brother Doane, on account of their impaired health. I then witnessed the trials of the missionary work which those noble men and women were called to experience, which they indeed most cheerfully endured for the cause in which they were engaged. Mrs. Doane died in Honolulu on the 16th of the following February, at the early age of 27. She was a bright, cheerful and noble missionary. In a very short period after her arrival on the islands she acquired a knowledge of the language. Among the ever ineffaceable impressions on the tablet of my memory will be the scene at Ebon, when brother Doane came off to the *Morning Star*, bringing his sick wife and two children, committing them to our care, while he returned to prosecute his Master's work among the low and debased natives of the Marshall islands, those very islanders who had massacred the crew of the *Glencoe*, and perhaps also of the bark *Neilson*.

Among our passengers on board the *Star* was HATTIE J. STURGES, daughter of Rev. Mr. Sturges. She remained for some years in Honolulu, a pupil at Oahu Col-

lege, and united with the Bethel Church, but I am rejoiced to learn that she is now laboring in the mission field as the wife of the Rev. Mr. Crawford, of the A. B. C. F. M., at Chihuahua, Mexico.

While our ship is leisurely sailing past the Micronesian islands, my thoughts are away among those true and noble missionary men and women, both American and Hawaiian, who have for a whole generation been toiling among many difficulties to establish the Redeemer's Kingdom in the remote part of this great Ocean, seldom visited by civilized men, except for a little commercial trade and venture.

Supreme Obstacles to Success.

And here I cannot refrain from alluding to the greatest of obstacles and difficulties, which lie in the missionary's pathway. These are not the superstitions and heathenism of the poor islanders, but they are the imported "evils and curses," brought hither from nominally Christian lands. How often have I sat with missionaries in their island-homes on the Pacific Islands, and listened to the sad story of demoralized men from Christian England and America! My personal knowledge and observation during the past forty years in this part of the world, leads me fully to endorse all that British and American missionaries have written and published upon this subject.

In referring to this class of men and their opposition to every good work, I am reminded of the infamous John Billington, who was found among the Pilgrims on board the *May Flower*. His character is fully described in "The Pilgrim's First Year in New England," to which I referred in Let-

ter No. I. His name is attached to that "immortal document," signed by the Pilgrims, in the cabin of the vessel, before landing on the 11th of November, 1620.

The subsequent career of Billington seems to have occasioned the Pilgrims a vast amount of trouble. Governor Bradford writes: "The said Billington is one of the profanest among us. He came from London, and I know not by what friends shuffled into our company." "He was the first offender to be punished, and for his contempt of lawful authority was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together. But upon humbling himself and craving pardon, he is forgiven." Governor Bradford again speaks of him "as a knave, and so will live and die." The historian Young refers to him as a "scapegrace." After living in the colony for ten years, Billington committed murder and was hung. "We took," says the governor, "all due means about his trial. He was found guilty, both by grand and petit jury; and we took advice of Winthrop and others, the ablest gentlemen of Massachusetts Bay, who all concurred with us that he ought to die, and the land be purged from blood." Thus was executed the first murderer in New England, and he one who came over in the *May Flower*!

It is characters of this description that have been the pest of missions in the Pacific. Miss Gordon Cumming refers to them in her work, entitled "At Home in Fiji." From Sydney, or Botany Bay, when a penal settlement, these men went forth to instruct the Polynesians in all manner of wickedness. Some of them were found on the Hawaiian Islands,

in 1820, and I have known some of these characters personally. There was the notorious Jack Hayes, whose career a few years since involved mischief and crime, extending from San Francisco to Australia, and many of the Islands of the Pacific. He was even too smart for both the British and U. S. Navies. Finally he perished in Micronesia by the hands of his steward. Our missionaries in Micronesia, and the English missionaries in the South Seas have experienced untold annoyance from these men. They have decoyed pupils from their schools, and led astray multitudes of the simple-minded aborigines, who had given promise of living Christian lives.

When opposers of missions, living in Christian lands, decry foreign missionary work, we could wish they might be led to reflect upon the importance of sending missionaries and chaplains to heathen countries, to look after, and keep in check, renegades from nominally Christian lands.

APRIL 11th.

We reached Hong Kong in thirty-six days from Honolulu, but on account of the fog could not communicate with the shore, and no pilot came off. For two days we were beating about, when taking a pilot we entered the port of Hong Kong, just forty days from Honolulu, congratulating ourselves that we had made a most admirable passage. After remaining in Hong Kong two days, we came up the river to Canton, where we now are, most pleasantly entertained in the family of the Rev. Dr. HAPPER, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions.

S. C. DAXON.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Prior to his leaving the port for his new post of labor at Antwerp, Belgium, Mr. JAMES HITCHENS was presented with a purse containing £32 10s. at a meeting held at the Sailors' Institute. The presentation was accompanied by addresses from Rev. C. F. WEIDEMANN and others, who bore testimony to the good work done by Mr. H. at Hamburg, and we have a note from Rev. Mr. W., dated March 25th, in which he speaks in high terms of Mr. Hitchens' labors.

Italy.

NAPLES.

Dating May 6th, 1884, Mr. S. BURREWES, harbor missionary, reports that in the first two months of this year, 38 services were held on the Bethel Ship, attended by 1,115 seamen. Three meetings were held on shore, 230 temperance pledges were secured, 520 visits made to vessels, 26 to shipping offices, 10 to hospitals, 3,600 tracts distributed, with 25 books, magazines, &c. Of the

Attendance at the Bethel,

Mr. B. says:—

"It is has been encouraging. Irish Catholics come regularly. This class, of which we have about 5,000 coming to this port, annually, were interested in the social meetings and the temperance movement. I have been careful all along to keep out all controversy from the preaching and the literature in the reading-room, and in the distribution among the seamen. About 200 Roman Catholics have joined the Seamen's Temperance League. This opening among a difficult class is very cheering. To see our Irish friends under the sound of the Gospel every Sunday should cause us to praise God and to make it known that the Gospel in love is the only attraction for sinners of every class.

Help from Ministers and Others.

"The ministers of the English-speaking congregations in Naples have cordially helped me in conducting services in the Bethel. The workers who attend the services are of different denominations. God grant that this unsectarian feeling may continue, for seamen object to denominational prejudice.—Drunkennes, on the whole, has decreased, but occasionally the land sharks introduce the black bottle to the fore-castle.

On U. S. Naval Vessels.

"I had much pleasure in visiting the U. S. ships of war, *Lancaster*, *Trenton*, and *Kearsage*. On the 7th of February we had a party of seamen from these ships at a tea meeting, and a band of singers enlivened the meeting with some negro melodies. The English seamen present were very much interested and gave the privilege of occupying the time to their American cousins.

Increase of Vessels.

"At the annual meeting held lately it was stated that the ships coming to this port had increased during the 12 months, by 51, and the crews by 2,387."

China.

A devoted Christian missionary now laboring in China, wrote, recently, to a friend in this city:—

"I take a great interest in the sailors and love to work among them. I have a weekly meeting for them, and I am glad to be able to say that some of those in port have lately been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. One gave his heart to God in the meeting last week. I believe in individual dealing with souls, and I get these men to come and see me one by one, when I talk to them as I could not before the others. In this way many have been brought to a point, and have let everything go for Christ. There is nothing like talking personally to men and women, and pressing the truth home.

"I collected funds when in England for the building of what is called there a

'Sailor's Rest,' and we are having it put up now on a corner of our garden. We have long felt the need of such a place, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to see my desire so nearly realized."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Rev. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor missionary, writes in a letter received May 19th:—

Blessed Fruitage.

"You will be pleased to learn that God is abundantly blessing our labors upon the English man-of-war in port,—

H. M. S. *Sapphire*. Seventeen of her crew have lately been converted at our meetings at the Mission Rooms. Our efforts in the cause of temperance have also met with good success, sixty-four of the *Sapphire's* crew having signed the total abstinence pledge since her arrival here.

"We have had several very successful meetings. At one over a hundred seamen sat down to tea, and at another held last evening one hundred and fifty were present. We have had no American war vessel in port during the winter months, owing to the disturbed state of things in China."

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

The *Bethel Flag* for June says:—

"A sailor just in from New York gives a very encouraging account of the work being done there among the men of the sea. A great many coming back from long voyages to East Indies, California, and elsewhere, and giving in their testimony that God can keep a man anywhere, if he will only try to keep his commandments. He has none of the doubts such as we often hear expressed, whether the religious work for seamen is doing any good."

U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

Chaplain CRANE reports a monthly meeting of the U. S. Naval Temperance Union, at Cob Dock Chapel, June 4th, at which addresses were made by Dr. D. H. MAXN, lecturer of the Order of Good Templars for the State of New York, and J. BOUGHTON, of Newark, N. J. It was largely attended by seamen from the *Vermont*, *Powhatan*, and *Tennessee*, and many of them signed the temperance pledge.

Maryland.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY; ANNAPOLIS.

The eleventh Annual Presentation (1883-4) to the graduating cadets, took

place in the Chapel, Sunday evening, June 1st, and proved an interesting service. Preliminary devotional exercises were conducted by the resident chaplain, Rev. A. A. McALISTER, who had kindly made all necessary arrangements. After an appropriate explanatory statement and a brief address by Secretary HALL, representing the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, on the *Elements and Possibilities of a True Christian Manliness*, the books were delivered in person to the young gentlemen about leaving the Institution. The audience present were attentive to the close, and gave evidence of a happy and profitable impression.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

We have from chaplain CHICHESTER the programme of the "Sixty-second Anniversary of the Charleston Port Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen, held at the Citadel Square Baptist Church, May 11th, Rev. W. H. CAMPBELL, Rector of St. Paul's P. E. Church, presiding." The pastors of the Congregational, Lutheran, Bethel, Methodist Episcopal, and First Presbyterian Churches took part in the services, as well as the Chaplain. C. NELSON and AUGUSTUS L. YATES are colporteurs of the Mariner's Church. "The cause," says

Rev. Mr. C. "seems to be awakening to new life here, and with the blessing of God we hope for good fruit in the future."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

Writing May 26th, Chaplain McINTIRE transmits \$5, collected among the officers and men of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *McLane*, Captain EVANS,—they having sent \$13 to the Galveston Sailors' Reading Room,—the amount sent to us being an expression of gratitude for the loan library placed on board by the Society through the chaplain. The latter adds what is of far more moment:—"Two of their men have been converted here."

Oregon.

PORTLAND.

Chaplain R. S. STUBBS transmits the sixth Annual Report of the Portland Seamen's Friend Society, which we summarize. The Sailors' Home has been made self-sustaining, besides yielding a sufficient surplus to pay deficiency in the chaplain's salary. Expenses of the Bethel and its Sunday-school for year ending April 1st, 1884, were \$518.59, defrayed chiefly by merchants in Portland. The chaplain has also collected and paid into the treasury of the local society the sum of \$2,190 toward the debt due for furnishing the Home at the opening of the year. Thirteen hundred dollars are still to be provided for. Depositors at the Home placed with the chaplain in the twelve-month \$10,302; of which \$608 was sent to the sailors' relatives and friends.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine persons, chiefly sailors, were inmates of the Home, of whom 270 were furnished as crews to "deep-sea ships" by the Home's Shipping Master. In this connection we quote a paragraph in full:—

"In consequence of the hostility to the Home on the part of the sailor-boarding-

house runners and keepers of these houses, about one-third of these sailors have been incited and helped to desert, or have been abducted, whereby heavy personal losses have been sustained by the Superintendent. The advance-note system is the pernicious root of the evil here complained of. To give some idea of the profit realized from this traffic in seamen, which this system makes possible, I would here state that ships are boarded, oftentimes before the vessels arrive at Astoria, by these boarding-house people, and by the use of liquor and false statements as to the rate of wages on shore, etc., they incite the crews to insubordination and induce them to desert. In many instances these same deserters are shipped in other vessels and are hurried to sea, frequently destitute of clothes, within forty-eight hours, leaving in the hands of the boarding-house men their advance notes for \$80.00 each, and the blood money for each sailor often amounting to \$10.00, \$20.00, and sometimes as high as \$40.00, which is thus extorted from the owners of ships. That such a state of things should exist and be perpetuated is an anomalous and disgraceful fact. The efforts of the Mariner's Home to prevent this extortion, by charging only a shipping fee of five dollars per man, to cover the risk and a part of the losses we sustain by those who are incited to desert, has brought upon the Superintendent of the Home the curses, and the slanders, and misrepresentations of most of those engaged in sailor-boarding-house business. It is acknowledged by many ship masters that the influence of the Home at this point is decidedly wholesome, and that seamen often go to sea much better clothed than before the Home was established. Some valuable letters from ship-masters are in our possession, in which they speak in very favorable terms of the work of the Home and its shipping master."

We print also, the first two paragraphs of the report as to "Bethel and chaplaincy labors."

"To the calls of the needy and distressed strangers within our gates, the suffering and sorrowing of all classes, the dissolute, the unfortunate of both sexes, and the inmates of prisons and hospitals, it is our constant effort and pleasure to respond. Much time is consumed in the burial of the dead, in which labor of love

we have so often officiated. Administering baptism, visiting and praying with the sick and dying in hotels, hospitals, boarding houses and on board ships are services always rendered gratuitously when solicited. Still further to carry out the designs of the founders of the Home and Bethel, we carry on extensive correspondence in answering letters addressed to us by persons writing to us from all parts of the world; some enquiring for their loved ones,—for fathers, brothers, sons,—who have drifted to this coast; and to others, who, previous to sailing, have taken the pledge, or have been led to the Savior at the Bethel, and to their friends who write to us of their gratitude, their conflicts and their joys. Considerable time and labor has been given by us to serve those who have called upon us to procure situations for persons whom it has seemed necessary to send to sea to save them from their evil associates and habits of dissipation. By these labors the County and the State have been relieved of prison expenses, and men and lads have been lifted from the odium of imprisonment and inspired to take hope and enter upon lives of honorable toil and usefulness. The grateful expressions of families and individuals thus helped have been our reward.

"During the year we have held three hundred religious and temperance meetings, for church and Sunday-school, and Band of Hope purposes. Average attendance, forty-five persons; an aggregate of 13,500 persons during the year. Household prayer meetings also have been held on each Sunday morning in the Home, at nine o'clock. About two hundred and seventy persons have attended these deeply interesting and affecting services. Seamen who have been found destitute of the Scriptures, we have supplied with Testaments or Bibles in different languages, being enabled to do so by a valuable donation made to us by the American Bible Society at New York, brought to us around Cape Horn, free of charge by a ship from New York. To others we have donated prayer books, presented to us for this purpose by Rev. Mr. PLUMMER, of Trinity Church, Portland. The annual donations of pamphlets and magazines, and books, and papers, from the Portland City Library Association, and other friends of our work, have enabled us to distribute over 200,000 pages of tracts and other wholesome reading matter, chiefly for the use of deep-water ships, which are furnished

by us with a large package of assorted reading before leaving Portland."

Ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union hold Gospel Temperance Meetings in Bethel Hall every Friday evening, to the great good of seamen. In all these fields for work the chaplain has, as well, the efficient assistance, and the fact merits mention,—of his wife and daughter.

A Gratifying Incident.

Four seamen from the crew of the ship *L. L. Sturges*, Capt. LINNEKIN, lately arrived in this port from Calcutta, made a profession of religion by uniting with the Mariners' Church, Rev. E. D. MURPHY, D. D., pastor, on Sabbath morning, June 1st.

Pleasant as this incident is in itself, it remarkably serves to illustrate the power of personal Christian influence, and the practical usefulness of one of our wide-spread and silently operating agencies for good.

Capt. Linnekin is a well-known ship-master, who successfully commands his ship, with a thoughtful regard for the comfort and intelligence of his officers and crew. He is consequently greatly respected and beloved by all on shipboard with him. Among other things he provides his ship with well-selected reading matter, and for several voyages of late,—encouraged in it by his owners,—has carried one or more of the loan libraries of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. On his last voyage his wife accompanied him, and acted as the librarian of the ship, the men coming to receive at her hands such books from the library as she thought proper, and also such matronly and Christian counsel as she was disposed to give them, adapted to lead them to the Savior, and to the practice of a pure and virtuous life.

It has in this way been the privilege of this excellent woman to serve in the capacity of a "missionary at sea," and with

such instrumentalities as were furnished to her hand, to be an immeasurable blessing to those who will tenderly cherish her name among their life-long and most precious memories.

The conversion of the men referred to in the opening of this notice, is to be largely ascribed to the library work of the Society, judiciously administered according to the prayerful and considerate judgment of one possessing for the sailor a mother's heart, and a concern for both his temporal and spiritual welfare.

Would that all our ships were supplied, as they might be upon the asking, with a library of well selected and useful reading matter! Would that on every ship there was some one, moved by the love of Christ, to seek the salvation of the sailor's soul!

It would greatly hasten the spread of the Gospel to the ends of the earth, make life happier, and brighten this dark world!

The Continuing Story.

We often speak of the abiding nature of our work for sailors but it is not to be forgotten that its occasion is the abiding nature of their perils and their needs. That this may not pass out of our readers' minds, we have asked our chaplain at the Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard to pen for us the records of just two cases which he has lately met with in his work. They give a fresh glimpse of what goes on among seamen right about us,—not so generally as it once did, but yet in reality.

CASE I.

"An old sailor came to me recently, asking me to help him to re-ship in the navy. A few days before he had come to Brooklyn from Philadelphia, where he has a wife and family of grown up children, bound to sea again. He brought with him a complete outfit, worth about \$100, and some twelve dollars in cash to pay his way, until he could get "a chance." Instead of going to the SAIL-

ORS' HOME in New York City, where he would have been safe and well-cared for, he must needs steer straight for one of the low lodging houses and grogshops in Cherry or Water Street, and in less than forty-eight hours get drunk and into a fight. With face bruised and nose smashed he was robbed of his money, and had his "dunnage" (outfit) held by the boarding-house keeper on an extortionate charge for board. In this plight he was taken in by Superintendent WEBSTER, of the Sailors' Coffee House, on York Street, Brooklyn, near the Navy Yard gate, for two or three days until he could get his face into something like a presentable shape again. Then, he failed to pass examination to re-ship, and had to be sent home to Philadelphia, by charity, minus his money and all his clothing, except what he stood in, completely wrecked in his two day's cruise among the land-sharks and "rummies" of the metropolis."

CASE II.

"The crew of one of the U. S. vessels in New York harbor was paid off last month. Two of them received \$300 apiece, due as wages for the cruise. They were at the Sailors' Coffee House, and Superintendent WEBSTER told them they had better let him put their money in the safe, provided by the Board of Directors of the House, until he could deposit it for them in the Seamen's Savings Bank next day. One of them did so and has his money in bank, and pass-book in his pocket. The other said, "O no, I guess I can take care of my own money." Shortly after he went over to New York, where he met an acquaintance and "went around with him" for a little while, and upon leaving him went into an eating house to get a lunch,—"*only* pork steak and coffee." Before he got through he became unconscious,—supposes he was drugged,—and "when he came to himself" found his pocket picked and hand-bag cut open,—and \$264 he had left of his \$300, after buying a suit of clothes, and his discharge and other papers gone. He has a wife and child in New England, who were awaiting his coming home after a long cruise, but he felt that he could not go to them with nothing to take with him, and was trying to re-ship again, heart-sick and desperate."

Complete in Him.

BY C. R. HURDITCH.

(Colossians ii. 10.)

O Lamb of God most holy,
I hide myself in thee:
Reveal thyself more fully
In all thou art to me.

As Wisdom let me know Thee,
The wonderful I Am;
My Light, my Life, my Glory,
Unchangeably the same.

God's Righteousness most perfect
In Thee, dear Lord, I see:
O let no other object
Engage my heart but Thee.

Sanctification fully
In Thy blest self I find;
Then may I live more holy,
According to Thy mind.

Redemption, too, is given
In Thee, my Lord, my Love,
Blest earnest of the heaven
Possessed with Thee above.

Thus, through the blood that frees us
From guilt and misery,
I find myself, Lord Jesus,
Completely graced in Thee.

"Complete in Him!" Thou said'st it;
Then how can I distrust?
'Twas Thou, my Lord, who mad'st it
My glory and my boast.

Now, living in Thy favor,
May I in love abound,
And spread the heavenly savor
Of Thy sweet name around!

Loan Library Work—Effective Testimony.

Expert testimony, like that given below, does not go beyond the truth, we are convinced, in its estimate of the solid value of this part of our work for seamen. It is from Lieutenant RICHARD RUSH, U. S. Navy, and reaches us from the U. S. S. *Juniata*, dated,—

"COREA, April 13th, 1884.

American Seamen's Friend Society:—

I regret not having written you sooner to express acknowledgments for the use of the three loan libraries* kindly placed by

the Society on board this ship, prior to her departure from New York, in November, 1882.

I have now to report that these books have been constantly used by our crew, and have been the source of much benefit and pleasure, as is shown by the demand for them, and the care which has been taken of them.

As a life member of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and one who is in accord with its high object, I trust I may be permitted to say from the personal experience of several cruises, that these loan libraries are the most direct, effective and substantial way of reaching the sailor, and of giving him the benefit of religious, instructive, and entertaining reading-matter. The result of this good work is incalculable, and the navy is under a large debt of obligation to your Society, which, for one, it gives me much pleasure to acknowledge."

Rev. Dr. Herrick's Sermon.

This admirable discourse, preached before our Society at its Fifty-Sixth Anniversary, May 4th, '84, may now be had, for the asking, from our Rooms, 80 Wall St. It has commanded general attention, and elicited high commendation in many quarters,—being appreciated, we are glad to see, by the editors of the *N. Y. Observer* and the *N. Y. Illustrated Christian Weekly*, (issues for June 5th and June 7th) to the extent of about a column of extract and publication in each.

A New Jersey clergyman writing to us, says of the sermon:—

"I was delighted with it. Every adult that can read English should have it for a joy. In years you may not have another such."

"Bethel Tidings."

This is the title of the new monthly issued at Milwaukee, Wis., by the Wisconsin Seamen's Friend Society. We have received No. 3, Vol. 1, for May of the cur-

* Nos. 7,638, 7,639 and 7,640, contributed by J. M. Libbey, Esq., New York City.

rent year. It is wisely and carefully edited, and will prove, we trust, a helper to the work it chronicles and advocates.

By Name, Not By Number.

The stations of the United States Life Saving Service are now designated by name, the former designation by numbers having been abandoned June 1st, 1883. As the new names are for the most part descriptive, or refer to some locality in the immediate neighborhood, the identification of them is greatly facilitated to persons who are not connected with the service, while it is not made any harder to those who are connected with it. The circular of the Bureau gives, together with the names, exact descriptions of all the stations.—*Popular Science Monthly*, for April.

The Largest.

Under the heading,—"The Largest Ship Ever Built in Maine," a dispatch was sent from Camden, Me., June 9th, as follows:—The ship *Robert Belknap* was launched from the yard of JOHN PASCAL, of Rockport, by CARLETON, NORWOOD & Co., to-day. She is of 2,369 tons register, and is owned in Camden and New York. Captain STAPLES, of Stockton, Me., who commands her, is one of her owners.

A Perilous Vocation.

The vicissitudes of a sailor's life are painfully exhibited in the returns of the English board of trade. *Of forty-seven thousand seamen, whose names are recorded during the twelve years ending 1864, no less than twenty thousand died from drowning, and more than two thousand from accidents of other kinds.*—*Bethel Flag*.

The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

The Annual Meeting of this Association, which was chartered in 1849, was held on the 17th of January, 1884, at No. 51 Wall Street.

The President, J. D. JONES, Esq., reported that presentations were made during the last year to sixty-one persons for meritorious services in rescuing persons from drowning. Thirteen silver and four gold medals and eleven hundred and fifteen dollars in money were presented.

The Gold Medal of the Association was awarded to three of the officers of the steamship *Republic* of the White Star Line. One of these medals was inscribed: "Presented to P. J. IRVING, Commander of the Steamship *Republic*, in recognition of his humanity and efficiency in rescuing during a heavy gale and high sea in mid-Atlantic Ocean the forty-four persons on board the foundering Steamship *Glamorgan*, Feb. 16th, 1883."

Another Gold Medal was presented to GEORGE S. BARRETT, First Officer of the *Republic*, who went repeatedly in command of a life-boat to the successful rescue of the crew of the foundering steamship. Another Gold Medal was presented to WM. J. BOWMAN, Second Officer of the *Republic*, who also went repeatedly in command of another life-boat to accomplish the rescue. The sum of three hundred and fifty-five dollars was paid by the Association to the twelve sailors who manned the life-boats of the *Republic* under the command of the two officers. The amounts awarded varied from \$25 to \$50 to each sailor.

This rescue was a very remarkable one. When the *Republic* first sighted the *Glamorgan* at mid-day, the latter vessel appeared to be at the point of foundering. The first attempt to lower a life-boat from the former vessel in the height of the gale was disastrous, and one sailor was lost. Notwithstanding this sad accident the Commander of the *Republic* persevered, and on learning that the disabled vessel would probably float for several hours, he lay by until night, when the sea becoming somewhat smoother the rescue was effected by moonlight. The steamship and life-boats were handled with extraordinary skill and seamanship.

A Gold Medal was presented to GONZALO ABAD, Master of the Spanish Bark *Ecuador*, in recognition of his skill and humanity in the rescue of the crew of the American Schooner *J. N. Colby*, off Hatteras, 26th February, 1883. The sum of twenty dollars each was presented to the three sailors who manned the boat in making this rescue.

The pamphlet which was published in 1853, containing the Charter, By-Laws, a list of the Managers, Donors, and a portion of the correspondence, has been reprinted for distribution. It shows the important part which the Association took in securing Life-Saving Stations on our coast, and in originating the Life-Saving Service of the United States.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—*President*, J. D. JONES; *Vice-President*, ROYAL PHELPS; *Secretary*, CLIFFORD A. HAND; *Treasurer*, JOSEPH H. CHAPMAN.

WM. H. H. MOORE, WALTER R. T. JONES, and CROSSMAN LYONS were appointed the "Committee on medals, diplomas, donations, and other rewards for courageous efforts to save life."

Authentic particulars of highly meritorious service in saving persons from drowning are desired from the friends of the Association, to further its beneficent objects. Contributions of money are not solicited.

Gallant Rescues.

Kentish Fire, published at Ramsgate, England, April, 1884, and the *Kent Coast Times*, of April 17th, '84, have been sent to us, each containing records of the presentation, at Ramsgate, April 14th, of two silver medals, which were awarded by His Majesty the King of Denmark to CHARLES SPRATT, master, and to RICHARD CHANDLER, second hand, of the fishing vessel *England's Rose*, of Ramsgate, for having rescued in the North Sea, the crew of the Danish schooner *Ane Cathrine*, of Sönderho, Island of Fano.

"It appears," says *Kentish Fire*, "that on the morning of September 2nd, 1883, the *England's Rose* was in the North Sea, Lowestoft, bearing West, about 70 miles distant. There was a heavy gale blowing, and the sea was running almost mountains high. The smack was under the smallest sail possible, a storm-jib and balance reefed mainsail. The night had been a stormy one and the morning broke slowly with a dull leaden sky, and swiftly flying scud. At daylight they sighted a vessel to leeward with a signal of distress flying, and, unlike the seamen of some other ports, the

master did not pass on and leave her to her fate, but eased off his sheet and bore down towards her to see what assistance he could give. As they drew near to her they could see that she was water-logged and in an sinking condition; the crew, which was congregated on the poop-deck, were in the greatest danger, the heavy seas making a clean sweep over her, and as soon as the smack came within the reach of their voices they sent up frantic cries for assistance. Spratt ran as near as possible to the disabled craft, and then hailed the men to launch their boat, telling them he would pick them up. But the reply was, 'We have no boat, ours is stove in and quite useless.' Nothing was now left but for the master of the *England's Rose* to launch his own little cockle-shell of a boat, a work of no little difficulty in such a sea as there was running, and at the peril of his own and his mate's lives, and with no little risk as to the safety of his own craft, to almost tempt providence by going to the rescue of the half-drowned crew. But thoughts of danger never entered into the head of a Ramsgate smacksmen. If there is life to be saved that is all he thinks about, risk and danger, hardship and toil go for nothing in such a case. At length the smack's boat was launched, and the two men, Spratt and Chandler, started on their perilous errand. With considerable risk, and after great exertions, lasting nearly half-an-hour, they succeeded in getting alongside the schooner, and then, man by man, the crew jumped into the boat. But now the greatest part of their peril commenced. The boat was heavily laden, the smack some distance to the leeward, and the danger from swiftly following seas was imminent. At last the vessel was reached, and the weary and exhausted men were got on board, fed, warmed and cared for, and eventually landed at Ramsgate and taken to the Sailors' Home."

On the 15th April, at Ramsgate, presentations were also made to Captain PALMER, mate GIFFORD, and HURST, second hand, for similar gallant rescue of the mate and crew of the brig *Telegraph*, of and from Krageroe, Norway, in November, '83, while on a voyage from that port to London. We acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. WILLIAM WHITMORE, seamen's missionary at Ramsgate, for the above-named journals.

What A Christian Banker May Do.

Mr. K. A. BURNELL, the Evangelist, has been supported by Mr. C. D. Wood, a banker in New York, who was one of his playmates in their boyhood. *Zion's Herald* tells how this partnership was brought about. The banker invited the western itinerant to his house in the country, in the vicinity of New York. After tea they had a ride, and after the ride a long walk, and many questions were asked about his mission work. The next morning Mr. Burnell was asked, "How would you like a salary and go forth as the banker's representative to do the Master's work as it shall open before you?" "Nothing could be more gratifying." Thus the firm was organized and began business. The older partner just enters upon his twenty-seventh year of continuous service, for seventeen of which C. D. Wood has supplied the sinews of war. Certainly firms like this should multiply. Boston has several of them. There are men who could furnish the capital for such a firm and reap the richest interest on their investment. The junior partner has many other investments of this character. Colleges and seminaries have received many thousands at his hand, and he has often had as many as a half dozen young men and women in college and seminary training for future usefulness. These two partners are still comparatively young, and look forward to many years of labor in the Lord's vineyard.—*Honolulu, (H. I.), Friend.*

Unusual Experience.

The master of the British ship *Charles Cotesworth*, lately lying at Portland, Oregon, held a conversation with our resident chaplain, Rev. Mr. STUBBS, which led the latter to write as below. We take it that the facts here presented simply make one of the "exceptions" that go to "prove the rule" of the instability of the sea, and all connected with it.

"Probably few, if any, other shipmasters can say with Captain BROWSE that he has rounded Cape Horn ninety-eight

times. It seemed to me to be incredible, and I so expressed myself. Of course, this gentlemanly shipmaster laughed at my incredulity, and in reply said:—'I went as an apprentice to sea in 1846. During the following twelve years I sailed under but three different shipmasters. I entered the present employ of Cotesworth, Lyne & Co. as chief officer in 1853, and as master in 1858, which position I have filled up to this time. Of my present crew, my first officer has been with me the past five years; my sailmaker for the past fifteen years; my present carpenter for nineteen years consecutively, and my cook for five years.' Probably we might search the nautical annals of the world, in vain, for another compilation of such striking and creditable facts as the above, in the history of any one mariner."

Our Shepherd and Friend.

Sing to "Hursley."

There is a "Shepherd" kind and true,
The lost, the wand'ring sheep He seeks,
Then finding it, He bears it home,
And gentle words of comfort speaks.

There is a "Friend" whose mighty love
Is grand and strong, and rich and sweet,
With gracious arms outstretched He runs,
The weary prodigal to meet.

There is a "Brother" on whose heart
The burden'd sin stain'd soul may rest,
The peace He gives is free to all,
Who find a heaven upon His breast.

There is a "Savior," for our sakes
He bow'd beneath the chast'ning rod,
He, in "His body" bore our sins,
And died beneath the curse of God.

There is a "Master" 'tis the same,
This "Shepherd," "Brother," "Savior,"
"Friend."

Lord Jesus, let us love Thee now,
And love and serve Thee to the end!

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MAY, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	156
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,227
of which \$248 was sent to relatives and friends, \$900 was placed in Savings Bank, and \$679 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for July, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star until the 12th at midnight, when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the same day at one o'clock, being $6^{\circ} 30'$ north; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the morning of the 23rd at 3 o'clock, being $1^{\circ} 10'$ north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the same day at 7h 17m., being $6^{\circ} 30'$ north.

VENUS is an evening star until the evening of the 11th at 9 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun, after this is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st at 6h. 40m., being $1^{\circ} 11'$ south, at which time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitudes 54° and 90° north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 47m. and north of west $9^{\circ} 10'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 26th at 5h. 10m., being $2^{\circ} 5'$ north.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 5m. and north of west $25^{\circ} 25'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 23rd at 6h. 46m., being $5^{\circ} 21'$ north.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 6m. and north of east $23^{\circ} 51'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 19th at 1h. 13m., being $3^{\circ} 2'$ north.

R. H. B.

New York University.

Receipts for May, 1884.

MAINE.
Augusta, South church..... \$ 9 00

VERMONT.
Bennington Centre, 1st Cong. ch. of
Bennington..... 19 71

MASSACHUSETTS.
Amherst, Officers and Students of Amherst College, Mass..... 9 30
Boston, Mrs. E. P. Moore..... 3 00
Cambridge, 1st ch. and Shepherd Society, for lib'y, of wh. R. B. T. \$20 for lib'y in memoriam Grace B. Tilton, and Mrs. Jane L. Richmond \$10 towards lib'y..... 161 37
Georgetown, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for library..... 20 00
Groton, Cong. S. S., to repair lib'y... 10 00
Littleton, Orthodox Cong. ch..... 18 94
Montague, 1st Cong. ch..... 11 25
New Bedford, Trinity ch. and Soc'y... 37 88
North Andover, Cong. ch., of wh. to const. Charles E. Stillings, L. M., \$30..... 50 00
Pittsfield, 1st ch., Sabbath offering... 25 00
Sheffield, 1st Cong. church..... 11 60
West Haverhill, Cong. ch..... 11 90

RHODE ISLAND.
Providence, Beneficent Cong. S. S., for library..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Black Rock, Cong. ch..... 22 39
Bridgeport, Park St. Cong. ch. and Society..... 18 40
East Windsor, A Friend of the sailor..... 5 00
Hartford, Lucy A. Brainard, for lib'y..... 20 00
New Haven, College St. Cong. ch..... 30 00
North Haven Cong. ch. S. S., for lib..... 20 00
North Greenwich, Cong. ch..... 15 25
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. ch..... 29 10
Sherman, Cong. ch..... 6 08
Southport, Cong. ch. to const. C. B. Tompkins, Charles Lacey, E. C. Sherwood and L. F. Sherwood, L. M's..... 127 00
Thomaston, Cong. ch..... 41 40
West Haven, Cong. ch., of wh. \$30 to const. Rev. Henry B. Roberts, L. M..... 45 00
Windsor, Cong. ch. S. S..... 30 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Ch. of the Pilgrims, of wh. R. P. Buck, \$100, and for lib's, viz: Mrs. and Miss Buck, \$20; Rev. R. S. Storrs, \$20; George H. Nichols, \$20; Mrs. H. M. Remington, \$20, and Misses C. L. and E. H. Smith, \$20 for the "J. Garrison Smith lib'y," in memory of their father..... 460 08
Puritan church..... 48 61
Clinton Ave. Cong. church, A. S. Barnes..... 25 00
S. S. of Ref. ch. on the Heights, for lib'y..... 20 00
New York City, bequest of Louisa Rushforth, deceased, late of New York City, per Theophilus A. Brouwer, Wm. Lintz and Thomas H. Novies, Ex's..... 500 00
Richard Irvin..... 25 00
H. O. Havemeyer..... 25 00
Abiel Abbot..... 10 00
Mrs. Dr. A. D. Wilson..... 10 00
Mrs. E. M. Maxwell..... 10 00
William H. Maxwell, M. D..... 10 00
Samuel Wetmore..... 10 00
H. C. Fahnestock..... 10 00
H. G. Marquand..... 10 00
Davis & Benson..... 5 00
George Bell, membership contribution..... 5 00
Capt. Kitchen, bark Kitchen, for lib'y work..... 5 00
Capt. S. L. Tunnell, schr. B. L. Townsend, for lib'y work..... 2 00
Rhinebeck, Thomas H. Suckley..... 100 00

NEW JERSEY.

Bernardsville, J. L. Roberts..... 15 00
East Orange, 1st Pres. ch. S. S., for library..... 20 00
Newfield, Mrs. Hannah Howe..... 5 00
South Orange, George H. Brown..... 20 00

OHIO.

Dayton, 1st Pres. ch. S. S. for lib'y... 20 00
Gambier, Ada D. Southworth..... 10 00

\$2,199 11

By a donation from 1st Cong. Ch. and Soc'y of Easthampton, Mass., previously acknowledged, Spencer C. Wood and Dea. John H. Judd are constituted L. M's, by request.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From the New York Observer.

Davy, The Sailor Boy.

The *Dreadnought*, the ship in which Captain Baker sailed, had nearly completed her third trip. She was strong and well built, and thus far the voyage had been a prosperous one. But now the home-bound vessel had been suddenly overtaken by a terrible storm. There seemed little hope of her ever reaching port, she was so severely injured. All hands were employed at the pumps, but the water gained on them slowly and surely.

The captain, brave as he was, bade all on board prepare for the worst, which must inevitably come upon them; while the mate, a wild, harum-scarum sort of man, now effectually sobered in the near approach of terrible disaster and probable death, and unable to stay at his post, was walking the deck with an anxious, troubled look,—as in every few minutes he stopped to take out his watch and note the time of day.

The ship was rolling fearfully, and a part of the rigging had become entangled at the mainmast head. It was necessary for the safety of the ship that some one should go up and set it to rights, which was indeed a perilous undertaking,—who would dare to do it?

"We are lost!" said the captain, "the ship cannot possibly live out this gale, and it's as much as one's life is worth to mount and adjust the sails."

Among their number was a frail, delicate boy of only twelve summers,—better fitted to thumb a spelling-book than furl a sail in a storm,—who had but just enlisted in a sailor's life, this being his first trial before the mast.

The captain's words had scarcely passed his lips, when little Davy steps forward, and lifting his cap, glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling sea, and at the watchful, determined countenance of the mate, who was examining his watch oftener and more anxiously,—then, hesitating in silence, only for a moment, rushed across the deck and threw himself down into the forecabin. The next instant our sailor-boy reappeared, laid his hand upon the ratlines and crept up, hand over hand, with a will.

He was light, and remarkably active; and though his cheek was blanched with fear for the moment, it was evident in the very bearing of the boy that it was overmastered by something higher than that.

The eyes of all on board were dimmed

with tears as they followed the intrepid little fellow, until the ship pitched so fearfully they were compelled to turn away, expecting every moment that he would be thrown into the boiling sea beneath him.

Captain Baker, often hard and at times even brutal with his men, remonstrated with the mate for letting the boy, so young and so inexperienced, go on such a perilous errand. "He will never come down alive." This was *his* verdict, but young Davy was in the hands of One "mighty to save," and he knew it too.

"Sir, I did not oppose it," the mate replied, "for I believe he will save us yet. We carry a secret between us which you shall know in time. It is drawing near the hour we have watched and waited for, Davy and I, and if we can only stem the gale till that, Davy says he knows we shall be saved. See how he holds on, captain, like a squirrel, only he's more careful. He'll come down safe, I'm sure. Some one has him in his keeping he says."

And sure enough in less than fifteen minutes Davy appeared on deck, this frail boy, who looked as though a breath would have blown him away. Amid a round of cheers, and even the stern captain's muttered words, like commendation, he walked aft with a smiling face as if the very light of heaven were in it. Like the peace of one who though in the midst of danger is yet covered by an invisible shield of protection, he approached Captain Baker, who began to question him as to his bravery, and why he so hesitated and then after all went up so rapidly.

"Captain, I went to pray!" "Do you pray, my boy?" "Yes, sir." "Davy, you put your old captain to shame. But where did you learn?"

"I have got a praying mother, sir, and she always tells me whenever I am in trouble to ask God to help me, and He will; Jesus is the friend to go to then, she says. I've tried it and I've never

found it fail. But I haven't told you all, sir. Now you've asked me, I knew when I went into the rigging that it was very near my mother's hour of prayer, too, and I had told Jack the mate, all about it, and asked him to tell me when it came. I knew she was praying for me, and the vessel can never sink while my mother's prayers are going up to heaven: and when Jack made a signal to me I just dropped one hand and Jesus held the other all the tighter, while I waved my hat and shouted with a glad shout: We are safe! We can't be lost now! Only the wind was so high you couldn't hear me, but One aloft did."

Ah, little Davy, with no strong fibre in your poor, weak body how ready you were to give battle to wind and tempest for the Master.

As the sailor-boy ceased speaking, one old tar with weather-beaten, furrowed face, crept up to Davy's side and whispered in his ear: "Pray for me, do, I'm so awful wicked. You just 'mind me of my old mother, Davy," and Jim brushed his eyes with his coat sleeve as he spoke.

You will ask if those simple prayers were answered? They were in more ways than one. The despairing crew as they heard this frail boy, his face, as we have said, all aglow with heavenly joy, caught courage from his words, words such as many of them had never before heard in their lives, and redoubling their efforts were able to keep the ship afloat until the storm had ceased, which was as brief as it was violent, though had it not been for Davy's timely aid and earnest prayer that Jesus would still the tempest, the ship and all on board might have perished instead of reaching the port in safety.

Little Davy never sailed in the *Dreadnought* again, sea life was too hard for him and it was thought best that he should give it up, but the day of parting was blessed to many a soul on board. Often when he was with the sailors their coarseness and profanity used to frighten him, and he would steal away from them

all and taking a book from the pocket of his little pea-jacket, which they all learned to know was the Bible, he would read by the hour together, and then his pale face would take on such a dreamy look as though he were talking to God about them.

And now that he had gone, showing what the example of even a boy can do, many a little Bible,—the gift of mothers and sisters,—that had been stowed away in the bottoms of trunks and chests was brought to light, and it was not long before the hopes that had cheered Davy, and the love that passes even the love of any created being, began to be known to some of the hardest of that crew, among them old Jim, and with one accord they resolved that, God helping them, they would henceforth hang their colors on the masthead, and steer for the port their little friend Davy was bound for. For many a year they had been steering wrong, and now they would make for the harbor of peace,—and tear after tear, honest, manly tears, rolled down their bronzed cheeks as they made this promise to each.

Would you know of the captain? Captain Baker? Could you of a Friday night look into a certain prayer-meeting in a village town in Connecticut you will find in storm and shine an old man with white hair and furrowed brow, but with a bright eye still and ready smile, who always has a word to say for the Master. The love of Jesus dwells richly in his heart, he is a man of prayer and faith, “instant in season and out of season” in every good word and work, and if you should ask him to tell you what brought about this great change he would answer you:—“Little Davy first taught me my duty. Ever and always have the words rung in my ears since that terrible hour when with such fearless courage he mounted the rigging, ‘Jesus is the friend to go to then, I’ve tried it and I’ve never known it fail!’ And I, too, have tried it, thanks be to God, in many a dark and trying hour

since then, and now ‘the peace that passeth all understanding’ dwells in my heart in full measure. I have been richly prospered, not only in the good things of this life, but a promise of those which are to come, and when I reach that blessed haven I expect to see Davy again, and oh how many stars I shall see in his crown of rejoicing.”

Truly “*a little child shall lead them.*”

For the Life Boat.

As The Tide Came In.

The little children played with the sand
On the level beach as the tide came in;
At the moulding touch of each tiny hand
Grew tower, and castle, and fortress grim.
And we idly watched them at their play,
Under the spell of that perfect day.

“Look at my fort!” cried a bright brave boy;
And he sprang to his feet as the tide came in,
But the fort sank down at its touch so coy,
And the little toilers with merry din
Together hastened to build a wall,
Too high to reach, and too strong to fall.

“It stands, it stands!” they shout with glee.
And their anxious eyes, as the tide came in,
Now sparkle with joy, and merrily
They widen the wall, and a moat begin,
To guard their fortress against the foe,
That onward sweeps for another blow.

Then we drew to the rescue, one by one,
And worked with a will as the tide came in,
Till the fort in the light of the setting sun
So massive grew, we were sure to win
In this war with the hosts of the restless sea,
That moved up their ranks unceasingly.

The breach grew wider, but still our flag
Right proudly waved as the tide came in;
With busy hands, and with many a brag,
We heaped the sand where the walls grew thin.
We were children again with the waves at play,
As tireless, gleeful, and brave as they.

That huge sand fort, and its swarming host
All, all was lost, when the tide came in!
We sounded retreat, and we fled from the post,
But the eager children flew back again.
We were used to defeat through many a year;
They would not yield and they felt no fear.

They saw the sea gather all this spoil
In the fading light when the tide came in;
But they planned with glee fresh strife and toll,
And said,—“To-morrow, we’ll surely win.”
They felt like victors, though sent to bed,
Where slumber bound them in chains of lead.

M. A. R.

Saidie's Winter.

Sadie Crawford stood before the window in her pretty little room, looking out on the gray, wintry afternoon. The withered vines over the arbor swung back and forth in the wind, and the branches of the leafless elms creaked dismally against the house. But the chill winter picture outside did not sadden the young girl musing within.

"There is so much I want to do this winter," she said, half aloud. "It is so nice to be home again in my own sweet room. Last winter, it was just up and down to some tiresome bell,—from one recitation room to another. Now I have graduated, that is all over. And this winter I want to try work outside the school-room. Tom wants me to read German with him; and mother needs rest and help, so I mean to keep house every other week. Father likes me to help him with his accounts, and I'm glad I can. I am going to have a class in Sunday-school,—such darling little girls! and I shall take such pains with my lesson through the week. And there's some fancy work I would like to do. Father needs a new head-rest for his chair, and the table-cover is rather shabby in the sitting-room; and there are several poor families at the end of the village I ought to visit. I'll make a list of all the things, then I do them in order better."

And Saidie opened her neat writing-desk, and after making out her memorandum, which grew under her hand, remembered she must write to her dearest friend, Annie Read; and as her ready pen ran over the paper Saidie forgot that the room was chilly, and her feet growing numb, until her mother called:—

"Saidie, dear, you are staying upstairs without a fire too long."

And Saidie, shivering, ran down to the sitting-room.

"I have so many nice plans, mother," she said gleefully, while warming her tingling feet and fingers. "I am only

afraid the winter will not be long enough for all I want to do."

Mother smiled, and said gently:—"You must not forget, daughter, 'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow,' and 'If the Lord will.'"

"Oh, yes! mother; but I think—I hope I am trying to work for Him this winter!"

Saidie hovered over the fire all the evening, but her chilliness would not pass away. She tried to talk with Tom of the proposed German studies; but queer little shiverings ran up and down her back, her head throbbed and felt heavy, she could not count the stitches in her fancy knitting.

"I am afraid you have taken a very heavy cold, Saidie," said her mother, anxiously.

"Oh, I'll sleep it off, I hope," Saidie tried to respond cheerfully. But she did not sleep it off; and after a restless, painful night, the doctor was summoned to pronounce Saidie in the first stages of rheumatic fever.

Then how long the days were, despite the winter time, and longer the wakeful nights. But how kind every one was! Mother and father, whom she had hoped to help so much, were untiring in their watch beside her. Tom softened his steps and voice, and was full of all manner of gentle attentions. And when, one weary day, Saidie begged him to read to her from the Bible, he hesitated but a moment, and then cheerfully began. And so it came to pass that in a short while Tom would take up the Bible as a matter of course, and ask:—

"Where shall we read, Saidie?"

The March winds were blowing, and although no leaves were yet to be seen, Tom had found some delicate spring flowers in the hollows, when Saidie, wrapped in shawls, and propped with pillows, was just able to sit up for a few hours. She was in her own pretty room, in which we first saw her, but a very dif-

ferent looking Saidie from the bright, energetic one of three months before.

"Let me have my portfolio, mother," she said one day.

Saidie turned over the papers with her thin, white fingers. There, on top, lay her list.

Some moments later Mrs. Crawford entered, and found Saidie crying over the slip of paper.

"What is it, daughter?" she asked, tenderly.

"O mother!" sobbed Saidie, "here is my list I made of all the things I expected to do. I had planned such a busy, useful winter,—to be so much help to you, and every one,—and I just had to lie here, and—"

"Suffer all His righteous will," said her mother, softly stroking the bowed head.

"Don't think you have had a wasted winter, dear child. You have learned a great many things within these four walls, and taught more than, perhaps, you could have done in health."

"*Taught*, mother?" asked Saidie, looking up wonderingly; "how could I teach, and whom?"

"Have you not seen how ready, and even eager, for your Bible-reading Tom has become? I think he has been learning some lessons he might not have found outside of your sick room."

"Tom, dear Tom!" murmured Saidie. "I had not thought I could be of any use to him, while tied here."

"You had planned your German lessons together, but God planned these higher, heavenly lessons; were they not better?"

"Oh, yes!" said Saidie.

"God often puts aside some of the things we expect to do, even in His service," said Mrs. Crawford, "so we may better perform some great work He has for us all."

"I will keep that list," said Saidie.

"It may prevent me from boasting of tomorrow, or over-planning. I did not

spend the winter as I expected, but I dare not call it wasted."

"Neither dare I," said Tom, who had entered softly.—*Mrs. Lucy Randolph Fleming, in The S. S. Times.*

Save the Pieces.

A story is told of the eccentric Stephen Girard, that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match that would light at both ends, and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned about half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a great part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, a day or two since, to a lad who was opening a parcel:—"Young man, untie those strings,—don't cut them."

It was the first remark he had made to a new employé. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said:—

"There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and I presume is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save."

"I told the boy just how to untie the string, not so much for the value of the string, as to teach him that everything is to be saved, and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed upon the mind of a beginner in life, that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the foundation of success."

In the Floods.

Do I mind the days o' the famous floods? Ay,
laddie, indeed I do;
I was a little one then, you know, not nearly
so big as you;
Mother and I were living alone, for father was
out at sea.
'Twas a dreary time for her, I guess, but hap-
pily enough for me.

Night by night, when I'd say my prayers, she'd
always join in the last,
"Take care of dear father, dearest Lord, as
thou hast in days gone past."
And then I'd lie dozing in my cot, a-watching
her sew her seam,
Till her form would melt away and change to
an angel's in my dream.

Then came a season of pouring rain, with skies
as dull as lead,
There was water below and water round, and
water overhead:
And the neighbors and mother whispered low,
what I could not understand,
But they seemed to fear some danger near, if
the sea o'erflowed the land.

But I only crept to my mother's breast, and
said as I pulled her gown,
"Won't the sea bring daddy the nearer home
to the very heart o' the town?"
And she told my notion, and sighed and smiled,
"It is well to be little Jim,
With fancies like that in place of fears for
property, life, and limb!"

But at last we woke in the darkling morn with
a gurgle round the bed;
It was deadly cold, and a star looked in through
the lattice at our head.
Up rose my mother with silent speed, but e'en
ere she got a light
We knew that what they had feared so much,
had come to pass in the night.

"Where is my father?" was all my cry, as I
clung to mother's arm
(The water lapped cold about my feet, but I
had not a thought of harm).
"Child, we must open the door," she said, and
her eyes looked strong and wild,
And the light o' the dawn rushed in along with
a shout for "wife and child."

A boat was coming towards our house, and
't was father who stood to steer,
His ship had come with a fav'ring wind (I can
hear the sailor's cheer!);
They came among us with stalwart arms, and
saved many lives ere night,
And the women kissed me with wondering
words, and made me a hero quite.

*'Tis strange how often I've noticed since that
the cheery words come true;—
One can't do better than breathe a hope when
there's nought else one can do.
And it seems a parable to me,—that dawn with
its chill and doubt,
Its starlit pane, and its opening door, and the
father's face without!*

Isabella F. Mayo, in Sunday at Home.

One at a Time.

In the edge of a wood, near together,
stood two oaks. One was an immense
old tree that had for many years stood
there, spreading its branches farther and
wider, its top higher and higher, while
the other was only a little sapling of a few
years growth. The small tree had sprung
from an acorn that had fallen from the
large one, and so called it mother.

"Mother," said the young tree, "shall
I ever be as large as you? I seem to be
nothing now. I cannot look around to
see anything; the other trees hide me;
they seem to think that I amount to noth-
ing; they bend down over me, and call
me 'that little tree down there'; the
sheep and cattle nibble my leaves, and
break my branches, and I must just stay
down here and take it all; I wish I were
big."

"Be patient, my child," replied the old
tree, "keep growing, and some day you
will be as large, yes, much larger, even
than I."

"What, larger than you? Were you
ever as small as I am?"

"Yes, and much smaller, too; I was
once only a tiny shoot springing out of
the ground, though I have almost forgot-
ten about it, as it was so long ago."

"How strange," said the little tree,
half to itself; "smaller than I once, but
now the largest one around. How did
you become so large?"

"By growing; not only each year, but
each month, day, hour and even moment
of the warm season I kept busy gather-
ing whatever would help me grow, and I
used all I could get."

"How many years is it since you were small?"

"I can hardly tell. It is many years; perhaps a hundred."

"What, a hundred years! Will it take me a hundred years yet to grow as large as you? Oh, dear, dear! I can't wait; it is too long. One year is long, very long; and to think of a hundred times as much! I can't do it. A hundred years! It makes me tired and dizzy to think of it."

"Not a hundred years, nor one; not even a hundred days; no, nor a hundred minutes, but only one minute at a time. I grew so large by growing only one minute at a time. Remember, only one minute at a time. Use each as it goes; give yourself no trouble nor thought for the next, and a hundred years will not seem too long for growing a large tree."

"Only a minute at a time," said the small oak to itself; "only one at a time. Yes, I can do that. One minute at a time; that is easy enough; I'll try. One at a time; one at a time;" and he started with new courage to grow.

Boys, girls, that is the way to gain or to do anything; one at a time, and only the one nearest to you. Leave the future to God; all you need do of a long, hard task is to do a little at a time, and that nearest to you; but in that way you will do all, *by keeping on*. Any boy or girl can do one thing at a time; those who do will succeed.—*Sydney Clare*.

"What Did You Say?"

In a beautiful New England village, a boy, about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was joint-heir, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession; but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was dying and his heart longed for a treasure worth more to him than all gold.

One day I came into his room. I sat

down by him, took his hand, and, looking into his face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he. "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again; and I shall never forget how his large eyes opened on me, and his cheek flushed as he slowly said, "Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; "God wants us to trust him. That is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all; and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God,—to put your trust in him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that we might believe in him, and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all the truth; and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour. And so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loved-ones who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to; and that, dying, he went to him whom not having seen he had loved.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

A Contrast.

A precious carpet has been destroyed in San Francisco. It had covered the floor of one of the rooms in the Mint, and had been used for five years. The dust of the precious metals, used in the coinage, had during that period daily fallen upon it, and when it was taken up the authorities had it cut in small pieces and burned in pans. The ashes were subjected to the process employed with mining dust, and they realized \$2,500. Thus the carpet, after years of wear, was more precious than when it was new. It is an illustration of the lives of some Christians. The discipline they endure in the world enriches them, and when God tries them they "come forth as gold."

Something for Children to Do.

Sing to "Something In Heaven for Children to Do."

There is something on earth for the children to do,

For the child that is striving to be
Like the One who once murmured, in accents
of love,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

CHO.—There is something to do, there is something to do,

There is something for children to do,
On this earth here below, filled with sin
and with wo,

There is something for children to do.

There are sweet, winning words to the weary
and sad,

By their glad, loving lips to be said;
There are hearts that are waiting, by some little
hand

Unto Jesus, the Lord, to be led.

CHO.—There is something to do, &c., &c.

There are lessons to learn both at home and at
school;

There are battles to fight for the right;
There's a watch to be kept over temper and
tongue,

And God's help to be asked, day and night.

CHO.—There is something to do, &c., &c.

There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be
done,

Gentle words to be dropped by the way;—
For the child that is seeking to follow the Lord,

There is something to do every day.

CHO.—There is something to do, &c., &c.

A Noble Answer.

At a slave market in one of the Southern States of America, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master, who pitied his condition, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:—

"If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied:—

"I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

This is the true principle of action; not, "I will do right if some one else will," but, "I will do right whatever others may do." "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." *Josh. xxiv. 15.*

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

District Secretary:—

REV. S. W. HANKE, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

SHIPPED IN MARCH, APRIL AND MAY, 1884.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

MARCH, 1884.

During March, 1884, twenty-three new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,070, 8,072-8,086, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,925-7,928, inclusive, with Nos. 7,980, 7,981 and 7,982, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7925..	Cong. ch., Wilbraham, Mass.....	Bark Raymond.....	West Indies.....	10
7926..	Wm. Ramsdell, Milford, N. H.....	Ship East Granville.....	Australia.....	18
7927..	Cong. ch., Milford, N. H.....	Bark Meganticook.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
7928..	S. S. 1st ch., Newton, Mass.....	" Jessie McGregor...	Trinidad.....	10
7930..	Cong. ch., So. Berwick, Me.....	Ship Mendoza.....	Manila, E. I.....	18
7981..	Sarah I. Holbrook, Holbrook, Mass....	" Magellan.....	Valparaiso, S. A.....	18
7982..	S. S. Cong. ch., Warren, Mass.....	Bark Caribien.....	Africa.....	12
8070..	S. S. Cong. ch., Groton, Conn.....	Brig Irene.....	Auckland.....	12
8072..	Capt. S. J. Latham, Houston, Tex., <i>in</i> <i>memoriam</i> Mrs. Lucy E. Miller.....	Ship Ringleader.....	Japan.....	20
8073..	<i>In memoriam</i> Salina Hill, late of Hancock, N. H.....	Bark Emma G. Crowell.	"	18
8074..	Cong. ch. and Soc'y, Whitinsville, Mass	" Crescent.....	Brisbane, Australia	16
8075..	"Friend of the Sailor," Southampton, L. I.....	" Wm. Hales.....	Callao, S. A.....	15
8076..	Agnes L. Fish, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Abner J. Benyon..	San Francisco ..	30
8077..	Robert T. Fish, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Sacramento.....	Hong Kong.....	25
8078..	Primary Dep't. S. S. Pilgrim Cong. ch., St. Louis, Mo., for Howard Fuller Ripley Memorial Library.....	" Oregon.....	San Francisco ..	25
8079..	S. S. M. E. ch., Great Neck, L. I., <i>in memoriam</i> Mary Emma Vogt.....	" Continental.....	"	30

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8030..	Class No. 5, S. S. Cong. ch., Stamford, Conn.....	" Samaria	Sydney, N. S. W....	22
8031..	Cong. ch. and Soc'y, Whitinsville, Mass.	" Lizzie Ross.....	Havre.....	18
8032..	Capt. H. E. Huntting, Superintendent, and Keepers and Surfmén, Dist. No. 3, U. S. L. S. S.....	Bark Beatrice Bernard.	Cape Town.....	14
8083..	" " " " " "	Ship Fred E. Scammell.	Antwerp.....	28
8031..	W. C. Frankard, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Mrs. Mary A. Frankard	" Paul Jones.....	Shanghai.....	25
8033..	Cong. ch., Torrington, Conn.	Bark Cornwallis.....	Antwerp.....	20
8036..	G. S. Corwin, Cape May Point, N. J....	Ship Southern Cross....	Hong Kong.....	24

APRIL, 1884.

During April, 1884, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,087-8,105, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,900, 7,915, 7,917, 7,983 and 7,984, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7900..	Peck & Russell S. S., Pittsfield, Mass...	Barkentine A. C. Wade.	South America....	11
7915..	Cong. ch., Campello, Mass.	Schr. Joshua S. Bragdon	West Indies.....	8
7917..	Prospect St. ch., Cambridgeport, Mass.	" Anna Bell.....	" "	8
7938..	S. S. Central Cong. ch., Lynn, Mass....	Bark Belle Worcester...	Cardenas.....	10
7984..	Cong. ch., Hubbardston, Mass.....	" Collator.....	River Platte.....	12
8087..	Child's Miss'y Society, 1st Pres. ch., Morristown, N. J.....	Ship Sintram	San Francisco....	25
8088..	Child's Miss'y Society, 1st Pres. ch., Morristown, N. J.....	" R. P. Buck.....	" "	25
8089	C. E. Vail, Blairstown, N. J.....	Bark Elmira.....	Adelaide.....	15
8090..	D. A. Allen, Salem, O.....	" A. E. Killam.....	Anjier.....	21
8091..	Sanford Library, Elizabeth, N. J.....	Brig Mary Celeste.....	St. Domingo..	10
8092..	Mrs. Jane A. Hodges and Three Friends, Rochester, N. Y., for <i>Buckland Library</i>	Bark Goodsell.....	Melbourne.....	17
8093..	"Faithful Workers," Youth's Bible class, Mispah Chapel, New York City..	Ship Berlin.....	San Francisco....	25
8094..	Miss S. Corwith and Sister, Bridgehampton, L. I.....	" Grandee.....	Hong Kong.....	17
8095..	Joseph Perkins, Cleveland, O.....	For Lake Service.....
8096..	" " " " " "	" "
8097..	Miss'y Society, Ch. of Strangers, New York City.....	U. S. Ship Bear, of Greeley Relief Expedition.	43
8098..	S. S. Ref. ch. on Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship John McDonald....	San Francisco....	20
8099..	Miss E. A. Bulkley, Southport, Conn., in memoriam George Bulkley Perry...	Bark Kings County.....	Antwerp.....	18
8100..	Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, Washington, D. C., in memoriam Allan Thomson	U. S. Stmr. Thetis, of Greeley Relief Expedition	24

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8101..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Dayton, O.....	Bark Virginia.....	Java.....	12
8102..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Meriden, Conn.....	Ship Monarch.....	Calcutta.....	20
8103..	Primary class, S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Nor- wich, Conn.....	U. S. Ship Alert, of Greeley Relief Expedition.		48
8104..	S. S. Beneficent Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.....	Bark Rose Inness.....	Valparaiso.....	15
8105..	S. S. Cong. ch., North Haven, Conn....	" Salatia.....	Java.....	17

MAY, 1884.

During May, 1884, sixteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,106-8,112, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,929, 7,935-7,942, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7929..	1st Cong. ch., Georgetown, Mass.....	Brig Daisy Boynton.....	Singapore, E. I....	8
7935..	1st Church, Cambridge, Mass.....	Bark Bertha.....	South America....	13
7936..	" " " ".....	" T. A. Fields.....	Cape of Good Hope	12
7937..	" " " ".....	Brig E. M. Barton.....	Rio de Janeiro....	9
7938..	" " " ".....	Bark Andrew Hicks.....	Pacific Ocean.....	30
7939..	" " " ".....	" Hiram Emery.....	Melbourne.....	12
7940..	" " " ".....	" Henry Warner.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
7941..	R. B. Tilton, Cambridge, Mass., in me- morial Grace B. Tilton.....	Ship Lamar.....	New Zealand.....	13
7942..	Mrs. I. L. Richmond, Cambridge, Mass.	Bark Lyra.....	Montevideo, S. A..	10
8106..	Miss H. M. Remington, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Ship Sontag.....	Bombay.....	21
8107..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., E. Orange, N. J.....	Bark Henry A. Litchfield	Sydney, N. S. W....	16
8108..	Mrs. and Miss Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y...	Ship Hectanooga.....	Java.....	20
8109..	Rev. R. S. Storrs, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" St. Paul.....	San Francisco.....	30
8110..	Lucy A. Brainard, Hartford, Conn.....	Bark Bristol.....	New Orleans.....	10
8111..	Misses C. L. and E. H. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Formosa.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
8112..	George H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y....	" Latona.....	Callao, S. A.....	16

During May, 1884, thirty-three loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

N. Y. 1,033; No. 5,131; N. A. 5,703; No. 6,183; No. 6,519; No. 7,003; No. 7,860; No. 7,899.
" 3,933; " 5,137; " 5,723; " 6,213; " 6,777; " 7,141; " 7,496; " 7,787;
" 4,973; " 5,201; " 5,933; " 6,318; " 6,837; " 7,804; " 7,537; " 7,878;
" 5,123; " 5,433; " 6,135; " 6,523; " 6,978; " 7,323; " 7,676; " 7,887;

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in March, 1884—23</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in March, 1884—42</i>
" " April, " —24	" " April, " —27
" " May, " —18	" " May, " —33
65	102

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools. but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-six years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 56,

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., elected in 1873, the ninth President of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY since its organization in 1828,—and thereafter annually chosen to that office during the continuance of his life, died at his native place, Bucksport, Me., on the 10th July, 1884, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Bucksport has for years past been his summer-home, and he had but lately gone there from his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., for an annual respite from city care and occupation. His final sickness, pneumonia, lasted but two days.

The Society, by its Board of Trustees, and, perhaps, for itself, will commemorate President BUCK and his work, but that in no measure puts aside a proper notice of this event, in that issue of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE which first follows his decease.

The declaration that it is the unexpected which happens, finds illustration in his death. Ill for all his later days, and at times a sufferer from most excruciating pain,—he was yet able to preside at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, May 5th, and left Brooklyn in ordinary physical vigor, with seemingly fair prospect for its continuance.

His own entire readiness for death, however,—indeed for anything in personal experience, none will question who have known him throughout his career of Christian faith.



The tidings of his departure will be read and heard with sorrow in very wide circles. A successful shipping merchant of the best type, a public spirited citizen, a disciple who for scores of years adorned the doctrine of Christ by his walk and conversation in notable surroundings,—a man who counted it his best privilege to serve his Divine Lord and his fellow men,—he made for himself so many friends that those who will mourn his going from the spheres where they have met him, will probably be found in nearly every country and on each sea upon the globe.

Eminently the world's sailors have lost, in parting with him, a steadfast helper. His immediate associates in labor for seamen put on record, last September, their sense of the value of his labor on their behalf, as well as their regard for his person and character, at the celebration of the golden wedding of President BUCK and his esteemed companion.* We are certain that every word they sent to them, at that time, will still appear to those associates a fitting tribute, as they shall recall them in the mellow light that rests upon the new-made grave. Such an one as Mr. BUCK was in this world, was in the poet's mind, who wrote:—

“A CHRISTIAN IS THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN.”

GENOA, ITALY, HARBOR MISSION.

We print with pleasure, the following summary of the Annual Report of the mission, about to be issued, sent us by Rev. DONALD MILLER, its chaplain, and also the appeal just made for a Sailors' Home in the port, the need and benefit of which will require no demonstration with intelligent readers of the MAGAZINE. Rev. Mr. Miller dates on the 18th June, and says:—

“The Annual Report of the Mission being now in print, your readers may be interested to know the results of the year's work. The statistics, which are kept with the utmost accuracy, show that 121 Bibles, 179 Testaments in various languages, 20 Norwegian Psalm and Prayer Books, and 963 Italian books have been sold; while we have distributed gratuitously 39 Testaments, 431 portions of Scripture, and 9,646 magazines, tracts, &c.

“Our Italian colporteur has labored daily, and with his usual diligence, among foreign vessels, offering the word of God to sailors of many nations, but spending most of his time among his own countrymen. Of the 3,074 ships he has visited during the twelve months, many are coasting vessels, on board of which he has frequent opportunities of reading and conversing with the men, of whom not a few are well disposed towards the Gospel, and willingly purchase

* *Vide SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, November, 1883, p. 345.

books to take to their homes. Such entries as the following often occur in his Journal:—"Sold well on board the small coasting vessels to-day. One young captain from Avenza, who years ago bought a Testament and other books, called me again to-day and bought, speaking of the enjoyment and profit he had had from his former purchases. Sold two Bibles on board a Viareggio vessel. The sailors first bought Testaments, and then changed them for Bibles on my reading something from the Old Testament which they liked. There are four sailors on board this vessel who are interested in all I read to them."

"This was a very happy day mostly spent on board two vessels from Tuscany, the captains and men of which are ready to hear and to read, as well as to buy every time they come to Genoa; the captain of the *Adelina* is really a man of deep piety."

"The colporteur is doing good work also among the boatmen, day-laborers and others about the Harbor. Last year a circulating library was established, which is already bearing good fruit, as such extracts as the following show:—"Sold to-day to a man to whom I lend books regularly, a copy of the last he read, which had specially pleased him; this is the second I have sold to the same man, who is caretaker of a dredge in the Harbor." "Spent an hour and a half on board a tug talking with the captain and the engineer who have long possessed Bibles and love them, though they, from fear of being dismissed by their very bigoted employer, never own to it; the attention and interest with which they listen encourage me to hope that some day they will be more brave."

"Another interesting and important sphere of his labors is among the emigrants. During the year he visited 19,400, often spending a whole day on board one ship, reading and talking to groups that gather around him, selling copies of God's Word, and often holding public discussion with the priests who do their utmost to hinder his work. Giving, and even selling the Scriptures to these emigrants, who nearly all belong to the uneducated classes, would be perfectly useless unless accompanied with earnest conversations, for the priests have only to pass round the word that they are *Protestant* books and they are at once thrown overboard. An entry in our colporteur's journal illustrating this may have special interest for some of our friends in New York:—"Spent eight hours on board the *Tayget* with 620 emigrants returning from New York. Among them I sold, a number of Bibles, Testaments, &c., but with great difficulty and considerable danger, as two men who bought Bibles wanted to throw me into the sea when I refused to restore them their money and take the Bibles back; by patiently talking with them and reading to them, they so came round as to declare themselves pleased to have bought them. They told me that on sailing from New York each one of their number was presented with a New Testament which, during the voyage, was a source of great enjoyment until on arrival at Gibraltar a whisper went round that these were 'Protestant' books which spoke not of the real Christ, but of the Christ of a certain Giovanni Diodati; immediately they began to tear them up, and did not stop till the sea was covered with the torn bits of these precious

books. I could not find that one had been preserved, and this was the difficult ground on which I had to work to-day."

"In connection with this department of the work it is mentioned in the Report that with the sanction and blessing of the Pope, the Bishops of Italy and America have established an organization the chief object of which is to prevent the faithful from wandering from the fold. Committees have been formed in Genoa and Naples, and offices opened to which emigrants from the interior are directed by their priests, where arrangements are made for their being forwarded to the care of the priests in the port to which they are sailing. There can be no doubt that since the Scriptures began to be sold among emigrants by our colporteur the Church of Rome has done her utmost to prevent any of them abandoning their faith.

"The Report mentions that towards the end of March Mr. JONES, the missionary to English speaking sailors, was asked by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society to go to Hamburg, and that soon after his appointment he left Genoa for his new sphere of labor. The statistics show ten months' work by Mr. Jones. Since he left I have visited the crews twice a week and held service in the Bethel on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and I shall have to carry on the work as best I can for some time, as Mr. CLUCAS, the new missionary, who comes from Swansea, is not likely to be able to leave his present sphere of labor till the end of August. The number of men who attended service in the Bethel during the twelve months was about 5,000. This is no more than was reported the previous year, though the number of sailors who

entered the port was less than this year. But there is a reason for there not being an increase in the attendance at our meetings corresponding to that of the number of sailors arriving. Many of the vessels now discharge alongside the wharfs, and the sailors, unless they are desirous to attend religious services, wander up into the city and spend their evenings elsewhere. This makes it all the more necessary that a missionary should be constantly visiting the ships, and when Mr. Clucas comes there will no doubt be a decided improvement in the attendance in the Bethel.

"The year closed with a deficit of \$500, which has, however, been made up already, thanks to the liberality of two friends.

"I must here express my thanks for the very valuable support the mission receives from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, without which it would be very difficult to carry on the work. And I shall be still further thankful if this brief statement about the work that is being done in the port of Genoa should help to encourage your subscribers to give liberally and cheerfully in aid of the noble work your Society is carrying on in behalf of seamen throughout the world."

British Sailors' Home, at Genoa.

British trade with Genoa has greatly increased of late and the Port is now frequented by upwards of 800 British vessels yearly, mostly of large tonnage and manned by some 20,000 seamen.

The want of a seaman's Club or Home for such of them as come ashore is more felt every year, for besides the increasing number of men in the Harbor more come

ashore now that the vessels lie alongside the quays.

It is proposed, therefore, to hire and furnish a suitable apartment close to the waterside, where the men may find papers and books and play at harmless games, and where they may have tea and coffee and other non-alcoholic drinks.

The management and control to be in the hands of a Committee consisting of the Consul and the following gentleman who have agreed to act with him in the matter:—namely, the Rev. RALPH DOYLE, English chaplain, the Rev. DONALD MILLER, Scotch Presbyterian minister, Mr. E. A. LE MESURIER and Mr. EDWARD DE THIERRY.

The Home to be conducted on temperance principles and on a strictly secular basis, the spiritual interests of the men being cared for independently of this which is merely an attempt to meet their legitimate material wants when they go ashore and to keep them from drink and other forms of vice.

Drink is the bane of our seamen and, as the books of this and probably all other Consulates show, it is the source of almost all the mischief and misfortune which befall them.

As is well known all British merchant vessels are worked on strictly temperance principles, no liquor at all being allowed on board;

when our men come ashore on the contrary the only place they have where they can sit down to rest, or smoke, or have a chat, is a wine-shop or café; and the very fact that they are not used to stimulants makes them feel the effects more readily.

The Home is intended to be self-supporting as far as possible, but besides the first outlay for furnishing, etc., it is calculated that from £100 to £150 a year will be required to maintain it beyond the sum recoverable by sale of refreshments, etc., and subscriptions are therefore earnestly requested from all who are interested in shipping and all friends to our seamen.

£55 have been collected and paid over for the purpose by the Bishop of Gibraltar, £20 have been subscribed by the Marquis of Bute, and about £20 have been collected in smaller sums, but at least £100 more is required immediately to start the Home.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. GRANET BROWN and C., N. 7 Via Nuova, Genoa, who have kindly undertaken to act as Bankers to the Institution.

For the Committee of Management,

M. YEATS BROWN,

H. M. Consul.

Genoa, Italy, 16th June, 1884.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

LETTERS FROM THE PACIFIC.

III.

SHIP CEYLON,
PACIFIC OCEAN,
March 23d, 1884.

Ships' Libraries Again.

The value of a good library for a ship cannot be too highly esti-

mated. If left to the owners of ships it will not be provided. There are a few shipowners who will, perhaps, when their ships are first launched furnish a few books, but they seldom or never would be renewed; hence the ef-

fort of the AMERICAN SEAMENS' FRIEND SOCIETY to work in this line of Christian benevolence is most commendable and praiseworthy. I rejoice to notice the efforts of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in the same line of effort. The benevolent community and friends of seamen cannot contribute their funds in a manner better adapted to benefit seamen and others found on board ships where these libraries are placed. The mother of the young Earl of Aberdeen, who was lost over board some years since from the *Hera*, could not have appropriated her money for a memorial of her lost son in a more useful and appropriate manner.

Situated as I now am on board this good ship *Ceylon*, with such a library placed here before the ship left Boston I can bear my testimony to its value. I see some of the books in the First Officer's stateroom, and others are being read in different parts of the ship. I frequently hear the Captain speak as to their value.

A Special Book.

I have no doubt that many passengers like myself derive much benefit, and pass away many hours in an entertaining manner, which would otherwise pass without profit. I am now reading a volume from the library to which I have been hitherto a stranger. I refer to Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY'S *Past Meridian*. This volume is of the 3rd edition, printed in Hartford, October, 1857. It is a most charming book, referring to the habits and characteristics of men and women who have passed the meridian of life, whether that point be at 35, or 50, or even at a later period of one's life-journey.

Mrs. Sigourney's remarks upon such as the following headings to the chapters of this volume are peculiarly apt, appropriate, felicitous and instructive:—"Old," "The Beauty of Age," "Domestic Anniversaries," "Privileges of Age," "Longevity and Intellectual Labor," "Aged Divines," "Cheerful Old Women," "About Money," "The Amenities," "The Pleasures of Winter," "A New Existence."

Most timely are her utterances upon the baleful tendency in the free, young and growing life of American society to neglect the aged. She contrasts the respect and deference paid to those advanced in years, in the old and the new world. Sad, indeed, that with all the noble traits of "Young America" respect and reverence for the aged should have so little prominence. All is hurry and bustle, and, alas! in too many instances children and grand-children are forgetful of the respect and honor due to the grand-parents. The commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" is not remembered as it should be.

This volume was published by F. A. Brown of Hartford, and if not out of print I could wish a copy might be found not only in a ship's library but in every family and Sabbath-school library in America.

I am not alone in placing a high value upon the book; the editor of the *North American Review*, nearly thirty years ago, said:—"Mrs. Sigourney has never before written so wisely, so usefully, so beautifully as in this volume."

The *Hartford Courant* wrote:—"We much mistake if this volume be not regarded as one of the best

and most useful of the many volumes Mrs. Sigourney has given to the public." In a similar tone write the *Norwich Courier*, *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, *Washington National Intelligencer* and other standard newspapers.

Mrs. Sigourney dedicated this volume to

George Peabody, Esq., of London, to whom she remarks, "so many of his countrymen turn with pleasure and delight." If that could be said while Mr. Peabody was alive, how much more since his death, which occurred in November, 1869. This event I recall with marked interest, because opportunity was then afforded me with my traveling companion, I. W. AUSTEN, Esq., of Honolulu and Boston, and a few Americans, to be present at Mr. Peabody's funeral, on the 12th of November, 1869, in Westminster Abbey. The place, the occasion and the solemn ceremonies were highly impressive. Leading the procession as it entered the Abbey, and was grouped around the remains of our distinguished countryman, while the solemn burial service was read, and the words of the officiating clergymen and the peals of the great organ were alternating, I noticed that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MOTLEY, representing England and America, were arm in arm, with bowed heads, honoring the man, who had devoted his wealth to the good of the poor of London, the freedmen of America, and the cause of education and humanity. On the following Sabbath the Bishop of London and many of the clergymen of England preached in reference to the great philanthropist. The Queen, the government and the people of

England appeared to vie with each other in showing respect to the memory of an American citizen, without titles, who had never sought political or literary honors.

Progress of the Voyage.

Our ship has now been twenty-six days on her passage from Honolulu to Hong Kong. The weather has been remarkably pleasant, no rain, no gales, but gentle North East tides have wafted upon an average of 125 miles daily, and we hope in two weeks more to reach our port of destination.

These latitudes along the 17th, 18th and 19th parallels abound with very little of "life." We have seen but few birds, or "monsters of the deep." Still the voyage, thus far, has been uncommonly pleasant.

IV.

SHIP CEYLON,
OFF FORMOSA, CHINA SEA,
March, 29th, 1884.

We are now a month away from Honolulu, and about 400 miles from Hong Kong. Last night we entered the China Sea through the Bashee Channel, so famous in the navigation of this part of the Great Pacific. Through this channel fleets of merchant-ships and vessels of war in the North Pacific have for ages been pushing their way to the mysterious oriental world. Thence have been conveyed the millions of gold dug from the mines of South America, Mexico and California. It still remains the great unsoived financial problem.—how have these millions been absorbed? What has become of the untold amount of silver and gold shipped to the Orient?

Missionary History.

But many other questions beside those of a financial nature arrest the attention of the thoughtful voyager in these seas. Untold millions of the human race, after the dispersion of the descendants of Noah, at the vain attempt to build the tower of Babel, pushed their way to the shores of Asia, washed by the waves of the Pacific. It is among the unsolved mysteries of God's providential dealings with mankind, why for so many ages the nations of Asia should have been left without a knowledge that a Savior was revealed from Heaven. How distinctly I can recall the prayers of the friends of missions fifty years ago, "*Oh, Lord! open Thou the gates of China to the missionaries of the Cross!*" "*Throw down her walls!*"

God has manifestly heard and answered that prayer, but it has been in such a manner, to employ the words of John Newton, with reference to an answer to prayer,—that the nations of the earth have been driven to despair! England and America declared forty years ago that China should no longer remain secluded and isolated. The Chinese should open her gates, and if unwilling, they should be compelled by all the enginery of war! Hence the opium war and all the subsequent conflicts of European nations with that great nation. The end is not yet! In this mighty conflict the element of Christian Missions has deeply entered. It could not be ignored, however studiously some diplomatists and belligerent powers would aim to thrust it aside. Hence the vast complications which form so deep a matter of study to the friends of missions.

With the shores of Formosa now in view, and the tall light-house on its southern joint, only a few miles away, I am led to inquire what has been done for the three or four millions of the inhabitants of this island in the way of their enlightenment in the facts and principles of the gospel?

It appears that the Chinese inhabit the western shores and southern portion of the island, and nominally hold the whole island, although the original inhabitants driven back in the interior have never been completely subjugated. So far as I have been able to learn, the island was unvisited by Christian missionaries until within the last twenty years. Now, it appears, that missionaries from Scotland and Canada are there laboring harmoniously and successfully. My attention has been arrested by the following paragraph in the February Number of the *Foreign Missionary*, of New York:—

"The missionary work in the Island of Formosa may be classed among the most interesting and successful of modern missionary enterprises. At first the pioneers were repelled, and seemed often in danger. They lived in wretched abodes, and met only with discouragements. But kindness won confidence. They interested the people by first talking to them of things familiar to them, then of practical facts and objects of life, but soon gave them the more important truths of the Gospel. The name of Dr. MAXWELL will be to Formosa what that of JUDSON is to Burmah, or MARSDEN to New Zealand. Dr. G. S. MACKAY, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, has also been greatly successful in Formosa. In four

years he had built ten chapels, over which he had placed native preachers. The next year he had 160 communicants, and there were a thousand natives who had renounced idolatry. When he left his field, in 1879, for a visit home, there were 20 chapels, 300 communicants, and over 2,000 under instruction. In 1882, after his return, he reported 26 native preachers, 26 chapels, 350 communicants, and 3,000 adherents. Whole villages renounced their idols, and called for the preaching of the Word. The work now organized goes prosperously on, and a college has been established with fifty students."

Just before sailing from Honolulu I received from R. MACFIE, Esq., of Dreghorn Castle, near Edinburg, Scotland, a copy of XXVIIIth Report of the "China Mission at Amoy, Swatow, Formosa, and the Hak-ka Region." This mission does not appear to have special connection with any particular branch of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but to have arisen in consequence of eminent missionary labors of the celebrated Chinese Missionary Rev. W. C. BURNS, who went to China about thirty years ago, and labored with so much success and zeal as to entitle him to be called the Scottish pioneer missionary to the millions of China. I do not learn that he ever visited Formosa, but so successful were his labors that he inspired others to go thither, from both Canada and Scotland.

From this report it appears that the Scottish Missionaries, Revs. Messrs. SMITH, CAMPBELL, THOW, and others, have established a successful Training School

at Taimanfoo, on the Island of Formosa. I copy as follows:—

"Before leaving Formosa, Mr. Smith was enabled to carry through the annual examination of the preachers, which occurs at the beginning of the year. Twenty-two of the preachers from various parts of the island came in to be examined. The results of the previous examination were announced, and three days were spent as follows: "On Monday forenoon, 2nd January, they were examined on *Numbers xi-xrv.*, a written paper. In the afternoon they were examined on Chinese character studies. On Tuesday forenoon they were examined in *John xviii-xxi.*, and in the afternoon on Romanised colloquial. Wednesday forenoon was given to a careful criticism of sermons which had been written at home on a previously fixed subject. At the evening meeting they got, as usual, general instructions and counsel for guidance in their work."

The statistics of the Formosa Mission are as follows: 1,023 communicants; children baptized, 969; adults baptized in 1881, 316.

I have somewhere read much later missionary intelligence from Formosa and have the impression that great success now attends the labors of missionaries on that island. I have also read the statement that the French threatened to seize this island, but I should hope such a sad fate does not await its inhabitants, after what is known of the conduct of the French nation towards the inhabitants of Tahiti, Western Africa, and Madagascar, and other places where Protestant missionaries have established missions.

S. C. DAMON.

A WORKER'S SONG.

It is not for me to order
 The work that I have to do;
 My eyes must follow the Master,
 And ever His will pursue.
 And therefore I wait and listen,
 For as soon as I hear his voice,
 Forward I press with gladness,
 And even in toil rejoice.

Sometimes I can hear him calling
 To tasks that are great and high;
 I should often fear to attempt them,
 But that He is standing by;
 Sometimes unto service lowly,
 That even a child might do,
 Comes the Master's kindly summons,
 And hearing I hasten through.

Oh! none can be sad or gloomy
 In the hours they work for Him,
 For he smileth aye upon us,
 Let the day be bright or dim.
 And we cheer our hearts with singing,
 While busy at our tasks;
 It is only faithful service
 That the gracious Master asks.

Sometimes I am growing weary,
 And by troublous cares oppress,
 And the Master in His pity,
 Dismisses me to rest.
 And, again, when I have not earned it,
 In His kindly, great regard,
 He loads me,—not with wages,
 But munificent reward.

*Oh! who that once has served Him
 Will any other serve?
 Oh! who that ever has seen Him
 Will from His fealty swerve?
 Come all, and be His servants,
 For He your friend will be,
 All gracious and forgiving, still,
 As He has been to me!*

Marianne Farningham.

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"I AM TRYING TO BELIEVE."

AN INCIDENT OF THE MOODY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

BY REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST.

It was during the last week of the meetings in the great Terminus Hall, St. Pancras, that I fell in with a very intelligent young lady on her way to the inquiry-room. She seemed to be quite anxious about her soul, and greatly troubled that she could not find peace. I asked her if she was a Christian? She replied, "I am *trying to be one, sir.*"

"But," said I, "you are not to try; you are just to believe."

"I know that quite well, sir; that is what Mr. Moody has been telling us in his sermon this afternoon. And that is what I am trying to do. *I am trying to believe.*"

"Well, my dear friend, *what* are you trying to believe?"

"Why, sir, I am trying to believe *that I am saved.*"

"But you are not to turn your faith upon yourself at all. You are nowhere bidden in the word to believe that you are saved. Do you not see that if you were to find something in or about yourself that you recognized as salvation or the ground of it, you would not be trusting in Christ at all, but only in yourself? This is a very common mistake. It is, indeed, the old one of trying 'to feel,' in order to be saved. We are constantly tempted to turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, rather than outward to Christ, who alone can save. Now, dear friend, just give up all attempts to believe anything about yourself. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

With that kind of inconsistency that is characteristic of a newly-

awakened mind she at once shifted her ground, and said: "Well, that is just what I am trying to do. I am trying to believe in Christ."

"Very well," said I, with the purpose of clarifying her thought to her own mind a little, "What are you trying to believe concerning him?"

To this she made no answer for a long while. The truth is she was full of confused thoughts; she really did not know what her trouble was, and stood more in need of some simple and clear instruction than anything else. So I determined upon a course of questions which I thought would lead her out of her darkness and confusion.

"Let us see," I proceeded, "if we can't get at your difficulty. You say that you are trying to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but cannot. What is it that you cannot believe? Perhaps if we can separate that which you do believe from that which you do not believe, we will be able to treat your difficulties more intelligently. Do you mind answering me candidly a few questions touching your lack of ability to believe?"

"I will be pleased to answer any question I can; for I am very anxious to be saved."

"Well, then, we will try and see what you *do* believe, first. Do you believe that Jesus Christ came into the world, some two thousand years ago?"

"Oh! yes; I believe that, of course!"

"You are not in the least doubt upon that point?"

"Not the least, sir."

"Then you are not 'trying to believe' on that point?"

"No, sir."

"And do you believe that he was the Son of God?"

"Oh! yes, sir! I am not in doubt there in the least. I fully believe that he was God's Only Begotten Son, just as the Bible says."

"Very well. Now, do you believe that God sent him into the world to save sinners?"

"Of course! What else did he come for? If I did not believe that, I would not be here trying to get my own soul saved."

"Very good; that seems to be clear. Here are two or three points concerning Jesus that you do believe without a doubt; and so we rule *them* out from among the difficulties in the way of your faith. Do we both agree, so far, that you are not trying to believe but that you really *do* believe?"

"Yes."

Then turning to *Isaiah l.iii.* I read the following: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on him." "Now my dear friend, do you believe that, when God sent his Son into the world, he did really lay or cause our sins and iniquities to be laid on him? Or, to look at another Scripture (*Rom. iv, 25*); do you believe that 'he was delivered

for our offenses and raised again for our justification'?"

After looking at these and other like passages for awhile, she agreed that she was "bound to believe that Christ had borne the iniquity and sin of the world."

"Well do you believe that he bore *your* sins as well as that of all other sinners? Or do you expect him yet to come down and do this for you at some future time? Or, when he died for sinners, do you believe that you were left out of account?"

Here were some new lines for her. She dropped her head, and gave herself over to thought for awhile; and then, with the dawn of new light in her face, she said in substance:—

"I do not see how I am to separate one thing from another. If I believe that *he* came into the world and died for sinners, I *must* believe that he died for *me* as much as for any one else, and that if God raised him for anybody's justification, he must have raised him for *mine* as well." But there was anxiety in her face still. She was not abandoning herself to the glad truth without reserve. So I went on:—

"Let us go over the ground of our inquiry a bit, and see where we stand. You began by saying that you were 'trying to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' but that you could not. Then, when we began to take the difficulty apart, and look at it in bits, you came to the conclusion that you *did* believe: (1) That Jesus Christ came into the world some two thousand years ago; that the story of his advent and death is no myth, but a real and blessed fact. (2) That Jesus is indeed the Son of God and not a mere man. (3) That though we had

all gone astray like lost sheep, yet God had laid on him the iniquities of us all, and had caused him to be delivered up for our offenses, and had raised him again for our justification. (4) And, finally, you agree that you believe that *you* are included in that blessed saving work. That *your* sins, too, were on him, and that he was raised for your justification."

"Yes; I am agreed to that."

"Now, let me ask you two questions. *First.* If you believe these things, you are not *trying* to believe them; for you cannot at once be trying to believe and yet believing them. In that case, you may give over trying, and begin trusting. Is not this fair and true?"

"Why, yes, sir; that seems very plain; but I had never thought of it in that light."

"Well, *Second.* What is it about Christ that you cannot believe?"

She looked up into my face, thoughtfully and steadily, as though she were trying to think of something she did not believe, and as if she feared to give up her trying and trust Him whom she did believe; but as she mused and thought on who Christ was, and what he had done for her, her fears had to melt away. Another moment she threw them all to the winds and with a radiant face she said,

"Oh! now I see it. I am not to believe that *I* am saved, but that *Jesus Christ* saves me by what he has done for me, and by God raising him from the dead."

"Yes," I said, "Salvation is not the object of our faith, but Christ and his finished work. Indeed, salvation is the fruit or end of our faith. Further, we are not

to look within for salvation, but to Him who is our salvation. 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord JEHOVAH (Jesus) is my strength and my song; *he also is become my salvation.*' This is the grand secret. It is not what *we are*, what *we do*, what *we feel*, or what *we believe*, but it is JEHOVAH —JESUS who is our SALVATION."

May the Lord direct the eyes of all anxious souls who may be "trying to believe" away from themselves to him who came, who was the Son of God, who was made sin for us, who was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, AND WHO IS BECOME OUR SALVATION.

N. Y. Independent.

The Dying Sailor.

BY REV. FRANCIS B. WHEELER, D. D.

Once, on shipboard, leaning over the rail in reveries begotten of the sea and memories of far-away shores, we were accosted by a seaman who said, with a snatch at his tarpaulin, "We think Bill is at the end of his rope, sir. Would you mind spinning a yarn for him before he goes?"

Bill was one of the crew whose acquaintance we had formed in the early part of the voyage, and in whom we had taken a deep interest for his frank and manly ways and from the fact that he came from a New England valley where we ourselves had wandered. We had long talks together when he was off duty, and frequently we had kept watch with him under the serene light of the Southern cross. At the summons of his comrade we went to him, not surprised at the tidings, for we knew he had been dangerously injured the day before in some service to

which he had been called in a moment of extreme peril. "Ah, sir," said he with gasping breath, reaching out to us his brawny hand, "Ah, sir, my time is most up, my watch is over. I must soon go below. Will you read me something out of the chart, some words of the great Master?"

We took from his trembling hand a well-worn Bible and read from the Gospel of John, beginning with the soothing words,— "Let not your heart be troubled."

"I believe I hear Him, sir; those words are for me. I know He will not forget me. He is getting ready for me, sir. I've been a rough fellow, but I've tried, sir, I've tried to serve Him a little. Do you think, sir, He will be hard on a poor fellow like me?"

"No, Bill, you may be sure that He will be as tender and true to you as ever that mother of yours was, now waiting for you among the green hills far away."

"Are you sure, sir, that He,—He will let me come to him?"

"O Bill, He will. He will not cast you away."

"Ask him a bit, sir, if he will give me a chance aloft."

So we asked him, while the sailors around uncovered their heads in reverential awe. The prayer done, Bill feebly said, but with eyes that shone with unearthly light, "I think he heard it, sir. I feel he will give me a berth up there, though I am not fit for such company."

Then, summoning all the energy his dying body could command, he said, "Here's my Bible, sir; it is one my mother gave me; will you take it to her? Tell her that I've read it every day that I could. And this ring, sir, will you take it to Mary; you know who I mean. Tell her I've never forgotten her,

in port or on sea, and I've hoped so much that we might sail together. Kiss them both, sir, for me, mother and Mary. I love them, oh, I love them, mother and Mary, and I think I love Jesus too. I think, I think, I love Him better than I do mother and Mary, and I feel that he loves me, poor, wicked Bill."

We promised we would certainly carry out his wishes if we were spared to reach the shore. Bill seemed so gratified. "Thank you, sir, thank you. Now, would you mind kissing an old salt like me; it will make me think of my mother's lips." We kissed the paling cheek with a tearful commending of his soul to the dear Lord. Suddenly a change swept over his face and we knew the tides of death were sweeping in. As we looked the whisper came from his dying lips, "Ay, ay, sir, I'm coming."

We closed his eyes and knelt with the rough men of the sea, all our hearts too full for spoken prayer. Bill had gone. One had come over the great waters and led him up to the chambers of peace. We looked, but we saw no path over the shimmering sea, we heard no voice, but we thought of the sweet surprise that had come to the mariner,

"Now safely moored, his perils o'er."

The night after, as we paced the deck under the blazing cross that shone with unwonted lustre, new thanksgivings were born in our hearts to Him who, through the cross of His suffering, had lifted another soul out of the deep, deep sea into His infinite glory.

The morrow came, and with it the burial. for on board ship there is short delay in such service. No coffin was made. The poor body was carefully sewed in canvas with heavy weights at the feet, and

laid upon a plank, so that it could easily be slid into the sea. At the going down of the sun, when the tropical skies were ablaze as with celestial glories, as though gates of pearl were wide open flung and there were shinings as from beyond, all hands were called for the last solemn rites of the dead.

We had stood at many graves, but at no burial like this. An awful hush was upon all. As the service went on the winds swept through the rigging of the ship and the ropes sang the requiem of the departed. With the words, "We do now commit his body to the deep till the sea shall give up its dead," the plunge was taken, and the body sank far away from our sight, down full many a fathom deep.

Shall we ever forget the sound of that plunge? Shall that sight ever fade from our eyes—that parting of the waters and the going down into the depths below?

Our voyage came to a happy end. So soon as possible we found the mother and Mary. Bible and ring were given as our sailor friend requested. There were aching hearts that night as we told the story of the sea, but thanksgivings mingled with tears at thought of the safe anchorage the sailor-boy had found.—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

Mr. Spurgeon's Conversion.

I will tell you how I myself was brought to the knowledge of this truth. It may happen the telling of that will bring some one else to Christ. It pleased God in my childhood to convince me of sin. I lived a miserable creature, finding no hope, no comfort, thinking that surely God would never save me. At last the worst came to

the worst,—I was miserable; I could do scarcely anything. My heart was broken in pieces. Six months did I pray, prayed agonizingly with all my heart, and never had an answer. I resolved that, in the town where I lived, I would visit every place of worship in order to find out the way of salvation. I felt I was willing to do anything and be anything if God would only forgive me. I set off, determined to go around to all the chapels, and I went to all the places of worship; and though I dearly venerate the men that occupy those pulpits now, and I did so then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the Gospel. I mean by that,—they preached truth, great truths, many good truths that were fitting to many of their congregation—spiritually-minded people; but what I wanted to know was—How can I get my sins forgiven? And they never once told me that. I wanted to hear how a poor sinner, under a sense of sin, might find peace with God; and when I went I heard a sermon on "Be not deceived. God is not mocked," which cut me up worse, but did not say how I might escape. I went again another day, and the text was something about the glories of the righteous; nothing for poor me. I was something like a dog under the table, not allowed to eat the children's food. I went time after time, and I can honestly say I don't know that I ever went without prayer to God, and I am sure there was not a more attentive hearer in all the place than myself, for I panted and longed to understand how I might be saved. At last one snowy day,—it snowed so much I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop

on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me,—I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodist's chapel. I had heard of these people from many, how they sang so loudly that they made people's head ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words:—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said,—“Young man, you are in trouble.” Well, I was, sure enough. Says he,—“You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.” And then lifting up his hands he cried out, as only I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, “Look, look, look!” “It is only look,” said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment! I know not what else he said; I did not take much notice of it,—I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word, “Look,” what a charming word it seemed to me! Oh, I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away, and in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable. I now think I am bound never to preach a sermon without preaching to sinners. I do think that a minister who can preach a sermon without ad-

ressing sinners, does not know how to preach.—*Spurgeon.*

Men of Responsibilities.

An officer of the U. S. Navy was recently tried by court-martial on the charge of drunkenness, found guilty, reprimanded and suspended from service for two years. The Secretary of the Navy in noticing the case expressed his dissatisfaction with the sentence of the court, and stated that the officer ought to have been dismissed from the service. He said that the Navy Department could never again safely intrust the officer with command on the sea, and added that “he will be an incubance upon the active list, and ought to resign from a high and honorable profession, the appropriate duties of which he can never be allowed to discharge except by putting in unjustifiable peril the ships and lives of the United States Navy.” Such words as these from a high official source are worthy of note. If this stern rebuke of misguided official leniency should fail of any practical result in this instance, the remonstrance of the Secretary should be remembered and heeded in the future when such a case comes up for notice. The public money can be put to better and worthier use than in helping to sustain officials who spend their time in debauchery, to say nothing of the interests which are jeopardized thereby. The rules of public service cannot well prescribe the exact moral conduct of incumbents of office, but one thing can and should be insisted upon, and that is that officials of the Government in any capacity shall keep within the limits of decency and not degrade the service and destroy its efficiency.

by acts of shameless folly and weakness.

The sharp reprimand of the Secretary had reference to only one branch of marine service, but his words have a warning for all those who "go down to the sea in ships." The perils of ocean travel are great enough at the best without being aggravated by incompetence and imbecility on the part of those who have charge of vessels. There is reason to believe that one of the recent great disasters on the ocean was the result of the culpable ignorance and incapacity of one or more of the chief officers on board, and in another case intemperance was alleged to be at the bottom of the trouble. The fact should not be overlooked that the life of sea-faring men is one of peculiar hardship and frequent peril, and that they are exposed to the many strong temptations incident upon an adventurous career, but not even these circumstances, though calling for more than ordinary charity in some cases, can afford justification for gross and wilful misconduct. Human life is too precious and the interests involved in it of too great moment to be entrusted to the safe-keeping of men who have addled their brains with drink, or in any other way deprived themselves of sense and judgment.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Martyrdom of Bishop Patterson.

It was now the 20th of September, 1871; the days were very hot and brilliantly fine. So calm and still was the sea, that the *Southern Cross* lay motionless in the midst of the blue waters within sight of the islands, but unable to reach

them. Morning and evening, during those peaceful days, the bishop read the Bible with his scholars. They were going through the Acts of the Apostles, and had come to the seventh chapter. "And," says one of the boys, "he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us about the death of Stephen, and then he went ashore on that island Nukapa." As they drew near they were met by three or four canoes. The men in them seemed to be friendly, and as the tide was not high enough to let the boat get up to the island, the bishop let himself be taken on shore in one of these canoes. By so completely trusting himself with the natives, he hoped to show them that they had nothing to fear from him. The canoe reached the shore, the bishop landed and passed out of sight, while those in the boat remained quietly waiting for his return. Suddenly, and without warning, the natives from the canoes drew their bows, and began shooting upon the boat; it pulled away quickly, but already Mr. Aiken and two of the Melanesians were struck. They made their way back to the *Southern Cross* and were at once taken on board, and the terrible arrows removed. But the first thought of all the party was for their bishop; and as soon as his own wound had been attended to, Mr. Aiken re-entered the boat, and set out with three others, in search of the bishop. As they drew near the island, a canoe drifted towards them; at first it seemed to be empty, but as it came closer they could see that there was something lying in the bottom, and a moment more showed them that it was the body of the bishop.—*Miss Arnold Foster's Herald of the Cross.*

A Homely Illustration of Faith.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, you say I must believe,—accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barnyard and peeps into the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform; the water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and the faith come together without any trouble,—certain and sure and abundant."—*Bethel Flag*.

At the Hour of Death.

Mr. F. H. TIBBETTS, one of the survivors of the *City of Columbus* disaster, relates the following incident of a "stout man" near him in the rigging who was terribly afraid to die:—

I told him to pray, but he said he couldn't. I told him that there was little chance for life, and he should take the opportunity to make his peace with God. I prayed with him and he did so and said he felt better. A young man near me was in great mental distress. He told me he didn't know how to pray and couldn't, he had led such a wicked life. At last he said:—"I will not go before my Maker with a pack of cards in my pocket," and he threw his cards overboard, but he perished with the wreck.

Restitution.

Under the head of restitution Mr. Moody told an anecdote of a man in New York who was a defaulter and came to him to pray for him. "I told him it was no use until he restored the money. He hadn't it. I told him to restore what he had. He left me and came back again. He hadn't slept all night. I told him my prayer was answered, for I had prayed God not to give him any rest night or day till he gave back the money." He gave Mr. Moody the money, and he called in the young man's employers and told them all and asked them to deal in mercy with the man. They forgave him. They wept and prayed together.

A LADY ONCE writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought,—“Shall I close this as anybody would, or

shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the word, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Trembling she folded it, and sent it off. Back came the answer:—"Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at venture, hit home, and the young man shortly after rejoiced in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. How often do we, as Christian young men, close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus! Shall we not embrace *this* opportunity in the future?—*F. M. C. A. Watchman.*

Natal, South Africa.

Natal, a British possession in South Africa, viewed from the outer anchorage of Durban, presents a scene of utter barrenness. Corrugated-iron houses are scattered promiscuously over a desert-like country. The entrance to the harbor is obstructed by a sandbar, and in attempting to cross this many vessels have been lost. Once over the bar, a magnificent bay comes in view, the water of which, calm as a millpond, is dotted with shrub-covered islands. Tugs, brigs, barks, schooners, lighters, and small boats, are here intermingled in glorious confusion. The wharf is a picture of bustle and excitement. White men are running to and fro urging on the Zulu laborers to renewed exertions, and the peculiar "click" of the native

language may be heard on all sides. East Indians (men, women, and children) are peddling bonbons to those employed on the wharf. Black and white convict laborers are toiling on the breakwater; while the Zulu policeman, armed with assegai and knobkerrie, keeps vigilant watch.

Durban is a seaport of inestimable value, being the key to Natal Colony, Zululand, and the Transvaal. It is situated on a sand-flat extending from the seashore to Berea hill, a distance of five miles. The streets are broad and lengthy, the municipal buildings well constructed, and the stores, commodious and well stocked, have a business-like appearance. Mechanics' dwellings are impromptu erections of wood and iron. The Dutch Boers wrested Durban from the Zulus; but a few years afterward, in 1842, the British put in a claim, and the Boers were compelled to abandon it.

Pietermaritzburg, the only other town of importance, is fifty miles inland, as the crow flies; but by rail, owing to numerous curves, ascents and descents, the journey is about seventy miles. It is the capital of Natal, and conveniently located in the centre of the colony. A large majority of the inhabitants are Zulus, who are employed as laborers, watchmen, wagon-drivers, policemen, washermen, kitchen-mechanics, and in fact in every position where muscle is the primary consideration. When not in a state of nudity, their dress is of the most grotesque description. The new arrival looks handsome in a corn-sack; his more refined brother, dressed in a discarded red coat, battered chaps, and bathing-pants, is not to be scoffed at. The brave, simple, mirth-loving Kaffir is a man to be envied; he knows

not what care is, and dreads nothing. The Dutch Boers are frequent visitors to 'Maritzburg; they are the commercial travellers of South Africa, trading between the towns and the Kaffir tribes of the interior. Their means of conveyance, in lieu of sea or rail, is an immense wagon, strongly built, securely covered, and internally resembling a dry goods store; attached to this awkward-looking caravan is a span of sixteen oxen. The residents in 'Maritzburg boast of its commerce, its altitude and comparatively cool climate, its rural scenery and well-formed streets and buildings.—*E. Kelly, in The Inland Printer.*

A New Mariner's Compass.

A new compass, invented by Capt. Magnagni, and lately introduced in the Italian navy, is thus described by *The Jewellers' Circular*. "Its needle floats upon a pool of water, tintured with spirits of wine to prevent freezing. The water is contained in an elas-

tic vessel to allow its expansion and contraction without breaking the vessel. The needle consists of six bundles of fine magnets, built of cast ribbon steel, and fixed on a cord. It is inclosed in a hermetically sealed case, which is delicately poised on a brass pivot. The pivot has a sapphire top and a jade point, all highly polished to diminish friction. The advantage of the compass is that the resistance of the water being great to rapid movement is comparatively slight to slow ones, and hence the ordinary movements of the needle are free enough, whereas those due to sudden shocks from without are resisted, with a consequent staying of the indications. Tried on board the *Duillo*, it is found that the discharge of a 100 ton gun or the motion of the screw does not affect the reading of the compass. The effects of the rolling and pitching of the vessel are also guarded against by suspending the floating case a very little above its centre of gravity."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL has forwarded advance slips from the *Record*, which give information concerning the work of Rev. F. THOMPSON, chaplain.

The ladies are rendering valuable assistance in collecting funds for it. Captains of ships are showing their appreciation of what is done by the chaplain not only in offering their vessels spontaneously for services to be held, and preparing them, but also in the contributions they send in to the treasurer.

Rev. Mr. Thompson feels very much encouraged by this cordial coöperation. No obstacle is placed in the way of his visiting the ships on all suitable occasions, and every facility is afforded in arranging for the Sabbath service. Those unacquainted with the details of the mission, can hardly know just what trouble is involved in preparing the ship for that.

For instance, when service was held on the *John de Costa*, the vessel not being provided with an accommodation ladder. Captain Robinson had one made for the occasion. May 14th divine service was held on the English bark *Michael Hutchinson*, and the captain, fearing there might not be room enough, had his din-

ing-table removed from the cabin and seats placed in its stead. His efforts were rewarded by an overflowing audience, several having to take seats on the deck around the sky-light. These are only samples of what captains are doing, or are willing to do. The officers and men likewise receive the chaplain with uniform kindness.

For the week ending *May 3rd*, 24 ships were visited; 90 copies of the *Record*, 80 tracts and one package of general reading placed on board. On Thursday evening, *May 1st*, a prayer-meeting was held on the *Sea Crest*, and nearly all the ladies in the vessels in the bay were present.—The ship-masters have presented to the Mission a portable cabinet organ to be used at Sabbath services afloat. During the week ending *May 10th*, the chaplain visited 32 ships, and left on board 20 copies of the *Record* and a package of miscellaneous reading matter. A package of magazines and papers was also left at the Sailors' Home.

Service was held *May 11th* on board the N. A. ship *Austriana*, Captain Macintosh, and over 40 were present. Mr. DAVID FOXLEY, Jr., accompanies the chaplain, and renders invaluable assistance in conducting the service of song.

May 18th divine service was held on the English S. S. *Aburick Castle*, where ample and comfortable arrangements had been made by Captain Nivison. A large audience assembled. The new organ was very helpful.

For the week ending *May 17th* the chaplain reports visiting 23 ships, leaving on board 14 packages of magazines and 80 copies of the *Record*. The Sailors' Home had a package of papers and magazines. One poor sailor received some clothes, very much needed.

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

The Honolulu *Friend*, for March, prints a letter addressed to Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, which, by its reference to past work for seamen, at that port, and for other reasons, will reward the attention of our readers, even now. We copy:—

“SAN FRANCISCO. Feb. 12th, 1884.

“*Dear Dr. Damon*:—

“I have read with much interest your Jubilee sermon preached in the Bethel Church at Honolulu, December 2nd, 1883.

The more so, as during my twenty-two years residence at the Islands I was more or less a participant in the affairs and objects for which the Bethel was instituted. I knew the Rev. Mr. DIEHL, the first chaplain, very well. He was a mild and pleasant gentleman, but of infirm health. He had great difficulties to contend with in establishing his mission. The great number of seamen who visited the port, twice a year at that period, were reckless and lawless; and the native authorities had much difficulty in keeping them under decent control. There existed no established law and no police. Pandemonium reigned. Grog shops were many—murders in them often occurred. Under the then condition of things King KAUIKEOULI requested me to draw up a code of laws for regulating and licensing dram shops. I did so,—and they remained as the laws of the land for many years,—giving revenue to the King and peace and good order to the community.

“I have always been of the opinion, that an evil which cannot be suppressed should be controlled and regulated by law. Your sermon brings to mind the events of half a century ago.

“In 1833-34 the young King Kauikeouli was at sword's points with KINAU. The King felt aggrieved at Kinau's continued assumption of power and her refusal to resign to him what he considered was his lawful rights as heir apparent to the throne. In his anger, he abolished all tabus and laws. Insurrection against the authority of Kinau and the chiefs was imminent. It was about that period that application was made by Dr. Judd for a lot of land for the use of the Bethel.

“It was favorably listened to; but nothing was done in regard to selecting and assigning a lot, until I myself visited the King and warmly urged him to comply with the application referred to. The King assented thereto, and deputed one of his hulumanus to select a lot after conferring with Dr. Judd and Mr. Diehl.

“From the Bethel pulpit, I have heard delivered many excellent sermons by eminent preachers—among which were Mr. WHEELER of the Society of Friends in England, and more particularly by Rev. REUBEN TINKER,—a man of fine mind and eloquence. During my many years residence in Honolulu, 1828 to 1841, and from 1869 to 1878, I always attended the Bethel, for the worship of God, and I doubt not with much benefit to myself.

“To yourself, I owe much for your religious instruction and long friendship:

and may God shower upon you and all the members of your family, His best blessings! The Bethel has been so intimately associated with my life at Honolulu, that I have an affection for it. And

whatever events shall occur to me, I shall always preserve warm regard for you and your family.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY A. PEIRCE."

At Ports in the United States.

Maine.

AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.

At the Session of the General Conference of the Congregational Churches of the state, June 28th, on motion of Prof. SEWALL, the following action was taken:—

Resolved, In view of the large number of seamen belonging to families in our congregations, and the many seaports lining the coast of Maine, which are visited every year by thousands of sailors, native and foreign, who need our care and labor:—that we gratefully recognize all that is being done for the spiritual interests of the sailor by the Portland Bethel, by the Y. M. C. A., and by churches and individuals at our larger ports;—and we affectionately urge Christian people in all our ports to engage in some form of action and organized Christian work which shall meet the spiritual needs of this large class of our fellow-men, deprived as they are, to so great a degree, of all Christian and social privileges.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

"In the months of April. May and June," says Mr. C. A. BORELLA, missionary at the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street, "I can say that God has again cheered our hearts by allowing us to see some souls come out on the Lord's side, backsliders reclaimed, and men coming back from sea still happy in the love of Jesus.

"An English sailor who came to the Home in the month of April, testified in our morning meeting that during his stay at our house he had been hopefully converted to God. Another Englishman professed to have been restored from a cold and lukewarm state to the joy of

God's salvation. A third, a young man stood up, thanking the Lord and said that through the reading of the New Testament presented to him by me in the hospital, and prayer to God, he had become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"A Norwegian sailor who left us under deep conviction of sin months ago, returned giving thanks to God and said, 'when I left New York last time I was not a Christian, but now I am safe in the arms of Jesus.' Several seamen who left us mere babes in Christ have come home strong in the Lord, ever ready and willing to testify of the power of Jesus to save.

"I am thankful to report that in my visitations to the sick in hospitals God's blessing has been manifest in no small degree. I also desire to acknowledge the kindness of the Society in aiding seamen's widows and orphans, who have oftentimes been placed in position of deep distress, being friendless and alone. Nor would I forget the many other Christian gentlemen and ladies who have ever been ready to lend a helping hand, of whom we can but believe that the blessing of them that are ready to perish will surely come to their door."

The missionary also acknowledges the kindness of the Board of Managers of the Society for the Relief of Destitute Children of Seamen, Staten Island, "whose readiness," he says, "to assist destitute seamen's children seems never to cease. Not long ago I was sent to go and see a poor seaman's widow who had a little daughter about nine years old. On coming to them this widow told me that she had nowhere to stay with her child, being penniless and forsaken. She begged me to take the little girl and do for her. I did take the child, saw her cared for until I could get her into this Asylum. There Miss BOGERT kindly received her, and she now bears the character of being one of the best of children. The mother, now in service, has been to see her daughter several times, and thanks God for her being there. I need hardly add that the little girl is happy, and tells me she has a good home."

The report of Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, sailor missionary, for April, May and June is at hand. He says in part:—

“In my visits to vessels of all classes lying on the water front between Hamilton and Atlantic Avenues, South Brooklyn, and on the Atlantic Basin and its water front between Grand and Stanton Streets, East River, New York. I have, as heretofore, supplied those on board with religious reading, and given the usual invitation to attend religious services. To those who were in need I gave Bibles. Some of the Bibles bearing the date 1867, having done service in the St. Nicholas Hotel in this city until its close, from that time, and they were in a good state of preservation, destined to continue a good work in the humble cabins and forecables, of those who so gladly received them.

My visits to the sailor boarding houses have been the same. Numbers attend the religious services by invitation. Some have from time to time accompanied me directly to the meetings, and of these some have given evidence of a change of heart, both by deportment and in their efforts to induce their shipmates and others to attend religious services. I am persuaded that in all these meetings no one has ever left without at least having been deeply impressed with his individual responsibility to God his Creator.

I have continued my visits to the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, and to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, E. D., supplying each patient with religious reading, and engaging in conversation and prayer at his bedside. To my satisfaction hardly an objection has been offered during these ministrations. I have received favorable letters from a number of these patients, saying that these visits have been beneficial.

The pictorial scrap-book presented by a lady friend of seamen for their use in hospital, committed to my care, I placed in the Long Island College Hospital, where there are two wards especially for foreign seamen. The female nurses cheerfully promised to see it used for the purpose for which it was donated. Similar contributions have been placed in the Marine Hospital and Sailor's Snug Harbor Hospital, Staten Island, also the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, E. D., and are serving their purpose as I have observed during my frequent visits.

The out-door Sabbath services held in East Street, near the Grand Street ferries, have been largely attended, and in connection with the Mission meetings, have wrought much good. From some who have attended these meetings I have received encouraging letters of their hopeful conversion. At the close of each of these meetings a liberal distribution of religious reading is made among the people. As usual I have visited the aged and infirm, and assisted them into Homes and Asylums, and otherwise ministered to their needs.

BROOKLYN, U. S. NAVY YARD.

Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, writing July 1st, states:—

“Some items of more than usual interest find place in this quarterly report. The fitting out of the *Greely Relief Arctic Expedition*, heretofore noticed in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, on account of its peculiar mission to uncivilized and almost uninhabited regions, called for special attention and supplies for the crews of the three ships connected with it. Not only were they amply furnished with libraries and other reading matter from our Society, as well as from other sources, but to each man, who would receive it, was given a copy of the Scriptures in his own language, with his name and the date written in it, and some portion of divine truth marked for personal attention, and an appropriate tract placed in each. A supply of prayer books was also furnished to each vessel for use in divine services. This special provision for their benefit seemed to be highly appreciated by the men.

“The U. S. Ship *Powhatan*, which left the Yard recently with a large number of officers and men to fill up the crews of the *Lancaster* and other vessels on the European station, was also supplied with needed reading matter. The faithful and efficient chaplain, Rev. D. H. TRIBOU, who has been for some time attached to her, and goes out to join the *Lancaster*, has collected a fine library of several hundred volumes aboard, and hymn books, &c., to use in divine service which he holds twice on Sabbaths, the second service being a Prayer and Praise Meeting among the men. He accepted an invitation to one of our Sabbath services on Cob Dock, and made an earnest address, as did also Chaplain R. RANDALL HOES, of the Flag-ship *Tennessee* now at

the Yard. This ship I have also visited and furnished with reading matter.

"Sabbath and Wednesday evening services continue to be well attended, although the recent large drafts of men have considerably diminished our numbers. Since U. S. Chaplain H. B. HIBBEN has been ordered to the Receiving Ship *Vermont* and taken the morning service, I have established a much needed service at the Marine Barracks. The attendance, though small as yet, is on the whole encouraging. I also hold a weekly singing meeting there on Thursday evenings, which seems to be appreciated. I have hired a cabinet organ for these services. It can be purchased for \$55. Will not some some Seamen's Friend present it to us?

"Our U. S. NAVAL TEMPERANCE UNION continues to prosper. Over 300 are now enrolled as members. Besides the principal roll at Library Hall and Chapel, I have opened pledge books at the Marine Barracks and the Sailors' Coffee House, for enrolling members, and the work will be extended on shipboard by Chaplain Tribon and Gunner J. A. McDONALD, a Christian officer who has gone out with him on the *Powhatan* to join the *Lancaster*, which is the Flag-ship on the European station. I have given them a copy of our roll, which a number of the men who have gone with them have signed, and pledge cards, &c. Amulet Lodge, I. O. G. T., also furnished them a large package of select temperance books, papers and tracts, Gunner McDonald being a Good Templar.

"The monthly temperance meetings in April and June, and the annual meeting in May have been already noticed in the MAGAZINE.

"During the quarter I have distributed 11,000 pages of tracts, 1,850 papers and magazines, 106 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms in several languages, and 67 Prayer Books.

"Several sailors in trouble and need have been given shelter and assistance at the Sailors' Coffee House on York St., just outside the Navy Yard gate. This house is sustained by a number of prominent and benevolent gentlemen of Brooklyn as a place of resort and protection for seamen, under the superintendence of Mr. WILLIAM WEBSTER, where ample provision is made for food and lodging, at very moderate expense, free from the temptations and perils which beset them elsewhere on every hand. I have recently been elected one of its Board of Directors.

"Thus my work goes on encouragingly on ship and shore, effecting something, I trust, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of seamen."

STAPLETON, S. I.

Rev. Dr. KIP, chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital, reports for the three months prior to July 1st, in part as follows:—

"Occasionally I find one of the patients who evidently would prefer to be left alone, rather than listen to spiritual instruction, but in most cases I find easy access to the men. The number of inmates at present is eighty-six, this being the season of the year when the number is smallest.

Fruitage.

"In visiting the wards I conversed with a young man who within the last ten days had taken Christ as his Savior, and could give good reason for the hope he cherished. In subsequent interviews he told me that it was through a tract I had given him he had been led to Christ. His sickness was not serious, and after three or four weeks he was discharged cured, a new creature in Christ.—A young foreigner who speaks English very imperfectly, has been in the Hospital several months. He told me that he is looking to and trusting in the Savior.—A sailor who was to leave in a day or two told me that on the next day (the Sabbath) he was to connect himself with a church in the city, and for the first time partake of the Lord's supper. He said that since he broke his leg (a year ago) he had thought more seriously on religious subjects than ever before, but recently he had consecrated himself to Christ. He told me that he had received much benefit from our Sabbath afternoon exercises.—A colored man who is passing away rapidly has been a Christian for months, is happy in the prospect of his departure, willing to have his Master call him any moment."

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

It was a pleasure to welcome at our Rooms, in July, Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER, chaplain of our own Society and of

the local Auxiliary in work for seamen at this port. We judge that an increase of interest in the cause attends his labors there.

Richard P. Buck.

The following action was had by the Board of Trustees at a special meeting held on the 14th July, and subsequently to the preparation of the reference to President BUCK's death with which the present issue of the MAGAZINE is opened.

The Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, while bowing submissively to the will of their Heavenly Father, in the removal by death, at Bucksport, Me., on Thursday last, (July 10th, 1884,) of their honored President, RICHARD P. BUCK, would record their deep sense of personal bereavement and also of the great loss which has befallen the work in which they have been so long and so pleasantly associated with him.

MR. BUCK was elected a Trustee in May, 1861, and the President of the Society in May, 1873; continuing in this office by subsequent annual re-elections, up to the time of his decease; and most truthfully may it be said of him that from the day of his connection with it, he studiously made its prosperity and usefulness the subject of his prayerful and generous interest and thought.

From the nature of his secular calling,—a successful shipping merchant,—MR. BUCK was early brought to an intimate knowledge of seamen, their needs and their capabilities; and under the conviction that their moral and spiritual welfare could be immeasurably improved, he sought, through the organization over which he was called to preside, to variously induce the sailor to avail himself of the opportunities and advantages offered him, and by becoming an intelligent and practical Christian, become in that way a blessing to himself and to others about him.

With this noble ambition he gave his counsel and his substance to making the Society a missionary agency wherever the sailor went, in advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom, throughout the world.

In his intercourse with the members of the Board of Trustees, MR. BUCK's bearing was always kind and considerate, and such as to command their highest personal respect for his intelligent understanding of the questions that came before them, and also for his obedience to the convictions of a conscience sternly set and religiously devoted to whatever seemed to him right and just.

He was always responsive with his sympathy and means, and prompt to relieve the oppressed and the needy; and with words and deeds of Christian charity, quick and earnest to encourage whatever in that way promised the sailors' happiness and good.

His faith in God was unswerving, that everything undertaken with a devoutly benevolent intention would in due time be honored by a divine recognition and graciously converted into blessing; and under this impulse he was ready to favor whatever plan, by whomsoever prosecuted, that sought the sailor's elevation.

MR. BUCK's recognized positive integrity of character, which came from his acceptance of the Bible as "man's supreme rule of faith and practice," made him desire that others might likewise experience its transforming efficacy, and so he sought by the circulation of the Bible, especially on shipboard, to make the men of the sea upright and God-fearing while following their perilous avocation, and ready at all times for the issues of the future.

He was also characterized by an eminently child-like faith in the gospel-plan for saving sinners; and his life practically preaching it every day, and continuing steadfast in this faith to the very end, his death, which is our loss, became his passage into the rest, whose portals are over-written with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Resolved: That this Minute be entered upon the permanent records of the Society, and a copy of the same be transmitted to the afflicted family of our deceased friend and brother.

Resolved: That we tender to the family our heart-felt sympathy, and the assurance of our prayer that they may be graciously sustained to bear their irreparable bereavement.

Resolved: That as members of the Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, we will show our

respect for our late President by attending in a body his funeral services appointed for Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn.

The funeral services of President BUCK were held as noted in the above resolution. Although the season of the year was one in which numbers of persons, whose attendance would be looked for, were doubtless absent from the city and unable to be present, the body of the large church was filled with personal friends and with representative men and women, some of whom came from long distances to testify their sense of loss in his decease, and their respect for his life and memory. THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, and THE GRAHAM INSTITUTE,—the latter two local institutions,—were each represented among the pall-bearers. An analysis of and tribute to the character and life of Mr. BUCK, of which it is just to say that it was masterly, tender and truthful, was given by Rev. Dr. R. S. STORRS, his pastor, who conducted the services, aided by Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

They Do Good—Letter From A Captain's Wife.

Since the publication of the MAGAZINE for July the following letter has come to us from Mrs. LINNEKIN, the esteemed wife of the captain of the ship *L. L. Sturges*, referred to on page 222 of our last issue. The vessel sailed for Calcutta from New York April 9th, 1883, and arrived at New York, on her return voyage, May 29th, 1884.

June 17th, 1884.

DEAR SIR:—

"I feel that I must thank you for the Library (No. 7,695,) which the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY provided for the *L. L. Sturges* on her last voyage.

"The instructive and comforting words which were contained in the books did much to help our men to live 'the better life.'

"It may seem a slight, and some may think, a small service thus rendered them, but could you have seen the eagerness with which these men laid hold of the precious words contained in such books as 'Heaven' by Mr. MOODY, and the 'Watchers on the Longships,' and others like them, which were repeatedly called for, you would have been encouraged to keep on working for the spiritual good of seamen.

"God surely blessed us, and the voyage although long, was fraught with happiness. Four of our men experienced the rich blessing of God's Spirit witnessing in them that they were His.

"During our stay in Calcutta the men attended religious services there, so that they were ready and determined to work in the good cause, holding meetings every night in the fore-castle. Peter, one of the men, said to me, 'Mrs.—, we have never been hindered from having our prayer-meeting.' Once when he was relieved at the wheel by one of his comrades, I heard him say, 'We'll not forget you;' meaning that as Arnold must be at the wheel they would remember him in their prayers.

"Eleven of our ship's company joined the Good Templars while in Calcutta, and I have every reason to believe that they still remain firm.

"One week ago last Sabbath my husband and I went to the Mariner's Church, corner of Catharine and Madison Streets, New York, and witnessed four of our men make a public profession of religion.

"Are not God's ways past finding out? My prayer is that the good work may go on.

Yours respectfully,

O—L—."

Impressive Testimony.

The Archbishop of York, presiding at the twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the London P. E. Missions to Seamen, on 1st of last May, in London, Eng., well said:—

"As presiding over a diocese with a large and exposed and dangerous coast, and with more than one large seaport on that shore, I feel bound to bear my witness to the excellent work of The Missions to Seamen Society, to wish it God-

speed, and abundant success, and to recommend it to all Christian people. Will you consider for a moment or two what are the aids to religion we possess? We have in our own homes the usual round of public worship, and most of us have the blessing of family prayer. We have access to the holy Scriptures, and can have them expounded; and, we have the blessed presence of women in our households who in the great majority of cases are on the side of religious influences, and from whom we have derived our earliest and best impressions of religion. Many of these aids surround us, and all have acted on us, and it is to them we owe any degree of religious practice that we have attained. Under the blessing of God and His Holy Spirit these are the human influences that surround us, and this is the way in which His work is wrought out in us.

"But how many of these are wanting to the sailor! In the first place, the influence of women is out of question, and in the next place, the cycles of time are disturbed by his having to unload or to set sail on Sunday. The week has no Sunday for him; he obeys those who are not always religious men; and, consequently, one means of reminding him of a better world is lost to him. It is of the utmost importance that the masters of vessels should be godly men, for the power exercised by them is enormously great, and they can do either great good or great harm. It is a position in some respects unparalleled. If the master is a religious man, if he is a temperate man, he can show an example which must tell in the ship where he is the source of authority and is looked up to either with love or fear. If, therefore, this Society, by the presence of its agents, can only impress on the ship-master the importance we attach to religion, to public worship, to private prayer, to temperance and the like,—if we can but impress upon the master the importance of all these, we have gained a great way in securing due consideration for the seamen themselves.

"The way these people are to be reached is by the personal agency of this Society. We have to show that we are deeply interested in religious worship, that we think it good for master and seamen alike, and in this way we draw the master's attention to religion, and he, looking into his mind, finds many reminiscences, and solemnized, perhaps, by what he has heard from the agents of the Society, he starts on a new voyage

determined that he will not stand in the way of devout habits among his men, and that he will do what he can to promote it among them."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Even-Song.

When the hush of the evening has fallen,
And the glittering star-hosts on high
Are marching in slow, silent splendor
Across the wide plains of the sky;—

When the busy world, weary with striving,
Has peacefully fallen asleep,
Say, friends, do you think of the sailor
Far out on the desolate deep?

There is rest in the cottage and mansion,
There is rest on the mountain and lea,
But there's nothing but toil for the sailor
Away on the wide, lonely sea.

There is peace, here, at home, and there's
plenty,—

And whatever we sow we may reap;—
But the sailor must toil and be patient:—
God help him!—far out on the deep!

Lucy Sawyer.

Books, Etc.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by John A. Paine. April, 1884. pp. 148. Quarterly, \$2.50 per annum. 30 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

Prof. PAINE has shown admirable editorial ability in this number, which is a worthy successor of the best that have gone before it. Besides articles upon "Reason and Revelation," by Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends of Brooklyn, N. Y.;—"The Resurrection of Christ an Historical Fact evinced by Eye Witnesses," by Prof. B. B. Warfield, Allegheny, Pa.; and "Prayer and Miracle In Relation to Natural Law," by Rev. L. W. Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.; there are here printed, "*Didache ton Dodeka Apostolon, nun proton Ekdidomone, upo Philotheou Brienniou Metropolitou Nicomedas*," "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," translation by Prof. S. S. Oris, Ph. D., Princeton, N. J.; "The Genuineness, Priority, Source and Value of *The Teaching*," by J. R. Harris, M. A., Baltimore, Md.; "The Phraseology of *The Teaching* as an Index of Its Age," by I. H. Hall, LL. B., Ph. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; "Comments on *The Teaching*," by Rev.

E. R. Craven, D. D., Newark, N. J.; and "Sources of Christian Archaeology," by A. L. Frothingham, Jr., Baltimore, Md. This makes by far the amplest treatment of the newly discovered "Teaching" which is as yet accessible in a single publication.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JUNE, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	108
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$4,676
of which \$2,760 was sent to relatives and friends, \$190 was placed in Savings Bank, and \$1,726 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for August, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star during the whole of this month, setting on the 1st at 8h. 8m., and 16° 56' north of west; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 20th when it sets at 7h. 43m., and 22° north of west; during the whole month is favorably situated for observations; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 22nd at 9h. 5m., being 32' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 72° north and 2° south; is at its greatest elongation on the afternoon of the 23rd at 5 o'clock, being 27° 21' east of the Sun.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 5m., and 21° 54' north of east; is stationary among the stars in Gemini at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 2nd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 17th at 4h. 49m., being 23' south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the equator and 60° north latitude; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 17th.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 24m., and 1° 13' south of west; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 22nd at 10h. 41m., being 10' south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 43° north and 25° south.

JUPITER is an evening star until 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th when it is in conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th at 2h. 48m., being 5° 8' north.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 1h. 15m., and 29° 15' north of east; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 16th at 56m. past midnight, being 3° 17' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for June, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	\$ 2 18
Claremont, Cong. church.....	14 81
Concord. Seamen's Friend Society, for lib'y.....	20 00
Exeter, a friend.....	1 00
Hollis, Cong. church.....	2 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, a friend.....	3 00
Cotuit, Union church.....	14 43
Danvers, Mrs. Eben Peabody, for lib.....	20 00
Dunstable, Cong. church.....	20 23
East Longmeadow, Cong. church.....	22 27
East Medway, Cong. church.....	10 00
Hansen, Cong. church.....	7 25
Haverhill, Centre S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
Lanesville.....	10 28
Munson, Cong. church.....	35 00
Orleans, Cong. church.....	18 01
Somerville, Broadway church.....	7 63
Springfield, estate of Mary M. Warren, of Springfield, Mass., per E. C. Rogers, ex'r, and Charles Marsh, treas.....	300 00
E. M. P., for lib'y.....	20 00
South church.....	18 61
1st Church.....	14 85
Taunton, The Broadway S. S., for library.....	20 00
Westhampton, Cong. church.....	15 00
West Medway, C. Adams.....	2 00
Worcester, Salem St., church.....	38 00

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford, Pearl St. Cong. Soc'y.....	40 70
New Haven, Trinity M. E. church.....	28 00
New London, Church of Christ.....	23 61
West Stafford, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	5 25
Whitneyville, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	25 00

NEW YORK.

Bergen, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	12 00
Brooklyn, Church of the Pilgrims, Mrs. Edwin Bulkley, for lib's.....	40 00
1st Pres. ch., of wh. The Life Boat Soc'y for lib's, \$40.....	91 03
New York City, received on account of legacy of John S. Kenyon, deceased, late of New York City, per Erastus F. Brown, Ex'r and Trustee.....	500 00
John W. Hamersley, for lib's.....	100 00
Sawyer, Wallace & Co.....	100 00
A friend.....	100 00
C. N. Bliss.....	25 00
Mrs. John W. Auchincloss, for a new lib'y in name of Charles H. Russell.....	20 00
Primary class of Bethany S. S., for library.....	20 00
R. G. Dun & Co.....	10 00
S. H. Wales.....	10 00
R. Battell.....	5 00
J. H. Abbott.....	5 00
Josiah H. Reed.....	5 00
J. H. Reed.....	5 00
Mrs. S. Isley.....	5 00
Cepha Brainerd.....	5 00
J. B. Hoyt.....	5 00
U. S. Ship <i>Fonshatan</i> , through chaplain D. H. Tribou, U. S. N., for loan library work.....	5 00
Poughkeepsie, Friends.....	200 00

NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, Ref. ch.....	17 67
Newark, 3rd Pres. ch.....	20 80
Rev. Wm. H. Steele, D. D., for lib'y.....	20 00

TEXAS.

Galveston, Officers and men of Revenue Cutter <i>Louisa McLane</i> , Capt. Evans commanding, for general library work, per Rev. E. O. McIntire.....	5 00
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\$2,177 41



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

For the Life Boat.

The Sailor and the Soldier.

Sitting one day in my shipping office a bright boy came in and accosted me. He was a dozen years old, perhaps, of quiet, pleasant and prepossessing appearance. He said that he had just arrived that hour from his distant home near Troy. His father was dead and he found it necessary to start out alone to seek his fortune in life. His funds were all exhausted and this was the first application he had made. He did not beg for money but for employment. I gave him money for breakfast, got a boarding place for him, and in a week or two he was shipped on board a vessel bound for a long voyage. He had been a Sunday School scholar and a praying boy. Though scoffed at by godless associates at sea the little Christian sailor stood firm and silenced opposition by his noble, truthful consistent life. Even the captain was so impressed with his honest and earnest piety that he invited the lad to conduct meetings in the ship's cabin for the benefit of the sailors, which he attended himself.

Voyage after voyage this noble hearted mariner went everywhere preaching Christ by his silent example as well as by his lips to all his associates. His influence was not confined to those about him. A

letter I received from him was once read in the hearing of a coarse, profane and abandoned sea captain. As the words of tender and loving attachment to the Savior were repeated, and the story of what His divine grace had done through this youth, the hardened sinner melted and wept and groaned. It was an arrow from God to his hitherto obdurate heart and he went away from my office with views of religion wholly different from those he had before manifested. What became of him I cannot tell.

When the war broke out this devoted Christian sailor, now second mate and growing daily in favor with God and with man, being in New Orleans was persuaded to join a Michigan regiment of the Union army. He felt it his duty to help save his imperilled country. He was wounded in battle, but his last letter to me told of his recovery and of his expectation to be in an engagement the next day. He probably was killed in that fight as nothing afterwards was heard from him.

This incident shows the permanency of early teachings. Those little copied texts of Scripture which he had written out on slips of paper as Sunday School lessons

and which he carried with him to sea,—as I saw when I looked over his luggage,—were the chart of his course. Obeying these early teachings he made his way prosperous and had good success.

The story also shows how productive and beneficent a life of ordinary toil may become. We need not wait for great opportunities but improve small ones. The little preacher reading God's word in the cabin, telling his older shipmates what that word had done for him, was as truly honoring the Master as any in conspicuous positions. And, finally, the memory of this beautiful life,—in whose guidance from boyhood up I was permitted to take a humble part,—has taught me to be vigilant in season and out of season, seeking to do good to all men. A single word written or spoken, a single loving deed for Jesus may be the initial step to lead one from doubt and darkness into joy here and into glory beyond.

E. B. K.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

No!

"No!"

Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the play-ground of the village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up

are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have any thing to do with it. When I say no, I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained, that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood

and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no,' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is a sweet and often a loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signalled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

Big Words.

It is never well to use big words when small ones will express the same meaning. A lady who was making a call on some acquaintances observed that the furniture had been changed, and remarked to her friend,—

"You have been metamorphosed; haven't you?"

"Y-e-s," said the other, hesitatingly. "You mean kalsomined, I suppose; it looks much better, doesn't it?"

Another lady was showing a visitor around her grounds, which were under the care of a landscape gardener, and she inquired of her friend how she liked the work.

"Why, I think," she said, "that you need symmetry."

"Why," said the other, "we don't intend to bury any one here. There is a good cemetery quite near."

"What caused your little boy's sickness?" asked a plain mother of a mother whose little son was very ill.

"He was climbing a ladder," said the lady, "and lost his equilibrium."

"Poor little fellow," said the sympathetic woman; "do buy him another; he'll be more careful next time!"

"Did you find the people indigent?" asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church who had been calling on some very poor families.

"Oh, dear, no," answered the lady: "they were respectable, but as poor as poverty."

Why Cats Wash After Eating.

A cat, one day, a sparrow caught;

About to eat her up,

"Stop!" cried the sparrow; "gentlemen
Should wash before they sup."

Grimalkin paused; to be presumed

So fine was rather nice.

"Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird

To follow her advice.

Off flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue!"

Cried pussy, in a rage,

"So that's your game! But I'll be wise
In future, I'll engage!

I'll never wash before I eat,

But after." Which is still

A fashion that the cats keep up,

And, doubtless, always will.

Caroline A. Mason.

The Right Kind.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in the *Wide Awake*, gives an imaginary lecture on Boys, in which she makes the following remarks:—

"The boy that I like is wide awake, spry, eager for outdoors and for all sorts of sport, always plays fair, will not lower himself so much as to cheat, is not big-feeling, is not a sneak, is not afraid of pain, speaks the truth, no matter how much it goes against him, would hate to get into bed with himself if he had done a mean thing, is willing to do anybody a favor even if it causes him some trouble, is well-mannered at home, kind with the little ones, respectful to the older ones, and treats *everybody* well. And all this is just as true of the girl that I like as of the boy."

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During June, 1884, fifty-five loan libraries, twenty-four new and thirty-one reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,113-8,128, inclusive, and Nos. 8,130-8,134, inclusive, at New York;—with Nos. 7,943, 7,944, and 7,946, at Boston.

The thirty-one libraries reshipped were:—

No. 8,647;	No. 5,439;	No. 5,492;	No. 6,688;	No. 7,057;	No. 7,154;	No. 7,577;	No. 7,802;
" 5,151;	" 5,449;	" 5,939;	" 6,814;	" 7,078;	" 7,314;	" 7,590;	" 7,820;
" 5,174;	" 5,460;	" 6,478;	" 6,978;	" 7,097;	" 7,362;	" 7,618;	" 7,854.
" 5,483;	" 5,476;	" 6,594;	" 6,990;	" 7,135;	" 7,384;	" 7,657;	

Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named—*By-and-By*.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift little hunter—*Right-away*.
Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I *can't*.
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I *can!*
No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox, among my tender vines.
Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter, named—I'll *try!*
Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I *forgot*.
Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I *will-not-forget-again!*
A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I *don't care!*
Then let I'm *sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him a-far from vines and you.
Children's Hour.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer*.*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

WHO IS POWERFUL? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.—*Jewish Saying.*

THE SAILORS' AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND MAGAZINE



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No. 9.

RESCUED!—LAUS DEO!!

RELIEF OF THE GREELY PARTY—THE WORK OF THEIR ARCTIC COLONY IN THE ICY NORTH.

Writing, three months since, of the departure of the expedition fitted out by the United States Government for the relief of Lieut. GREELY'S Arctic Colony, we said,—“May they return to us, in due season, with amplest success as the reward of their voyaging!” In great part this desire has since been gratified, and although we mourn with those who sorrow for the loss of the seventeen brave men who perished in consequence of the misjudgments and mishaps attending the expedition sent out to provide for them, in 1883,—the sense of their loss is not to do away with our joy over the salvation of those who have returned to their country, and at the scientific achievements of their two years' effort to unlock the secrets of the Pole. These last are large and definite; the record of the party which performed them is heroic;—the story of the sufferings and deliverance of those who finally were saved, perhaps the most pathetic of all stories of Arctic experience and adventure. We make up an account for the readers of the MAGAZINE, from various sources, among them the *N. Y. Tribune* and *Herald*.

Sailing as noted in the MAGAZINE for June, on the 24th and 30th April, and on the 10th May,

the next intelligence from Commander SCHLEY'S relieving expedition appeared in the United



States afternoon papers of July 17th, 1884. We quote, in part, from the *Tribune* of the next morning:—

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., July 17th.—

The *Thetis*, the *Bear* and the *Loch Garry*, of the Greely Relief Expedition, steamed into the harbor early this morning, with the survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay Colony,—Lieutenant Greely and five of his men, who were rescued near the mouth of Smith Sound, June 22nd. The arrival caused much excitement in the city, and large crowds of people. The flagship *Thetis* met the *Bear* at Upernavik, May 29th, and both ships left the same day for the north. After a constant and severe struggle with the ice in Melville Bay, they arrived at Cape York on the morning of June 18th. By order of Commander SCHLEY, the *Bear* was now sent ahead, she being the fastest vessel. Lieutenant COLWELL was here landed with a search party. The *Bear* was ordered to push on to the Carey Islands, while the *Thetis* waited for Colwell, and was then to search the coast. The two vessels were to meet at Littleton Island. The *Bear* reached the Carey Islands, June 21st, four days after leaving Cape York. The English *cache* there was examined and found to be in good condition. Records were left, and the vessel proceeded to Littleton Island. The *Thetis* searched the coast from Cape York to Littleton Island, but found no trace of the Greely party. She arrived at Littleton Island, June 21st, and was joined by the *Bear* on the 22nd. A quantity of stores was landed, and both ships started for Cape Sabine, after leaving orders for the *Alert*.

At Brevoort Island the two ships were tied to the ice and parties

were sent out to search for records or cairns. Lieutenant TAUNT found a record on the top of Brevoort Island left October 26th, 1883, stating that the Greely colonists had established a permanent camp half way between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island, having at that date but forty days' rations. They were sorely pressed, but all were well and safe at that time. This news was received just after Lieutenant Colwell, Chief Engineer LOWE, and Pilots ASH and OORMAN had started in the *Bear's* steam launch to search the Beebe *cache*. They were called back and informed of the news and ordered to push ahead. The *Bear*, being under way, Captain Schley took her and started ahead.

The *Thetis* took the search parties on board and immediately followed. The steam launch reached the camp, first, and returned to the ship with the tidings that the work of the relief expedition was practically at an end, for its crew, under Lieutenant Colwell, had reached the seven survivors of Lieutenant GREELY's party.

Where and How They Were Found.

They were discovered exactly where Lieutenant Colwell landed the provisions saved from the wreck of the *Proteus* in 1863. The *caches* of BEBEE and NARES in the neighborhood had been collected and brought to the place. It was not a good site for a camp, the wind howling down a gorge in the hills with terrific violence, while only a short distance away it was comparatively calm. The tent which had blown down on them was propped up at one end with a stick, and under it they lay awaiting death. The first sight that was caught of the party was a man

standing on a point of rocks holding a flag which he was too weak to wave. Then it was known that something was wrong. As the launch of the *Bear* came up to the shore, the man holding the flag came tumbling down the rocks to meet them.

The ice-foot alongside of which Lieut. Colwell ran the launch was six feet high, and up this the relief party scrambled and ran to the tent. Seeing a man with glasses on lying there, Lieutenant Colwell shook him by the shoulder, and said:—"Who are you?" There was no reply until finally the man becoming aroused a little, said:—"GREELY," and began to talk incoherently. By the side of Lieutenant Greely lay an Episcopal prayer book, from which he had been reading the prayers for the dying when stupor overcame him. In the tent were some tin cases filled with boiled sealskin boots, which had been prepared when the party were stronger. Sergeant BRAINARD was the most vigorous of the party when found. Returning at once to the *Bear* with their joyful news, and also with the terrible tidings that but seven of the twenty-four who formed the "Greely Colony" in August, 1881, were alive,—the others having all perished since the first day of January, 1884,—seventeen by starvation, and one (Esquimaux) by drowning. --- Commander Schley and Lieutenant EMORY, the doctor of the *Bear*, and Ensign REXNOLDS, were soon on their way to the Greely camp (Camp CLAY) with restoratives, food and clothes and everything required for immediate use. Milk punch was prepared on the way. The wind was blowing a gale, and it was only by the most careful management that the launch reached its

destination. The waves flooded the boat, drenching every one.

*Condition of the Men when Found
—Their Subsequent Experience.*

When Greely and men were first found, the search party in the launch was obliged to cut through the tent to reach the starving men. Lieutenant Greely was just able to support himself on his hands and knees. He was dressed in fur, with a red knitted hood, which added to his haggard appearance. His long hair and beard, his wasted form and deep sunken eyes, which shone through his glasses with an increased brilliancy, his feeble voice, which he strove to control, but which plainly revealed his feelings, brought moisture to the eyes of the strongest of the relief party. On either side of him lay two of his companions, both in a dying condition,—Corporal JOSEPH ELLISON, with both hands and feet frozen off and unable to raise his head, Private MAURICE CONNELL, in his sleeping-bag, dying of starvation. Four of the party,—Sergeant BRAINARD, Privates LONG and FREDERICKS, and hospital Steward BIEDERBECK, were just able to stagger out of the tent. A small quantity of milk punch and ammonia strengthened them, and soon beef tea and warm milk were added. All were stimulated by their rescue, and their pleadings for food were heartrending. But all solid food was refused them, and they were carefully transported to the *Thetis* and *Bear*, and tenderly cared for.

It was then with the greatest difficulty that the men were quieted. Their long fast had left them like insane men, and had they been allowed to eat as they desired, all would have died. At the time they were rescued their food con-

sisted of boiled sealskin boots, cut up fine and mixed with reindeer moss, rock lichens, and small shrimps, and boiled into a soup. The shrimps were so small that it required from 1,200 to 1,400 to weigh an ounce. They made tea from saxifrage and Arctic willow. An auk had occasionally been killed, but very few were secured when killed in the water, unless they were drifted in by the tide or wind, as they had been obliged to burn their boat, it being their only fuel. The wood of the boat was carefully weighed to make it last. The failure to secure the game after it was shot only added to their misery. It almost made them crazy to see many seal, walrus, duck and gulls sporting in the sea before them while they were starving.

The body of the last man who died at the camp, Private SCHNEIDER, was found just outside the tent. The party was too weak to bury him, and he was covered only with his sleeping bag.

For some days after their rescue all the men were in a precarious condition. The great joy at their salvation was followed by a depression, both mental and physical. All their minds were weak, and their speech, like their movements, was very feeble and slow. The case of Corporal Joseph Ellison was the most serious. His hands and feet were gone, and his greatly weakened condition could not withstand the shock. He became insane a few days after his rescue, and died seventeen days after, July 8th, of mental and physical exhaustion.

Ellison's Record—The Prior Sufferings of the Greely Party.

Ellison's history is remarkable. November 2nd, 1883, he was de-

tailed, with three others, to attempt the recovery of the English beef *cached* by Nares at Cape Isabella, in 1879. The weather at the time was terrible; but the threatened starvation made it absolutely necessary to obtain the food if possible. Sergeants RICE and LINN, Privates Frederick and Ellison started with a daily ration of four ounces of meat, eight ounces of bread, a little tea and five ounces of alcohol for cooking purposes. With the temperature thirty-five degrees below zero, the wind strong, the snow soft and the ice hummocky, they had sixty miles to march to the meat, and return. In four days they had reached the *cached* meat, and were on their return journey on the morning of November 6th. They had left their rations and sleeping-bags about two miles from Cape Isabella, where they had encamped on the ice, and started with only a cup of tea, intending to finish their meal after reaching the meat, and to save the extra weight of sleeping-bags, provisions and cooking gear. They intended to use the wooden barrels for fuel, and thus save their alcohol, and return to the ice camp for their dinner. On their return Ellison suffered with thirst and began to eat snow, against the order and advice of the others. His hands and mits became wet, and as a northwest gale was blowing his hands were soon frozen. The snow had also caused his mouth and tongue to blister, and he rapidly became weak. The men hurried into camp, and then discovered that Ellison had also frozen his feet. They cut his boots off, and put him into his sleeping-bag, and restored the circulation in his hands and feet by friction, and by placing the

frozen limbs next to the bare skin. After a terrible night they continued on their journey, with the temperature twenty-five degrees below zero. Ellison was unable to help haul the load, which had been increased by their sleeping-bags, and camp gear. His hands and feet were soon frozen, and Frederick was obliged to help him along. Rice and Linn struggled manfully with the sled, but the whole party was soon forced by exhaustion to go into camp. The men passed another horrible night. They had no tent and their sleeping-bags were frozen so stiff that it required an hour's work to unroll them. The men gradually worked themselves into their bags as the heat of their bodies thawed them out. A strong wind, drifting snow, and their exhaustion prevented them from restoring the circulation in their frozen companion. Words cannot describe the horrors of that night.

When they broke camp they were obliged to abandon the meat or their companion, and they chose the former. Ellison, noble fellow, begged them to leave him to die, and save the meat and his starving companions. They left the meat *cached* on the ice, and also a rifle as a mark, and pushed ahead to Eskimo Point, where they could secure shelter in their old camp. After reaching the camp they worked from seven in the evening until three in the morning, and partially restored the circulation in Ellison's hands and feet. They dried his clothes and made him some warm tea, the only warm food they had been able to secure, the wind preventing them from lighting fires. Early the next day Ellison was able to walk, and was sent ahead, while the others packed and haul-

ed the sled. They soon overtook Ellison, who had strayed from the road. His hands and feet were frozen, and he was scarcely able to see. His cheek and nose were also frozen. The men took turns at leading and helping him, while two would haul the sled. At last it required all three at the sled, and they tied Ellison's arms to the back of the sled and hauled him in that way. His legs were stiff, and he would fall and be dragged several yards before his cries would be heard. Linn began to fail, and it was decided that Rice should push ahead, while Fredericks remained with Ellison and Linn. Rice, with a little frozen beef, started for assistance. The other men remained in their sleeping-bags twenty-four hours, when Sergeant Brainard reached them and gave them some hot tea and soup and started back to hurry up the relief party, which arrived ten hours later. Lieutenant Lockwood and Doctor PAVY hauled Ellison into camp, Fredericks and Linn walking. Ellison's feet were frozen beyond cure, and all his fingers and thumbs were lost. Nor did Linn ever recover fully from the exposure. Rice was unable to move for a day, and Fredericks was prostrated for two days. Ellison was carefully cared for and lived through the whole winter, receiving the best rations and more than the others, and only died on July 8th. His joy at his rescue and his terrible suffering was more than his weakened constitution could stand.

Last April (1884) a second attempt was made to recover the beef by Sergeant Rice and Private Fredericks. They started with their sleeping-bags and sled and reached the vicinity of the *cache*

in three days. At this time a terrible storm began and they failed to find the *cache*. No doubt it had drifted off, as the ice continually shifts. While searching for it, Rice desired to rest, saying he was a little tired but would soon be all right. Fredericks tried to prevent him from resting, and endeavored to haul him into camp, but he could not. Rice sat down under the lee of an iceberg and quietly fell into a cold and everlasting sleep. Heartbroken and alone Fredericks threw himself upon his sleeping-bag and gave up. He took a little alcohol and ammonia, thinking it would ease his pain. When he began to feel better and warmer he managed to creep into his sleeping-bag and get a little sleep. The cold at last awoke him, and he packed his sleeping-bag upon the sled and pushed on. Whenever he became tired and warm from his exertions, he would get into his sleeping-bag, take a little ammonia with his alcohol, and get some sleep. By this wise method of only taking a small quantity, and only when turning into rest, and not taking it while hauling the sled, he saved his life. He was met a few miles from the camp with the news that a bear had been shot. Poor Rice was a noble and generous man, and his loss was regretted by all, for his cheerfulness and courage had long kept up the sinking spirits of the men.

The killing of the bear was the salvation of the party. For weeks a few foxes and an occasional duck, with the sealskin, shrimp, and moss kept them up, and they looked forward to the Spring with hope that more game would appear. The drowning of CHRISTIENS, the Esquimaux, by the young ice cutting through his kyack,

was a terrible blow, for their only means of securing their game from the water was now gone. Christiensen was after a seal, and was seen to exert himself violently to reach the firm ice. Suddenly his kyack sank. He was unable to extricate himself, being lashed in it, and also being weak at the time.

Two Reports from Lieutenant Greely

To the Secretary of the U. S. Navy are dated at St. Johns, N. F., July 17th, 1884. The first gives the outline story of his party's experience, after leaving the station which the colony had used as a camp, in the prosecution of its two year's work. In it he says:—

“Brainard, Biederbeck, Connell, Fredericks, Long, and myself, sole survivors, arrived here to-day, having been rescued at point of death from starvation by relief ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, June 22nd, at Camp Clay, northwest of Cape Sabine. All now in good health, but weak. Sergeant Ellison, rescued, died July 8th; Cross died last January; Christiansen, Linn, Rice, Lockwood, JEWELL, EDWARDS, in April; ELLIS, RALSTON, WHISTLER, ISRAEL, in May; KISLINGBURY, SALOR, HENRY, BENDER, Pavy, GARDNER, Schneider, in June.

“Abandoned Fort Conger Aug. 9th, '83. Frozen in pack off Victoria Head, Aug. 29th. Abandoned steam launch Sept. 11th, eleven miles northeast of Cocked Hat Island. When on point of landing were three times driven by southwest storms into Kane's Sea. Finally arrived, September 29th, in Baird Inlet. Learning, by

scouting parties, of *Proteus*' disaster, and that no provisions had been left for us from Cape Isabella to Sabine, moved and established Winter quarters at Camp Clay, (October 21st, 1884.) half way between Sabine and Cocked Hat. Inventory showed that, by daily ration four and one-third ounces meat, seven bread and dog biscuits, four ounces miscellaneous, the party would have ten days' full rations left for crossing Smith's Sound to Littleton Island, March 1st. Unfortunately, Smith's Sound remained open the entire Winter, rendering crossing impossible. Game failed despite daily hunting from early February. Before sun returned only 500 pounds of meat obtained. This year minute shrimps, sea-weed, sassafras, rock lichens, and seal-skin were resorted to for food, with results as shown by the number of survivors. The last regular food was issued May 14th. Only 150 pounds of meat left by GARLINGTON compelled me to send in November four men to obtain 144 pounds of English meat at Isabella. During the trip Ellison froze solid both hands and feet, and lost them, surviving, however, through our terrible Winter and Spring, until July 8th.

"Survivors owe their lives to the indomitable energy of Captain Schley and Lieutenant Emory, who, preceded by three and accompanied by five whalers, forced their vessels from Upernavik, through Melville Bay, into North Water at Cape York, with the foremost whaler. They gained a yard whenever possible, and always held it. Smith's Sound was crossed and party rescued during one of the most violent gales ever known. Boats handled only at imminent risk of swamping. Four

of us then unable to walk, and could not have survived exceeding twenty-four hours. Every care and attention given us. Saved and bring back copies meteorological, tidal, astronomical, magnetic, pendulum, and other observations; also pendulum, Yale, and standard thermometer. Forty-eight photographic negatives, collection of blanks and photographic proofs, Esquimaux relics, and other things necessarily abandoned.

GREELY, *Commanding.*"

The second report by Lieutenant Greely presents a brief statement of the results accomplished by two years' labor of his colony. He says:—

"For the first time in three centuries England yields the honor of the farthest north. Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard, May 13th, reached Lockwood Island, latitude 83° 24', longitude, 44° 5'. They saw, from 2,000 feet elevation, no land north or northwest, but to the northeast, Greenland, Cape Robert Lincoln, latitude 83° 35', longitude 38°. Lieutenant Lockwood was turned back in 1883 by open water on north Greenland shore, party barely escaping drift into Polar Ocean. Dr. Navy, in 1882, following Markham route, was adrift one day in Polar Ocean, north of Cape Joseph Henry, and escaped to land, abandoning nearly everything. In 1882 I made a Spring, and, later, a Summer trip into the interior of Grinnell Land, discovering Lake Hazen, some sixty by ten miles in extent, which, fed by ice cap of North Grinnell Land, drains Ruggles River and Weyprecht Fiord into Conybeare Bay and Archer Fiord. From the summit of Mount Arthur, 5,000

feet, the contour of land west of the Conger Mountains convinced me that Grinnell Land tends directly south from Lieutenant ALDRICH's furthest in 1876. In 1883 Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard succeeded in crossing Grinnell Land, and ninety miles from Beatrix Bay, the head of Archer's Fiord, struck the head of a fiord from the western sea temporarily, named by Lockwood the Greely Fiord. From the center of the fiord, in latitude $80^{\circ} 30'$, longitude $78^{\circ} 30'$, Lieutenant Lockwood saw the northern shore termination, some twenty miles west, the southern shore extending some fifty miles, with Cape Lockwood some seventy miles distant, apparently a separate land from Grinnell Land. Have named the new land Arthur Land. Lieutenant Lockwood followed, going and returning on ice-cap averaging about 150 feet perpendicular face. It follows that the Grinnell Land interior is ice-capped, with a belt of country some sixty miles wide between the northern and southern ice-caps.

"In March, 1884, Sergeant Long, while hunting, looked from the northwest side of Mount Carey to Hayes Sound, seeing on the northern coast three capes westward of the furthest seen by Nares in 1876. The Sound extends some twenty miles further west than shown by the English chart, but is possibly shut in by land which showed up across the western end. The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and the retreat to Cape Sabine were accomplished without loss of life, disease, serious accident, or even severe frost-bites. No scurvy was experienced at Conger, and but one death from it occurred last winter.

GREELY, *Commanding.*"

In Commander Schley's Report

To the Secretary of the U. S. Navy, dated at St. Johns, N. F., July 17th, 1884, he makes a record of the disposition of the dead in the Greely Colony, as follows:—

"Seventeen of the twenty-five persons composing the expedition perished by starvation at the point where found. One was drowned while sealing, to produce food. Twelve bodies of the dead were rescued, and are now on board the *Thetis* and *Bear*. One Esquimaux, TURNEVIK, was buried at Disco, in accordance with the desire of the Inspector of Western Greenland. Five bodies, buried in the ice fort near the camp, were swept away to sea by winds and currents before my arrival, and could not be recovered.

"Names of dead recovered, with date of death, as follows: Sergeant Cross, January 1st, 1884; Wederick, Esquimaux, April 5th; Sergeant Linn, April 6th; Lieutenant Lockwood, April 9th; Sergeant Jewell, April 12th; Private Ellis, May 19th; Sergeant Ralston, May 23rd; Private Whistler, May 24th; Sergeant Israel, May 27th; Lieutenant Kislingbury, June 1st; Private Henry, June 6th; Private Schneider, June 18th.

"Names of dead buried in the ice fort, with date of death, whose bodies were not recovered, as follows: Sergeant Rice, April 9th, 1884; Corporal Salor, June 3rd; Private Bender, June 6th; Acting Assistant Surgeon Pavy, June 6th; Sergeant Gardner, June 12th. Drowned while breaking through the newly formed ice while sealing, Jens Edwards, Esquimaux, April 24th."

In the same report the Com-

mander gives an outline statement of experience on his own voyage, before reaching the point where Lieutenant Greely and his companions were found:—

“From Hare Island to Smith’s Sound I had a constant and furious struggle with ice in impassable floes. Solid barriers of ice were overcome by watchfulness and patience. No opportunity to advance a mile escaped me, and for several hundred miles the ships were forced to ram their way from lead to lead, through ice varying in thickness from three to six feet, and, when rafted, much greater. The *Thetis* and *Bear* reached Cape York June 18th, after a passage of twenty-

one days in Melville Bay, with the two advance ships of the Dundee whaling fleet, and continued to Cape Sabine. Returning, seven days later, fell in with seven others of the fleet off Wostenholme Island, and announced Greely’s rescue to them, that they might not be delayed from their fishing grounds, nor be tempted into the dangers of Smith’s Sound in view of the reward of \$25,000 offered by Congress. Returning across Melville Bay, fell in with the *Alert* and *Loch Garry* off Devil’s Thumb, struggling through heavy ice. Commander COFFIN did admirably to get along so far with the transport so early in the season, before an opening had occurred.”

It is not practicable, as yet, to estimate with accuracy the results of Lieutenant Greely’s work. These are but indicated, by what we have presented to our readers,—and diverse opinions are expressed concerning them. In one quarter they are summed up thus:—

“The expeditions (of which Lieutenant Greely’s was but one,) were for a year, and, with the exception of his party, all returned safely. This was in nearly four degrees higher latitude than any other. The object was primarily to discover the true secret of the magnetic current. Results place the center of magnetic force west of Hudson’s Bay and 200 miles south of the magnetic pole. The commanders of all the expeditions except Greely’s have been in conference at Vienna (Austria) recently, and the reports are said to double the world’s knowledge of the magnetic forces. It is considered also that the discovery of an open polar sea by Nares has been confirmed. Twelve degrees have been added to our maps on the western shore of Greenland.

The geographical as well as meteorological results of the expedition, therefore, are of some value, though people will be disposed to question the profits in view of the outlay of life and suffering. *There is little consolation in fixing the cause of such a calamity after it has occurred, but it is significant that the result in this case is not due so much to Arctic dangers as to blundering by government officials.* Of five hundred men in the recent expeditions, (for statements as to which see SAILORS’ MAGAZINE, June, 1884, pp. 183–186,) all returned safely except the eighteen above mentioned, and they were lost simply because food was not left for them where they had a right to expect it, and where it might have been placed with perfect ease.”

Per contra, in a letter to the New York *Herald*, Chief-Justice DALY, of this city, President of the Geographical Society, publishes his lack of faith in the existence of an open polar sea. After expressing gratification at the rescue of Lieutenant Greely, Judge Daly writes:—

“The interest felt in this country, at least, in such expeditions, was owing chiefly to the late Lieutenant MAURY’S theory of an open polar sea, to which the late Dr. KANE and Dr. HAYES became converts, and of which theory they were always earnest advocates. I never believed in the existence of such a sea, and have uniformly expressed my disbelief in it for the general reason that the ice bound condition of the portion of the Arctic that is known to us should be assumed to continue in a still greater degree to the Pole, as the nearer we approach it the further we are removed from the influence of the sun. The idea of an open polar sea originated in the imaginary representation upon old maps of the early part of the sixteenth century of such a sea at the North Pole with four rivers, corresponding to the cardinal points, flowing from it, and a statement made during the same century by one MOXAN, an English hydrographer, that he had met a sailor in a tavern at Amsterdam who had seen this sea and sailed upon it. This Lieutenant Maury undertook to support by the theory that the warm currents of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic and of the Kuro Siwa of the Pacific, or Japanese current, each flowed to the north, and, meeting at the Pole, maintained there, by their humid tem-

perature, an open sea. I called attention more than twenty years ago, in one of my annual addresses before the Geographical Society, to the fact that there was no trace of either of these warm currents beyond a certain northern latitude, and no reason, therefore, for the assumption that either of them flowed to the Pole. The theory, nevertheless, continued to be believed until very recently, but it is now exploded by scientific observations proving that the warm Japanese current does not pass through Behring Straits and consequently does not flow into the Arctic, and that the Gulf Stream after becoming greatly attenuated does not flow toward the Pole, but in a different direction. Arctic research began with the expectation of a Northwest passage, which was discovered, but proved to be of no practical value, and after the many expeditions in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN this research was resumed for the discovery of the Pole and of the supposed open polar sea. There is now no ground for assuming the existence of such a sea. The discovery of the North Pole is merely and nothing but a geographical feat that would confer distinction upon the navigator who should achieve it, and it is something that in this expedition the American flag has been placed nearer to it than any other, in 83° 24’ north latitude.

“Continuous scientific observations, however, around the Polar basin, extending as far inward or toward the Pole as favorable opportunities offer, are quite another matter, for we shall never accurately know the laws of aerial and oceanic currents unless we know more than we do now about what takes place in the Arctic

Circle, and this will not in my judgment be abandoned, notwithstanding the calamity that has befallen the present expedition. No loss of life has hitherto attended the establishment of the many stations by other governments which has preceded ours, nor, as the event has shown, would any have attended the one established by our Government had it been properly carried out and attended to by those who undertook the direction of it at Washington or to whom the command of the vessels sent out in 1882 was intrusted. I did not regard the selection of a station so far north as Lady Franklin Bay a judicious one. I thought that for a permanent station there would not be a sufficient supply there of animal life, in which, however, from Lieutenant Greely's experience, it appears I was mistaken. My other objec-

tion was that it was very uncertain whether communication could be kept up with it, as there was constant liability to the perils from which Sir George Nares so narrowly escaped on his return voyage, and I therefore thought that Fort Foulke, where animal life is abundant and access to which can generally be had, was preferable. But the Signal Service decided otherwise, no doubt for reasons which seemed to them satisfactory. Still, if proper effort had been made in 1882 it might have been relieved, and until we know the result of the observations made there for two years it would be premature to pronounce any opinion adverse to the maintenance of such stations. So far as the facts are known there can be but one opinion upon Lieutenant Greely's admirable management of the expedition."

ADDRESS BY THE REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.,

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF

RICHARD P. BUCK,

In the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 15th, 1884.

To speak of one who has departed out of life on the earth in the presence of the friends who have been nearest and dearest in that life, is attended often with two embarrassments: one, that our words, unconsciously to ourselves, may be colored more or less by our keen sympathy with those whose sorrow is apparent in our presence; the other, that by our words their sympathies may be freshly and painfully excited, and we may bring to them additional grief, rather than the comfort and cheer which we should desire to impart.

It has happened in the Providence of God, through the present physical feebleness of the wife of our beloved friend, that those who were next to his heart in his life are not present with us to-day; and therefore we may speak more freely concerning him,—not for his praise, but to recognize the goodness and grace of God toward him and in him.

He was a man, as we all know, of a marked individuality, of power and character; who would have been distinguished anywhere, attracting to himself, deservedly, wide attention and general respect. This, by reason of his clear understanding, his practical sagacity, his wisdom in affairs; by reason also of his persistent and resolute will, which indeed yielded easily to argument when his mind had been convinced, or to an appeal of justice when his conscience had been reached, but which, in the absence of such modifying influences, was steadfast, patient, and untiring. He had in him a great power of enthusiasm; of fervent, unsparing, and unwearying zeal, for what he approved,—a power of enthusiasm which reached and moved others, and which made labor light to himself, and gifts easy, even when they might have seemed, in the earlier period of his life especially, to have surpassed any claim which could properly be made on him.

But he was not merely a man of marked individuality. He was also, peculiarly, a *representative man*; accepting and reproducing the influences under which he had been bred, under which he had been trained in early life, and the men from whom those influences had come to him. He was a Puritan, of the ancient stock, in the modern time; and he reproduced, before those who daily saw him, the peculiar Puritan character and temper with a degree of clearness and fulness not often met in our modern life. He was a Puritan in his convictions of the truth. The holy character and government of God was to him the paramount and essential truth of the universe; concerning which he had never the smallest doubt. To him, as to all just thinkers, this was the sovereign fact in his whole scheme of thought. Of it he was assured by the conscience within himself, by the testimony of the Divine Spirit in his heart, and by the testimony of the Word of God. He was equally assured of the fallen and sinful condition of man; by that which he felt within himself, and by that which he saw around him in the world. No question concerning either of these truths, as to their reality, as to their importance, certainly in all the years in which I have known him, has ever for a moment entered his mind.

He had an assurance, equally strong, of the Redemption which has been wrought by the Son of God in the world, through His incarnation and work, His suffering and death; a Redemption in which Atonement for sin is involved, with Regeneration of the heart by the agency of the Holy Ghost. He had an assurance as clear as any Puritan aforesaid, of the glory of the Immortality opened by Christ to the sinful but desiring and seeking human spirit; a glory passing speech, surpassing thought, only to be measured, until we reach it,

by the darkness and the agony of that Cross of Christ through which it has been opened to us. He had a sense as clear and full as any of his fathers of the Inspiration and the constant authority of the Divine Word, through which these truths are declared to us; and he felt that when he was reading and meditating that Word he was resting his mind upon the thought of the Almighty; that in that the vision and plan of the Divine Mind became articulate to him. There was no assurance, of the solidity of the earth beneath, or the stability of the heavens above, which was more perfect to his mind than was his assurance of the Divine authority of that Bible which was his manual, which he loved to study and to ponder, and which he loved to distribute to others. He had a clear sense as well of the Divine office of the Church of Christ,—the beauty of it, the majesty of it; as the communion of the disciples of the Master; as the instrument through which His truth and grace are to be carried to their final supremacy in the earth. The conviction of these truths was radical with him, and ineradicable. It was of sovereign importance to him. He measured every sermon, every book, every theory of men, by its relation to these primordial and transcending truths. They entered into his conversation, in familiar talk, as well as in any more public address. They were the foundation of character with him; and at all these points he illustrated perfectly the Puritan conception of the Divine system, in the world, and in the universe. He was a Puritan as well in his spirit, and moral life; his whole spiritual life deriving its virtue and quality from these underlying and governing conceptions of the truth.

I have never known a man in whom the sense of Righteousness was clearer or more paramount than it was in him. No one ever doubted his absolute integrity. But it was not merely a passive sense of the authority of righteousness, and of its final victory in the world, which was manifest in him. Out of it came also a courage that never feared opposition, when he felt himself founded on the rock of righteousness. He was firm as flint against all wrong-doing. As he believed in a Holy God, and in His holy government in the world, so he believed that holiness was at last to be triumphant in the earth; in spite of all the clashing passions of mankind; in the midst of all the chaotic confusions of society and of history. Never a doubt entered his mind that at last the Sun of Righteousness was to shine abroad on all the earth, and that he himself was to enter into intimate sympathy with God through a righteousness not born within him but wrought in his soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

He had as well a sense of the obligation of Usefulness; a sense which

it seems to me, in our later time, is sadly passing away from men; which certainly is weaker when we bring it into comparison with that development which it had in the earlier period of our American history. He felt that every man had a work to do for the Lord in the world. He felt the responsibilities of wealth, and of cultivated intelligence; and that the obligation to usefulness was greater as the opportunity for it, in the use of property and of social influence, was larger and more eminent. So it was that he delighted to associate himself with all good enterprises, whenever the opportunity was offered; and delighted in the sympathy, the society, and the fellowship of good men similarly engaged in such enterprises. His sympathies in this regard were as wide and liberal as they were also energetic and productive. The Home for Aged Women; the Society for the Relief of the Poor in the city; the Institute for the higher education of young ladies; the City Missionary Society; the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—of which he had been President eleven years;—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of which he was a Corporate Member, and in the discussions and operations of which he took always the liveliest interest; the American Bible Society, of which he had long been a Director; the Seminary for training young men for the ministry;—in all these Institutions, and in the others which he aided, he delighted to make his influence felt for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ; and in this Church, which was so largely indebted to him at the beginning for its formation, which has been so largely and frequently indebted to him since, in critical periods in its history, for his counsel, his influence, and his energetic and generous assistance,—in ALL, he delighted to make that power which God had given him felt for permanent good in the world. The Sunday School of the Church, its Mission Chapel, were near his heart. The desire for such usefulness grew with him as his years increased. It was stronger and more imperative in the later years of life than it had been even in the earlier. As the number of his remaining years diminished he felt the more eager desire to fill every one which might be left, with the largest gifts which he could make, and the most energetic efforts which he could put forth, for Righteousness and for Truth.

There was a peculiarly fervent patriotism in him, which also was Puritan in its character. A typical New Englander as he was, some might have supposed him likely to be sectional in his traditions and preferences, in his tastes and sympathies, as in his training. I know of no man more thoroughly American in his affection for the whole country, in his desire to see it honored and glorified in every part by

the prevalence of righteousness within it. I remember how, many years ago, after a Thanksgiving discourse preached in the early part of my ministry here, he came to me at the close of the service, with his eyes filled with tears, his cheeks flushed, and his lips trembling, as he spoke of the country, of which, in the discourse, I had been speaking,—of its place in history, of the great deeds done for it in the past, of the future opening before it, and of its sublime office in the world. Patriotism with him was a part of his religion. During the long stress and strain of our civil war, his courage, therefore, never failed. His assurance of the future, benignant and glorious, waiting for the Nation,—this invigorated every effort which he delighted to make in the Home Missionary service; and it gave constant eagerness and largeness to the gifts which he was glad to pour forth through that honored and admirable channel.

This it was, in part, too, which led him to interest himself so largely in the great institutions of learning at the East and the West, to which he was most ready to contribute.

The sense of the obligation of Usefulness, as well as the sense of the primacy of Righteousness, of its authority and its ultimate victory in the world,—this was evermore present and prevalent in our beloved and honored Friend. And with it was united a truly Puritan Ideal of character. He would be holy, for God was holy. It was an ideal of character grander than any pictured in verse, portrayed in fiction; even the ideal which lives and glows throughout the vital and radiant pages of the Gospel of Christ; which is forevermore exemplified to the world by the Master Himself. By reason of it, held ever before him, our friend was a man self-searching and self-distrustful; courageous to the last, on behalf of righteousness; with a rare magnanimity, born in him of the desire for usefulness,—which led him often at the end to accept conclusions at which others had arrived, although in the previous processes of discussion he had energetically dissented from them; yet uniting with these grand traits devout and reverent self-distrust, because he measured himself against this holy ideal law, of Righteousness in God, of righteousness appropriately demanded in himself.

But out of this sprang as well his tender and grateful homage towards God; out of this, his estimate of every means, and every influence, by which he might be helped to realize this ideal in character and life. The prayer-meeting was to him a sacred place; because there he drew nearer to God, and gained an influence on his spirit which the world could not give, which the world afterward through him should feel. The church, with its ordinances, its ministry, and

its sacraments, was to him holy and beautiful; because in it he came to more intimate conference and communion with the mind and heart of God in Christ.

At the last communion, in May, at which he was present in this church, too feeble to perform the office that belonged to him, and sitting in the pew to receive the elements which he had so often distributed to others, I watched his face as I sat in front of him, and it was aflame with joyful and exulting hope, while it was also bedewed with what I knew were the tears of penitence and of prayer.

This was his temper; founded on these convictions of truth, radiant and regnant in all his life because those clear convictions of the truth were always central and paramount with him.

But he was a Puritan, also, on the gentler and sunnier side of character. Men might think him sometimes an austere man, perhaps even a severe one. But no one whom I have known had a more sweet and complete delight in sacred song. Almost the last words I heard him speak in this church were spoken in the aisle as he was passing out on the last Sunday on which he was ever here present; in which he said to one of the members of the choir that he wished they would come and sing to him in his own house before he went hence, perhaps to be with them no more. And none ever heard him lead in the song, or join in it, without feeling that the spirit of praise, the very spirit of consecrated song, was in his heart.

He enjoyed playful and humorous remark as much as any whom I have met, and his responsive laugh was full of a contagious heartiness. He enjoyed children, loved them, and they loved him, and clung to him, as the encircling vine clings to the strong and stalwart oak. He loved whatever was graceful and gracious in the feminine character, and had the clearest and keenest sense of it. He had a deep sense of whatever was morally and spiritually beautiful in others, though they might be of communions diverse from his, and perhaps of convictions concerning the truth in which he did not share at all. I have spoken with him of the beauty of character in those of communions into whose churches he never entered, and always met a sympathetic and cordial response from his faithful spirit. It was tenderness, united with strength; it was seriousness, combined with a gracious kindness and charity of temper, which appeared in him. And his spirit mellowed as he grew older and was sunniest at the last. A true Puritan, I again call him, of the ancient stock, in the modern time!

So it is that we have, all of us, the sharp and deep sense of bereavement, as we remember that we are not to see his face again, or grasp

his hand. So it is that we ask ourselves who is to come to take his place! And yet it is with an exulting confidence in God, and with a joyful expectation of the future, that we review his life among us, and, in the vision of our minds, forecast his present and his future amid the high immortal realms.

How much of happiness there is in such a life as this! Home always was to him a delight. The Church of Christ was as much his home as the habitation in which his beloved dwelt,—this house as much his home as yonder house from which his lifeless form has been borne hither! Friends trusted him, absolutely; and whatever tribute there is in the perfect confidence of a human heart he has had, abundantly offered, by many souls, through many years. The honor and esteem of the whole community surrounded him as an atmosphere. Life was dear to him. He used to say that it was dear; *so* dear that he hardly knew how he should be reconciled to parting with it, and passing hence. God gave him the grace when it was needed.

A life of permanent Influence in the world is such a life: of an influence identical in its duration with the duration and the power of the Church and the institutions to which he has contributed. Through the influence exerted by him on character in others, molding and shaping it; through the influence exerted by these various beneficent organizations whose power reaches around the world, his force is still, and will continue, a vital force in human society. It cannot pass away. The influence of a man who has thus given his years of usefulness passes out perhaps from before our eyes; but only as the long hidden stream of classic story, starting from the heights of Sparta, running under the shining waves of the Mediterranean, and bursting up again in beauty and fulness, in the fountain at Syracuse. In the same way, the influence of a good life, of a grand and noble work, becomes one of the silent hidden forces mingling in the mighty current of beneficent power from which the ultimate regeneration of the world is to spring. And he, looking from above, shall find that his works follow him in the earth, while the remembrance of those works goes with him forever in the heavens. No other influence is so permanent, no other so precious, as such an influence from such a life! And no other life is crowned like this!

Closed on the earth, after almost the compass of eighty years had by it been rounded, it closed, no man can doubt, who knew him, in the vision of Christ; in the perfect fellowship and joy of the heavens; in the society of the sainted, gone before. That is one of the compensations attending long life! Sometimes we say that one in great age has lost the friends of the earlier life, and is left comparatively

alone in the world. Yes! but how many friends there are waiting to welcome such an one on the other side! How many passing before him from this church has he rejoined! How many of those known and loved in his earlier and later years; in his distant home, or in this, nearer to us! How many has he now seen for the first time, face to face, of whom he had known only by the record of evangelist or historian,—the martyr, the missionary, the crowned saint! At rest from every pain henceforth, in the fulness of immortal youth and power, with the vision of the Son of God, the clear illumination of the truth, the perfect experience of eternal life,—so is his spirit at this hour!

I heard of his death on Friday. A book of Scripture texts, arranged one for each day in the year, lay upon the table, and I opened it. The text for that day was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I heard of his funeral, appointed for this place and day, on Saturday; and again I opened the book and read; and the text for that day was from the 143rd Psalm, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee!" I thought if I had chosen from the Scriptures one text as a motto for the life the end of which we commemorate to-day, it would have been that:—"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee!" Many times, in prayer, has he so lifted up his soul to God in our presence; and now he does it amid the triumphant and victorious throng who praise and pray in worlds of Light!

A letter from the beloved and honored physician who was with him in his last hours has been put into my hands, and I will read it, knowing that you will love to hear what it tells of his final experience on earth.

"I reached Mr. Buck several hours before he breathed his last. I found him suffering from a severe attack of Pneumonia, and breathing with difficulty, but in full possession of his intellectual faculties. I soon saw that there was no hope of his recovery, and, at his request, I informed him of his condition. He accepted my statement with wonderful composure and resignation, and at once asked to see his wife and daughter. They had a solemn, tender and affectionate parting. I remained with him most of the time until his death, which occurred but a few hours afterwards.

"His mind was singularly clear, to the last. I shall ever regard it as a blessed privilege to have been in that good man's sick room during his dying hours. It was an exhibition of Christian courage and resignation such as is seldom seen. He talked to me, as he had strength, of the wonderful goodness of God to him, of the long life that had been given him, of the many blessings with which it had been crowned, of how little he had deserved them, but how he had tried in an humble way to do what he could toward helping to build up the kingdom of Christ in the earth. He appeared to regret that he had not done more, but he added, 'The most important thing for me is to have Christ's spiritual kingdom in my own heart.'

"When I spoke to him of the blessed and comforting hope of the Christian life in the hour of death, he replied to me, 'I have neither words nor strength to express to you the unspeakable assurance and comfort I have at this hour in the religion which I have so long professed.' In reply to him I quoted the words of the Psalmist, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.' I never shall forget the triumphant joy that beamed in the dying face as he added, 'Yes, I have no fear of evil, for God is with me.' At a later hour when the sleep of death was stealing over him, in the full possession of his faculties, and as night was approaching, he said to me, 'There is but a step between me and death. I shall never see the light of another morning.' I said to him in reply, 'Your life on earth is drawing to a close,' but I comforted him by these words, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.' Again his dying face became for a moment radiant with a joy which he could not express, and in a few moments he passed into the final sleep of death."

I am sure that we may all well say, in those ancient words which come to us often, with such infinite pathos and majesty upon them:—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

Greely's Far North.

We take from *Harper's Weekly* of August 9th, an article under this head, as pertinent and timely reading, and also for preservation with the compilation "*Rescued! Laus Deo!*" already printed in this issue of the *MAGAZINE*.

The full record of the scientific discoveries of the GREELY party is not yet available for examination. If the press reports are corroborated, however, the present expedition must take first rank in Arctic exploration. It has determined conclusively that man may live comfortably at a temperature of -59° Fahrenheit, and by artificial means conform himself to an inconceivable environment. During the long Arctic night the explorers lived in a house within a house. They breakfasted at eight, lunched lightly at eleven a. m. and nine p. m., and dined at four. Observations were taken daily in meteorology, astronomy, magnetism, sea temperatures, ice thicknesses, tidal motion, and velocity of sound at different temperatures. Military discipline, one hour's exercise per day, and a weekly bath were required of all. The living apartments were kept clean. National holidays were observed with an extra dinner, and an interchange of presents on Christmas. Thus the dread disease of scurvy, which wore out two ships' crews for NARES, was prevented, and a fairly contented life enjoyed.

Arctic research has advanced about three hundred miles northward since BAF-FIN immortalized himself in the year 1616. Since that time England's Union Jack has led the van in polar research until, on May 13th, Lieutenant LOCKWOOD planted the Stars and Stripes over four miles north and forty-two degrees east of the highest northern latitude known. PARRY in 1827 reached latitude 79° ; KANE, $80^{\circ} 30'$ in 1854; HAYES, $81^{\circ} 30'$ in 1861; HALL, $82^{\circ} 16'$ in 1871; and NARES, $83^{\circ} 20'$ in 1876. These latitudes are given approximately. Lieutenant Lockwood stopped at latitude $83^{\circ} 24'$, but saw and computed $83^{\circ} 35'$, which most northern land now known he called Cape ROBERT LINCOLN. The journey to and from this point occupied fifty-nine days. It would seem from accounts of it that even at a temperature of minus sixty-one degrees hares, lemmings, ptarmigan, snow-birds, snowy owls, polar bears, musk-oxen, and even vegetation exist and thrive. Grinnell Land was quite thoroughly explored. Lake Hazen, of either 600 or 3,700 square miles area (the dispatches are contradictory), was discovered therein. It would be interesting to know more of this fresh-water body and its inhabitants, if any. NORDENSKJÖLD discovered that late in the summer, great rivers, formed of melted ice, with icy beds and banks, make travel in the north impossible without small boats. Lake Hazen is described as being fed by streams from the ice-cap of northern Grinnell Land entering into Wey-

precht Fiord. It was discovered in April, when some open water was seen. Doubtless in August a much larger sized lake, fed by innumerable large and swift-flowing rivers, would have been found. This lake, named after General HAZEN, is the most northern fresh-water body on the globe, one-fourth in size of Lake Erie. Lying contiguously to it, and parallel with the United States Mountains, were two ranges named after Senator CONGER and the late President GARFIELD. The highest land in the latter range, and indeed of all the country north of Disco Bay, was named Arthur Peak. It is 5,000 feet in height.

On the shores of Lake Hazen the remains of an Esquimaux village were found, apparently the most northern habitation attempted by the Esquimaux. Here were evidences of possession by this people of dogs, sledges, and iron. It would argue that at no distant period there was a beautiful valley about the lake, with an abundance of vegetation and game. That the rigors of the most northern climate are slowly advancing south is evident in the gradual retreat of the Esquimaux. From this high latitude they have been forced several degrees, and that for no lack of game. Add to this the migration of Icelanders to Manitoba, after becoming hereditarily inured to the climate through an ancestry dating back a thousand years. Of late the ice-flow south has been increasing, until this spring it exceeded the combined fields of any three years known. The bergs have augmented in size, and this year were described as of enormous size, mountain-like, with valleys, rivers, and bays. The summers are growing so cool in the United States that the great cities, instead of being depopulated during alleged warm weather, are crowded. No doubt Major GREELY and his circumpolar contemporaries have data which will enlighten us on this subject. It is relevant to note that in 1824 Scandinavian seal-men found an open winter, the snow melting as it fell. Kane, in the winter of 1851, recorded an average temperature of about minus 5°. The *Polaris* expedition during the winter of 1872-3 experienced a temperature of minus 40°. Dr. Hall asserts that the mercury froze. Lieutenant Greely, ten years later, records a mean thermometer of minus 41°, with a maximum of minus 624°—the lowest degree yet noted.

Among the many interesting discoveries of the party were some enormous glaciers. Many were found by Lieutenant Greely in the vicinity of Lake Hazen, the

largest of which was named Henrietta Nesmith. This is the third prominent feature of the Arctics, named after women. The others are Lady Franklin Bay and Victoria and Albert Mountains. The largest glacier discovered, and perhaps in existence, was found beyond Lake Hazen, in Grinnell Land, toward the polar ocean, and was named after AGASSIZ. It resembled the great wall of China, and was at first so christened. It forms the southern ice cap of Grinnell Land, and is separated from the northern ice cap by sixty miles. Looking out on the polar sea, not far from this glacier, Lieutenant Lockwood saw the northern termination of Grinnell Land, which he named after Sergeant BRAINERD, who followed him persistently and faithfully during the long Arctic night. To the south the southern termination was seen, and called Cape Lockwood. Beyond was open water, and across that a new country, which was named after President ARTHUR. Grinnell Land, so thoroughly explored by the Greely party, may be called the land of glaciers. The Agassiz Glacier is now the most northern, and those of the Grand Tetons, in Wyoming, the most southern, known to North America. If these enormous ice mountains are increasing in size and number, it would not be too much to expect that the temperature of the entire continent is gradually lowering.

In the history of the world, no journey reads like that of the retreat of the Greely party from Fort Conger south. It is a tale of heroism unparalleled. The rescue by Brainerd, through a merciless storm, of three of his comrades frozen together in a bag; the poverty of living on shrimps and warm water soup seasoned by strips of seal-skin; the tale of the awful hardships during the last long Arctic night, with a cache full of luxuries just across the open water on Littleton Island—must blazon the pages of scientific research while the world stands.

The unprecedented passage of Commander SCHLEY's relief expedition has also its value to science. He forced his way through ice, often five feet in thickness, by the means of torpedoes and rams. At a future time, when some government resolves to appropriate several millions with which to complete Arctic research, its expedition will be armed with powerful torpedoes, with which they may be able to open a broad highway from Cape Farewell to the pole. Had the millions which for three centuries have been scattered over a thin surface, to make so comparatively small progress in Arctic exploration,

been combined into one fund, there would be no polar mysteries to-day. Perhaps Schley's example may yet be followed by commerce, and a navy be located off Labrador to batter down icy mountains, and prevent them from sweeping south and endangering the coast and shipping. By such means only can man aid the sun in arresting the future encroachments of the frigid zone.

Camp Clay.

The following account of the camp where Lieutenant Greely and his surviving companions were found is kindly furnished to *Harper's Weekly* by Ensign C. H. HARLOW, of the *Thetis*, to whom we are also indebted for photographs of the hut, and other objects of interest.

Camp Clay, into which Lieutenant Greely and his entire party moved on November 1st, 1883, was situated about five miles west of Cape Sabine, in a little cove, about the same distance from Cocked Hat Island. This site was selected because it was near the scattered provisions that they found there, and because there were plenty of small rocks near by with which to build the house, the party being too weak to transport them from any distance. There was also a small lake, which supplied them with water up to the middle of February. In May the party moved into tent, at the place where they were found, on a slight elevation overlooking the former camp, and about two hundred and fifty yards to the eastward of it. This change was made owing to the summer thaw setting in and washing out their winter-quarters.

The scene about the entire camp was one of the most wretched imaginable. Quantities of debris, old clothes, cans, camp utensils—everything but fuel and food—covered the ground. Valuable chronometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments were strewn about, showing the disregard that the poor fellows had come to have at the last for anything but life. The tent was an army wall tent, nine feet by nine feet, and was pitched with its opening to the northeast. The part which is seen standing in our picture was the rear, which was cut as the first step in order to remove the sufferers within.

The first words that gave signs of life to the rescuing party were those of Greely, who said, in a feeble voice, "Cut the tent." The front and western sides had been blown down, and the poles were lying across three of the party, who were stretched out in their sleeping-bags, en-

tirely too weak to lift the burden off. They had been in this condition sixty-two hours. Forty-eight hours more was the most that any of the party thought that they could survive under the circumstances.

The winter house was twenty-five feet by seventeen feet, with walls of small rocks about six inches in thickness piled to a height of three feet. Over the centre was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, forming a ridge pole, and canvas was stretched across this for a roof. Blocks of snow were banked on the outside to keep out the wind. The door was on the south side, and was about two and a half feet by three feet, with a covered tunnel of the same size running out about twenty-five feet. There were no windows, and their only source of light during the dark, dreary winter nights was an Esquimaux blubber lamp. At the best it was a wretched hovel.

The photographs of the tent and winter house were taken at 11 p. m., with the wind blowing a hurricane. Twice the camera blew over, despite the spread of its legs, and the circumstances were such that only the importance of the scene warranted the photographer to snap the shutter and trust to the sensitiveness of his plate. It was with many misgivings that the development was made.

Our illustrations tell of the discovery at Cape Sabine, and present the scene which met the view of the rescuing party when they reached the tent. Greely, too weak to walk, was carried to the launch in a canvas stretcher, while the others were borne through the gale by the sailors. A view is also given of the Devil's Thumb, in Melville Bay, sketched by Lieutenant CHAMBERS, the commander of the *Loch Garry*.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

From Rev. Dr. S. C. Damon.

A FLOAT ON THE PEIHO RIVER, CHINA.

CHINA STEAMER, Haen, May 27th, 1883.

"All day yesterday we were sailing over the Yellow Sea, between Chefoo and the mouth of the Peiho, coming to anchor last night on the very ground where the English fleet anchored in 1859, when they made an attack on Takee and were repulsed. Early this morning we crossed the bar, and while I am now writing are sailing up the Peiho, with the green fields

of millet and other spring crops stretching far away in the distance. The dwellings of the inhabitants are built of mud and straw. In every direction may be seen the graves of the ancestors of those now cultivating these broad acres. These graves are in the form of tunnels or mounds,—in size, from that of a small hay-cock to a hay-stack, such as may be seen on lands of American farmers. The larger mounds mark the graves of the older members of the family and so diminishing in size to a very small mound.

"Williams' *Middle Kingdom* is read with increased interest when perused by the reader in the region to which his descriptions appertain, from what it does in the quiet of the study. It was in this very identical region of the harbor of Takee, over which I have just passed, that Admiral TATNALL repeated the saying,—*'Blood is thicker than water,'* when apologizing for violation of international law

when his boats towed the barges of the English fleet a quarter a century ago.

"Since my last dates we have visited Foochow and Shanghai, and are now about to visit Peking. The facilities for travel are excellent in this remote part of the world. Good steamers are continually running between all the open treaty ports of China. Among them there are none better than those of the *'China Merchant Line,'* embracing twenty-five ocean steamers commanded by foreigners,—captains, officers and engineers,—with Manila quarter-masters, and Chinese seamen and firemen. I never sailed on board more orderly and well-managed boats. When visiting the office to secure passage on board these boats owned by the *'heathen Chinese,'* a schedule of rates was exhibited, and I noticed in printed letters, *'20 per cent. off for missionaries.'* I am informed that other lines have adopted the same rule."

S. C. D.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, in his report for April, May and June writes that multitudes listened to the word preached, many were moved by the Spirit of God, and several confessed that they had received peace in believing in Jesus, among them a young man who had been a sailor. He was an ungodly drunkard, but with his wife has become a confessor and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. An old captain who had often listened to God's word in the meetings, but resisted the truth, was, at last, and on his sick-bed, found by the Good Shepherd, and spoke of Him "with devotion and joy." He met with warm-hearted Christians among sailors,—was at Stockholm in June, and was greatly impressed by the need of religious labor among seamen there.

GEFLE.

Speaking of his labor on the coast between Gefle and Stockholm, in the month

of April, Mr. E. ERICKSSON says:—"Many sinners in these places have awakened from their sleep. Men and women of eighty years, and children of seven and eight years, have been inquiring for their salvation. Many others have kneeled with the ungodly, wept for their sins and sought forgiveness from God. *About three hundred souls have been hopefully converted.* May the Lord keep them in His grace and truth!" He continues:—

"I have had both sorrowful and rejoicing experiences among the sailors in our harbor. Some have opened their doors for the word, and these I have visited several times. Besides this I have distributed tracts, and have spoken to all I met. At Pentecost I visited vessels in Skútskar, where I stayed with a Norwegian captain from Laurvig, who was a *'living' Christian.* I preached on board and on shore, and the spirit of God moved the hearts of the sailors. I trust that several of them were inquirers for Christ, and that the mate was saved and made happy in Jesus."

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

In the quarter ending June 30th, old JOHN LINDELIUS was able to travel somewhat, and also to visit on ship-board, and speak of religious things to sailors. He, too, speaks of decided progress in the Kingdom of God in Sweden, saying that many sinners have been converted. Baptists, Methodists and Free Lutherans have all been laboring together, on the island.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON speaks of "countless mercies" as sent upon him in the prosecution of his sailor-work during the second quarter of this year. He made, in it, 300 visits on board vessels. Bethel-ship services were well attended. The old Seamen's Mission House, 17 Holbergsgræde, has been hired for a Sailors' Home,—a new movement for the seamen in that city,—the institution to be opened October 21st.

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

"We are now," says Rev. F. THOMPSON, chaplain, (letter dated June 4th,) "in the midst of our winter, when we may expect some interruption to our work in the bay on account of heavy 'Northers,'—but during the month of May I was able to prosecute my work without hindrance. The congregations attending Sabbath services are on the increase.

"You will understand we have no 'hulk' or fixed place of assembly, but hold our service from ship to ship, changing the flag Sunday by Sunday, as we find a vessel. It would be a decided advantage if we had a hulk of our own for this purpose. And we hope to have one in time, for friends here and in England are agitating the subject. Ours is pre-eminently a work of seed-sowing, the

fruits of which will probably be gathered in many lands at many sea-ports, while we hope also to reap the crop which others have planted.

"Our work is also in the bay, not on the shore. Very few sailors come on shore to stop any length of time. Visiting from ship to ship for conversation with the men, for prayer-meetings where they can be held, and for the distribution of tracts and other reading matter, is of the first importance. As the bay is large, the ships far apart, and constantly changing, this work requires a good deal of time, and as the weather cannot be depended upon, it is not only slow but sometimes dangerous in a small row-boat. We need, then, in addition to the hulk, for the best interests of the mission, a steam-launch. With this in our possession, if the work was not fully done and efficiently done, the fault would be ours; without these the work can never be fully or efficiently done.

"But very much can be done and is done with the means we now have. I meet with uniform kindness from the shipmasters and their men in my visits and work. Everything is moving along smoothly and pleasantly. My family are well, my health is good. We have not yet got settled in our own house, but hope to be the first of July. Houses are very hard to get, and rent very high."

Rev. Mr. Thompson expresses the highest satisfaction with recent action by the U. S. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in sending to the Chilian coast reinforcements (of men) for the Lord's work. And in view of the fact that the call for a "hulk" already spoken of is likely to be answered from England, he suggests that the steam-launch also requisite, as is shown by the letter, be provided from the United States. Who will heed his words and meet this want?

Eighty-seven vessels were in port June 5th, viz., English, 40, Chilian, 30, German, 8, American, 3, French, 3, Norwe-

gian, 2, Italian, 1. The English and American ships represented about 516 men. The number of ships of these two flags in port, usually exceeds the number noted. Twenty-four ships were visited during the week ending June 15th, and 80 copies of the *Record* left on board. A friend has given chaplain THOMPSON

funds to furnish the reading-room of the Sailors' Home with a good list of papers and magazines for a year, and some other useful articles. Divine service was held June 15th on board the English ship *Chrysolite*. There were 80 present.—The sick in hospital were duly visited.

At Ports in the United States.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

In June, Chaplain WEBB made 180 visits to vessels, distributed 6,191 pages of tracts, 78 SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 220 FRIENDS and LIFE BOATS, 394 religious papers, and 8 Bibles, preached 33 sermons, and made 19 visits to hospital and jail.

aging. As the seats are all free they do not hesitate to come. They are fond of good singing, and we have that. I always take a few singers with me when I preach to them in their chapel, or on board ship. The Norwegians have a sailors' chapel here which I use whenever I can get permission."

Florida.

PENSACOLA.

Chaplain PARK, dating June 24th, writes thus, reporting upon the labor of three months before that date:—

"I had the coöperation of three seamen during part of the time. Two of them joined my church (Presbyterian) and intended remaining on shore to work for Christ among seamen. But I was called off for three weeks, and when I returned I found that they had been unable to procure steady work, and had shipped on a vessel with a pious captain. One seaman still remains and assists me in my work. My own church is quite near the seaside, and the sailors prefer attending at the regular churches to having service especially for them. I preach every Sabbath afternoon to seamen, either in chapel, or on board a vessel.

"I have done less work at the hospital this quarter than before, owing to the fact that our Marine Hospital was burned two months ago, and the patients were removed to any place that could be found for them.

"I find quite a number of pious captains and they aid me in every way in their power to reach the sailors. The attendance of seamen at regular preaching service, in my own church, is quite encour-

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The "Proceedings at the Twenty-Fourth Anniversary of the San Francisco Port Society," June 22nd, 1884, are received, and we earnestly wish we could present to our readers, in full, the admirable report which the pamphlet contains, — then presented by its chaplain, Rev. JAMES ROWELL, who on the 29th June of the present year closed his twenty-fifth consecutive year of labor for the souls of seamen at that port. In lieu of that we have space for but the barest outline. In 1858 he found the field a repulsive one. On the first Sabbath but twenty persons gathered at the preaching service, held in a small church-building on Clark Street. On the second Lord's day a Sabbath-School was organized, in which five teachers and seven as wild boys as were ever got together within doors, in the city, contended for the mastery. This school has been continued ever since, and has done a world of good among children on the water front.

In November, 1858, the Mariner's Church was organized with six members, two of whom still remain. In March, 1860, the San Francisco Port Society was organized. At the end of seven years steps

were taken to build a new church edifice, which is its present place of worship.

In the work of the church two principles have been supreme, 1st,—that the Gospel be proclaimed to seamen; 2nd,—that to produce the best fruits this Gospel must be brought very close to men, and made a personal matter with them, one by one. Rev. Mr. Rowell sums up his own labor as follows:—

“The chaplain has preached 2,942 times, and delivered 2,276 lectures and religious addresses, administered the Lord's Supper more than 300 times, made more than 4,000 pastoral visits and upwards of 30,600 calls on business connected with the church. For all these years nearly the entire labor of soliciting funds for current expenses of the work has devolved on the chaplain, and this is the reason for the great disparity in numbers of pastoral and business visits. He has made 1,300 visits to the hospitals, and 12,415 to vessels in port, 2,165 to boarding-house, and 126 to other towns on business of the church. He has attended 6,959 prayer-meetings, and conversed with individuals regarding personal salvation 31,700 times. He has written 194 articles for publication, distributed 3,466 Bibles and Testaments, and religious reading-matter equivalent to more than 400,000 pages of tracts.”

Various missionary helpers have aided him, whose names and records are presented. A Free Reading-Room, small libraries, a printing press, a Marine Temperance Society, hospital visits, open-air services and inquiry meetings have been among the agencies employed in the furtherance of the work that has been done.

The fruits of all this labor are stated as 1st, a good house of worship erected and paid for. 2nd, a marked improvement in the moral and physical status of seamen in the port. 3rd, the enrolling of 426 seamen in the Mariner's Church. 4th, the conversion of many,—say more than 1,400 souls, to Jesus Christ. Chaplain Rowell's report concludes with a brief statement of the present needs of his work.

Oregon.

PORTLAND.

In July, chaplain STUBBS spoke for the Seamen's Cause before the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington Territory. He encloses to us, over date of July 17th, an article of his from a recent number of the *Oregonian*, headed “Green Sailors.” The chaplain encounters abuses which are the ordinary lot of seamen, but are rife to an extraordinary degree on the Pacific coast, and he feels them keenly, writing,—

“A paragraph in this morning's *Oregonian* concerning the crew of the *Sumner R. Mead* seems to compel a few additional statements respecting the crews supplied to other ships. In one of Portland's pulpits a few months since I stated that ‘*the maritime interests of the world are jeopardized by sailor boarding-house keepers and their allies.*’ As respects Astoria and Portland and some ports on Puget Sound, this fact has become notorious, as numerous shipmasters can testify.

“Concessions made to this combination for whatever cause only nourish its imperiousness and audacity. I am therefore constrained to submit a few statements that may result in some combined action by parties most deeply interested in Portland, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma and Port Townsend. Local legislation, municipal and state, and Congressional action seem to be requisite to cope effectually with this powerful combination which despoils and menaces the vast commercial and maritime interests of this northwest coast. I shall not attempt to fully outline the wrongs perpetrated by the sailor boarding houses. A few facts will give an idea of the annoyances and embarrassments and losses to which ship-owners and merchants and insurance companies are subjected.

With Reference to Traffic in Ships' Crews.

“The records at the offices of the United States Shipping Commissioner and the foreign consuls in our city and Astoria will show that nearly four-fifths of all seamen entering the Columbia River in foreign ships are induced to desert. Even before

vessels reach Astoria from the sea, despite the remonstrances of captains, they are boarded by runners from these boarding houses, who tamper with the crews, incite them to insubordination, and induce them to desert. The sailors are assured of lucrative employment on farms and in canneries, liquor is freely dealt to them by these self-styled friends of seamen, and thus they are persuaded to go on shore with their baggage and are taken to places provided with all the needful adjuncts and helpers to prevent their escape. Often in less than twenty-four hours they are put on board other ships outward bound, whose crews have in similar ways been induced to leave.

"When the demand for seamen exceeds the supply, then the 'greenies,' so called, are 'roped in' by 'ways that are dark,' and placed on ship's articles by most villainous methods, and put on board ships—*volens volens*. In this way many unsuspecting countrymen in Portland are decoyed and sent to sea as mariners, when in fact they cannot tell a pump-bolt from a marlingspike. To more effectually consolidate their power and to pool their interests, these boarding houses operate through a self-constituted shipping master, to whom \$5 must be paid by ship owners for every sailor that is shipped by him. This man has no men to ship except those furnished to him by these sailor boarding house keepers, who obtain their supply as above described. He has no boarding house, and takes no risks. He is a middle man, whose province it is to assure every ship master that he cannot get a portion of his crew from the Mariner's Home without imperiling his prospects of obtaining a full complement. The idea is sedulously circulated by those who employ him that if any ship-master takes a part of his crew from that institution, he must not expect them to supply any deficiency.

"With this understanding the supply of crews is looked upon as the rightful prerogative of the houses that employ this shipping master. Hence he ships men from these, his patrons, according to their wishes, by whom the rate of wages, the amounts of advance and blood money are fixed. But neither they nor their shipping master give any guarantee that the men they furnish shall be able seamen.

Effects of these Arrangements.

Captains are expected to pledge that they will take their crews from the sailor boarding-house keepers and hold them-

selves ready to comply with the terms they shall propose. Otherwise when the supreme hour arrives for the vessel to depart they will be subjected to yet more exacting rates.

"To illustrate:—Two or three months since a magnificent ship was about ready to sail. About twenty seamen were needed. The terms to supply a crew were:—Wages, \$30 per month; the amount of advance, \$80, and \$40 blood money for each man furnished: *i. e.*, over \$700 in blood money and \$1,300 on advance wages were paid for one ship. At the same time wages in San Francisco were \$20 and \$25 per month and no blood money. These extortionate terms were accepted. What were the results of yielding to these demands? The captain reported that he had six seamen out of the eighteen men for whom he had paid the above sums.

"In your paragraph printed this morning you cite similar facts as to the character of the crew furnished the *Summer R. Mead*. Other ships I could enumerate on which 'green sailors' have been shipped in the place of able seamen, for each of whom the blood money and advance money has been paid and the fee to this self constituted shipping master.

"Surely it is no exaggeration to say:—'The maritime interests of the world are jeopardized by sailor boarding-house keepers and their minions.' Imagine, if you can, what the condition of these ships thus supplied with these green sailors would be in any of the numerous emergencies that arise on a lee coast or in a sudden squall or stress of weather. Then, too, these costly ships and valuable cargoes have owners who rightfully expect—and masters whose ambition and duty it is—to make good passages; time is money. But the quality of such crews fills the officers with misgiving. Nor dare they press their ships as they can and ought to be pressed; or venture to hold on every stitch of canvas before the increasing gale to the last endurable minute. So time is lost, needless delays occur, the ship has to be babied because of the babies on board who have shipped for seamen, and money is lost to owners and charterers, and oftentimes to insurers.

Results Summarized.

"On the part of officers, chagrin and disappointment; on the part of crews, incapacity and wrongs; on the part of owners and insurance companies, increase of risks not rated and needlessly augmented

losses; but, on the part of the sailor boarding-house folks fraud nourished for the next season by the gains realized from the past season.

"In conclusion, I have done what I could to break down this nefarious business, and not wholly without results. But I must say no one man can effectually cope with this gigantic fraud; its ramifications are too numerous; its agents are too unscrupulous, and its fruitage is too lucrative, for its principals and their abettors.

"Only corporate and combined action can break up these practices, correct these wrongs which cry to heaven for vengeance. In the interests of humanity and of the world's marine I speak and plead."

ASTORIA.

Mr. J. McCORMAC, sailor missionary, reports, July 7th:—

"The canneries extend about two miles in front of Astoria along the river. Among the fishermen in these canneries, on the net racks, and as they go from place to place, I spend a great portion of every day during the fishing season. If I have time only for a friendly greeting, the interchange of a kind word or smile, which is sometimes the case, I reckon that I have gained something, for we can hardly ever influence them till we get on the right side of them. Direct personal appeal, talking kindly with them, pointing them to the Savior is the only way in which we can do them any good, for but very few of them, during the fishing season, can be induced to attend regular service. If we could get a Bethel and Home, indeed, it would be a grand thing, and yet a Bethel and Home even, unless carried on on the principle of true Christian love and unselfishness would do more harm than good.

One Day's Work.

"As a specimen of work in the ministry of the word I am trying to do each day, I would say that yesterday I spent about three hours, in the morning, talking with those I met and distributing tracts on the streets and on ship board. In the afternoon I attended a funeral of a fisherman's little daughter drowned in the river, and walked about a mile up the hill to the graveyard. And in the evening I spoke at a temperance meeting which we held on board the British ship *Woodlark*. At a similar meeting held on board the British bark *Jesse Jamison* last Sunday two weeks, at which Mrs. and chaplain

STUBBS, from Portland, spoke, we had several sailors take the pledge."

Jubilant.

One of the donors of the three libraries which were sent out on the Greely Relief Expedition, immediately upon the receipt of news of its return, wrote to us, dating "Nantasket Beach, Mass., July 17th," as follows:—

"Have not our united prayers been answered? The *Thetis* the first to find Greely alive! Alas! for the tardiness of our Government,—so many lost since April from starvation! "Delays are dangerous." Young Lockwood died from it.—but 'praise God from whom all blessings flow' for the precious lives of those saved! What joy in some hearts! What a vacuum in others! May the books in her library be the salvation of all the souls on board! Oh! I feel so thankful, so grateful for God's mercies!"

Correction.

On page 270 of this number of the MAGAZINE, 2nd col., line 14 from bottom, for 1863, read 1883.

Books, Etc.

Messrs. ROOT & TINKER, Tribune Building, this city, have sent us two engravings of decided interest and merit,—the first, REPRESENTATIVE JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF AMERICA, with portraits of the following American Editors:—G. W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*; Thurlow Weed, the departed veteran; Whitelaw Reid, *N. Y. Tribune*; J. G. Bennett, *New York Herald*; J. R. Hawley, *Hartford Courant*; H. Watterson, *Louisville Courier Journal*; R. M. Pulsifer, *N. Y. Sunday Herald*; V. F. Lawson, *Chicago Sunday News*; M. Halstead, *Cincinnati Commercial*; E. B. Hascall, *Boston Herald*; O. Ottendorfer, *N. Y. Staats Zeitung*; C. A. Dana, *N. Y. Sun*; J. G. Medill, *Chicago Tribune*.

Also,—REPRESENTATIVE LONDON JOURNALISTS, including John Walter, *The London Times*; H. Labouchere, *Truth*; Edmund Yates, *The World*; W. H. Mudford, *The Standard*; J. R. Robinson, *The Daily News*; J. L. Lathey, *The London Illustrated News*; F. C. Barnard, *Punch*; Frederick Greenwood, *St. James Gazette*; William L. Thomas, *The Graphic*; G. A. Sala, *The Daily Telegraph*; Edw. Lloyd, *The Daily Chronicle*.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JULY, 1884.

Total arrivals..... 175
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,738
of which \$785 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$1,793 was returned to boarders.

Planets for September, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star during the fore-part of this month, setting on the 1st at 7h. 8m., and south of west 6° 48'; is twice during the month stationary among the stars in Virgo, the first time on the morning of the 6th at 6 o'clock, and then again on the afternoon of the 23th at 5 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 19th at 4h. 25m., being 1° 34' south; is in inferior conjunction with the Sun at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the same day, and during the remainder of the month is a morning star.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 1h. 58m., and north of east 22° 58'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 15th, at 1h. 20m., being 2° 26' north; is at its greatest elongation at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 21st, being 46° 6' west of the Sun.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 6m., and south of west 12° 3'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 22nd, being 2° 20' south.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 8h. 55m., and north of east 20° 16'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th at 8h. 42m., being 4° 55' north.

SATURN is considered a morning star until the forenoon of the 16th at 10 o'clock, when it is in quadrature with the Sun; is due south on the forenoon of the 1st at 6h. 46m., being 21° 51' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 12th at 9h. 29m., being 3° 28' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for July, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, South Cong. church.....\$ 13 50
Fitzwilliam, bequest of Mrs. Cyrithia A. Gowin..... 15 00
Henniker, Cong. church..... 17 50
Troy, Cong. church..... 3 32

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Union Evang'l church and Soc'y of Amesbury and Salisbury 4 44
Falmouth, 1st church..... 15 75
Fitchburg, Abram S. Dole, Thank Offering lib'y..... 20 00

Mrs. Louis A. Lowe, for library in memoriam Mrs. Sarah Lowe..... 20 00
S. S. Concert..... 5 88
Lowell, estate of J. K. Chase, per H. C. Howe..... 59 11
Elizabeth Rogers, for lib'y in memoriam Emily Rogers..... 20 00
Lynn, 1st Cong. church..... 10 85
Pittsfield, South Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 13 00
James H. Dunham..... 50 00
Rowley, Cong. church..... 10 00
South Wellfleet, H. F. Paine..... 2 00
Springfield, Wide Awake Missionary Society, for lib'y..... 20 00
West Barnstable, Cong. church..... 10 00
Worcester, Piedmont church..... 18 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Tiverton, Amicable Cong. church and Soc'y, \$10.42, and S. S., \$9.58..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. ch..... 7 75
Connecticut, a Friend..... 333 33
Kent, 1st Cong. Soc'y..... 18 05
North Manchester, 2nd Cong. ch..... 3 65
Norwalk, Wm. S. Lockwood, for lib's 40 00
Norwich, Park S. S. for lib's..... 40 00
Rockville, First church..... 20 10
Somersville church..... 19 32
Salisbury, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 14 37
South Britain, Cong. church..... 10 00
Thomaston, S. S. of 1st Cong. ch., for lib'y in memoriam Noah A. Norton, late of Thomaston, Conn..... 20 00
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church and Society..... 26 85
Wolcott, Cong. church..... 2 85

NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Pres. church..... 36 00
Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. ch..... 14 10
Mount Morris, Pres. ch..... 6 42
Newburgh, S. S. Union Pres. ch., for "Helen Lefferts Prime Memorial Library, No. 5"..... 20 00
New Village, Cong. ch..... 4 40
New York City, Collegiate Ref. Dutch ch..... 53 44
"Lyons," for lib'y..... 20 00
Capt. H. Brown, ship *Adolphus*, for lib'y work..... 10 00
E. P. B., President, contribution of City Directory, valued at..... 6 00
L. N. Lovell..... 5 00
Peekskill, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$30..... 55 70
Tarrytown, Mrs. Abby D. Cobb, for lib'y in memoriam Sanford Cobb..... 20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Cape May Point, G. S. Corwin, to const. James H. Reid of Alexandria, Va., L. M..... 30 00
Newark, 3rd Pres. ch., Mrs. W. Mortimer Brown, to const. Mrs. Ella G. Sayre, L. M..... 30 00
2nd Pres. church..... 7 87
Trenton, a Friend..... 5 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Capt. E. E. Robbins, of ship *Ruby*, for general lib'y work 5 00

MICHIGAN.

Lansing, a Friend..... 60

\$1,234 11



"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Our Ship's Pets.

BY GENE H. UNDERWOOD.

Would you like to know some of the ways in which the sailors amuse themselves on board our big man-of-war, many thousands of miles away from land? They have several pets of which they are very fond; one is a dog named Nellie, owned by an Italian. She has been with us just a year, and, as she was only a tiny puppy when she came, I presume she thinks that all the world is a ship, and everybody lives on the water. Nellie is not a beauty. She is very small and has ugly yellow hair; worse than all, one poor little leg is very crooked from having been broken by a fall through the hatch-way. But she is such a bright, good-natured, warm-hearted little dog that she proves beauty to be "only skin deep" after all. And then she is so entertaining. She is always ready to shake hands with anybody, and thinks nothing of "begging" and "speaking" for such a small reward as a peanut. She can waltz, too, and it would amuse you to see her try to execute a few steps and fall over upon her back, as the ship gives a sudden lurch! Nellie is extravagantly fond of cheese, and if a bit is placed on one of the big guns she will manage to scramble up the slippery

sides of the weapon and secure the dainty morsel, even if she falls a dozen times in the attempt. She greatly enjoys a good game of hide-and-seek with the men, and plays as well as if she walked on two feet instead of four. When we arrived at P——, some months ago, Nellie's master bought a little marmoset and soon had it quite well trained. The monkey's name was Muldoon, and a funny little fellow he was. A saddle was made for Nellie's back, and Muldoon, dressed in a red uniform and tied to the saddle, would ride about the decks in a way highly amusing. This lasted until we went to a colder, damper climate, where poor Muldoon languished; and, falling a victim to that enemy of his race, consumption, soon died.

I am ashamed to say that Nellie showed no signs of grief for the loss of her companion, but soon became warm friends with two cats which were now brought on board. These cats were both jet black and bore the high-sounding titles of Antony and Cleopatra. They were the ward-room pets, each having its particular chair and warm corner, and it is my private opinion that both Antony and Cleopatra live on the fat of the land, for the

ship is full of plump rats and mice, and every day one or more is shown to us by our cats as the result of an hour's hunt.

But all other pets have been completely thrown in the shade by a new one recently purchased for \$100, in gold, by one of our officers. This last one is a chimpanzee, an animal very like a monkey, having no tail, which makes it look strangely like a human being. The chimpanzee's name is Peter; he is a splendid fellow, about two feet high, having a body covered with short brown hair. He was born in Moravia, Africa; but the change to our cool climate seems to agree with him so well that his owner thinks of presenting him to the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, when we return to the States.

Peter looks like a little, old, withered-up man, and with his complete suit of sailors clothing, cap and all, the resemblance is very funny. His hands and feet are more like yours and mine than like a monkey's and when we talk to him he looks into our face and tries to answer us, though we can't quite understand his gibberish! He is very fond of coffee, and drinks his tin cupfull eagerly every morning, with the men. Sometimes when he goes with his master to call upon some other ship's company, he is treated to an extra cup of coffee, which he receives very politely, always pulling off his cap and making a low bow to the giver.

Every Sunday morning we have what is called inspection. That is, the captain stands in one place on the deck, and all the crew pass before him, one by one, so that he may see that each man wears the regulation dress, and looks neat and clean. Peter had watched this operation with much interest, and one Sunday morning as the last sailor made his salute and the captain was about turning away, fancy his intense surprise to be politely greeted with a real sailor-like salute from Peter, who stepped before him, paused a moment and then passed on just as he had seen all the men do! You may be sure the captain was very much amused and often related

the story of how Peter came up for inspection.

Once a mischievous sailor gave him a glass of raw whisky to drink; the first mouthful so disgusted the little fellow that, running to the ship's side, he hastily cleared his mouth and never, since then, has he been known to touch any kind of liquor. He does not chew tobacco, either, as most of the sailors do, but he will occasionally sit in the forecabin and smoke a pipe so naturally that everybody is convulsed with laughter. He must have an educated ear, too, as I will prove to you. The little boats belonging to the ship are called away by means of the bugle, each boat having its own particular call. Peter was taken ashore several times in the same boat, and after that he recognized his boat's call at once; when he heard it, he always ran excitedly up and down, chattering to himself, and showing the keenest signs of interest as the boat was being manned.

But one sad day, Peter was in the engine room, looking on with great interest while the officer of the watch wrote in his log-book. As soon as the officer left the room, Peter, thinking to show himself of equal importance, opened the book and went to work. Perhaps you can imagine the scene, when ten minutes later, the gentleman returned, found Peter and the book saturated with ink, and the log for the week destroyed! I think that was the only time when our pet was of any annoyance. He is gentle and easily taught, and I am sure that no child could try harder to please its friends than does Peter to please us. Certainly, he and all our other pets are the source of a great deal of harmless sport in the long and weary hours when we are so far away from home and friends, and often for days together out of sight of the dear land itself.—*Congregationalist*.

“Don't Tell Mother.”

Not long since we passed two little girls, perhaps eight or nine years old.

Their arms were thrown around each other in a simple, loving, unaffected manner that quite enchanted us. But the first words we heard them utter dispelled the charm, and left a very painful impression:—

“I’ll tell you something that I am going to do, May, if you will promise not to tell mother a word about it.”

A disposition to deceive is bad enough, but when a little child arranges to conceal her actions from her mother the outlook is sad indeed. A girl will not do anything very wrong who has no secrets from her mother. Every girl stands on slippery, unsafe ground the moment she thinks or says “Don’t tell mother.” The fewer secrets girls or boys have, the safer they are. If there should be a few which may seem important and unavoidable, let the child test the real necessity of encumbering herself with them by taking the mother in partnership. No companionship should be tolerated, no letter written, that she may not know of.

Secrets, mysteries, are bad things for anyone, boy or girl, man or woman, but much worse for a girl or woman. We wish we could show the young how much of unrest, trouble, and wrong has come through these small mysteries and secrets that many young girls take delight in.

Hide nothing from your mother. Do nothing that you would be ashamed or unwilling to have your father know. If you have done wrong, don’t wait for them to learn it from others. Go to them and own it, trusting that their love will enable you to right it. If you have made a mistake, look into their eyes with loving boldness and tell them yourself. Prevent others from telling your parents tales of you by taking the whole matter to them, your best friends and advisers, your own self.—*Christian Union.*

From Old Friends.

We print, for special purposes, the following record of the inscription upon one

of the loan library cases sent to sea, filled with good books for the sailors, by the Sabbath School of Central Presbyterian church, New York City.

This library is dedicated to the brave
“TOILERS OF THE SEA.”

We, a band of Sunday School scholars, send you greetings,—hoping these few volumes may be the means of gathering many workers in

OUR MASTER’S VINEYARD.

Though we do not know you, we want to meet you and your loved ones in that beautiful home above “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.”

THE MASTER CALLS:—WON’T YOU COME?

From the Wayside Gatherers, Central Presbyterian Church, November 28th, 1879.

The complete list of loan libraries sent to sea by the Youth’s Missionary Society of this church, to September, 1884, is as follows:—

No. 4,533, Miss LILLIE WHITE’s class, May 15th, 1873.

No. 5,375, in memoriam HELEN LOUISE ROOME, December 19th, 1874.

No. 5,820, in memoriam LILLIAN MARY ROB-INSON, April 19th, 1876.

No. 5,821, Mrs. EDWARD HEATH’s class, April 19th, 1876.

No. 6,770, “WAYSIDE GATHERERS,” November 28th, 1879.

No. 7,052, the IRVING Memorial, October 15th, 1880.

No. 7,477, by the “MINISTERING CHILDREN,” February 15th, 1882.

No. 7,487, by the “WAYSIDE GATHERERS,” February 17th, 1882.

No. 7,494, by the “CARRIER DOVES,” February 25th, 1882.

No. 7,493, by the “STANDARD BEARERS,” February 15th, 1882.

No. 8,022, as the YEAREANCE Memorial, October 14th, 1883.

No. 7,705, in memoriam KATIE M. HACK, by Mr. JOHN THOMPSON’s class, May 7th, 1883.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During July, 1884, thirty-nine loan libraries, sixteen new and twenty-three reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were No. 8,129, with Nos. 8,135-8,147, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,947, 7,948, at Boston.

The twenty-three libraries reshipped were:—

No. 2,173; No. 4,970; No. 6,075; No. 6,661; No. 7,108; No. 7,230; No. 7,696; No. 7,885;
 " 3,001; " 5,449; " 6,115; " 6,671; " 7,164; " 7,810; " 7,712; " 8,048.
 " 4,123; " 5,559; " 6,503; " 7,013; " 7,214; " 7,511; " 7,722; "

Climbing.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

My boy, are you fond of climbing?
 Would you scale the lofty hill?
 Those on the far-off summit
 Were men of steadfast will.
 Often their feet grew weary
 And worn in the toilsome way,
 But they never got discouraged,
 And stand at the top to-day.

You have read what a poet tells us—
 That we gain not at a bound
 The heights; but life's like a ladder—
 We must climb up round by round.
 So the hill that is steep before you
 It may take you long to climb,
 But one step after another
 Will lead you to the top in time.

He who would reach the summit
 Must turn not left or right;
 He must keep up heart and courage,
 And keep the heights in sight.
 Little by little the summit
 Grows bright in his steadfast eye,
 And at last he stands with the victors,—
 As you may, if you try.

Golden Days.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Secretary.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., Treasurer.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., Financial Agent and
Assistant Treasurer.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.



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No. 10.

EFFORTS FOR SEAMEN IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, so long and still our chaplain at the Hawaiian Islands, has lately been absent from his post, as our readers know, on a brief visit to China. He has sent to us from Yokohama, in Japan, over date of July 29th, 1884, an article under the above heading, and very few of the many communications with which he has frequently enriched the pages of the *MAGAZINE* have given a more valuable or gratifying view of labor put forth for seamen in any quarter of the globe, than this. We commend it to special regard.

No person who has not visited China and Japan can fully appreciate what is now being done in these countries for the temporal and spiritual welfare of seamen. The sailor visiting the open ports of these regions cannot say, "No man careth for my soul." It appears to me, indeed, that I never visited seaports where, in proportion to the number of the English and American residents, I have met with so many persons who have manifested a kindly interest in behalf of seamen. This interest does not show itself in commonplace remarks and empty platitudes,

but in substantial expressions of generous benevolence and good deeds. And if I now briefly refer to what I have actually witnessed during the past three months, and learned from those engaged in laboring for seamen, I think I shall fully establish the assertion which I have made. There are many who do care, labor and pray for seamen, and in every reasonable method are now providing for them.

At Canton.

But few foreign vessels visit this port, save ships of war. But few



seamen come on shore, except to walk and engage in their athletic sports upon the *Shameen*, or Foreign Concession. This is a small island in the Canton river, opposite the city, separated by a canal filled with hundreds, or even thousands of *Sampans*, inhabited by the vast river population who never find a home on the land. There are only a few foreign residents in Canton, beside the Mission families. Among them, however, I learned that there was an earnest desire to fit up a reading-room and place of entertainment for seamen, and although just then certain obstacles were obstructing the undertaking,—eventually, I think, something will be accomplished. I was happy to meet both English and American naval officers at the religious services held at the different homes of the missionaries, and I noticed that officers were freely invited to visit among the missionaries. Missionaries were accustomed to go on board, and hold religious services and distribute good reading.

One Sabbath, while there, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. WHITE, of the Presbyterian Mission, on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, where a service was held among the seamen, and a most excellent supply of papers was furnished by the ladies in Rev. Dr. HAPPER's family. Ladies are accustomed to accompany those conducting the religious services, to assist in singing, or rather to conduct that part of the service, often taking their musical instruments with them.

At Hong Kong.

This city is essentially an English port, and among the British soldiers and sailors there is a chaplain supported by the government. There is always a large amount

of foreign shipping in the harbor, and I have heard the statement that Hong Kong ranks in the number of its arrivals and departures next to Liverpool, London, and New York. We landed on Sabbath afternoon, April 6th, and that evening found our way to the London Mission chapel, on Queen's Road, where, as we entered, two beautiful English ladies attached to that Society were serving out tea and coffee to the seamen and others arriving prior to the hour appointed for the services to open, and as the officiating clergyman was a little late "Moody and Sankey" hymns were sung. The audience that evening listened to an admirable sermon by the Rev. Mr. EITEL, formerly a member of the London Missionary Society but now Superintendent of Public Schools. He is an able and eloquent preacher. On a subsequent Sabbath evening it was my privilege to preach. The various clergymen of the city preach gratuitously on each Sabbath evening.

There is a SAILORS' HOME in Hong Kong, erected by the generous munificence of the well-known firm of JARDINE, MATHESON & Co. I visited the Home but as I did not meet the manager I am unable to write respecting the prospects and usefulness of the establishment. I think Hong Kong imperatively needs a first-class seamen's chaplain, exclusively devoted to the seamen of all nations. If the proper man could be secured, and the American and English societies would coöperate in his support, I think that about what is needed.

At Amoy.

This is one of the open ports of China, and a place of resort for ships of war and merchant vessels.

There are but few foreign residents, except mission families—English and American. The latter reside on the small island of Kalangsu. There I found a neat and commodious reading-room, erected for the sailors' special benefit when enjoying liberty on shore. It was well supplied with papers and books, was built and is supported by the residents on the island,—missionaries and others. At this place there is a beautiful *Union Chapel*. This was erected about twenty years ago, and, as I was informed by the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE, the erection of this edifice was among the last efforts of the Rev. Mr. DOTY, for many years a missionary of the American Board in Amoy. The missionaries alternate in their preaching, here, and in conducting the week-day religious services. As I spent a Sabbath in Amoy I was invited to preach, and I noticed seamen in the audience, where they are always invited and made most welcome.

At Foo Chow.

Our steamer landed us at this port upon a pleasant Sabbath morning, and we became the guests of the Rev. Dr. BALDWIN of the American Board. Our very limited sojourn did not allow me to make all the inquiries I should have been glad to have made; still I learned that here was a *Union Chapel* where residents and seamen were made welcome. There I met the U. S. Consul, Mr. WINGATE, who is very highly spoken of by the missionaries and others, and in whom the sailors find a genuine friend. He is one of the oldest Consuls in China and one of the Trustees of the *Union Chapel*. We dined at the Consulate the evening before our leaving, where

we again met our U. S. Minister, Mr. YOUNG, whom we had before met at Canton.

At Shanghai.

Here there is a large amount of foreign shipping, but principally under the English flag. A Temperance Hall is sustained, also a temperance weekly paper. There is a *Union Chapel*, now enjoying the services of the Rev. Mr. BAMFORD, an English independent clergyman, able and eloquent, whom I heard on Sabbath morning, July 6th, and from him and others I learned that seamen were by no means overlooked and forgotten in Shanghai. Only the week before my arrival the *Union* church people gave a free entertainment to which all seamen were invited.

At Tientsin.

This is a port at the head of ocean navigation, on the Peiho River, forty or fifty miles from Peking. At the port there is a neat Temperance Hall built by the residents and others for the sailors' special benefit. The Rev. Mr. STANLEY, a missionary of the American Board, who has labored to sustain it for years, informed me that sailors frequented the temperance hall and the lunch room. He devotes much time and gratuitous labor to the seamen's cause, reminding me of the Rev. Mr. COAN, at Hilo, and Rev. Dr. BALDWIN, at Lahaina, who, in addition to their arduous labors, found a little leisure to devote to the sailor. The true missionary interprets the great command,—“Go, teach all nations, and make disciples of all nations,” to include seamen, and I think whenever and wherever these men (and women) can do anything for the sailor's

benefit, they are eager to fulfil this injunction of our Divine Redeemer. When visiting the port of Chefoo, in landing, I noticed a neat building fitted up for seamen, with the sign in large letters which no one could fail to read. Chefoo is a port much frequented by ship's of war. While there I counted 25 anchored at one time, —8 English, 4 French, 12 Chinese and 1 Austrian. I learned from the Rev. G. REID, a Presbyterian missionary, that he and others were wont to go on board some of these war vessels and hold religious services.

In Japan—At Kobe.

Leaving China I landed for a few hours at Nagasaki, and there met English and American missionaries, and on arriving at Kobe I found a young Swede laboring among seamen, who has been partially supported by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. He keeps a Temperance Hall, in part sustained by the foreign merchants and missionaries of Kobe. He appears to be doing a good work and richly deserves the generous support of the friends of seamen, and I trust the Society will continue the same appropriation for the current year, which has been formerly given.

At Yokohama.

I arrived here on the morning of July 24th, and at an early hour, and before landing, I received a call from Mr. AUSTEN, of the *Seamen's Mission*. I was glad to be greeted in this most cordial manner by one whose fame as a useful and successful laborer among seamen is so well known in this part of the great ocean world. He has labored here for ten and more years. I came on shore under his

kind attentions and was made most welcome at the Seamen's Mission Home. Here I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for the suitable and commodious appearance of the whole establishment. It is most conveniently situated near the landing, in the very best place of all others in the city of Yokohama. From what I have learned by frequent visits to the mission premises, and the reports of the residents in Yokohama, I can truly say that seamen are provided for in this city in a manner such as should occasion joy and great satisfaction in the hearts of the friends of seamen. Mrs. AUSTEN is also a genuine laborer among the seamen, assisting in the singing both at the mission house and on shipboard. Of all the women whom I have ever met, she seems the best qualified to win the hearts of seamen and help them to come to Christ. Last Sabbath I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Austen, with their two little children, on board the U. S. S. *Juniata*, where we held divine service, the captain rendering all possible aid and assistance. In the evening I learned that Mr. Austen went on board the U. S. S. *Trenton*, where he assisted the chaplain of the vessel. I can truly say that Mr. Austen appears to be the right man in the right place, so that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY could not possibly devote to a better use a portion of its annual appropriations than to the vigorous support of the seamen's mission of Yokohama.

I think the readers of the MAGAZINE may reasonably infer that although temporarily away from the chaplaincy in Honolulu, I am not neglectful of my duties to seamen. Wherever I have visited in

China and Japan I have made inquiries relating to the seamen's cause. And I can truly add that I am somewhat surprised at the amount of gratuitous labor which I have witnessed in behalf of sailors. Missionaries I have found giving both time and money, and for many long years continuing their services as occasion required. I do not hesitate to assert that the presence of the noble band of American and English missionaries has contributed in no small degree to purify the moral atmosphere of this Oriental world. Without wishing to reflect upon the state of morals among foreigners in these remote lands, I cannot but remark that the Christian church never did a more wise act

than in sending missionaries hither, where they have labored not only to evangelize the heathen, but to bring Christianity to exert its benign influence upon the foreign community, including seamen. The most happy results have been produced. And I cannot refrain from making a strong appeal not only to the supporters of foreign missions, but also to those wishing well to seamen. The merchants of New York, Boston, and other American cities engaged in the shipping interests of the world, ought to give most liberally for foreign chaplaincies and foreign missions, they go hand in hand. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

REMARKS OF REV. DR. TENNEY,

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF RICHARD P. BUCK, AT BUCKSPORT, ME.,
JULY 12TH, 1884.

Within the memory of most of us here present, is the pleasant occasion, less than one year ago, when we came together, here, to celebrate the event which marked the anniversary of half a hundred years of wedded life, an occasion of pleasure to us all,—and to this family one of joy and gratitude to God for all the blessings which had filled the fifty years of tender companionship and love.

To-day we are gathered for another purpose,—an occasion of sorrow and mourning, and we miss the pleasant smile and cordial greeting of him who welcomed us then. But there is one thing that is the same,—the good God, who is "the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." Generations pass away, other things change, but He changes not, and the same

hand that mingled the cup of happiness and blessing then, now mingles for us one of sorrow and affliction. Oh! how blessed it is to feel that it is ever the same hand of our Heavenly Father that is leading us, in joy or in sorrow, in pleasure or in pain.

There is much to be grateful for in the life of him for whom we mourn to-day,—the successes and the comforts of his earthly life,—the tender companionship, and the loving ministries of those nearest and dearest, through so many years.

He was a man of marked individuality, holding decided opinions upon all important questions, and expressing them without hesitation upon every fitting occasion, but never allowing any difference of opinion to disturb the harmony

of his relations with those around him. Loyal to his country, faithful in all the responsibilities of domestic and social life, and in his public duties, and to the church of God with which he was so tenderly and closely associated, and whose ministry he so dearly loved, he always impressed me as a man who subordinated everything to duty. And I have always observed this thing connected with him, that whatever might be the agitations of feeling around him in connection with the local events of the day, or in whatever excitements of life, and amid all his large business enterprises, he always placed first in his estimate of importance the interests of the Kingdom of God upon earth. He felt that he was the servant, and not the master, and in all his prosperity considered himself but as a steward of his Master's possessions.

It is one of the blessings which we remember to-day, that the scenes of rest and gladness upon which he first opened his eyes in this world, were the last upon which his eyes looked as he closed them in death,—that from the home of his fathers was he gathered unto his fathers,—and that the place where he was wont to come for rest and refreshment from business cares and employments, was the place from whence he entered into his eternal rest.

How tender God's care which was around all his pathway!—the same care which is around us in our childhood, and guides us in manhood, which will be with us in old age, if only we keep fast hold of the loving hand! In thinking of those that are gone it is a consoling thought that the same gate is open for us through which they have entered, and that soon these swiftly changing earthly

scenes will be past, and we shall unite with them in the song unto "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

We do not assemble to-day as upon a recent occasion when a noted sceptic stood with his friends, amid a howling storm, by the side of the casket of a beloved brother, and said,—“We know nothing. We are here in a deep valley shut in on all sides. Mountains rise on either hand, and when we cry out in our anguish the only response we hear is the echo of our own voices.” Not so do we stand to-day. We cry, and the arms of our Heavenly Father are around us; we cry, and we can hear him say unto us,—“I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.

We hear a voice speaking unto us to-day from the opening sky, saying:—

“Come unto me when shadows darkly gather.

When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,

Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling,

Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There like an Eden blossoming in gladness
Bloom the fair flowers which earth too rudely pressed,

Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Ways of Doing Good at Sea.

From a little volume, “Recollections of an Octogenarian,” we copy the following, as showing how one may be useful when far off upon the ocean. The writer

was supercargo, and on a voyage from Baltimore to Buenos Ayres in the year 1817, when he was 22 years of age.

"I had a good supply of stationery and books, and I made writing-books, set copies, made and mended quill pens, and assisted such of the sailors as wished to learn to write, and those who desired to improve their handwriting. Bibles and tracts were distributed, and books were given and lent. Every Sunday we had religious services on deck, when the weather would permit. I served as chaplain, and it was somewhat formidable to face the captain, mates, petty officers, a Romish *padre* to whom we had given a passage, a merchant sent by friends on a temperance voyage, and about twenty seamen. Sometimes I ventured into the fore-castle to talk with the men and to read to them. My pantry class, consisting of the steward, cook and cabin-boy, I instructed in the evening. My stock of Bibles being exhausted, I gave the gunner the one which had been my companion for eleven years. It was the first Bible I owned, and was bought with money saved for that purpose. To the cabin-boy, a bright little fellow, I gave the little hymn-book which I used when a small boy and standing up with those who sung counter. Several of the sailors appeared to be grateful for efforts made to benefit them, and the gunner, who had been for several years on board of a British man-of-war, and who was terribly profane, 'knocked off' swearing and seemed to have begun a new life. At his urgent request, I wrote out for him a form of prayer, and Doddridge's 'Self-Dedication to God' I gave him also

'The Life of Whitfield,' which he read with interest and, I hope, with profit.

"The steerage was occupied by the carpenter, boatswain, gunner, the *padre* and the merchant. The mates had a state-room and the captain and I the cabin. The mates and the *padre* took their meals with us. As I had intercourse more or less with every one on board, and read and wrote a good deal, my time was wholly occupied."

The Captain's Message.

BY E. LAWRENCE BARNARD.

Mr. Pierce stood in the Merchant's Exchange, in front of the blackboard which noted arrivals and disasters. His eye lighted up as he read the following:

"Highland Light. Bark *Adriatic* passing in."

Mr Pierce rubbed his hands with delight. It was good news to him, for it meant that a ship in which he was part owner, which had been abroad three years and was now several months overdue, was entering the harbor. He immediately sat down at the center-table and wrote a despatch to the captain's wife, Mrs. Williams, of the little town of A—.

This was glad tidings for her, and she hastily prepared to meet her long absent husband. Her little house being always in order, she had only to put on her bonnet and shawl, lock the door, and take the next train for Boston. Good Mr. Pierce met her at the cars, as often before. He said the *Adriatic* could not come up until evening tide, and that she had better go with him on a tugboat.

It was a happy meeting in the harbor that afternoon between the

captain and his wife, but tinged with sadness. Death had entered their home during the father's absence, seizing the captain's only son, a noble boy and the idol of the old man's heart. They talked in low tones coming up the bay, the captain's face growing more serious as he listened to the account of his son's short illness.

"Did Willie say anything about me afore he died?" he asked.

"Yes, he talked much of you during his sickness. He often spoke of your promise to take him with you on your next short trip. But just before he died he said,— 'Tell father I shall never sail with him on the *Adriatic*, for I am called to go on another voyage. There's a safe harbor at the end, and I am not afraid. I want him to meet me there.'"

The next morning they gathered some flowers from her tiny garden and carried them to the resting place of their Willie. They found Spring Grove Cemetery was crowded with people, for it was Memorial Day. This town had lost many boys in the war, and the people made much of the day. They came from far and near, bringing flowers of some sort which they tenderly placed on the soldier's graves, while the band played solemn and appropriate music.

As the lonely couple were sitting silently at the end of the grave, they noticed that the young men who composed the band were marching towards them. They came up quietly with uncovered heads, forming a circle around Willie's grave, and played most sweetly two verses of the familiar hymn, "Sweet By-and-by," then slowly and reverently they marched away.

The captain buried his face in his hands and broke down, crying like a child.

"What does it all mean?" he asked.

"It means that Willie was one of their number," Mrs. Williams replied. "Brother George gave him a cornet shortly after you went away. Some of the neighbors' boys obtained musical instruments, and formed themselves into a band, and had a teacher from Boston. Willie was chosen leader, and now for three Decoration Days they have come here and played his favorite hymn."

"I never heard anything like it afore, Mary it seems like heavenly music." The old man wept aloud. "Do you know the words to this heavenly hymn, Mary?"

"I know only one verse, but I have it all at home." Then she tremulously repeated:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

The captain was silent for a long time, then he said:—

"I've been on the lookout for land for more than thirty years, as I have walked the deck of my ship,—many lands and strange lands,—but I never thought much about this heavenly land. I have always had to take my chances in making new harbors, and I suppose I'll have to when I go out from this life!"

His wife laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, saying earnestly:

"I have learned that there is no chance about this future life. My hope is sure, Willie's hope was sure, and, dear husband, yours may be sure, if you will only believe!"

And there among the whispering pines, the blue sky above and the silent grave beneath, a new joy came into the captain's soul.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

THE GOSPEL ABOARD SHIP.

Readers of the *MAGAZINE* will be impressed by an extract from a late number of *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., which opens to view practical missionary work for sailors, in November last, in the harbor of Holyhead, Wales.

“The ship *C*—of 2, having to put into Holyhead for refuge in the early part of November, the sailor-missionary made it his duty to pay her a visit on different occasions, each time being very kindly received by the captain, officers, and men. The crew was composed chiefly of foreigners, among them, Spanish, French, Italians, and Dutch, to each of whom he gave a Bible in his own particular language. On Saturday, November 10th, our friend got his boat ready and prepared for visiting, but had not gone far, when unfortunately the weather changed, and he had to return to the shore, the wind then blowing very strong from the westward; all vessels in both harbors being compelled to let go second anchor and pay out more chain. Thus the weather lasted till midnight. The following day (Sunday) the sun came out beautifully and the sea was calm. Many of the vessels in the outer harbor engaged in clearing their chains and taking in second anchor. The missionary taking advantage of the fine day, pushed his boat off, and made for the ship *C*—, where he found them hard at work with their chains, and the crew making dreadful complaints at having to work on Sunday. Immediately after the missionary's arrival on board, the captain informed him that he was sorry he could not

give him permission to hold service on board that day, on account of the men being in such a bad temper at having to heave in the second anchor, a thing which the captain considered was necessary; but to test the case he put the question to the missionary before all hands, and asked, “Is such work lawful to do on the Sabbath day?” to which our friend replied, “Certainly, it is lawful and right; we read of the Lord commanding Moses to keep holy the Sabbath day, but the Lord in His great mercy has put a limit to even His own laws, the proof of which we find in Matthew xii. 11, ‘What man shall there be among you, among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out.’ How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days. So ships in roadsteads, and at sea with men's lives exposed to danger, should be cared for on the Sabbath day as well as any other day of the week. Had another gale blown from a different quarter, and vessels riding with foul anchors, it would be hard to say what the consequence would be. Therefore, I consider you are quite justified in doing what you did. Prevention is better than cure.”

“Here the chief officer thanked the missionary for expressing himself as he did, but said he, ‘The men forward cannot see the case in the same light, so I consider it will be useless for you to hold a meeting here to-day. But if you will make it convenient to come to-morrow we shall be glad to see you.’ The missionary thanked

the captain and officers for this invitation, and promised to return the following day, weather permitting. On Monday, November 12th, at twelve, noon, our friend pushed off once more for the ship *C—*, on which he was kindly received by the captain, who said that immediately after the men had done with their dinner he could take full charge for the afternoon (a favor seldom granted to sailors' missionaries;—such favor reminds one of angels' visits, few and far between). Our friend, however, thanked the captain and made for the fore-castle, where he found the men waiting, ready to turn out at the first ring of the bell; but the missionary, in his own characteristic way, very soon informed them that there was no more turn to that day, for the captain had given full charge of the ship to him, as they do to pilots when going into harbor, so he considered himself as a pilot for that afternoon, not to bring the ship into dock, but to pilot all who would follow him to the port of glory through the Lord Jesus Christ. The crew on hearing there was no work for that afternoon manifested their willingness to have a meeting in their fore-castle, by clearing every obstacle out of the way, the captain and officers joining in with the men.

"The meeting was opened by singing a hymn from Mr. Sankey's collection, which was done with right good will, making the fore-castle ring with the songs of Zion. The missionary then delivered a very interesting address from the first Psalm, which was listened to with the utmost attention, after which he asked if any of the men before the mast would engage in prayer. But to such a request none seemed to have the

courage to respond. All stood silent, with eyes fixed on deck. The chief officer seeing none of the men complying with the request, said, 'I would like to say a word or two before we engage in prayer, and that is, I promise to give all the assistance I can to any one of our ship's company who will carry on such meetings as this on board this ship while at sea. It will be the means of strengthening the work of the Spirit which I believe has already begun; and it will stimulate brotherly love in our midst; and, with God's blessing, it will make our ship a heaven afloat. Let us all unite now in prayer, and ask for God's blessing on the present meeting.' Then the chief officer engaged in a very appropriate prayer, during which time not a few amens ascended in silence to the throne of grace. After prayer the meeting closed at 3.30, but not without some seed having been sown, which was proved in the words of the third officer, who said, 'Another meeting like that would be the means of converting him.' After bidding all hands adieu, our friend the missionary promised to return to the ship at 6 p. m., to hold a prayer meeting, an invitation he was glad to accept; and I believe, careful to be punctual. Once more on board, all hands were invited to the cabin and the meeting commenced, the captain and mate leading in prayer, afterwards the missionary engaged in prayer, during which time the chief officer asked the third to offer a short prayer. But he said, 'O Sir, all I can say is, God be merciful to me a sinner.' The meeting being ended, each man held up his hand to signify that he was willing that service should be held on board on the Lord's day."

Saved that very Day.

The following incident was given by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, to the reporter of a London newspaper. It presents a clear view of the connection between the prayer of God's people and the divine response :

Some two years ago a poor woman, accompanied by two of her neighbors, came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country: in her sorrow she went to the house of God, and something I said in the sermon made her think I was personally familiar with her case. Of course I had known nothing about her. It was a general illustration that fitted a particular case. She told me her story, and a very sad one it was. I said: "There is nothing that we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband." We knelt down, and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul, and bring him back to his home. When we rose from our knees I said to the poor woman, "Do not fret about the matter. I feel sure your husband will come home; and that he will yet become connected with our church." She went away, and I forgot all about it. Some months after she reappeared with her neighbors and a man, whom she introduced to me as her husband. He had indeed come back, and he had returned a converted man.

On making inquiry and comparing notes we found that the very day on which we had prayed for his conversion, he, being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly upon a stray copy of one of

my sermons. He read it. The truth went to his heart. He repented and sought the Lord, and as soon as possible he returned to his wife and to his daily calling. He was admitted a member, and last Monday his wife, who up to that time had not been a member, was also received among us. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer. All the infidels in the world could not shake her conviction that there is a God that answereth prayer. I should be the most irrational creature in the world if, with a life every day of which is full of experiences so remarkable, I entertained the slightest doubt on the subject. I do not regard it as miraculous; it is part and parcel of the established order of the universe that the shadow of the coming event should fall in advance upon some believing soul in the shape of prayer for its realization. *The prayer of faith is a divine decree commencing its fulfilment.*

A Great Change.

One of the strangest conversions of our day is that of Lars Olsen Smith, of Sweden. From being the "brandy king" of that country, manufacturing and selling for years three-fourths of all the brandy consumed there, and realizing an income of over \$250,000 a year, he has become an uncompromising temperance reformer, and is endeavoring to elevate the social condition of his countrymen whom his brandy did so much to degrade. His conscience,—for he was evidently that rarest of all creatures, a liquor-dealer with a conscience—disquieted him as he reflected that he was responsible for three-fourths of the sin, misery, disease and death which resulted

from the brandy he sold. At first, having concluded that alcoholism was occasioned largely by the fusel-oil contained in alcohol, he erected seven rectifying factories for freeing brandy from impurities; but as the agents of the Gottenberg system, who had the monopoly of the liquor business in Sweden, would not sell his brandy, preferring the impure article, as it was cheaper, he went to work to break them down, and at the end of a year had driven the raw, impure spirit out of the market. As a substitute for the Gottenberg system, which he declared had developed into a gigantic means of demoralization and jobbery, he drafted a licensing bill fixing the license at \$1,500 a year and making it illegal to charge more than a fixed price, and has thus greatly reduced the number of drinking-places in Sweden. He has also used his large wealth in establishing popular savings' banks, building societies, coöperative stores, and public kitchens for supplying cheap and wholesome food to the poor. What a fortunate thing it might be, though the idea is hardly conceivable, if some of our whiskey lords or beer barons could attempt to repair the injury they have done to the community by adopting his words: "I think it is better to use the money I have gained in demoralizing and poisoning the people in undoing, as far as possible, the mischief that unwittingly I created."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The Christmas Night Watch.

Three sailors were at work in the fore part of one of our ships; one was humming the words,—
"In heaven above, where all is

love, there'll be no parting there." He stopped, and said to his mate,—"I'm so happy, for I know if I was to go at this minute, it would be straight away to heaven, because my soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb." The tears stood in the other man's eyes, and he said solemnly,—
"Well, I won't tell no lies about it; if I was to go at this minute, I should go straight down to hell." What told him this? His conscience, God's voice within; and the Bible, God's voice without; and the witness was true. There is a solemn question in the Bible; it is asked by God; and it has never been answered by angels, devils, men, or even God Himself:—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Think of it, my brother, at this solemn time.—*From Miss Agnes Weston's Monthly Letter to Seamen.*

Only One Nail.

Rev. T. DE W. TALMAGE, in one of his sermons, recently said:—

A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You scientists know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, 'Land ho!' and the ship was halted within a few yards of her threatening demolition on Nantucket shoals. Thus a six-penny nail came near wrecking that Cunarder. Nothing is insignificant; a little thing may divert our path, and decide our all for time and eternity.

The Site of Calvary,

In a recent lecture at Wands-
worth, Captain Conder, R. E., of
the Palestine Exploration Fund,
gave his reasons for believing that
the site of Calvary and the Holy
Sepulchre has been identified at
last. The present "Holy Sepul-
chre" was certainly within the
walls in our Lord's days. It is an
old Jewish tomb which the Patri-
arch discovered in Constantine's
days, and without more ado an-
nounced as the tomb of Christ.
But (1) some years ago a tradition
was discovered among old Spanish
Jews long resident at Jerusalem as
to the locality of the old place of
execution; (2) Jewish writers of
the second century describe the
"house of stoning," and the
description tallies with the spot
indicated; (3) Christian tradition
places the stoning of Stephen in
the same locality; (4) Moham-

medan tradition holds the spot
unlucky and the abode of ghouls;
(5) Quite recently a tomb has
been discovered standing alone
close by (there are few solitary
tombs in Palestine, careful search
shows this to be the only tomb
"nigh" to the spot); (6) The
tomb differs from the oldest type
of Hebrew tombs. They were
bored straight into the rock
horizontally, and the corpse was
pushed in head foremost. Greek
influence not long before Christ
introduced shelf tombs, where an
angel could have sat, one at the
head, another at the feet. This
tomb is one of these. They went
out of use soon after Christ's time.
Joseph's tomb was *new*. With a
characteristic caution Captain Con-
der refuses to draw any assured
conclusions as yet. The record of
twenty years' exploration work, a
volume of 600 pages, mainly by
Captain Conder, is now appearing.

ISLANDS OFF BOSTON HARBOR—BOSTON LIGHT.

Sloops and schooners can find
their way into the harbor through
a northerly passage called Broad
Sound, but for larger vessels the
only entrance is that known as
Nantasket Roads. It is scarcely
more than a mile wide. At one
side of it some pale yellow bluffs,
deeply grooved by the rain, shoot
up perpendicularly to a breezy
houseless plateau, the advantages
of which were recognized in Rev-
olutionary times, as a series of old
redoubts testify. At the seaward
extremity these bluffs terminate
in Point Allerton, and on the
south they slope easily down to
the slab-like crescent of Nantas-
ket Beach, with its reproductions
of Coney Island architecture and
Coney Island diversions. At the
other side a group of islands form

a natural breakwater, shouldering
out the boisterous seas, and al-
though the islands within the
harbor add little to its attractive-
ness, these are memorably pictur-
esque in a wild and rugged way.
Eight of them are high enough
out of the water to be habitable,
and the group includes the Shag
Rocks and the Graves, which the
sea keeps for its own. The largest
is the Great Brewster, which is
sandy and barren, facing the sea
with a yellow escarpment like the
bluffs on the opposite shore; the
others are masses of rock of irreg-
ular outline, which were probably
shoved out into their present po-
sition by an ancient glacier, and
though they have arable surfaces,
there are few points in their cir-
cumference at which a landing

can be effected. These are the Middle Brewster, the Outer Brewster, the Little Brewster, Green Island, Calf Island, and Little Calf Island. The Little Brewster is the site of the graceful white pillar of Boston Light, which marks the entrance of the harbor for inward-bound mariners, and its only occupants are the keepers with their wives and children. The rest of the group are uninhabited during the greater part of the year, except by a few lobster-men, who have yielded nothing of their primitive simplicity to modern influences, and seem to be unconscious of the city which frets and toils so near them, though, if they cared to think of it, a purplish-gray cloud would reveal its proximity by day, and a dome of pale light by night.

Along the coast, both north and south, the summer boarder and the revelling excursionist have full sway; big hotels vying with those at Rockaway and Manhattan Beach have been built for them, and after dark the summer sky is set ablaze by the sheaves of rockets exploded for their amusement. But the Brewsters and their sister islands have been left happily alone. No ferry or telegraph links them with the mainland, and no wharf is there to make landing easy. The only way by which they can be reached is in a private boat, and when the easterly gales are blowing, flinging the surf over the Graves and the Shag Rocks, and dashing the spray as high as the top of the Middle Brewster, nothing can approach or leave them, and the isolation is complete.

The Boston Light is at the very entrance of the channel, and the white shaft towers up from its

foundations in the reddish-brown rock of the little island like a saint in the desert. Its rays are visible sixteen miles away—one flash every thirty seconds, and with the twin lights of Thatcher's Island in the northeast and Minot's Ledge to the southward—an American Edystone, pillared in the sea—it defines the position of the harbor to the approaching mariner.

There has been a light here since 1715, for the "generall benifit to Trade," but the present tower was built in 1783, after the destruction of the original building by the British as they passed out of the harbor. It has been frequently strengthened and altered, and is now in excellent condition. The walls are six feet thick at the base and four feet at the top. The lantern is nearly one hundred feet above the ground, and is nearly ten feet in diameter. In this glass house a man can stand upright, and in the centre of it the illuminating apparatus revolves, emitting its penetrating flashes at intervals of thirty seconds. Under the tower there is a steam fog-horn, which splits the air with stentorian warnings when the weather is thick, and between the harsh trumpetings of this instrument the ear catches the moaning of the whistling-buoy anchored off the Graves, and the tolling of the bell-buoy which floats over the perilous Harding's Ledge.

But the custodians of the light have their Lares and Penates enshrined in the comfortable house which is connected with the tower by a covered passage; and when the curtains are drawn over the windows it is cheerful in there, even though the channel is choked with ice, and the winds blow as if they would rock the pillar with its six-foot walls off its foundations.

Music exerts its soothing spell through the medium of an accordion, played by Assistant-keeper Gorham; and sometimes, when the family join voices in "Hold the Fort" or "The Sweet By-and-By," Keeper Bates, carried away with rapture, urgently cries, "B'ar down thar, Edward; b'ar down on that instrument!" as if the accordion were the pump of a sinking ship, and salvation depended on the vigor of the performer.

The keepers occasionally have more exciting work to do than trimming their lamps and rubbing the moisture off the panes of glass in the lantern. Bates is possessor of the Humane Society's medal. He does not wear it on his breast, as bicycle-riders and roller-skaters wear their trophies; it is stowed away somewhere in a drawer, and he does not care to talk about it. It is, however, a memento of the time when the *Fanny Pike*, of Calais, was wrecked on the Shag Rocks, the ledge which extends seaward from the point of the Little Brewster. She struck and went to pieces during a very heavy northeasterly snow-storm, and, reckless of the tremendous sea, Bates put off in a small boat to rescue her crew, all of whom he saved, with the aid of Assistant-keeper Bailey and Charles Pochaska, a young fisherman belonging to the Middle Brewster.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The South Pole.

The greatest point of difference between the Arctic and the Antarctic regions lies in the fact that the former is dotted over with numerous islands, peninsulas, and isthmuses; whereas the latter is exposed to the dash of a vast and

deep ocean. Ross experienced from sweeping currents and winds, more than ever has to be borne by northern explorers. On one occasion, when he was becalmed for a few hours, the dead set of the ocean waves drifted the ships toward a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. "Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable." The ships were thus driven on for eight hours, until within half a mile of the gigantic icebergs, when a gentle air began to stir; the ships yielded to the influence of the puff of wind, which gradually freshened into a gale; and before dark, to the heart-felt satisfaction of all on board, the ships emerged from their peril and got out into the wide ocean. Ross had good means of knowing how thoroughly Wilkes had been deceived concerning the appearance of land at a particular spot, for he spent three days searching for land which Wilkes had laid down on a chart; but six hundred fathoms depth of water was found in the very centre of the position assigned to the land on the chart. Ross arrived at the opinion that the American commander had been deceived either by ice islands or fog banks. We need not go into much further details concerning this expedition; but a few words may be quoted to show what kind of weather had to be borne in the very middle of the Antarctic summer, and in no higher latitude than sixty-six degrees.

For nine days the crews were alternately drifting, hauling, making fast, mending snapped hawsers, and making efforts to stem opposing currents. On the tenth day, during a thick fog, a gale came on from the north. "The

sea quickly rose to a fearful height, breaking off the loftiest icebergs; we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of floating fragments of ice, hard as floating blocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow, and the destruction of the ship seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavored to avoid collision with the larger masses, but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of these awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud, crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart—that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events—with dismay.”

Whenever the gallant commander got south of sixty degrees or so, then the battling with ice began again and again. He once touched, as we have said, the

seventy-eighth parallel of latitude, and in all probability no human being has ever made a nearer approach to the South Pole—less by three or four hundred miles than the approach which has been recently made to the North Pole. What we know of the South Pole, then, is simply this, that nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it; that icy barriers are met with quite eclipsing anything in the North Frigid Zone; that mountains have been seen (one shooting forth volcanic flames) loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond fifty-six degrees of latitude; that no vegetable growth except lichens, has been seen beyond fifty-eight degrees of latitude; and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond sixty-six degrees of latitude.

Along the Dikes in Zeeland.

Skirting along the dikes, we had a good opportunity of seeing some of the incessant toil, some of the constant engineering and battling with the sea, to keep it at anything like a safe distance. The dikes about this island are perhaps the finest, the most constantly guarded, in all the country. The dike-workers are a distinct class, a guild, in fact, jealous of their craft and its rights and privileges. It is not the first-comer who may be a regular dike-worker, even if he should wish to be. We saw great gangs of them going from point to point with pick and shovel, ever on the lookout for weak spots in the great embankment, ever refacing it with miles of concrete, and strengthening every point with

strong groins running into the sea.

It was almost pathetic to note with what solicitude every blade of the binding bent-grass was coaxed to grow. Every little tuft was watched and tended as if it was some choice tulip. The top of the dike formed a level firm road, stretching away for miles. The sea looked so mild and gray and innocent as it gently lapped the edges of the mighty barriers that it seemed an effort to fancy it an enemy capable of mischief. The breezes were simply delicious and fresh, coming over the wide North Sea. Inland, the scenery was flat and grim and serious. Farmsteads in the far distance looked green and fat enough. Sheep and kine were plentiful about the rich fields. Just over the edge of the dikes were the little scattered hamlets of the fisher people and the poldermen; the dike-workers lived more of a roving life, camping out here and there as their work called them from one point to another. Sometimes the wind had blown up and the seas tossed up great long meandering mounds of sand, helping to back and strengthen the dikes. On these billowy hillocks the grass was carefully planted in little regular tufts, and stunted pines were set wherever the tempest would spare them to grow. All sorts of binding vegetation were carefully protected. The very children knew enough to let it alone. * * * We stopped at Zoutland, and climbed to the top of the dunes to look about us and sniff the sea-breeze. Down far below us lay the village,—so far that had the waters swept over the rim of the sandy dike, the sea would have only reached its level when it played about the tail of the weather

cock on the gray old church tower. There are watchers ever on the lookout, day and night, calm and storm. No wonder that the set, anxious look one sees on every face, that seems to be born with every babe, should be the only characteristic expression one remarks among the people here.

When the watchers of the dikes see danger, the alarm-bell is rung, and every soul either flies to the dikes for safety, or to help the gangs of workers to stop the threatened breach. All was calm enough at that moment, the tide was far out, and yet the village seemed far below its level. The cottage window lights were twinkling in the gloom, as evening was just coming on. The church bell was tolling for evening service, and the warm glow of sunset just touched the top of its tower. Through the tall lancet windows one could see a flush of warm lamp-light within. All sounds and sights were of peace and calm, and yet there somehow came upon the imagination the grim reverse of the picture: the clanging alarm-bell, the hurrying to and fro, the wild fight for safety from the mad hungry sea. We were feeling deadly oppressed by the prevailing seriousness of the place.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Lives Lost at Sea.

A late return to the English Parliament showed that the loss of seamen's lives in British ships was 1,804 in 1883, 1,258 in 1882, 2,023 in 1881, 1,440 in 1880, 990 in 1879, and 796 in 1878.

WHAT, MY HEART, if summer rain
Did not beat and bend the grain?

So be patient in thy woe;

God sends grief that thou may'st grow.

President Buckham.

Sailors' Letters.

Capt. THOMAS PIKE, of New Foundland, from whose warm Christian heart the readers of the MAGAZINE heard in its issue for June, keeps up the chain of correspondence with the missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, in this city, who was God's agent, years since, in leading him to Christ. We make extract from his last epistle, dated May 14th, '84, at Carbonear, N. F. :—

"I do not forget you although we are widely separated. It is possible that our prayers often meet at the mercy seat in each other's behalf. Often in offering up my prayer to God that memorable night and all of you who are in New York come up before me fresh as ever. I know you would like to hear how is it with my soul.

"It is well with my soul! it is well! praise the Lord! Praise Him with me. I thank God that to-day I can rejoice in God, my Savior. I went out in His fear, and I am returning in His love. Through all trials and temptations His grace is sufficient for me. Knowing that I am His by redemption, that He has washed me, dear brother, my heart is often full to overflowing. Then I look back to the time and place and to you all where and when God spoke to my soul, saying,—'Go in peace and sin no more.'

"What a glorious change! Praise the Lord! I am a brand plucked from the burning, a soul saved through love and mercy. I cannot express my feelings in words. How it fills my heart, my soul, with joy! Thank God that from then up to the present my march

has been onward and upward, knowing that if I am faithful my prayers and tears will not be in vain,—that there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only but to you, my dear brother, and to all that love his appearing."

The next two letters came to us from Yokohama, Japan, forwarded thence, by their recipient, Mr. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary. The first, from a seaman at Hong Kong, China, is dated 3rd March, 1884:—

"I write these few lines to you hoping that they may find you in good health and happiness, as they leave me. I wrote a few letters to you, but I suppose the 'Bum-boat' man did not post them. I know if you had received my letters I should have received an answer. I will post this letter myself, and be sure it will reach you.

"Ever since I left you I have felt great happiness and peace. My Savior is all the time around me, wherever I go. I can truly say:—

"I've reached the land of corn and wine;
And all its riches freely mine;—
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away!"

"I cannot be grateful enough to you and to Mrs. A. that you were so kind and showed me the way to heaven. In the month of August I had very sorrowful news from home. My father in doing his work had a fall into the river and was drowned. But it was our Master's will, and God's will be done!

"I have been very often tempt-

ed here, but just in my hardest trials God let me find a friend in the Rev. Dr. EITEL, Inspector of Schools, who is a countryman of mine and a good Christian.*

"You must know that since April last year, I have been on board the German man-of-war *Stosch*. One night I had leave to go ashore and I went into the Seamen's Chapel. There was this gentleman preaching a sermon. After the meeting he came to me and asked where I belonged. We found that we belong to the same town. He invited me to his home and since then I am his steady guest when I am ashore.

"It may be that our ship in the run of this year shall come to Yokohama. There I will be happy to visit you. My best respects and compliments to you and family.

Yours sincerely,

E. B."

—
An English seaman writes to Mr. AUSTEN, Aug. 5th, '84, from the steamship *Antinous*, at Singapore, E. I.:

"Excuse me for not writing to you for so long a time. I assure you that although I have not written you have not been forgotten. How could I forget dear friends with whom I have spent so many happy hours! God bless you all is my prayer.

"I could not feel that it was the last time I would have the pleasure of seeing you when last we parted. My intention was to go back to Yokohama again, as soon as I got clear of the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, but when I was paid off I got a place in this English steamer, for London, and thought that would be too good a chance for me to throw away, as I wanted

to go home. I am now on my way home, and shall write as soon as I get there. Pray for me, that I may be kept faithful, and be the means of bringing others to Jesus Christ.

"I can assure you that there are some very hard men in this fore-castle. They are all young men, and the only thing they seem to think of is London and its evils. One night when all hands were in the fore-castle, I told them that I was saved by the grace of God, and of all the Lord had done for me, and what He has promised to do for all that will believe in Him. I have since then spoken to several of them in private, but I have not seen the full fruit of it yet. Still I trust in God that He will not let His word return to Him void. One of the worst men signed the pledge with me the other day. May God help him to keep it!

"Shortly before I left the *Monocacy* two men were converted. Praise the Lord!

"When you write to me let me know how little BERTIE is getting on. Please remember me kindly to Mr., Mrs., and Miss B., and to Dr. G. and others that may remember me. I hope Mrs. AUSTEN is well, she has been a true friend to me. God bless her for it!—I shall never forget her. Good bye, my dear friends. I can assure you it touches my heart to write this word 'Good bye,' as it brings me to think that I may never see you again on earth. But my prayers shall always be to God for His blessings to rest on you and the work which He has given you to do. Now, remember me as a true and faithful friend and brother in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"O give thanks to the Lord for He is good, His mercy endureth forever.

F. B."

* Vide p. 302, of this issue of the MAGAZINE.

THE UNCEASING MELODY

I.

Like some pink shell, that will not cease
Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release
This anthem full and free:—
*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”*

II.

The music of the melody
Has floated down the years,—
A soul-subduing harmony,
It elevates and cheers.
And, like the voice of Deity,
It dissipates all fears.

III.

Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,
Beyond the frown and sigh,
Beyond the world with discord rife,
It lifts the soul on high,
To find a calm and restful life,
By faith in Christ brought nigh.

IV.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul
Whose trust on God is stayed,—
While pressing onward to the goal,
It hears, all undismayed,
The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

V.

And this is why, without release,
My heart sings full and free
The anthem that will never cease
Through all Eternity,—
*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”*

Helen Chauncey, in Parish Visitor.

Notable Excerpts.

From a particularly valuable number of *Word on the Waters*,—organ of the P. E., (London, Eng.,) Missions to Seamen—the organization through which the Established Church of England does its work for sailors, that for July, 1884,—we quote as follows, and each extract will repay careful reading:—

The Society's Primary Sphere of Labor.

"The roadstead was our original and, by our third fundamental rule, must always be our primary sphere of work; and I am satisfied that any one who has even once spent a day afloat with one of our roadstead chaplains must feel that this ought so to be. There may be, and often are, difficulty, exposure, and danger in reaching and boarding ships in outer roadsteads, but when we get on board we find such opportunities for assembling the captains and crews (in their own ships) for united worship and the preaching of Christ, and for dealing quietly and directly with them individually as, I believe, can be found no where else in the whole world. The men are all on board and usually disengaged and willing to receive us, and there are no public-houses, and no landsharks to tempt and distract them from us.

"Not only English seamen, but foreign seamen of all maritime nations receive us favorably when we thus visit them in the roadstead. They listen to our teaching when we can speak their languages, they thankfully receive tracts and scripture portions from us in their native tongues, and they prove their sincerity by purchasing from us Bibles and Testaments in some twenty-three languages, and the Prayer Book in seven languages, to read on board ship and to carry to their distant homes. It is true that they soon sail away from us, but they carry with them the words of eternal life, which through the power of the Holy Ghost can make them wise unto salvation. It is a characteristic of godly seamen that they become special students of the pure word of God, as distinguished from all other religious books, and hence their religion has a simplicity, a reality, a force, a fervor, and a freshness too often lacking in many religious shore-folk. Four hundred and thirty-seven godly masters and mates of merchant vessels have been induced to enroll themselves as Missions to Seamen

(volunteer) Helpers, and to hold services and Bible classes at sea, and otherwise to recognize and discharge their Christian responsibilities to their crews. Who can estimate the blessing which these captains and officers bring to their crews, and the blessing which they and their crews bring to other people when they conduct themselves soberly, righteously, and godly, in seaport towns at home and abroad?

"Before this work began in the roadstead, and until it had time to tell upon the long-neglected mass of seamen, efforts to reach them in seaport towns had been for the most part unsuccessful. Men who knew nothing of true religion on board their ships, and at sea, could not be got to attend to it in their times of excitement and riotous, sinful indulgence on shore. But when our roadstead work was well established, and had begun to tell, we soon found a demand springing up for chaplains and scripture readers, church ships, churches, and seamen's institutes in the docks and beside the quays, in both British and foreign seaports. The roadstead has special advantages for sowing the seeds of scriptural teaching, and for warning seamen against their strong and subtle temptations on shore, while in our dock and quay stations we follow this up by further instruction, and by helping them to cultivate Christian habits and resist the temptation which surrounds them. This work has proved very beneficial, and is much appreciated in our seaport stations at home; but there is a still stronger call for Christian effort on behalf of British seamen in foreign ports. There they reside chiefly on board their ships, and are not scattered as in English seaport towns. There, too, they are specially helpless from ignorance of the language and customs of the country, and fall an easy prey to those base Englishmen, as well as foreigners of both sexes, who are ever on the watch to lure them to their ruin. There, on the other hand, they are glad to welcome our chaplains and scripture-readers as fellow-countrymen of the same faith and the same tongue, and as friends whom they can trust."

Present Aspects of Religious Work for Sailors.

Admiral J. C. PREVOST, R. N., said at the last annual meeting of the Society that "if at this late hour, he might be permitted to say a word or two, he should

like to add his personal testimony to the value of the work going on among sailors. He was a sailor himself, and he scarcely dared to tell them, what he remembered very vividly himself, of the early days when he first went to sea. For twenty-five years, however, there had been a gradual increase of true religion among sailors; there could be no doubt of that, for it was abundantly manifest. In Bombay, six years ago, he went on board a vessel and found no less than eight crews assembled there; and what for? They had met together to render thanks to God for having safely brought them into port. He had witnessed many similar meetings among sailors. Then, again, among those who accompanied him on this visit were some dear Christian sisters. The Archbishop had reminded them that sailors knew nothing of the good influence of women on board ship, but it was not so now in our harbors, for there was not a harbor in which dear Christian women were not found at work. He had heard with great satisfaction of the number of sailors who had joined the ranks of temperance. They had had hundreds sign the pledge, and no one would ever know, perhaps the good which would follow."

A New Devil's Device.

In a record of labor among the "North Sea Fishing Fleet" the Society's missionary reports:—

"One other remark I have to make, and that is concerning the Dutch bombs or rather vessels fitted up by the Dutch as floating grog shops. The fishermen tell me that but a short time ago the Lowestoft fishermen used to patronize these floating "copers" to an alarming extent, and some terrible scenes and gross neglect of duty used to occur from the same, but now, thank God, they are scarcely ever used by Lowestoft fishermen. The twelve days that I was with the fleet I never saw one visit paid to them though one or more of them were cruising about the fleet every day. The captain of one of the vessels of our fleet told me of the following conversation which took place between him and the skipper of one of these floating disgraces. He ran his craft alongside the smack and hailed him thus:—"Holloa, Captain F., me no see you in long time, you come aboard and drink schnapps?" *Captain:* "No, me no drink now." *Dutchman:*

"Vel, vel, vel, you buy cigar and tobacco." *Captain:* "No, me no smoke now." *Dutchman:* "Vel, vel, vel! you come and buy sweets," meaning cordials, and again the answer was "No." *Dutchman:* "Vel, vel, vel! you no drink, no smoke, vat you do?" *Captain:* "Oh! me plenty schoff" (to eat). *Dutchman:* "Ah, me plenty schoff too," and away he sailed to another craft, to again receive the definite answer of "No!"

"The Dingley Shipping Bill."

We acknowledge receipt of a copy of "The U. S. Shipping Act approved June 26th, 1884, and Treasury Department Regulations thereunder," from the Secretary of the N. Y. Maritime Association.

In this connection, and as supplementing views often presented in the *MAGAZINE*, and seldom more forcibly than by Rev. R. S. STUBBS, our own chaplain at Portland, Oregon, in our September number,—we print his comments on this bill, from the *Oregonian* of that city, of date July 25th, 1884:—

To the Editor of the Oregonian:—

"For some years past many of the best minds of this nation have been laboring and petitioning for legislation substantially in the form of the shipping law known as the Dingley bill, recently passed by the Congress of the United States.

"Section 10 of this bill contains provisions especially displeasing to a certain class of sailor boarding house keepers, whom, for brevity's sake, in this article I will designate the Algerines.

"This class and their allies,—the Mamelukes,—are especially displeased with and opposed to this bill because, among other things, it abolishes the advance note system and forbids remuneration for furnishing crews to ships, i. e., 'blood money!'

"From the first paragraph of section 10 I take these words: 'It shall be and is hereby made unlawful in any case to pay any seaman wages before leaving the port at which any seaman may be engaged in advance of the time when he has actually earned the same, or to pay such advance wages to any other person, or to

pay any person other than an officer authorized by act of Congress to collect fees for such service, any remuneration for the shipment of seamen. Any person paying such advance wages or such remuneration shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than four times the amount of the wages so advanced or remuneration so paid, and may be also imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months.' Persons at all familiar with the advance note system and the uses made of it by the Algerines and their allies know that it has been made the prolific source of numerous villainies and frauds practiced upon seamen. As might be expected, therefore, these classes are enraged, talk of pooling their interests so as to delay ships by withdrawing crews from them, and in various ways, if possible, to render the law inoperative. Having so long and so shamefully filched owners and despoiled sailors, they do not enjoy this turn in the affairs of men.

"To prejudice the bill in the eyes of the nation, it is also affirmed that 'sailors themselves are opposed to it?' That some sailors may range themselves with the Algerines and the Mamelukes in opposition to this bill, we should expect, for even elephants are trained to assist in the capture of their own kindred by those who enrich themselves by enslaving these noble animals. It will doubtless be found that such sailors are of the class from whom come the notorious 'beach combers,' the 'venal strikers' and steerers who do as instinctively attach themselves to the worst class of sailor boarding-houses as do barnacles to ships' bottoms, and suckers to sharks' backs.

"Of such as these were the men who boarded the *Ironsides* at Astoria a few months since in defiance of law, abducted a part of her crew in open day, took them ashore and distributed them among the sailor boarding-houses that sympathized with the lawless procedure. Such sailors will blow like grampuses; and like harpooned whales, that lash the sea to foam, in their dying flurry, they, with the Algerines, will kick up quite a noise to make people believe that good and true seamen are opposed to this new shipping law.

"The intelligent friends of seamen, and of the real welfare of our mariners, will not be misled or discouraged by their bruit, or misunderstand its meaning. They are going to make a great rumpus

because this bill hurts them, just as low saloon keepers and their allies make such a noise about the high license ordinance because it hurts them.

"Because of the facility with which the old advance note system enabled the Algerines to make money out of owners of ships and out of seamen, it has been their invariable policy to incite crews to desert from their ships; from Callao to Port Townsend, probably not less than 60 per cent. of all foreign ships have thus been made to pay tribute to them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been stolen in these ways year by year, through and under cover of advance notes, and it is contrary to human nature to expect these classes quietly to look on and meekly to acquiesce in the provisions of a bill that cuts them off from such rank harvests of gain. These men know full well that their old business of inducing crews to desert will cease to be the lucrative affair it once was if the bill is not repealed, or declared to be unconstitutional. The Dingley bill, therefore, will practically diminish the desertions by making it unprofitable for the Algerines to fill their houses with deserters.

"*Second.*—In the second place this bill will relieve ship owners from paying such immense sums of money, as, under the old regime, have been exacted to pay advance notes, and bonuses, or blood money. It is safe to affirm, we believe, that not more than 65 or 70 per cent. of moneys paid to the Algerines on advance notes ever reached the seamen in whose names those advance notes were drawn up. Twenty-five to 40 per cent. of those vast sums, and all the blood money, has gone to nourish the Algerine rapacity of many of those who are now so loud in their denunciations of this bill.

"*Thirdly.*—The practical tendency of this bill will be to place mariners' homes and all honorable sailor boarding houses in normal and mutually beneficial relations with ship-owners and their agents and the sailor. Under its operations seamen will gradually learn what they have long since forgotten, seemingly, that they are their own property, and not the chattels personal of the Algerines, as at this time. Gradually they will get into the way of selecting their own ships and voyages, and of making their own contracts directly with the captains with whom they are to sail, without submitting to officious or even malicious intermeddling of third parties. Other laborers do this, why should not sailors?

"When these changes are realized, then the potent temptations that have so often prevailed with impecunious or morally weak ship masters to accept 'a divy' from the very men they know they are robbing their owners will be removed. That there have been such captains cannot be denied, and their greed has been one of the buttresses of the old system of robbery which this new shipping law aims to break up. Of course whenever such captains express themselves, under whatever mask or guise, they will join in the cry against this bill.

"*Fourthly*.—The practical tendency of this bill will be to place seamen on the same plane of self-reliance and self-help with other laborers, and this lesson will prove of incalculable benefit to them. The traditional jack-tar of the novelist is a thing of the past. With the annihilation of space by telegraph and steam, each year seamen are becoming more and more marine day laborers, mere 'deck-hands,' and contracts with them should more and more correspond to those made with their brother laborers on shore or on coastwise steam vessels.

"There is no good reason why 'deep water' sailors should receive wages before they have earned them, any more than should crews of steamships plying between Portland and San Francisco, or laborers on farms. Wages unearned paid in advance to seamen do not benefit them; on the contrary, they harm them somewhat as a sugar plum given to a naughty child. Unearned advance wages paid to seamen are a kind of bonus to improvidence and shiftlessness and childishness. Hence of the one million of sailors of the world to-day, probably not less than 500,000 of them are sailing around the globe working out their advance notes,—or to use their own words, they are 'eating up dead horse.' Multitudes of them will reach their destinations at the expiration of two or three months' passages with not a dollar due to them,—only to fall into the hands of the Algerines to be sent off again in a few days or hours to 'eat dead horse,' *i. e.*, to work out the money charged to them on advance notes, a large part of which they never received. This is the monotonous history of many a sailors' hard, storm-tossed and wretched life,—the result of the advance note system. It has become proverbial that the sailor is improvident. In this he shows himself human, for all men are improvident, as a rule, who have the spending of other people's money. Unearned ad-

vance wages paid to sailors is money that does not yet belong to them and they spend it accordingly,—hence practically the advance note system engenders improvidence and nourishes shiftlessness among seamen, and it stimulates dishonesty and generates villainy among the landsmen who get these notes from seamen; and thus we have the Algerines to whom so many seamen are sold and reduced to perpetual bondage by the advance note system which this bill is designed to abolish.

"*Fifthly*.—The practical effect of this bill will be to facilitate the shipping of crews in American ships sailing from Pacific coasts port to Europe, because by its provisions crews may be paid off and receive the wages due to them without being compelled to lose one or two months' wages, as under the old law.

"*Sixthly*.—The tendency of this bill will be to equalize wages throughout the world, for by it seamen can be discharged in foreign ports, consequently they will be apt to claim their discharge in ports where wages are high, and owners will be apt to give them their discharge in ports where wages are low.

"*Finally*, as no advance wages can be paid hereafter, when are the debts due to boarding-house keepers to be paid? To this the bill answers: 'When he has actually earned the same.' Suppose wages are \$30 a month, and a sailor owes a bill for \$30, if he goes away in a ship that bill can be paid by the representatives of the ship in thirty days. If he owes a bill of \$60 it can be paid in sixty days after the time of the man's going on board.

"If my conclusions are correct, as I believe they are, then the Dingley bill ought not to be opposed. The only effect to which any objection can be raised by those who desire to deal honestly with ship owners and with seamen, is the delay which may and will take place in the payment of indebtedness incurred by seamen for board, outfits, etc."

SHELTER of the shelterless,
Cover Thou my weariness;
With Thy peace, a tent, most fair,
Screen me from this earthly glare,
And Thy consolations shed
On my head.

Sweeter than the balm of sleep
When the eyes forget to weep.

Harriet McEuen Kimball.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, sailor missionary, writes, August 25th, that he has had another attack of paralysis, and is forced to rest for the present, from labor. A Sabbath evening meeting for seamen is still sustained in the sailor-district of the city.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, transmits August 16th, a letter from chaplain CRAWFORD, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Richmond*, which shows his appreciation of work done on board the *R.*, in Yokohama:—

“U. S. S. RICHMOND,
NAPLES, Italy, June 29th, 1884.

“DEAR BROTHER AUSTEN:—We reached this port the 27th, all well. We have now traveled more than 10,000 miles from Yokohama, and have not had a single day of bad weather. I am very grateful to God for his mercy. We had an exceedingly pleasant time at Batavia. The men were granted liberty and conducted themselves very well indeed. We left there May 1st, and were 33 days to Aden,—not a bad trip for a slow ship. The passage through the Red Sea was simply horrible, on account of the extreme heat, but we suffered no harm from it. We have expected to go from here to Villa Franca, but cholera has appeared in Toulon, so that I doubt if we go to France at all. I hope soon to send you a letter from my own home.

“Services have been well attended recently, and there seems to be a good religious feeling among a number of the men. But the crew, as a whole, is an exceedingly difficult one to get any hold upon. The most of them seem to have no feeling of gratitude for anything that I can do for their comfort. However, God's word cannot return unto Him void, and Eternity may show unexpected fruits of my labors here.

“Your proposed change of base strikes me favorably, as I think a place nearer the landing will be a decided advantage. I hope to hear how you like your new quarters; and if I can do anything for you in the United States, I hope you will call upon me freely. I don't think that I shall ever lose my great interest in your work. The time I spent in Japan was one of the most pleasant and profitable portions of my life thus far. I trust I may never lose the spiritual blessings that I received there. Capt. SKERRETT was pleased to hear from you, and requested to be remembered most kindly to Mrs. A. and yourself. I hope that you have met chaplain HOLWAY, and that you like him. and I know that he will appreciate your help. I presume that you have been here. I have not been on shore, but propose to start out to-morrow for a number of days of sight-seeing.

“David Webster would want to send his love, if he knew that I was writing. Our Good Templars are now filling the principal petty officers' billets in the ship.

“There was not much to write about when I started out, but I wanted you to know that I think of you all often, and pray for you every day of my life.

“With Christian love for all the members of your family circle, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

G. A. C.”

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

By last advices from Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, over date Sept. 2nd, '84, from San Francisco, we hear that the new pastor of the Bethel Church at Honolulu, Rev. Mr. OGGEI from Chicago, Ill., had reached his post of labor, and been cordially welcomed by church and parish, and people generally. Rev. Dr. D., in expressing his satisfaction at this, adds:—
“While city work and visits among seamen will still be my work (at H.), with occasional preaching, I shall be able to assist my son in his arduous labor among the Chinese, which is work enough for a half dozen good missionaries.”

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

The old Bethel of Father Taylor at North Square, Boston, has been sold to the Italians, of whom there are some 8,000 families in Boston, for religious and educational purposes. The Boston Port and Seaman's Aid Society held a farewell service in the structure. The Society will occupy for the present the Mariner's Home, just opposite the Bethel, but will build a new structure somewhere in the neighborhood.—*Congregationalist*.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. NAVY YARD.

From Chaplain CRANE, we hear that the monthly meetings of the U. S. Naval Temperance Union have been continued through the summer without interruption, as also the religious services at the Yard, and have been well attended. Earnest and effective addresses have been delivered by Mrs. PARTINGTON of Maine, by Captain SWAIN, and Messrs. AULT, WOODS, MONTIGNANI and BROMELL of Brooklyn, and musical assistance has been rendered by other members of the Y. M. C. A., the Mizpah Gospel Temperance Association, and the Good Templar Order, especially by *Amulet Lodge*. The membership of the Union has been increased by nearly a hundred signatures to the total abstinence pledge, making over four hundred now enrolled.

The chaplain has received the following letter from Miss WESTON, Honorary Superintendent of Sailors' Rests and Institutes at Devonport, Eng., and other stations of the Royal Navy.

DEVONPORT, August, 6th, 1884.

"My dear Sir:—

"I have been much interested in reading in some American monthlies of your great work among the seamen of the U. S. Navy, and the Temperance Society which

you have started. I have been engaged as a personal worker for many years among the blue jackets of our Royal Navy and would venture to ask your prayers. We have a ROYAL NAVAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and also a ROYAL NAVAL PURITY SOCIETY. The temperance men in our navy stand at about 12,000, more than one-sixth of the service. Our Purity Society, started only a year, now numbers 400. I am sending you our "Royal Monthly Blue Backs," "Brigade News," &c., &c. The "Blue Backs" are sent to your Navy. I shall be delighted to send you a parcel monthly, for distribution, if you will accept them.

"With earnest prayers for God's blessing on your own soul and on your work for Him among the sailors,

"Believe me, yours very truly,
AGNES E. WESTON."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

"Our work begins to be more among sailors," writes Rev. E. O. MCINTIRE, Sept. 10th, "than during the summer. We have now two English steamships, two Norwegian vessels and a number of American craft in port. I hold a Sabbath evening service especially for sailors. Have arranged with a Norwegian brother to hold services in that language at 3 p. m. Sabbaths. I attend and take part. I also hold a prayer-meeting for seamen Thursday nights. An American captain asked prayers, at the last one. He seemed anxious to become a Christian."

Long Terms of Service.

Such has been that of our Loan Library No. 3,647, which was originally sent to sea from our Rooms in New York, Jan. 11th, 1871, on the ship *Henry Pelham* of Yarmouth, bound for Hamburg, in care of Capt. Vickery, 16 men in its crew. After one return and reshipment where it did good service, it came back to us a second time and was reshipped June 27th, 1884 from our Rooms, on the schooner *Palos* of New York, bound for New Or-

leans, La., in care of Capt. Eldridge, 8 men. In its thirteen years life and work it has no doubt already accomplished much good.

But that will hardly compare, in its length, with another which has just come to our attention,—and we present the record of the latter, in full. It is that of Loan Library No. 1006, contributed by the Congregational S. S. in Wellfleet, Mass., March 4th, 1864.

It was first placed, Feb. 16th, 1864, on the ship *Emerald Isle* of New York, bound for San Francisco, in care Capt. H. E. Scott, 43 men in the crew.

Next, having done its work on that vessel, it came back to us after five years, and was placed, May 18th, 1869, on the brig *Keystone* of Boston, in care Capt. Bartow, 10 men.

Since that time its returns to us at New York, and its reshipments by us, have been frequent, and as follows:—

September 21st, 1876, on the schr. *H. F. Williams* of Great Egg Harbor, bound for Jacksonville, Fla., in care Capt. Wilson, 8 men.

June 21st, 1877, on the schr. *J. F. Chandlers* of Parsboro, N. S., for Aspinwall, in care Capt. Merriam, 7 men.

February 22nd, 1878, on the schr. *E. J. Hamilton* of New York, for Para, in care Capt. Mills, 6 men.

February 21st, 1879, on the schr. *Ephraim and Anna* of Philadelphia, for Virginia, in care Capt. Hoffman, 6 men.

December 6th, 1883, on schr. *Mary Wood* of Patchogue, L. I., in care Capt. Yarrington, 4 men.

May 21st, 1884, on schr. *Equator* of Nassau, for Harbor Island, in care of Capt. Albury, 6 men.

We have, therefore, for this one loan library, of some 36 books at its first make up,—and these carefully looked over and vacant places refilled by us, when needful,—a career of over twenty years' service for sailors and for the Lord,—with shipments on eight different vessels and availability upon them to 90 seamen. This last figure, however, by no means gives the full number of its sailor-readers, for by change of crews in other ports, they were much increased,—how much we cannot say,—but largely.

And if such a record as that does not stir the original donors of No. 1,006 in our series of more than 8,000 such Loan Libraries for sailors, sent out since 1858-9, to prayer for God's blessing on this one, and to the sending forth of another like messenger of comfort and salvation for the men of the sea,—we trust it may have that effect upon some other Sabbath School, or individual. In this connection we refer our readers to the page next preceding the third page of the cover, in this issue of the MAGAZINE.

The Desert Palm Reports,

Which we print in *The Life Boat* accompanying this MAGAZINE (*vide* pp. 382-4,) are worthy the considerate study of any and every person who has the interest of the Kingdom of Christ at heart. They point out a way in which honest, patient, and successful effort to extend that Kingdom, and give to its Head His final and permanent supremacy in men's hearts,—is yet to “work for Jesus,” quite beyond anything, in degree, which the world has ever seen. The results of such effort by these two children are no more beautiful in themselves, than they are worthy of regard as an incentive to imitation. Therefore we have given to them full space.

Obituary.

CHARLES A. CARTER,

Who entered into rest at Newark, N. J., August 23rd, 1884, where he had been an esteemed citizen forty years, was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. It was my privilege to be brought into intimate relations with him nearly half a century ago, and I highly appreciated his many virtues. An Assistant Superintendent of the New York Hospital, then located at 319 Broadway, was wanted, and on my recommendation he was appointed. He was like an angel of mercy to the sick sailors, and his interest in the toilers of the sea continued to the close of life. He was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*. L. P. H.

Books, Etc.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by John A. Paine. July, 1884, pp. 140. Quarterly, \$2.50 per an-

num. 80 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

The present issue contains Visual Memory, by Prof. H. F. Osborn, Princeton, N. J.; Claims of the Apostles as to Inspiration, by Rev. C. F. Thwing, Cambridge, Mass.; God's Method in the Bible, by D. W. Faunce, D. D., Washington, D. C.; The Fruit of the Spirit, by Rev. W. H. Cobb, Uxbridge, Mass.; The Physiological Features of the Crucifixion, by T. A. Hoyt, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miracles *versus* the Continuity of Nature, by Rev. F. W. Ryder, Greenwich, R. I.; Is the Bible free from Historical and Scientific Errors? by Rev. A. P. Foster, Jersey City, N. J.; Is Evangelical Christianity Obsolete? by Rev. C. L. Cooden, Princeton, N. J.; The Causes and Tendencies of Popular Scepticism, by Rev. W. Smith, Hudson, N. Y.; The Old Testament Tested, by Rev. W. F. Crafts, New York City; and A Naturalist's Visit to Egypt, by Principal J. W. Dawson, Montreal, Canada.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

AUGUST, 1884.

Total arrivals..... 141
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,295
of which \$516 were sent to relatives and friends, \$200 were deposited in Savings Banks, and \$1,533 were returned to boarders.

Planets for October, 1884.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 38m., and north of east 5° 13'; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 5th at 8 o'clock, being 17° 58' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 8th when it rises at 4h. 27m., and north of east 3° 42'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 8h. 10m., being 2° 1' north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 11m., and north of east 7° 23'; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 6th, being 1° 15' south; is in conjunction with Leonis at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, being 56' south; is in conjunction with the Moon at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, being 3° 35' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7 o'clock, and south of west 21° 29'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st at 6h. 27m., being 2° 1' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 29m., and north of east 13° 19'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 9m. past noon on the 14th, being 4° 42' north.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 4h. 53m., being 21° 52' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Taurus on the

forenoon of the 5th at 8 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 9th at 4h. 2m., being 8° 30' north.
New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for August, 1884.

MAINE.	
Bangor, 1st Cong. S. S.....	\$ 12 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Gilsum, Cong. church.....	1 50
Rindge, Cong. church.....	78
VERMONT.	
East Barnet, Mrs. M. B. Blanchard..	1 00
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Andover, West Parish Seamen's Friend Society, of which to const. Richard I. Dodson and Mrs. Frances R. Beard, L. M's, \$30.....	71 00
Attleboro, The Ladies' Sewing Society of 2nd Cong. church for lib'y....	20 00
Boxford, Mrs. Wm. F. Alcott.....	5 00
Brockton, 1st Cong. church.....	25 00
Dalton, Cong. church.....	24 44
Dorchester Village, Cong. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Grafton, A friend.....	2 00
Ipswich, 1st Cong. church.....	21 00
Millbury, 1st Cong. church.....	13 05
Newbury, Cong. church.....	11 96
Newburyport, Whitfield church.....	5 65
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	2 05
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	45 20
Salem, Tabernacle ch. and Soc'y.....	25 32
South Weymouth, 2nd Cong. church to const. T. P. Hobart, L. M.....	30 00
Westboro, From "Band G," for lib'y	21 00
RHODE ISLAND.	
Pawtucket, Central Falls Cong. ch....	25 00
CONNECTICUT.	
Bristol, A friend.....	10 00
Danielsonville, Westfield Cong. church and congregation, of which \$30 for lib'y.....	30 00
Greenwich, A friend.....	5 00
Hartford, S. B. Mallet.....	5 00
Mansfield, Centre Cong. ch. for lib'y..	21 50
Meriden, O. B. Arnold.....	20 00
New London, Trust estate of Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn.	500 00
Plainville, Cong. church.....	22 75
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church and Society, additional.....	5 00
NEW YORK.	
Cortland, H. Lyman.....	2 00
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church.....	24 00
Herkimer, Estate of Mrs. Caroline Taylor, deceased, of Gloversville, N. Y., per Henry Churchill, ex'r., for lib's, \$100, and to const. James H. Burr, of Gloversville, N. Y., Warner Miller, of Herkimer, N. Y., and Henry D. Moore, of Roxbury, Mass., L. M's, \$30.....	190 00
New York City, S. T. Gordon, for lib'y	30 00
Noxon, Mrs. H. E. Noxon.....	2 00
Troy, James H. Kellogg, books for library, valued at.....	30 00
NEW JERSEY.	
Newark, 3rd Pres. church S. S.....	20 00
Plainfield, Mrs. Harry B. Kaufman, for lib'y.....	30 00
KANSAS.	
Rock Creek, Norman Savage.....	2 00
	\$1,304 30



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

"What For, Why?"

BY BIRDALANE.

"Teacher!"

It was Nannie's faint, sweet voice from the bed. I had thought her sleeping in the interval of fever, and standing beside the low-burning wood-fire I was asking myself,—does she know enough of her need of a Savior and enough of Christ's purchased salvation to accept it? She was twelve years old, but she had heard of Jesus only in the English language, which she understood but imperfectly, and I was tongue-tied as to speaking the musical Indian dialect in which Nannie did all her thinking. Would she die and go out into the far-off country not understanding what had been done for her? How He loved her and wanted *her* love! Could I do anything more to show her the way?

"Teacher!"

And as I turned to the bed the beautiful brown eyes met me with such a wistful, questioning gaze.

"Teacher, what for Jesus Christ come?"

Never before in five years of mission life had any one asked me that question. My heart gave a quick leap, and Oh! *could* I make it plain to her?

"Because God could not forgive our

bad ways,—the wicked things we had done,—unless some one would take the punishment in our place. Jesus loved us so that He came and died for us. If we will give ourselves to Him He will take us and love us—O, so much; and when God says, 'Where are Nan's bad ways?' Jesus will say, 'I have put them all away. I have covered them all with my blood. You cannot see them in your Book any more, for Nan is mine, and I have washed away all the bad and naughty things Nan ever did in that blood I shed on Calvary.' And more, if you belong to Him when you die Jesus will take you where He lives—to that beautiful place you were reading to me of in your Bible last Sabbath. You will live with Him always. You will never go away out of heaven again."

There was a long silence, then came the question:—

"What that mean they sing, 'Every fear and pain gone by?'"

"It means that those whom Jesus takes to heaven are never afraid again of anything, and they never are sick again."

"I go to heaven, I never sick again?"

"Never."

"I never have ague again?"

"Never."

"My head it *never* ache again?"

"No, Nannie, how can it? Did not you read to me, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'"

"And I never cry again?" with a curious choking in the tired voice, for into Nan's short life there had come abundant reason for tears.

"Never. When God has once wiped the tears away they can never come again."

"Teacher!"

Then there came a long pause, so long I thought the tired head could think no longer, and sleep had closed the brown eyes again. Suddenly the fever-flushed face was raised from the pillow and there came the question:—

"Miss Dane, how long you know it?"

"Know what?"

"Know these good things, that Jesus love us so?"

"When I was a little child they told me."

"Who tell you?"

"My mother."

"Who tell *her*?"

"Her mother, I suppose."

"All white mans he knows it?"

"Yes, I think all white men know."

"How long white mans he know?"

"Many hundred years, I think."

"Hundred years he know! What for why he not come tell my people sooner? I think I get well I just *run* tell my people Jesus so good."

Then after a long time of quiet thought the soft voice added:—

"I love Him so."

And far on into the night I saw the shining of happy tears in Nan's beautiful eyes, for she had found Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

Five years after one wrote me from our old mission home:—

"Nannie united with the church last year. She is living as a Christian woman should."

Ten days ago a lady of intelligence, a Christian woman, living in all the light of this nineteenth century, with mission intelligence in every religious paper she takes up, asked me:—

"Can an Indian be converted? and if he is, will he stay converted?"

I thought of Nannie in her far southern home, then of the three hundred Dakota Indians, five of them ordained ministers of the gospel, with whom I sat down to the communion-table in 1879, (and, so far as I know, all of them have "*staid*" converted,) and I almost felt like saying, "Though one come to you from the dead ye would not believe."

Thank God, a goodly number of the women of our churches have heard the sorrowful wail of that question,— "What for why white mans he not tell us sooner this good thing how Jesus love us so?" and are making haste to send that word, whose "entrance giveth light," to the far-away people who sit in darkness. Thank God, so many are helping to "hasten that day." To those who ask,— "Can they be converted?" I commend Nannie's comment—"I just *run* tell my people this good thing."

Do we run to carry the good news?

A Little Pilgrim: or, Jesus Paid the Fare.

This anecdote, in rhyme, has a history, the half of which I cannot tell. It was picked up by an old man in my district, much worn; he read it, and with God's blessing it did him real good. He read it to a dying woman, and through it she was led to the Savior. It came into my hands, and I had it printed, and 148,000 copies have already been circulated. Many pleasant letters have been sent me, telling glad tidings of its usefulness. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

J. Rennie.

One summer's evening, ere the sun went down,
When city men were hastening from town,
To reach their homes—some near at hand,
Some far—

By smorting train, by omnibus or car,
To be beyond the reach of city's din,—
A street-car stopped, a little girl got in,
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;
But all alone! one scarce could understand.
She held a little bundle in her hand—
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide;
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,

And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"
He answered instantly, "O yes, my dear."
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,

While once again the car went on its way.
The tall conductor—over six feet high,
Now scanned the travelers with a business eye;
But in that eye was something kind and mild,
That took the notice of the little child.
A little after, and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too,—
The car was full and he had much to do.

"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.
She looked a moment, shook her little head,—
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"
He look'd bewildered—all the people smiled:
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"
"Why, don't you know, He once for sinners died,

For little children, and for men beside,
To make us good, and wash us from our sin.
Is this His railway I am traveling in?"
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago:
My mother told me just before she died,
That Jesus paid when he was crucified;
That at the cross His railway did begin,
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.
My mother said His home was grand and fair;
I want to go and see my mother there—
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives,
Won't you go too? My mother said He gives
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?
O let us go before He shuts the gate;
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
He knew not why,—he fumbled at his coat,
And felt a substance rising in his throat.
The people listened to the little child;

Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,
And some one whispered as they looked amazed:

"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;

"I am going to heaven. My mother used to sing

To me of Jesus and His Father's love;
Told me to meet her in His home above;
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my bundle,—kissed my little kit,
(I am so hnnngry,—won't you meet a bit?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;
And then your carriage stopped, and I could see

You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me;
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.
And are you going home to heaven again?"
The poor conductor only shook his head;
Tears in his eyes,—the power of speech had fled.

Had conscience, by her prattle, roused his fears,

And struck upon the fountain of his tears,
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl!
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me. But one day she died."

"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;

"She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.

Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
He could have born the harshest look or frown,
But no one laughed; but many sitting by
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.

"I am so sleepy," said the little one,

"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
And at the gate give just one little knock!
And you'll see Jes s there!" The strong man wept!

I could but think as from the car I stepped,
How oft a little one has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blessed abode;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,
While learned men remain in doubt and fear,
A little child! the Lord oft uses such
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch;
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,
And once for ever enter into peace.
And then along the road the news we bear,
We're going to Heaven—that Jesus paid our fare.

Dickie Rhymers.

"Desert Palm."

This is the name of a "Foreign Missionary Society" made up of TWO LITTLE GIRLS, in Troy, N. Y., AND TWO OF THEIR FRIENDS, of whom and of whose good works, the LIFE BOAT's readers have often heard. More than once, moreover, the world's sailors have been the objects of their Christian care and charity. This year their "Annual Report" came to us in printed form. The Secretary and the Treasurer tell their own story, so well, and it is so inspiring, that we do not abbreviate it. What other TWO LITTLE GIRLS, OR MORE, will begin and persevere in walking in the footsteps of these?

SECRETARY'S REPORT

For the Year ending March 2nd, 1884.

As the Desert Palm closes its fourth year, we gratefully acknowledge God's mercy, crowning the efforts of two little girls with greater success than we have before known. May His blessing make each dollar contributed a power for good, and rest also upon the kind friends who have so liberally given money, time, labor, and, we trust, prayer, to our work! So shall the fruits of the past year be found in Heaven.

Our weekly meetings have continued without a single interruption, but our work has by no means been confined to these. One hundred and eighty-three letters have been written during the year to friends in all parts of our own, and also in foreign lands. One hundred and twenty-two letters have been received. Two hundred copies of our last annual report have been sent out.

Among the pleasant incidents has been the exchange of greetings, by letter, between the Desert Palm and "Pike's Peak Mission Band," "Faneuil Rush Light," and "Bright Jewels."

Several delightful letters have been received from our beneficiaries, translated by the missionaries. The one from Yeghese Topoozian elicited many prayers for her in this, her first work as a Bible Woman in the village near Harpoot, where her husband labors as pastor during the winter. Rakhambai, our Bible Woman in Ahmednagar, India, writes of her fam-

ily and work. Tārā Nārāyan and Bhāgu Ramagāi, our two little pupils in the same place, write a joint letter. Thankam Nelatambey of Oodcopitty, Ceylon, is the only pupil from whom we have not heard directly. Miss Leitch, with whom we have had very pleasant correspondence, has, however, written of her.

Missionaries in Turkey and India have also written, Mr. Wheeler sending several curiosities from his most interesting field, and dear Mrs. Bissell, beside reports of the school and Bible Women, a beautifully printed scripture motto in Marathi. We wish each one of our one hundred and eighty-seven members could enjoy these with us. Home missionaries have also shown interest in our work, and the dear sailors have contributed generously to our funds. A little note in childish printing proves the interest of one of our youngest members, and we prize most highly a letter from one of the Lord's dear ones, who has for over twenty years been laid upon a bed of pain.

At the Christmas season bright cards were sent to each of our beneficiaries, and to the missionaries. A busy western pastor sent us a box of Chinese curiosities. Gifts of completed work have been received; also materials, patterns, and several kind orders. The largest of these was a double charity, as the one hundred and fifty fancy candy-containers helped to make a "Merry Christmas" for as many poor friendless children in New York.

We have disposed of all our articles by private sale, but this would have been impossible except for the kindness of one of our most active members. The list of sales is as follows:—

1 Correspondence card, 18 Holders, Ceylon flowers, Candy, 11 Blotters, 7 Sweeping caps, 3 Sewing bags, 6 Pin-balls, 1 Pair napping socks, 1 Drawing, 150 Candy bags, 2 Catchalls, 1 Pair of wristers, 2 Decorated Eggs, 1 Flannel Rabbit, 2 Pen-wipers, and 2 Handkerchiefs.

Copies of several missionary letters have been made for us by a distant member. Besides these, various reports and circulars containing missionary intelligence have been sent us. The reading at our weekly meetings has included extracts from *The Illustrated Missionary News*, *Church Mission Work*, *The Harpoot News*, *The Pacific*, *Oakland Church and Sunday School*, *Sabbath Reading*, *Times of Refreshing*, *St. Louis Evangelist*, and *Well Spring*, besides the constant reading of *The Missionary Herald*, *Life and Light*, and *The Mission Day Spring*.

The books read have been *Life of Henry Martyn*, and *Bag of Stories*, the latter presented by the sister of the author.

The "Faneuil Rush Light," that sprang from the "Desert Palm," still lives and has lighted another "Rush-Light" in Maryland. We pray for God's blessing upon both, that their rays may shine across the seas and illumine many hearts.

We ask the prayers of all our members in behalf of our beneficiaries in Turkey and India, trusting that God will enable us to carry on their support during the coming year.

MARY F. CUSHMAN,
Secretary.

The Cottage, March 1st, 1884.
Address, Box 17, Troy, N. Y.

There have been so many requests for our Constitution and By-Laws that we here give them in full.

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the DESERT PALM, auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions.

ART. 2. The officers of this Society shall be a Secretary, and Treasurer, chosen annually.

ART. 3. The object of the Society shall be the collection of money for missionary purposes, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among its members.

ART. 4. All money raised by this Society shall be sent to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions for the purposes of its organization.

ART. 5. Any person may become a Working Member of this Society by the payment of ten cents, annually; an Honorary Member, twenty cents annually; and a Life Member, one dollar.

By-Laws.

1. Meetings for work shall be held every Wednesday afternoon.

2. Each Working Member shall contribute one cent weekly, and a fine of one cent if not engaged in Society work.

TREASURER'S REPORT,

for the Year ending March 2nd, 1884.

The Lord has greatly blessed the work which He has intrusted to our hands, even more than in any other year of the little Palm tree's existence.

We love to look back upon all the way that He has led us these four years; during the first, giving us twenty-five dollars (\$25.00), five times the largest sum for which we dared to hope. The second, we asked the Lord to double this amount,

and to our joy He sent us sixty-three dollars and eighty-eight (\$63.88). As the third year was fast drawing to a close, and only sixty-seven dollars and fifty-eight cents had been received, perhaps our faith was weakened, but the Lord proved his promise true, "Ask and ye shall receive," and just before the books closed He sent us a check for thirty-three dollars and nine cents from kind friends in Hartford, sixty-seven cents more than the desired hundred! (\$100.67). This year our receipts have amounted to one hundred and twenty dollars (\$120.00), making the total of four years, over three hundred dollars.

The appropriations for 1883 have been as follows:—

For the support of Rakhambai, a Bible Woman in Ahmednagar, India.....	\$35 00
For the support of Tara Narayan, a pupil in the Boarding School at Ahmednagar, India.....	20 00
For the support of Bhagu Ramagal, a pupil in the Boarding School at Ahmednagar, India.....	20 00
For the support of Thankam Nelatambey, a pupil in a Boarding School at Oodooipitty, Ceylon.....	20 00
For the support of Thankam Nelatambey, for 1884, in part.....	15 00
Total.....	\$120 00

The thirty dollars received at the close of last year was appropriated to the support of a Bible Woman near Harpoot, Yeghese Topoozian, who began her work this last winter.

We feel deeply grateful to the kind friends who have shown their interest, not only by joining the Society, but by very generous gifts. One who was already a Life and Honorary Member, was not contented until he had joined our little band of workers. Being non-resident, he was obliged to pay fines and taxes, making it an expensive business!

Among all our members, ranging from one to over ninety years of age, only one has been called away by death, Mrs. Nancy Moses, of Oakland, Cal. A friend who felt that her missionary interest could not decrease in Heaven, placed her name among our Life Members, with that also of her own deceased daughter.

We feel especially pleased that the busy officers of some of our great National Societies, as well as a few missionaries, have not only helped us with words of encouragement, but with additions to our treasury.

Thanking our Heavenly Father for the prosperity of the past, we look forward with hope to the new year, praying for His special blessing upon all our members and beneficiaries.

Money Received.

Balance March 1st, 1883.....	\$ 67
Life Members.....	81 00
Honorary Members.....	19 43
Working.....	40
Sales.....	18 18
Gifts.....	47 38
Taxes.....	3 08
Fines.....	1 06

\$120 00

Money Expended.

Forwarded to "Woman's Board of Missions".....	\$120 00
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\$120 00

NOTE.—No part of the contributions received is used for the incidental expenses of the Society.

MARGARET J. CUSHMAN,
Treasurer.

"The Cottage," March 1st, 1884.
Post Office Address, Box 17, Troy, N. Y.

The "Life Members," by payment of one dollar each, whose coöperation these young Christian workers have called to their help and that of THE MASTER, are to be found in almost all parts of this country. Those who became such in 1880-1 numbered 4; in 1881-2, 19; in 1882-3, 27; in 1883-4, 32, and the "Honorary Members" (20 cents each, annually) in 1883-4, were 101.

From The British Workman.

A Message from the Sea.

Few Christian workers have such need for patience as those who toil in Sunday Schools. It is not, as a rule, theirs to reap.

Some time ago a Lincolnshire farmer told me of a lad who was a scholar of his, who seemed likely to be none the better for the pains taken with him. He was what is called in those parts "*dacious*," that is, wild and mischievous, without being radically bad. He seemed not to care for the instruction of his teacher, and yet all the time he was impressed by the earnest and loving words of the man who thought of and prayed for his unruly scholar. After awhile he left the school and went to sea, for his village home was close to the coast, and all the people about there are familiar with storms and wrecks. Even his teacher was one of the

lifeboat-crew, and was wont, with others, to go forth in the teeth of the storm "to seek and to save that which was lost." One would have thought that the sights the lad witnessed on that terrible coast would have frightened him into a love for the quiet and safety of the land; but that which made him an unruly scholar was the very thing to make him wish for a sailor's life, and so he went away to plough the sea instead of the soil.

In God's good providence he sailed with a godly captain, and once left Hartlepool, (Eng.), to return no more. During the voyage the poor lad broke his leg, and while laid aside could think of what he had heard in the village Sunday-school. The pious skipper was able to pray with him, and to point him to the Savior, and when the ship was lost, the lad went down into his watery grave with Christ in his heart. It seemed a strange place for a lad to go to find the Savior, but

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The great thing for us to do is to get the seed into the ground. I have little fear for it then. It is sure to come up if we get it in; but a great deal of what is called sowing is lost time, because either the ground is not made ready, or God's seed is not thrown into the heart, but something of our own. Let those of us who know that we are doing our best take heart, and remember the story of the lad who left the Sunday School for sea, and there found peace with God, and was taken through the waves to heaven. It must have been no small trial for the lad to be confined to his berth when the storm was raging, but Christ can cheer the heart when all other things are gloomy. I have often thought of that ship going down with all hands, and yet for every one of the mariners to be saved, and resigned to the will of God. Perhaps some may ask how I know all this, if the ship went down with all hands. Well, it is in this way. Before the vessel found-

ered, the godly captain wrote a letter to his wife, and sealed it up in a bottle, committing it to the waves, in the hope that it might be washed ashore. The bottle containing the letter was picked up on the coast of Jutland, and the precious letter was forwarded to the widow. The following is a copy of the document, and tells its own tale:—

AT SEA, October 19th, 1862.

My dear Wife :—Before you get these few lines I shall be in heaven. Our ship, the *Glory*, of West Hartlepool, is just about foundering. The pumps are both choked, John Hunter had his leg fractured with a sea breaking, and we have had nothing but gales of wind, and are almost a wreck; but, thank God, we are resigned to our Heavenly Father's will. My men are all happy in the Savior's love. They were all crying for mercy, and they all found peace: the lad John Hunter's conversion was one of the brightest I ever saw. My dear wife, I have left you in the hands of the Lord, and I know He will provide for you and the dear children, and I hope you will meet me in Heaven. May this be granted for Christ's sake—in Heaven!

I remain, your loving husband,

JOHN LOYNES.

What Came of Sending A Boy to College.

Writing under this head, in a recent number of *The Well-Spring*, the Sunday-school paper issued by the Congregational Publishing Society, Rev. Dr. I. N. TARBLOX tells what the Congregational Education Society did for one New Hampshire boy, whom it helped through college. Then he studied theology at Andover, Mass., and was immediately settled over a large church in our own City of New York, where he preached to its congregation twenty-nine years,—his ministry one of the highest usefulness. Then called back to his native State, he was made President of the college from which

he had graduated thirty-three years before, and filled that post for fourteen years.

Now, though no name is mentioned, it is not hard to read between the lines of the good Dr's article—the name of Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D. D., once pastor of Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church in this city. And it might have been said with truth that along with many other good deeds, Rev. Dr. Smith did not fail to impress that people with the need and the privilege, on their part, of doing generous things in the support of the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The Emperor's Kingdom.

Emperor William of Germany has celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, and he is hale, hearty, with good digestion, and a fair capacity for business. While King of Prussia he said to his physician,—“Carry me past seventy, and I will give you a title.” On his seventieth birthday the King made the doctor a baron.

“Carry me up to eighty,” said the monarch, “and I will elevate you still higher.” The physician was made a prince of the Empire on the Emperor's eightieth birthday,

“My children, I'm ashamed of you. Do you wish to live forever?” exclaimed Frederick the Great, when once his guards wavered in battle. The Emperor evidently does not sympathize with his ancestor's sentiment.

The amount of fatigue which the aged monarch can endure is such as would stagger a much younger man not gifted with a similar working constitution. He rises early, devotes the forenoon to affairs of State, drives out in the afternoon in a one-horse cabriolet, and devotes the evening to hospitality and official work.

Kaiser William “looks every inch a king.” He is six feet in height, well proportioned, and weighs 230 pounds. His mother, the Queen Louise, who beard-

ed Napoleon in behalf of her conquered country, was the handsomest woman in Europe. The Emperor in his best days was noted for his manly beauty.

An anecdote brings to light the genial side of the royal octogenarian. While staying at Ems to drink its famous water, the Emperor visited an orphan asylum. After listening to the recitations of the children, he lifted a bright little girl of six years into his lap, and said,—“Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?” and he held up an orange.

Looking up timidly into the Emperor's face, the little one replied,—“To the vegetable kingdom.”

“Very good, little fraulein. And now tell me to what kingdom does this belong?” and he held up a gold piece.

“To the mineral kingdom.”

“Better and better, little fraulein. Now look at me, and say to what kingdom do I belong.”

The little girl hesitated. Was the great Emperor an animal? She looked at her teachers. They were a little startled. With a half-frightened look she turned to the Emperor and said,—“To the kingdom of heaven.”

“Yes, yes, my little fraulein,” answered the Emperor, with tears in his eyes;—“I trust I do belong to God's kingdom. And you think it is time I was there, do you not? Well, the day is not far distant.”—*Youth's Companion*.

Over-Dressed.

The following incident, taken from the *Youth's Companion*, is the experience, when a young girl, of a woman who is now one of the most brilliant leaders of society in Washington:—

She was the daughter of a poor country farmer, and lived out of the reach of the fashionable world. She received an invitation to spend a day and night with some about the fair cottage at the seaside near wrecks. Her

Nahant. “We will have a little boating in the morning, and a little dancing at night,” said the note of invitation.

She knew that her friends were among the most wealthy and influential families in Boston, and resolved not to disgrace them with her plain attire. A silk of bright color was bought and made up into a fantastic-looped gown, with an airy, plumed hat to match, for the boating party; while for the evening she bought a ball dress of pink tulle, trimmed with large bunches of artificial roses. The two dresses cost her whole year's allowance.

She arrived in the morning, dressed for the water party, and found her friends in the boat dressed in loosely fitting gowns of blue flannel. Before they returned her dress was drenched with the salt water. She dressed for the evening, and going down, with bare neck and shoulders, found her friends in the simplest of summer dresses,—lawns and muslins.

They were too courteous to show their astonishment by a look or a smile. “But,” she says, “it was the most bitter moment of my life. The vulgarity of display was burned into me then. I wish I could teach every American girl to abhor it as I do.”

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

SHIPPED IN JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1884.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During June, 1884, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,113-8,128, and 8,130-8,134, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,943, 7,944 and 7,946, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7943.	Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Concord, N. H.	Bark Furness Abbey....	Valparaiso, S. A....	14
7944.	Miss Edwin Peabody, Danvers, Mass...	" Martha Davis.....	Honolulu.....	14
7946.	S. S. Center Cong. ch., Haverhill, Mass.	" S. R. Lewis.....	New Zealand.....	14
8113.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Piscataqua.....	Ceylon.....	14
8114.	Rev. Dr. W. H. Steele, Newark, N. J...	Ship Sea Witch.....	Melbourne.....	22
8115.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Bark Martha Davis.....	Honolulu.....	18
8116.	" " " " " ".....	" Vilora H. Hopkins..	Java.....	18

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8117.	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Ship E. B. Sutton	San Francisco.....	30
8118.	" " " "	" J. W. Marr.....	Valparaiso.....	25
8119.	Primary Department Bethany S. S., New York City.....	" Arabia	San Francisco.....	25
8120.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Thomaston, Conn....	Bark Boylston.....	Rosario.....	15
8121.	Mrs. Edwin Buckley, Brooklyn, N. Y..	Ship Antoinette.....	Bombay.....	30
8122.	" " " "	" Gen'l McClellan	Rangoon.....	25
8123.	Mrs. J. W. Auchincloss, New York City.	" Alex. McNeill.....	Hong Kong.....	17
8124.	S. S. Broadway Cong. ch., Taunton, Mass.....	Bark Joseph Ropes.....	Zanzibar.....	18
8125.	Mrs. E. M. Priest, Springfield, Mass....	Ship W. J. Rotch.....	Japan.....	28
8126.	Life Boat Soc'y 1st Pres. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Steamer Alki.....	Portland.....	19
8127.	Cong. ch., Whitneyville, Conn.....	Ship Senator.....	Bristol, Eng.....	21
8128.	Life Boat Soc'y 1st Pres. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Levi G. Burgess....	San Francisco....	30
8130.	Mrs. Abby D. Cobb, Tarrytown, N. Y., for lib'y in memoriam Sanford Cobb..	" Onelda.....	Melbourne.....	20
8131.	S. S. Park Cong. ch., Norwich, Conn....	" Charter Oak.....	St. Loubes.....	20
8132.	" " " "	" John Bunyan.....	Java	17
8133.	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Peekskill, N. Y.....	" Success.....	Bristol, Eng.....	20
8134.	Westfield Cong. ch. and Congregation, Danielsonville, Conn	Bark Austin	Java.....	20

JULY, 1884.

During July, 1884, sixteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,129, and 8,135-8,147, at New York;—with Nos. 7,947 and 7,948, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, in part, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7947.	Mrs. S. A. Lowe, Fitchburg, Mass.....	Brig J. McDermott.....	River La Platte....	10
7948.	A. S. Dole, Fitchburg, Mass.....	Bark S. R. Lewis.....	Melbourne.....	12
8129.	Estate of Mrs. C. Taylor, Gloversville, N. Y.....	U. S. Monitor Nantucket.	Coastwise.....	37
8135.	"Lyons," New York City	Ship St. David.....	San Francisco.....	37
8136.	Estate of Mrs. C. Taylor, Gloversville, N. Y.....	" Elizabeth.....	"	30
8137.	W. S. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.....	Bark Charles Fobes.....	Valparaiso.....	12
8138.	Estate of Mrs. C. Taylor, Gloversville, N. Y.....	U S. S. Swatara.....	No. Atlantic Squad-ron.....	213
8139.	Estate of Mrs. C. Taylor, Gloversville, N. Y.....	Bark Mascotte.....	Buenos Ayres	12

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
8140..	W. S. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.....	Bark Clotilda.....	"	12
8141..	S. S. Union Pres. ch., Newburg, N. Y., for <i>Helen Lefferts Prime Mem'l Lib'y</i> <i>No 5</i>	" Hudson.....	Adelaide.....	12
8142..	Estate of Mrs. C. Taylor, Gloversville, N. Y.....	Ship Louis Walsh.....	London.....	28
8143..	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	Bark Nellie M. Slade....	Sydney.....	10
8144..	Ladies' Sewing Soc'y 2nd Cong. church, Attleboro, Mass.....	Ship Loanda.....	Bombay.....	20
8145..	Mrs. Julia P. Wickes, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	" Sterling.....	San Francisco.....	28
8145..	1st Cong. ch., Meriden, Conn.....	Bark Ivor.....	Wellington, N. Z.....	12

AUGUST, 1884.

During August, 1884, fifteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 8,148-8,158, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,252, 7,949, 7,950 and 7,953, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made, in part, as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7252..	Elizabeth Rogers, Lowell, Mass.....	Bark Calena.....	Montevideo.....	12
7949..	Cong. church, Mansfield, Conn.....	" L. R. Libbey.....	Port Adelaide.....	14
7950..	S. S. Village church, Dorchester, Mass.	" Ethel.....	South America.....	11
7959..	Wide Awake Missionary Soc'y, Spring- field, Mass.....	Brig L. I. Bigelow.....	" ".....	9
8149..	J. H. Kellogg, Troy, N. Y.....	Ship. Com're H. Allen....	San Francisco.....	20
8150..	Mrs. H. B. Kaufmann, Plainfield, N. J.	Bark Wakefield.....	Sydney, N. S. W....	18
8154..	"Band G.," Westboro. Mass.....	Ship Abner Coburn....	Melbourne.....	28

During August, 1884, twenty-six loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

N. Y. 4,013; No. 5,421; No. 6,502; No. 6,931; No. 7,231; No. 7,477; No. 7,707; No. 7,765; No. 7,861;
 " 4,491; " 5,496; " 6,618; " 7,035; " 7,482; " 7,616; " 7,716; " 7,841; " 8,057.
 , " 5,219; " 6,061; " 6,921; " 7,039; " 7,452; " 7,646; " 7,718; " 7,855;

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in June, 1884—24</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in June, 1884—31</i>
" " July, " —16	" " July, " —23
" " August, " —15	" " August, " —26
55	80

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sabbath-Schools but increasingly, of late years, from individuals, many libraries being sent out as Memorials. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sabbath-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. It also mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same. In addition, as far as possible, by means of the LIFE BOAT, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and by correspondence,—in response to request for it,—the donor of each library is kept informed of its reshipments and effectiveness.

The ends aimed at for twenty-six years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



Vol. 56,

NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 11

From "Leaves From My Diary," by Rev. D. Anderson, Chaplain of the Seamen's Orphanage, Liverpool, Eng.

AMONG SEAMEN'S WIDOWS AND FAMILIES.

There is a phase of life among those who are nearest to sailors,—we mean the experience of the families belonging to some of them, not always remembered, which may at times be very profitably brought to the notice of Christian readers, in the pages of the *MAGAZINE*. The following passages from the diary of the chaplain of the noble charity named in the heading printed above, illustrate and emphasize it. They record some of his observations in "walks abroad" among those of whom we have spoken, in Liverpool.

"A widow and five children. Her husband was steward of the steam ship *Dalmatian*, which was lost with all hands. I have met with few more worthy women in my walks. She is fighting a very hard battle and doing her best. She has a glass and china shop at the North End, of which the profits are scanty, and she is embarrassed with liabilities incurred to stock the concern. She is a tender and careful mother, and her children respect and love her very much. She is so hard pressed

that she has not been able to procure them a change of clothes for ever so long. She told me a little incident which I think worth recording. When she was away at St. Helens trying to sell some goods, her eldest boy, a lad of 13, who had been at sea with his father, moved by his poor mother's struggles for the common support of the family, went and shipped as a sailor in a vessel belonging to a well-known Liverpool firm, at two pounds a month. He then sought an interview with one of



the partners and asked for an advance. The answer was, that it was not customary in such cases. The poor boy then told the story of his mother's toil and hardships, and how he had gone without her knowledge and engaged as a sailor to help her, and that he would so like to leave her something before he went to sea. The owner then said, 'Boy, your looks tell me you are speaking the truth, and you shall have all you ask for.' And he had it. Our committee offered at once to take one of her children into the Orphanage, but she pleaded with such genuine motherly feeling to be allowed to keep her child with her, that it was thought that nothing better could be done for her and him than to assist her at home.

"A widow and six children. Her husband was master of a screw-steamer trading out of the port. When the ship was ready to go to sea, four of the six children were attacked with scarlatina, his wife being close upon her confinement. The eldest child, a very fine lad, was in delirium. He could do nothing else than give up the voyage and stay at home to help in the stricken house. In a few days he was attacked with the disease, which turned to blood-poisoning and ended in death. His widow gave me a very touching account of his last days. When he felt the end drawing near he called his children around his dying bed, and gave to each a father's last word and blessing, and then alone with his wife and God, he told her all she needed to know, and departed to a better world. Soon after her Benoni was born. Think of this. When I called I found the widow with seven children, the eldest 13,

the youngest a week or two old, and to depend upon a house full of decent furniture, and a small income derived from her husband's savings, but not sufficient to pay the rent of the house in which she had lived a happy wife and mother. Our utmost help was given here.

"Three children,—neither father nor mother. Father was steward on board an Atlantic steamer, which sailed out of an American port, and was never heard of any more. Every soul on board perished in some mysterious scene of storm and terror. Soon after the mother died. Overmastered by her sorrow, she sunk away into the silent grave. I found these three little orphans in the charge of their grandmother, a very old woman, and crippled with rheumatism. Nothing you ever saw could be more pinched and poverty-stricken than that home. Precarious lodgers, and what an aunt, a domestic servant, could spare from her wages, was all between them and the workhouse. We were asked to take two of the children, and we have the two in the Orphanage.

"A widow and six children. Her husband was a master mariner of many years' standing, in Liverpool. He commanded last *The Bruce*. He was a very respectable man, and managed by prudence and industry to save about £1,000, which he invested in a steamer sailing out of London to the River Platte, and of which he took the command. The firm failed, and he lost all the savings of a lifetime. He was then appointed to the command of a small steamer trading to the Mediterranean. In his first voyage

she struck upon a rock and became a total wreck. He returned a broken-down man, and soon after he died of apoplexy. His widow lets lodgings, and struggles on with a respectable exterior, but living a life of constant hardship and privation. Two boys were taken into the institution.

“Who does not remember that fearful shipwreck upon the iron-bound coast of Anglesea some years ago now? One of the crew of the *Royal Charter* escaped with his life, but life was all that he brought out of the furious sea. The sufferings and horror of that night were more than humanity could sustain. A worse fate than death befell him. After his deliverance from storm and tempest, came paralysis, insanity, and at last death in a lunatic asylum. There was much sympathy for the widow, and money enough was collected to set her up in a small way of business. She did as many guileless women have done before, and will do again,—sold her goods to her customers on trust and in trust, and she met with the common fate within twelve months. All was lost, and she and her four little children were on the world again. Through the kindness of her husband's employer she obtained the situation of stewardess on board a South American steamer. Two of the little children were taken into the Grafton Street Schools. We have taken another, and the mother has found a friend to give her infant care and shelter. See how the abundance of loving kindness has comforted this sorrowful widow in her affliction!

“A widow and eight children. Her husband for the last three

years of his life was a ship keeper, in the employ of an Ocean Steamship Company. He had previously sailed out of the port seventeen years. On his last voyage he was left behind at Calcutta sick, and upon his recovery he shipped for home in the *Hermann*. He had his thigh broken by an accident on the voyage, which permanently disabled him for a sea-going life. He obtained employment as a ship-keeper and when on duty he fell into the graving dock at Birkenhead in a dense fog and was killed. His widow, who is very respectable and deserving, hardly knows where to turn with such a large family depending on her. The eldest boy some time ago offered himself for enlistment as a soldier and the doctor declining to pass him, he went away, and his poor mother has never heard of him since. The eldest girl is in service, the second cannot be spared from home. A boy was admitted.

“A dying woman and five children. The peculiarity of this case was, that the husband was still living. Hear the story as it was told to me by the mother of these children, the eldest of whom is nine years, and the youngest five months old. She was the very wreck of a woman far gone in consumption. Five months before my visit she had burst a blood vessel. It is quite evident that the hand of death was closing upon her, she feels herself that it is so; and she is not disturbed at all by the knowledge. This is how it came about. Her husband, a ship carpenter, had a sunstroke when out upon the Coast of Africa, and returned home a disabled man unfit ever to go to sea again. He tried work at his trade on

shore, but it was too much for him. It was pursued by fits and starts. He could settle steadily to nothing. His mind was going, and at last it gave way utterly and without hope, and here was this poor woman's misery. During the three wild unsettled insecure years of her husband's life at home, she was so unstrung by perpetual fear and terror for herself and children by the oncoming madness of her husband, that her health gave way, and she is now on the road,—far on the road to the grave and to heaven. Since then, husband and wife are both dead; but before either event had taken place, this charity had taken to its care two of her children, and made the dying mother's heart very glad.

"About two or three years ago I attended in his last illness an old man. He was one of the most respectable mechanics I ever met with, a Scotch cabinet maker, a most virtuous and God-fearing man, and I need not tell you that his dying was a good dying; he died a very happy death. His only son was first officer of a steamer trading to foreign parts, and during the time of my attendance the news was brought that this young fellow, who was the pride of the family, and one indeed of whom they had reason to be proud, was drowned at sea. The only daughter was married to a master mariner who commanded a ship trading to the West Coast of Africa. Just as he was leaving Sierra Leone for "home, sweet home," the yellow fever broke out on board, and the captain was the first man to be attacked. The ship was immediately put back, and while they were removing him on shore in an open boat

he expired. He had been a careful man in his time, and had saved a considerable sum of money, which he had invested in a ship, but that investment proved a great misfortune, for every farthing of the money was lost, and when the news of his death came home this poor woman had only a few pounds in the house in addition to her furniture; furniture, suitable to her station and condition in life. When I saw her she was trying, like most women of her class, to make out a poor, scanty, and precarious living by letting lodgings, and by working with her needle, and that was the only way she had to support herself and two little children, together with her widowed mother. In this case also, of course, we gave her suitable assistance. About the same time I was called upon to see a woman whose husband had met with a very terrible death. He had fallen down from the top-gallant-mast at sea, and had been taken up from the deck dead. The news nearly killed this poor woman. She was close upon her confinement, and along with that came the fever which is incident to such cases, and although she did not die, she has been a dying woman ever since. When I called to see her she was sitting outside on the doorstep, in one of the streets leading to the docks, rocking herself to and fro and panting for a little breath of air, the very picture of broken health and broken happiness. It occurred to me as a very beautiful feature in this case, and one that ought to be noted as indicating that 'poor Jack,' with all his faults, has a great deal that is noble and heroic about him, that this poor woman and her two little children were entirely support-

ed by a sister who was married to a seaman. I think it is a very interesting thing to have brought out the fact that these poor sailors are so kind and generous one to another. One other instance of this kind I will mention, and only one. It is the case of a poor woman who has four children. Her husband was a mate with a master's certificate, and he was drowned in going on board his ship in the harbor of Nantes, in France. We immediately took one of her little boys, her eldest child, over eight years, and shortly afterwards we were very much pressed to give further assistance in this case. The clergyman of the parish wrote to us to say that she was in a very pitiable condition, and I found, on going to see her, that this was no more than the truth. I noticed that many little articles, nick-nacks which she had in her room when I was there before, were not to be seen now, and I don't know what you think, but

one of the most sorrowful things to me is to see the little decent comforts of former days disappearing out of a poor woman's house. It is a most depressing thing, and it is very bad with a woman when she is obliged to do that, for it is like parting with the past and all its joys, and as if despair were coming on. She was at that time selling, with great reluctance, her husband's clothes, and I am quite sure, if it had not been for the clergyman of the parish, who is well known in this town for his good works, that poor woman would almost have starved. But this clergyman with his wife, had gone to her assistance again and again.

"What I have told you are a few of my own experiences, but they can be verified by the testimony of the Committee under whose orders and instructions I act. In this way hundreds and hundreds of widows have been kept from utter destitution."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

FROM TIENTSIN, CHINA.

The following letter from Rev. Dr. DAMON, our chaplain at Honolulu, H. I., loses none of its interest by a slight delay in publication. It is dated "China, Merchant Steamer *Fungshau*, June 22nd, 1884."

This is one of the thirty-two ocean steamers belonging to the great China Merchant Steamship Company. Its vessels are to be met with in all the ports of China, and are running along the China coast from this most northern port down to Singapore. They are handsomely fitted up to accommodate both foreign and Chinese passengers. They are liberally subsidized by the Chinese government and monopolize the carrying of the "Rice Tribute" collected in the south of China and trans-

ported to Tientsin, where it is landed and conveyed in boats of light draft up the river Peiho to Fungchow, and again transhipped to boats which ply on the canal, about twelve miles, to the gate of Peking, and thence distributed throughout the city or country, according to Government authority. In passing up and down the Peiho, boats, about fifty in company, are continually met ascending and descending the river. It is about forty miles from Tientsin to Fungchow, and twelve to the city.

The amount of transportation on the Peiho may be inferred from the fact that 80,000 boatmen are kept busy during the months when the river is free from ice and is open to navigation. Another fact that will indicate the business of Tientsin is this,—that one or more steamers arrive and depart daily, besides the sailing vessels visiting Tientsin. This port is the great distributing port of North China. Hither is brought the immense quantity of tea from Foochow and other ports, and sent throughout the vast regions of Manchuria, Mongolia, and even Russia. There are certain seasons when vast numbers of camels, freighted with tea, are traveling through the pass in the Great Wall, and so being sent forward to all those wide regions north of it.

Peking.

We are now returning from a most delightful trip to Peking, the capital of the great empire of China. Let no one imagine that it is a mere holiday excursion to travel in this remote but central part of the world. We have been peculiarly favored since our arrival in China in receiving the cordial welcome of several missionary societies, both English and American, and also in finding friends among "Customs officials," a class of gentlemen whose important position can only be learned by a visit to China. Sir ROBERT HART stands at the head of this company, or rather is at the head of all the Custom House officers of this great empire. He controls a system which was inaugurated about a quarter of a century ago, and holds with a firm grip the finances of China. When the Gov-

ernment desires a loan of even millions, the "Customs" are a sure guarantee. Perhaps at a future day I may have more to communicate upon this subject.

Sailors In Tientsin.

Passing around the port under the kind direction of the Rev. C. A. STANLEY, missionary of the American Board, I was glad to be taken to the Temperance Hall, where sailors and others are entertained with food for soul and body. It cost about \$3,000, and is admirably suited to the object in view. A temperance restaurant is attached to the affair, under the charge of a Chinaman who furnishes tea, coffee, and a generous table. The profits go to sustain the Hall, and amount to about \$100 *per annum*. I was glad to learn that the City Council makes an annual grant of about \$200 each year to keep up the establishment. I confess it was exceedingly pleasant in this far-away port to learn that seamen were so remembered. The Rev. Mr. Stanley informed me that the success of this Temperance Hall had encouraged the friends of temperance and seamen in other ports to go and do likewise. I trust the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and other good publications may be sent to it. We sail in the morning for Chefoo, crossing the Yellow Sea.

S. C. D.

O MASTER DEAR! the tiniest work for thee
 Finds recompense beyond our highest
 thought;
 And feeble hands, that worked but tremblingly,
 The richest colors in the fabric wrought.
 We are content to take what thou shalt give,
 To work or suffer as thy choice shall be;
 Forsaking what thy wisdom bids us leave,
 Glad in the thought that we are pleasing
 thee!

From "Lay Work in the Merchant Navy," the Brassey Prize Essay, by Captain F. B. Hopkins, S. S. Enmore.

ADVANCE NOTES.

It may not be out of place here to say a word on the subject of Advance Notes.* All who know anything of shipping crews are aware that these notes are good perhaps in principle, but bad in practice. Who has not seen, when walking through our seaport towns, the tempting, delusive bait placed conspicuously over the doors of Jews' shops,—“Sailors' Advance Notes Cashied for Ready Money”? How tempting to a man who has “no shot in the locker,” but who, by just signing articles, can obtain an advance note, and get it cashied. He signs articles, gets a half or a whole month's advance, according to the nature of the voyage on which he is going,—he takes it to one of the civil, obliging gentlemen who offer to cash it for ready money; the note is for £3 perhaps, Jack at once receives from him, say £1 in cash, the balance will be paid in clothes, which are to be put on board as the vessel leaves the dock. Let us take a peep at the bundle; it consists of a straw bed half full of shavings, a pot, a plate, a pannikin, a sheath knife of soft temper, a pair of mittens, a blanket and a counterpane, curiosities in their way, and perhaps a set of oil-skins, though the latter is not often given. However, even allowing that it is given, we have effects amounting in total value to about twenty-four shillings; the balance is kept by the gentleman, in memory of Jack.

The owners and the ship both suffer by these advances; the owners, in having to pay beforehand

for labor; the ship, by having half-muddled men to do the work when leaving port; and the question has naturally been raised, how is this nuisance to be done away with? how long is it to continue an incubus upon the merchant navy? I believe advance notes would be a rarity were owners and masters to do their duty to their crews. Christianize the men, make the vessels floating homes for them, teach them to feel that they are cared for, and that they are considered human beings, and not brute beasts, and a fatal blow will be given to the detestable advance note.

But what, it may be asked, has this to do with Sunday work in home ports? A great deal; once let the men see you wish them to have their Sunday to themselves, whenever practicable, and to make them comfortable, and certain results follow; first, the men reciprocate the kindness by doing all they can to please you; second, they will gladly remain in the ship while in port, which means a saving to the ship; third, they will prefer shipping in the old ship again at a less rate of wages than they could get in other vessels: this may appear incredible, but the truth of it has been proved three times last year in one steamer; fourth, when they sign articles they have no boarding-house accounts to pay, they do not require an advance, they have been kept clear of sharks, and they can start without drawing in advance. A vessel that ships all new hands will find about half her crew asking for advances, while one that re-ships the old crew will not have more than three or four applica-

* Since this Essay was written an Act of Parliament has been passed, which abolished Advance Notes within the United Kingdom from August, 1861.

tions for advances, and these are given to their wives.

Hence we find, that, by observing the Lord's Day properly, and letting the crew do the same, we shall further the interests of both owners and men, and strike a blow at the system of advances.

Uses of Arctic Exploration.

In three hundred years there have been some two hundred Arctic voyages, for various purposes and with various fates. The Greeley expedition was but one of thirteen expeditions. Five hundred men passed two winters within the polar circle, and nineteen of them only were lost. And Lieutenant RAY says that the result of the observations of all these expeditions will be the doubling of the world's knowledge of the magnetic forces. That is to say, as the Rev. BROOKE HEREFORD states in his admirable sermon upon this subject, "Not one of all the thousand and ten thousand craft sailing to and fro among the many lands of earth but will be a little surer of its compass, a little closer in its reckoning, a little safer, than it ever was before." Is this worth nothing? Is not the risk, the loss, even amply recompensed? But also, as Mr. Hereford points out, the moral qualities, the patience, the courage, the self-denial, the faith, the endurance, developed by these Northern researches are incomparable. "There is simply no other chapter in the history of human doings to be compared with it. Beside it the adventures of commerce and conquest look greedy and base, the stories of chivalry are mere tinsel, the long heroism of the Crusades seems a fevered frenzy." *Cui bono?* is not

an argument to discourage the restless soul which the prospect of peril inspires, nor will the pathetic story of the patient and generous endurance, amid apparently remediless suffering, which the record of the Greeley expedition discloses, dismay or deter other Greelys from daring the same dangers. The Arctic story is one of the saddest, but it is also one of the noblest, in the annals of human heroism.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Wealth of the Sea.

Seldom or never has the enormous importance of the harvest of the sea been more forcibly represented than it was by Professor HUXLEY, in the admirable address which he delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition. An acre of good fishing ground, he pointed out, will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year. Still more vivid was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 feet to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year, moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120 millions of fish, consuming every week, when on short rations, no fewer than 840 millions of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving. We might victual London with herrings for a year on a day's consumption of the countless shoals of uncaught cod.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ONE OF MISS WESTON'S LETTERS.

We print the last issue at hand, of the monthly letters addressed by Miss AGNES E. WESTON of the "Sailors' Rest" at Devonport, Eng., to sailors, in part that our readers may see a model for straightforward religious utterance to the men of the sea. It is marked as "for the Officers, Seamen and Marines of the U. S. Navy." No wonder that these letters, circulated by thousands through the world's marine, are blest to the salvation of souls. The date of this one is September, 1884, and its heading is,—

The Fisherman's Oath, and Who Heard It.

Dear Friend:—

Month rolls away after month: their flight is recalled to me as I write these *Letters*, and I daresay to you as you read them. Our short English summer has passed away. August,—with her harvest moon, and her crowds of happy reapers singing their "harvest home," as they toil after the heavily-laden wain—has passed also; and September, the first of the autumn months, is upon us.

It seems to me that we are like vessels gliding down a river: on, on, we go;—

Life slips by,

and very soon we shall clear the bar at the mouth, and sail out on the ocean of eternity. I met an old man the other day on Dartmoor, he was nearing the river's mouth,—bent down and decrepit: he seemed, however, to have made the choice, and the right one, and had given his heart to God: he had Jesus, the Heavenly Pilot, on board, and sailing out on the ocean of eternity was no terror to him. I also remember well the case of an old fisherman, who came up to me with a beaming face, and said:—"I'm a miracle of grace, I served the devil for eighty years; and for five years, praise God, I have been on the Lord's

side. How good of Him to follow a sinner like me for *eighty years*, and then to forgive me all. I've led a rough life as a fisherman,—knocked about man and boy in the Channel aboard my trawler. Kegs of brandy and oaths and curses were my companions then, always aboard my craft. Now I leave the brandy behind, and carry this" (he reached out a Bible); "and as to the oaths and curses, bless you, in eighty years I got into such a habit of them that they came out of my mouth like water; didn't know when I used them: but I went to the Lord, and told Him all about it, and asked Him to

Cleanse my Mouth

and keep it clean, and He's done it: and if He can do it for me, He can do it for anyone."

Truly this old fisherman was, as he said, "a miracle of grace," and many a sailor and fisherman can say the same. I often think of our Lord, when He wanted to choose His apostles: He did not go into the palaces and rich men's houses, or even into the shops and streets; He went down to the quays, by the sea-shore, among the sailors and fishermen, and there He chose His apostles,—those men who were to be with

Him during His life, and who, after His death, and resurrection, were to go forth to every land with the glad tidings of salvation, and in most instances were to seal their faith with their blood. All this required, of course, first of all the power of God in the soul, and with this, men of courage, zeal, and energy; and these characteristics were found among the fishermen. The brave fellows who could weather a gale of wind, who could toil all night while others were sleeping,—these were the men of courage and patience who were to be moulded into apostles.

There is one who has always seemed to me every inch a sailor; a man of warm affection, and what we should call now "great pluck." As soon as he gave his heart to Jesus, he went away in the fulness of His joy, to call his own brother. There is no doubt that he was one of the most loved and honored by his Lord, and he loved Him with all the warm affection of a sailor. If any deed of daring was to be done, Peter was always to the fore: when the boat was flying before a

Tremendous Squall,

and a shadowy object was seen coming over the water, before the hearts of the others had ceased to beat, Peter had cleared the gunwale, and was walking on the water to go to his Lord: when in the garden the Roman soldiers were closing round, and the shouts of the multitude came nearer and nearer, Peter (one against hundreds) drew his sword to defend his Lord to the death: when, after the resurrection, in the grey dawn of the morning, Jesus stood on the shore, Peter, with the sharp eye of a sailor, made Him out, and in a moment was over-

board, wading through the water to get to his Lord. Yes, Peter had the sailor's characteristics, and, I am afraid, his defects also.

He is standing in the court,—a large open space in the High Priest's palace. Servants are hurrying to and fro. He is feeling very miserable: his Lord has been taken prisoner, and stands not very far off, bound: Peter can see Him. His courage has faded away: because he cannot be doing and daring, he must be waiting and suffering; and this is not what he likes. A testing time is near. He is suddenly asked a question about the prisoner,—whether he knows Him. He denies it. Again, and yet again, the question is put, and he denies,—I am sorry to say sailor fashion,—with oaths and curses. But who is standing within earshot? Whose heart received a blow, worse than any from Roman rods, when that oath fell on His ears? "*The Lord* turned, and looked on Peter," with a look of sorrow, love and tenderness. That broke the sailor's heart: he "went out and wept bitterly."

Have you ever thought that an oath is a prayer,—that you call upon God to destroy you for ever, body and soul? What if He should take you at your word? He is a prayer-hearing and answering God: what if He should answer the swearer's prayer, and send him in a moment where he asks fifty times a day to be sent?

A man who was

A Frightful Swearer

was one day coming out with awful oaths. One of his companions, shocked at his language, said to him, "You would not like to repeat what you have said to me,

alone to God." "I shouldn't mind," was the answer. "Well," his friend said, "you try it: go alone into the churchyard to-night at twelve o'clock, and when no one is near, repeat to God, if you can, the language you have used to me." He laughed, and promised to do it. That night was calm and beautiful: a full moon rode in the clear sky. A few minutes before midnight he lighted his pipe, and went out to fulfil his appointment. As he turned into the churchyard, he thought how calm and holy it seemed. He went to the appointed spot; but when he remembered what words he had to say, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. God seemed everywhere; and the next moment, instead of awful curses poisoning the calm air, he fell on his knees, and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Peter's thoughts were much the same, as he rushed out into the moonlight. What had he done? He had denied the Lord, not once or twice, but three times; and, worse than ever, with oaths and curses! Can he be forgiven? Can he receive power which will deliver him from this evil habit, and make him strong and brave, and give him clean lips for Jesus, so that the words of his mouth will be always acceptable in God's sight? Look at his after history to see the answer. Never again,—not even when, years after, Paul felt it right to rebuke him,—do we hear an oath from his mouth: he could never forget that Jesus had heard him, that Jesus forgave him, and that Jesus was giving him grace, day by day, to keep from that sin.

I once heard a terrible, but true, story of a swearer. A regiment

was going out to India, on board one of the troop-ships.

A Number of Soldiers

were together: the time hung heavy on their hands, and one and another began to use bad language. At last they formed a ring, and decided that the game they were going to play should be won by the man whose oath was pronounced the worst. At last a man said, "I have it; I remember one that will beat the worst." As he pronounced the dreadful words, his face worked convulsively, and he fell on the deck paralysed, all power of speech and the use of his limbs gone. For weeks he lay helpless. The sick-berth steward who attended him told me the story. He recovered very gradually; but, thank God, the affliction had changed him altogether. His first word when he could speak was the name of Jesus; the Bible was never out of his hand; and although he never became a strong man, and was invalided from the service, he became an earnest Christian in word and deed, "washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

Of course I do not know whose eye is on this *Letter*: it may be that of one who feels that he is guilty in this matter. God's command,—as plain as "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not steal,"—is, "I say unto you, *swear not at all*." Scientific men tell us that no word spoken into the air is ever lost; and now we know that by the wonderful instrument, the telephone, words spoken miles off are perfectly clear to him who holds the wire.

God's Telephone

brings every word spoken anywhere clearly to His ear. Every

oath spoken rings out in His presence. Your Lord and Savior hears all your language and mine, as clearly as He heard Peter's: and does He not often turn and look at us with a mixture of love and pity, which ought to break our hearts? Think, dear brother, of the *look* and the *love* of Jesus, if you are ever tempted again to say the wicked word. Nothing but His blood, which He shed so freely on the cross, can wash out the sin of swearing; but, as the hymn says, "His blood can make the foulest clean." He washed away Peter's sin: it was forgiven, and, like all sins which God forgives, was forgotten. He says, "I will cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." And then Jesus not only forgives, but He gives grace which changes the swearer into something quite different.

Dr. Marsh was preaching once, I think in Coventry: he saw a tall rough man leaning against one of the pillars at the end of the church. A friend said to him afterwards, "Did you see that tall rough man in Church? that was 'Swearing Tom': it was a marvel that he should be there, but I suppose he came to see you." "God grant," said Dr. Marsh, "that he may be brought to Christ!" Some years passed, and Dr. Marsh was in the same town. "Do you remember 'Swearing Tom'?" said his friend. "Surely," was the answer, "what of him?" "Well, thank God, he has a

New Nick-Name

now: he used to be called 'Swearing Tom' because of his oaths and curses, but now he is called 'Praying Tom.' You never hear a bad word from his lips; only prayer and praise."

Now, there are 'Swearing Toms' in the Navy, there is no doubt; oh! that they may become 'Praying Toms,' by receiving Christ! Remember, God's word says, "As many as *received Him*, to them gave He *power* to become the sons of God." Don't forget that word "POWER;" that is what you want: you want power to be holy, —power to leave off swearing, drinking, a wicked life: here is God's answer: "As many as *received Him*, to them gave He power." That is all you have got to do, to receive Christ. Some people talk of what they shall have to give up: the Bible says nothing about giving up, but it speaks of *receiving*, and receiving not a doctrine, not a creed, but a Person: "*received Him*." If you have received Him, you will get the power which you need.—a power brought into our hearts by the Spirit,—the power of Christ, which can make us conquerors over sin,—all sin; that of swearing included.

Few habits are more difficult to break: the words slip out so easily when it is of long standing, but, thank God, no one need despair; for once in Christ, once receive Him, and the power is there to enable you to do it. There is a place where the language spoken is oaths and curses, and that place is Hell: there is a place where nothing approaching to an oath can ever come, and that place is Heaven: there they sing the blessed song,—"*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory*." God grant that you and I, even sinners as we have been, may stand among that blood-washed throng, and sing that

Glorious Song!

Many who have been swearers

Peter among them, will stand there; and I am quite sure among the memories of the wonders of God's grace, which will be told in Heaven, will be "The Fisherman's oath, and who heard it."

Believe me,

Your sincere Christian Friend,

AGNES E. WESTON.

Abiding and Fruitbearing.

The following is from an address to young converts, delivered in London, to an audience of from four to five thousand, by Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, D. D. It was forwarded to this country by Mr. MOODY, who regarded it as one of the best things of the kind to which he had ever listened:—

Young converts sometimes feel as if they did not want much confirming in the faith; but those who have had more experience will agree with me in this, there is hardly a time in the Christian life when the believer is in greater danger than a little while after he is first converted. For there is a good deal in first experience that cannot in the nature of things be permanent. The novelty, the new-fangledness, as it were, wears off, and certain phases of experience peculiar to first impressions and first believing pass away. There is at such a time great danger that when these things do pass, and the hard, stern battle of life begins, the conscience will become clouded, the old Adam crop up, and the old habits seek to reassert their former mastery over you. There is great danger that then you should begin to imagine your conversion was a mistake, your experience a delusion, and your joy a fallacy. You may be tempted

to throw it all up, as if there had been nothing gained. Now this is precisely one of the perils of early Christian life, and it is a great help to those who are in such circumstances to be told by those who have had longer experience that they are not at all surprised at such a state of matters. You have to lay your account with it; these temptations have got to come, and to be prepared is half to win the battle.

And you must learn to distinguish between beginning and going on in the new life to which you have been called. Everything seems different in the beginning from what it is in going on. There is a certain excitement in your conversion, a pleasure in the very newness of your hopes and experiences, a delight in the freedom realized from old and, perhaps, repulsive habits. But the course of life lies before you, its ordinary experiences have to be faced, and you must learn how to utilize and realize the power you have received in the business of daily life. In this respect spiritual life nowise differs from new beginnings made in other spheres. A young married couple leave the church very happy, and rightly so, but they have yet to learn to bear and forbear in the worries and cares, the crossings and frettings of temper in daily life and duty. They will be no less happy in the end, yet there is a change of experience. A soldier who has just become a recruit knows nothing of the long and tedious drills, while he learns how to keep rank, to use his weapons, and submit to the exigencies of discipline. These things, while strange to him, are difficult and toilsome, although easy and pleasant enough when he has mastered his drill. To the

new beginner there is in all things a certain difficulty until he gets fairly under way and in active service. Perhaps there is at first hard work to get through until one gets accustomed to the routine of duty. It is very much the same thing in the spiritual life; and young converts ought to know what lies before them, and it is better they should know it. Christ asks none to come without making it clear they will have a good deal to hear, a good deal to suffer, and a good deal to do; and, when these things do come, He expects us to be prepared, not discouraged.

Now the first thing I should like to say is, *Christian life means going on as you have begun.* How did you become Christians? By repenting of your sins and putting your trust in the blessed Son of God. These are just the exercises you must continue; continually, as often as you sin, and that is daily and hourly, and as long as you sin, and that is while you are in the body, for in this life you will never be wholly free from sin and temptation; continually, therefore, you have to keep on repenting of sins and confessing your sins. And then, what further? Simply that you have to keep on, as you began, taking Christ at His word; believing, because He says it, that He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness. Can you in true faith cast yourselves into His hand, exactly as you made the great venture at the beginning of your Christian life, at conversion? This is nothing new to you who are His; you have already trusted Him. But I want you to see that you go on as you began. Just as you trusted Him for the biggest of all things you can possibly require, the salvation of your soul,

as you trusted Him for the forgiveness of sin and for salvation, so, now, in the little things of daily life, for daily comfort and for daily guidance in perplexity, trust Him in all matters, however trifling; let everything, contrary and harassing as it may appear, only combine to make you exercise the Christian trust more continually and closely. You know that it is *staying* power that wins the race; those who begin with great speed and much promise, but soon get tired, will not win. It is sticking to it that wins. The Apostle Paul had occasion to observe this when he wrote to the young saints in Galatia, "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" So I say to you to-night: you began well a few weeks, days, or months ago; are you hindered? What is hindering you? You must go on just as you began. The life of faith is a continuation of the first act of faith by which you became a Christian.

The Mariner's Church.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

On Sunday, the 14th inst., Rev. E. D. MURPHY, D. D., of the New York Port Society Mariner's church in this city, gave in his evening discourse a review of the work under his pastorate, which has now continued for twenty years. He spoke of the great changes that had taken place within that time in the nation and in the city. Twenty years ago the country was in the midst of the civil war, and during his first Sunday services the streets of the city were full of soldiers. The City Hall park, and many of the public parks of the city, were filled with barracks, where the nation's de-

fenders were received, some returning from the bloody field of battle, bruised and wounded and sick, and others on their way to the seat of war.

At that time many of our most prominent citizens had their residences in these lower wards of the city, and now they are almost all gone and their places are filled with an entirely different class of people, who have no sympathy in our modes of religious worship. Consequently no Protestant church in this part of the city can be sustained without outside aid.

He said as this work is almost wholly confined to seamen, and as seamen make their temporary homes along the lower water front of the city, we have never failed to have good congregations. When the present pastor entered upon his charge, the church had been in existence only eight years. Its organization added greatly to the influence and success of the work among seamen. These converted sailors now have a Christian home, where the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper are regularly administered. The perfect order and quiet the seamen have ever observed in the house of God, and the marked and close attention they uniformly give to the preaching of the word, have been a matter of surprise to those who have had the privilege of addressing them. There has always been more or less spiritual interest among the men. The communion seasons occur on the first Sabbath of each month, and rarely has a communion passed without additions to the church on confession of faith. They never have a cold and formal social meeting. Christian sailors are always prompt to take part, and the matter and manner of their addresses are

oftentimes surprising. During the meetings of Moody and Sankey in our city, nearly nine years since, a most remarkable work of grace commenced in the church, which has continued unbroken, summer and winter, until the present time. Besides the pastor's study, eight small rooms were prepared, opening out of the large reading room, in which to prosecute the work. In addition to the corps of male missionaries and volunteer workers four earnest, cultivated Christian women were employed, who have proved wonderfully successful in leading these men one by one to Christ. This inquiry-room work has proved successful, beyond the most sanguine expectation. During the past nine years morning and evening services have been held every day, summer and winter, and after each service an hour or two has been occupied by all the workers in personal inquiry, prayer and instruction. Hundreds of sailors have been reached and saved by the personal presentation of the truth, when they would pass the word by, however faithfully and pungently presented from the pulpit. Dr. Murphy gave the following statistics of the twenty years' work:—

Sermons, lectures and addresses, about 3,000; funerals attended, 520; children baptized, 350; marriages celebrated, 720; added to the church on confession of faith, over 1,600.—*N. Y. Observer, September 25th, 1884.*

“He Said He Would!”

The session of the Presbyterian church had convened for the reception of members. The venerable elders sat around in a circle, the young pastor in the midst. One candidate after another pass-

ed the usual examination, until all had been received and withdrawn. A boy of ten years of age had been sitting thoughtfully near the door. It was supposed that he was waiting for some of those who were in conference with the session; but when they were all gone and he still remained the pastor approached him, and learned that he too wished to be admitted to the communion of the church.

He was soon seated, and the examination began. It progressed satisfactorily until most of the usual ground had been gone over, the boy clearly and calmly narrating the circumstances under which he had been awakened to a sense of his guilt, and led to feel his need of Christ as a Savior. Then came the question, "What did you do when you felt yourself to be so great a sinner?" And the eyes of the examiners brightened as he answered, "I just went to Jesus and told Him how sinful I was, and asked Him to forgive me."

But the next answer brought the shadow again to their faces, for as the pastor asked, "And do you hope that at times Jesus heard you and forgave your sins?" He answered promptly, "I don't only hope so, sir, I know He did."

There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate and said:—"You say you 'know' that Jesus forgave your sins?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt, unhesitating answer.

There was an ominous pause in the examination. Such positivism could only be, it was feared, the offspring of presumption. The

boy must be resting on some false foundation.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope He has, and I know it too," with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it, my son?" every eye being intent on the little respondent.

"He said He would," said the boy, with a look of astonishment, as if amazed that any one should doubt it.

"He said He would do what?"

"He said that if I confessed my sins He was faithful and just and would forgive them; and I did confess them to Him, and I know He forgave them, because He said He would."

The old Scotch elder took off his glasses to wipe the moisture from his eyes, and turned to the pastor. "He's got hold of the right end of it, sir. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. I move that the examination be closed."

The New Birth a Scientific Necessity.

On all hands I see men who are loving what God hates, and hating what God loves; and, as I live, I believe it is ill with such men, and that it will continue to be ill while they continue in this dissimilarity of feeling with God. You say that God is good. Our moluscous liberalism is teaching us constantly that, as a parent forgives his child, God will forgive us. Fatherhood, sonship—these are, indeed, the central ideas of the moral universe; but show me the father, who is worthy of the name, who will forgive a child before the child is sorry for his fault.

The child tells a falsehood, never repents, has a brazen conscience, will not admit that he has done wrong,—knows that he has, but does not repent. Does the father forgive the child? If he does, he harms him. By as much as the father loves the child, by so much he refrains from pardoning him until the son is sorry for his fault and really chooses its opposite. If I live long enough in dissimilarity of feeling with God, I may never be really sorry for my sins and choose their opposites. God's fatherhood itself prevents Him from injuring any soul by pardoning it in its wilful disloyalty. That which I am afraid of is God's fatherhood. What I fear is not so much God's justice as His infinite love, which will forbid Him forever from pardoning me while I am yet voluntarily rebellious to Him. To pardon me in that state is to injure me, just as to pardon a child in his self-chosen lie is to injure the child. To pardon any soul while it is in wilful rebellion to the moral law is to injure that soul, and this Omniscient Love will never do.

That is why I am afraid in this universe, and why I wish for all men speedy similarity of feeling with God, before they drop into a final dissimilarity of feeling with Him. As it is sure that I must be enswathed for ever in "the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness," it is sure that I must love what it loves and hate what it hates, or every star in every constellation will fight against me. This is a necessity of self-evident truth. The haughtiness of negation is shattered here upon the stern reef of modern ethical science. It is the glory of what I call axiomatic theology that it guides men by the self-

evident truths of common sense into the very depths of the holiest truths of religion. It shows, by the very same principles on which you depend behind the counter, and in the halls of legislation, and in juries trying cases of life and death, and in arithmetic, and in geometry, that we must absolutely have similarity of feeling with God, or we cannot have peace in His presence. If we postpone the acquisition of that similarity, we may fall into dissimilarity of feeling, which will become first prolonged, then inveterate, and then possibly final, and, if final, must lead to a state where God cannot pardon us if He loves us.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

TAKING its text from the recent unveiling of the Tyndale Memorial, the *London Times* remarks upon the increasingly large significance given to the Bible in modern literature:—

"Immensely as the literature of this country has increased in this century, the Bible now occupies a larger proportionate space in that literature than ever it did. No book raises so many inquiries or touches so many interests. The Bible sends the student to libraries and archives. To the Bible we owe much of the intense and spreading interest in languages and in the originals of customs and of peoples. It directs the traveler to buried cities, to the tombs of kings, to the records of states once great, and well-nigh forgotten. Wherever the battle of opinion is now the liveliest, wherever the race for discovery is most eager, wherever the earth at last reveals her buried history, it is to add to our knowledge of the sacred story, and to our understanding of the sacred volume."

"ROWDY BROWN."

AN INCIDENT OF THE M'AULEY MISSION.

There was a certain man called "Rowdy" Brown, a great powerfully built, courageous fellow, who was a terror to the Fourth Ward in New York City. He had been a mate on the Liverpool packets, and was a savage, brutal man. He was passing a man on one occasion, who was sitting on the forecastle reading his Bible, and without a word or sign of provocation, Brown drew back his heavy boot and kicked the poor fellow square in the mouth, knocking his teeth out and cutting him severely by the blow. He went to California once, and while there, it was reported, killed several men. We always receive such rumors carefully, knowing how things grow and are exaggerated by traveling from one to another, but there was undoubtedly some truth in the stories, for when questioned by me he did not deny it, and in fact acknowledged it to me in explaining how some of the cases occurred.

He seemed utterly fearless of consequences to himself, as he proved by standing on a certain occasion cursing a man to his face while the latter stood with a revolver in each of his extended hands, and fired both their contents into his body. Such was the man of whom we now write.

He was stopping at Mr. Rhody's new Sailors' Home, when he was told that one of his sailor chums was converted at the Mission. He became enraged on hearing of it, and swore a bitter oath, adding, "I will take a bottle of whisky down there, and when that feller gets up to talk, I'll take him by the upper jaw in one hand and

the lower jaw in the other, tear his mouth open and pour the whisky down him or break his back in the attempt." And *he meant it*, and was capable of doing all he threatened.

I did not know of his threat or his coming or I should have been very uneasy. He came armed with a black bottle, and waited for his old companion to testify, in order to carry out his plan as contemplated. While waiting he listened, and listening, became interested, until all of a sudden he became conscious of a strange unaccountable sensation coming over him, and he began to tremble. He fought it off with all his natural obstinacy of character, in vain; it continued to gather strength, until becoming alarmed, he sought to escape by running away; but all of no avail, the crowd being so densely packed that in his present weak and trembling condition he could not force his way out, and by the time his friend arose to testify, this human lion was completely powerless. When the testimonies ceased, and a way was open for penitents to come forward, Brown rushed desperately to the front, and said:—"Oh! pray for ME!" and dropped on his knees at the penitent chairs.

Everything was in a state of quiet but intense excitement in a moment, for nearly every one present knew his desperate character. We gathered around him; but oh, how he yelled for mercy! It was terrible to hear that man groan and beg! His great strong body was racked with the fearful pent up anguish of his soul. He continued to seek in this manner

until the meeting closed, but apparently with but little encouragement. On the second night, after retiring to his bed, he was praying earnestly, when suddenly the light broke into his heart, and he knew the work was wrought. He sprang from the bed and soon aroused the whole house with his acclamations of praise to God for his pardoning mercy. He became a diligent worker, and sometimes in his intense earnestness would go out on the street, pick up a poor sailor *bodily*, lug him into the Mission and deposit him at the penitent form, when the astonished sailor would submit to the inevitable, and melted by the burning, loving prayers, would weep and yield himself to be saved.

Brown was liberal with his means, and on his return from a voyage, would frequently give us fifteen or twenty dollars at a time to help on the work.

How he lived his religion aboard ship and among his associates can be best told by relating the following incidents. He shipped on one occasion, after his conversion, aboard the West India brig *Nellie*; the captain was ashore one day while at the latter-named place, and met an old acquaintance, a captain also, whom Brown had formerly known and in fact had beaten unmercifully on a previous occasion. After a few moment's conversation the captain of the *Nellie* remarked:—"Captain, do you know who is converted?"

"No, I don't."

"Rowdy Brown."

"What!" exclaimed the other, looking at his friend as if he thought him insane; "*Rowdy Brown!*" then adding slowly, after a moment's silence, "I don't believe it."

"Well, he is, just the same, and is aboard my brig *now!*"

"I *can't* believe it," continued the doubter. "Do you know he gave me a most unmerciful beating once, besides cutting away my brig on another occasion? He was a *devil*, he *can't* be converted."

"Yes, sir, he is," insisted the first, "and he is going to have a prayer meeting on board to-night. Come and attend it, won't you?"

The other made no reply, but seemed completely bewildered by the astonishing news he had just heard, and they parted.

"Rowdy" Brown had fixed up the deck of the *Nellie* and had a great canvas stretched for an awning, with a sign painted, bearing in large letters, "Jerry McAuley's Prayer Meeting here this evening at three o'clock." He would run the boats backward and forward and bring off loads of sailors to the meeting. A revival broke out and spread among the crews of the different vessels. Gentlemen, and ladies also, who were from the United States but were residing there, came aboard, and became deeply interested in the movement.

From the last account we received from him he was doing well, had secured some property in Canada, and was living a consistent Christian life. Later on we heard of his death from others, and had every reason to believe he died in the faith.—*Jerry McAuley's Newspaper*.

So BRIEF the time to smile,
Why darken we the air
With frowns and tears, the while
We nurse despair?

Stand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.

Celia Thaxter.

From Chart and Compass, London, Eng.

Emigrants Wanted.

Emigrants for EMMANUEL'S LAND should lose no time in having their places secured, as only one vessel sails from our shores for that happy country.

The Vessel's Name—THE GOSPEL SHIP.

Port from which it sails—THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

Where bound for—EMMANUEL'S LAND.

Time of Sailing—TO-DAY.

Price of Passage—WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

Captain's Name—JESUS CHRIST.

Crew—MINISTERS AND CONVERTS.

Passengers—SINNERS SAVED BY GRACE.

Sea over which it passes—TIME.

The Lighthouse—THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Compass—TRUTH.

Sails—FAITH AND LOVE.

Wind—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Steerage—GRACE.

Anchor—HOPE.

Passengers are supplied with everything on the voyage.

"My God shall supply all your need."—Philippians iv, 19.

"And yet there is room."—Luke xiv, 22.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

The Faithful Swede—A Marvelous Work.

In the autumn of 1858, JOHN A. MORRIS, a Swedish sailor, was converted in and united with the New York Mariner's church. His life had been careless and reckless, living for himself, stifling conscience and gratifying his corrupt nature. But when the "new man" assumed control he at once became a worker for souls and a leader of men.

Having shipped in the United States Navy he was ordered to the Receiving Ship *North Carolina*, among nearly a

thousand recruits. In that seething mass of worldliness he found only three men who were steering heavenward. To these he proposed holding a prayer meeting. They consented to join him. Notice of the time and place being announced, many of the "baser sort" assembled, and by their derisive epithets and riotous proceeding endeavored to prevent its progress. In the midst of the uproar, and against the advice of his brethren, Morris fell upon his knees and invoked the presence of Him who calmed the winds and trod the waves of Galilee, and He, true to His covenant, "stilled the tumult of the people." That prayer was blest. Opposition ceased. The meeting continued nightly and grew until the forepeak was packed with men calling upon God for the pardon of their sins. Hundreds of them were converted and went thence, not only renewed men, but also zealous missionaries.

In a few months they were scattered among the several squadrons of the United States Navy in different parts of the world. When the Union was imperilled in 1861, a band of praying men was placed on board almost every man-of-war that left Boston, Portsmouth and New York, until in more than 157 vessels the cause of God was represented by 575 earnest Christian men who were not willing to go to heaven alone.

Revival followed revival in merchant and naval vessels. Ships spoke each other in mid-ocean to inquire of the work of the Lord. Prayer meetings and Bible classes were established in the berth-deck and in the forecabin, in the tops and between the guns; in the gun-room and in the cabin, and on board of many vessels meetings for prayer were held at noon, until conversions occurred on every hand. In some cases those took place by tens and twenties and thirties, but in one,—the United States Frigate *Niagara*,—sixty-eight officers and men were brought to acknowledge Christ during one cruise alone.

Wherever the "faithful Swede" went revivals occurred among his shipmates. Much missionary work was done by these

new converts. Bibles and tracts were distributed in different languages. Churches were built, assisted and repaired by their contributions and labors. The coast line of the globe was made luminous with the lives of sailors renewed by the Spirit of God,—the rivers and harbors of the South, the creeks and bayous of the Yazoo, the Arkansas, the Red River and the the Mississippi resounded with the songs of Zion, and the prayers and thanksgivings of godly men of the sea. Sailors transferred to the army carried Christ with them, and in their new-born zeal made the tent and the camp-fire, the march and the bivouac, vocal with hymns of praise. Many of these noble men are living to-day and are still working for Christ. C. J. J.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Another Trophy for Christ.

A ripple of excitement recently swept over the still waters of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, at Staten Island, which, became the leading topic of conversation with many in the corridors and work-shops, and was a source of joy to the few who in that Institution are representatives of the Gospel of Salvation. The cause was the conversion of one of the inmates, whose life had been the very antipodes of humility and peace. He had long been an enemy of the truth, taking pleasure in cursing and browbeating those who dared to attend our divine service. So persistent was his opposition, so virulent his abuse of the "psalm singers," and the church "gang," that many were prevented from attending for fear of his abuse. It might have been said of him, as the Apostle Paul said of himself, that he was "a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious." Nor did he limit his scurrilous attacks to the inmates. On one occasion he abused a missionary from the city, who came to the Harbor on a mission of mercy for a sick sailor, seeking a shelter within its walls.

But the day of his adversity came to him at last, and even he was led to consider his latter end, and strange to say, it came about in this way:—

A few months ago a Christian man was

admitted to the Institution, and placed in the same room with him. He very soon was made to feel very uncomfortable by the sneers and taunting questions of his unconverted companion. Among other things, when the new-comer returned from attending service he was met with such questions as these, "Well, you've been to church again, have you?" He meekly replied, "Yes, I have." "Well," said he, "what did old ——— tell you this time? What had he to say for himself?" He was answered in a gentle manner by the good brother, taking down his Bible and reading to him the text, and accompanying the reading with an outline of the sermon, and some special remark made, or some passage of Scripture quoted by the chaplain, such as, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God," or, "God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," or, "Every one of us shall give account of himself unto God."

Passages such as these followed up with faithful warning and affectionate appeals produced a condition of things which the questioner did not anticipate, or desire. After a season he was taken sick. His Christian room-mate took particular pains to do anything he could to comfort him. Subsequently he was removed to the Hospital, where he was visited by this brother, and kind words concerning the welfare of his soul were whispered into his ear. At length, by this constant dropping of words of love an impression was made upon the heart of stone. The chaplain of the Harbor marking the change, he was made a subject of prayer. Soon he came to realize that he was a sinner, to repent of his sins, and to fly for refuge to the hope set before him in the Gospel. The work begun by the Holy Spirit went forward gradually, the new life was developed, and he found comfort in pleading with tears at the foot of the Cross for the full pardon of his sins.

He then sent for the chaplain, who had been gently leading him along, and comforting him with the promises of the word, and expressed his desire to partake of the Lord's Supper. A few brethren were called together. He made an humble confession of his sins, expressed a true repentance, and partook of that blessed memorial of the Savior's love, which, as a means of grace, has cheered and strengthened so many saints in all the ages of the history of the Church.

The change wrought is marvelous, as it is in every case where a sinner is willing to commit his all to Christ. Almost every breath is now a breath of prayer and thanksgiving to Him who "loved him and gave Himself for Him."

P.

October, 1884.

Ships' Libraries In The British Navy.

"It is to Mrs. FRY, the philanthropist, that man-of-war's-men owe the first libraries in the Queen's service. Subsequently, so far back as 1838, each line-of-battleship was provided by the Admiralty with 276 books; and smaller ships of war had each 156 volumes on board. But these were often nailed up in boxes, and carefully preserved in the hold, so as to be returned into store at the end of three or four years, when the ship paid off, unused and therefore in good condition. We believe, however, that now-a-days, the books placed on board H. M.'s ships for the use of seamen and mariners, are invariably placed within reach, and are well read by the crews, especially when on foreign service.

"The largest ships of war, now carry 813 books to sea, for the use of their crews; and the smaller vessels flying the pennant have libraries containing 277 volumes; while libraries of intermediate size are furnished by the Government to H. M.'s ships of other classes. As the

Royal Navy does not consist of many ships, 80,576 volumes suffice for 181 of the Queen's vessels, giving an average of 600 books on board each ship of war.

"It is much to be wished that the crews of merchant ships were similarly provided with libraries for the voyage. It is very rarely that the employers provide any books for general reading. Hence the exertions made by the Missions to Seamen to put bags of books in the forecastles of vessels of the Mercantile Marine; and the appeal made for disused Bibles, Prayer Books, reading books of all kinds, magazines, periodicals, etc. These bags of books are, of course, small things as compared to the Government libraries in H. M.'s ships; but they are placed in the forecastles where the crew can help themselves, and are changed every short voyage. They are much valued by the men, who are very fond of reading when at sea."—*Word on The Waters, London, Eng.*

The "Dingley Shipping Bill" in San Francisco.

Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, of Honolulu, H. I., writes us from San Francisco, September 18th, 1884. We quote:—

"I have made special inquiry here, respecting the operation and working of the new United States Law. It was gratifying to learn that the working of the law was beneficial to the sailor. It has tended to increase the number of seamen in the Home, and has proved a wholesome check on the old-fashioned sailor boarding-houses. Sailors see that their best friends are those who are trying to sustain Chapels and Homes. Captains and ship-owners have been compelled to coöperate with the friends of the new law, and the friends of the sailors.

"Perhaps it is too soon to pronounce decidedly upon this matter, but present prospects are favorable. Persons not intimately acquainted with the peculiar trials which the friends of seamen have to contend with, can with difficulty appreciate the joy which they experience when witnessing the progress of the new enactment."

"BEACON LIGHTS FOR GOD'S MARINERS." *

This is the title of a gift-book for the season of 1894-'85, of which, since its make-up and imagery are largely borrowed from the sea and its belongings, we speak in some detail. It is both a dainty and a helpful book, printed on heavy cards, held within covers by silken cord, illustrated in colors, and adorned with artistic devices of ingenuity and taste. For these reasons it will, doubtless, command the interest and the patronage of very many Christian readers, who will be particularly profited by more or less frequent perusal of its selections. We make up a page or more from it, for the readers of the *MAGAZINE*, to exhibit its devotional and semi-nautical character.

Its *Dedication* is,—

"To the Captain of our Salvation, who "hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over,"—"for so he bringeth them unto their desired haven,"—the words within a ship's wheel.

The *Proem* is printed on a single page, under the heading *En Voyage*, to the left of a ship's compass, as follows:—

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it East or blow it West,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone,
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way;
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me,—trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Thro' storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it East or blow it West,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

C. A. M.

Thence "Beacon Lights" proceeds,—its citations made on one page for each day of the month, of which we print enough to give the flavor of the volume.

First Day.

(Illustration, in colors, at side,—Whale's Back Light, Portsmouth, N. H.)

"The Lord is my Light."—"I will make darkness light before them."

GOD'S PRECIOUS PROMISES! If we cherish them, they will shine out along life's pathway to light up many a dark spot. BEACON LIGHTS! May they be such to you, and not the flashing, but fixed, that you may never lose sight of them for one moment.

Capt. H. A. B.

* BEACON LIGHTS FOR GOD'S MARINERS, compiled and illustrated by Elizabeth N. Little, Author of "Pansy Text Book." Copyright by S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston, 1894.—*Illustrations* outside silver cover, in colors,—"Boston Light, looking in,"—title page, in colors,—"Boston Light, looking out."

*Second Day.**"The Lord is my Light."*

THE HUMAN LIFE VOYAGE is thickly beset on every side with the reefs of temptation and the rocks of sin.

God has put lighthouses along the coast.

"Ye are the light of the world." *"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."*

M. R. P.

*Third Day.**"The Lord is my Light."—"Thy Will Be Done."*

God's will is like a cliff of stone,

My will is like the sea;—

Each murmuring thought is only thrown

Tenderly back to me.

God's will and mine are one this day

And evermore shall be.

There is a calm in life's tossed bay,

And waves sleep quietly.

Paul Pastner.

*Fourth Day.**"The Lord is my Light."—"Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord."*

Trust on with a faith unfailling

Though never so dark the sky,

Though the seas thou art swiftly sailing

Be tossed, and the tempest wailing

A dirge as it passes by.

Thou shalt find a reward hereafter,

Far greater than thou hast guessed,

When thy tears shall be turned into laughter,

Thy heart find its perfect rest.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

At the third annual meeting of "The Christian Mission to Seamen," July 16th, '84, it was reported that in the previous twelvemonth,—largely by *stimulus* and aid from a Ladies' Auxiliary Society, recently formed, a "Seamen's Rest" had been opened. During the year 40,000 seamen were in the reach and under the influence of the Mission. Three hundred and ninety-six vessels were visited. Hospital work, Bethel Services (150) and Special Meetings, the issue of reading bags, distribution of tracts, etc., were the means employed to benefit seamen.

England.

DEVONPORT.

The following is the pledge of the R. N. P. S. referred to in the last MAGAZINE (p. 326).

ROYAL NAVAL PURITY SOCIETY.

"Keep Thyself Pure."

I promise, by the help of God, to discountenance all Licentiousness and Bad Language, and by my influence and example to try to get others to do the same; and I will ask Christ for power and strength to keep this promise.

Signed.....

Sweden.**STOCKHOLM.**

In the quarter ending August 31st, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, sailor missionary, visiting seamen, had prayer-meetings on board ship, aided in meetings of the "Women's Union for Sailors" at Gellstugan and Radmangatan, was at Dideron eight days prosecuting mission work, and also had for a time the assistance in "shore" visitation of Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, of Helsingborg, who was on a visit at S. Here, prayer meetings were sustained at the Sailors' Home. At Strangnas he spent eight days, preaching in the open air. The same labors were put forth in August,—in the three months to the extent of 115 vessels visited.

Denmark.**COPENHAGEN.**

Writing 3rd September, 1884, Rev. A. WOLLESON, sailor missionary, says:—

A Visit.

"Our beloved brother BORELLA," (our Sailor Missionary at 190 Cherry St., in New York), "has paid us a short visit. I need not tell you how glad we were to see one from your city, and especially an old and tried friend. We never forget those happy times when we worked together in New York. That, indeed, is a green spot in memory. Mr. Borella has left for London, whence he intends to return to America.

Ill—Helped.

"I am sorry to say that I have not been able to do much in the Master's service in the past six weeks. I have been and still am suffering from a very serious disease in my throat, caused by straining my voice. For more than a week I could not speak a word. In my affliction I have learned more than at any time before to thank God for the gift of speaking and singing, but I hope again in the

near future that I shall be able to tell what Jesus has done for this lost world. In the time I have been sick, the Bethel Ship has been painted inside and outside.

"Brother H. NIELSEN, emigrant missionary, beside attending to his own duty has kindly visited ships, boarding-houses and hospitals, and distributed to seamen God's Holy Word, with other religious and temperance reading-matter, and has endeavored to serve seamen and their families according to his best ability. He has now left Copenhagen on his way to America.

The Evangelical Alliance.

"The Eighth Conference of the Evangelical Alliance commenced here, 30th August, at 7 o'clock p. m., in the University, where the delegates from foreign countries received a cordial welcome, and brought affectionate greetings from their own countries. Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL, of New York, tendered friendly greeting and sympathy from the Church of Christ in America, and spoke of the large collections taken for missionary objects, and the encouragement felt in the harvest of redeemed souls. His address was answered by Rev. Mr. WAHL, who remembered how much Denmark was indebted in various ways to America. He (Mr. W.) spoke of the Church, and religious life and progress in Denmark; he regretted that the affairs of the Church were ruled by the government. Nevertheless there is an honest searching for the truth. The churches are crowded on the Sabbath, and songs of praise are heard, but yet God's word is much neglected. He stated that eight per centum of the inhabitants are dissenters.

"We heard at the Conference good news from all parts of the world. The fact is that the Church of Christ triumphantly endures the assaults of her foes, and is strengthened by the knowledge that souls redeemed are of greater value than millions of worlds.

"This Conference of the Evangelical Alliance is the first of the kind here, but it will long be remembered. A powerful influence has already followed every effort put forth in it. Words cannot express what an amount of good has been accomplished. Those who have been present at its previous meetings

spoke of this as one especially marked by divine favors.

"Rev. Mr. MONOD, from Paris, General FIELD and several other workers from England, Germany and Sweden, have kindly given us a part of their time and labor in preaching in our Bethel Ship, which has been filled to overflowing by seamen of different nationalities."

Italy.

NAPLES.

Our last report from Mr. S. BURBOWES, harbor missionary, contains the following records:—

"April 6th, 1884.—Visited the steamship *Sarah*. Found the mate, Mr. TURNER, anxious to promote temperance. By way of example he became a member of the S. T. L., and got eleven of the crew to follow his example. Sixteen sailors from H. M. S. *Falcon* held a Bible class in the reading-room of the Bethel and made themselves tea. This they repeated several times.

"April 18th.—At the annual meeting in the Bethel the Rev. Mr. BARFF, the English chaplain, and Mr. GRANT, the British Consul, advocated the spread of the temperance cause to the ports of the Mediterranean and that each local society be affiliated with the parent society at Naples. Mr. ALEXANDER of the Society of Friends said the freedom and unity in the Bethel services was encouraging.

"May 1st.—I gave a tea-meeting and entertainment to seamen. Ninety-five were present in the Bethel.

"May 9th.—Took a mission tour, visiting Sicily, Malta and Adriatic. Met with hearty reception from United States and British consuls and residents; got twenty-one persons to act as agents of the S. T. L. Left 500 pledge cards and 800 of the tracts 'Beware of Land Sharks.' At Messina held a mission for ten days, from ship to ship. The grog-shops were doing a sad work there. After five or six days no more sailors were in the filthy prison, and disorder in the ships disappeared. In this port the drink is made strong through spirits of wine and aniseed, and a seaman is stupid before he is aware of it. In several ports Sailors' Rests will be established and help given to look after poor Jack. Two thousand and twenty-six ships, manned

by 55,000 English-speaking seamen, frequent these ports and there are no missions except at Malta. The ships and men for Malta are not in the number given.

"June 18th.—Returned to Naples and was glad to hear news of help for our Society to employ a missionary agent traveling from port to port. Heretofore the public-houses and grog-shops have made sad havoc on seamen's morals, health and lives, for many have been drowned through drink. Now is a good time for the friends of seamen to take possession of the land and protect our weak brothers.

"Rev. Mr. CRAWFORD of the United States Navy, stated at a public meeting here, that he saw more disorder among his men in Mediterranean ports, than in China or Japan, owing to the want of Sailors' Homes or Institutes, where the men could go and get rest and temperance refreshments, without the danger of being drugged and robbed.

"Meetings on board Bethel and ships, 45; attendance of seamen, 836; temperance pledges, 50; visits to ships, 250; hospitals and prisons, 11; tracts and books, 1,520; tract bags, 6. For three months ending June, 1884."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Reporting for last June, Rev. F. THOMPSON, chaplain, said:—

Work Growing—New Features.

"My work grows in importance upon me every day. In addition to the very large number of foreign vessels coming to our port, there is a large number of English and Scotch mechanics, some with their families and others without, residing here in our city. They are not church-goers, and too easily fall in with the customs of the country in regard to religious habits. These must be reached.

"Many of them have formerly been connected with the sea. They are not inclined to go to any of our churches. If they can be interested, they would form a nucleus for a Mariner's Church on shore, where they and their families can have the Gospel, and at the same time Jack on shore would have a place ready to receive him, and interested ones to

care for his welfare. For this object I am working now, and hope for results under the blessing of God.

Attendance at Service.

"Our service afloat is largely attended by the ships' crews,—indeed, there is no cabin large enough to hold all that come, and many have to take seats on deck around the cabin sky light, and on the companion-way steps, where they can hear. This being the winter season we cannot hold our service on deck. The average attendance for June is not as large as it was for May, the reason being that we had two rough Sundays, when but very few could leave their ships, owing to the weather. But we have had the largest congregation this month, that we have at any time seen. If we had a Hulk to hold service on, properly fitted up, I have no doubt we would gather a congregation of 200 on the Sabbath. Our friends here will, I have no doubt, get one, by-and-by.

"There have been some interesting cases of conversion among the English apprentice boys in connection with our services in the bay. I am much encouraged. As ship-masters learn who I am, they manifest a desire to help the chaplain. I am received on board and in the Hospital and Sailors' Home with great kindness. The way is open for work in all these avenues.

"Pray that God may bless the means used, and follow with His Spirit the endeavor put forth to win the men of the sea to the Savior."

The last letter received from chaplain Thompson was dated September 3rd. His work was still gaining in strength. He wrote:—

"As I get acquainted more and more with the ship masters, they fall in with my plans, and show a warm heart to the cause. I have been able to board every English and American ship that has come into our harbor, since I first began my work. I have distributed very large amounts of reading matter.

"Our harbor is full of ships now. August and September are the two months when we have the largest number of vessels. I have established a weekly service in the Sailor's Home, and hold service in the Hospital when there are many patients there.

"Letters begin to come to me from ship masters and men, who have left us for other ports, showing that our labor

has not been in vain. A few cases of spiritual birth are beyond all doubt. Others have been quickened.

"The Sabbath congregations are on the increase. I am glad summer is approaching, for we can then hold our services on deck. Of late, no ship's cabin has been large enough to hold the audiences.

"Valparaiso is sorely in need of a revival of God's work. The men of the sea are not the only ones that need looking after. But these are my charge and shall have my best and constant efforts.

"The amount of work to be done in this bay is practically without limit. Something has been done here, for years, indeed a good deal, but there has been a lack of system and organization, necessarily so, for there has not been the man to do it. I am building up from the bottom. I find willing helpers, good advisers, and abundant sympathy among the foreign merchants, their clerks, and Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL's church. I will, by the Divine help, do all in my power for the sailor visiting these waters. Dr. T's people are carrying on a very extensive work all through this country, and are giving largely to many and various Christian enterprises, their resources being heavily taxed. And therefore it is that I ask our Society in New York to do what they can to uphold my mission financially. Great good is now being done with the means at hand, and I am promised by our merchants that a Hulk will be secured, by-and-by, for our mission in the bay. When this is done, I shall thank God and rejoice. In the meantime I will diligently employ every means at hand for the forwarding of our special work, with which both my hands and heart are full. The seed must be sown and watered, the places and persons for the harvest-gathering God will appoint. I believe in the genius of hard work. I feel sure God will own what is done for Him by sincere and devout hearts.

"I was much interested in the last annual report of the Society as published in the MAGAZINE. By-the-by, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE would be as good a tract as could be found for distribution among the ships here."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

The *Saturday Press* of Honolulu, of Sept. 27th, has record of a meeting on the 25th, at the Chinese Church in that city, at

which Christian Chinamen welcomed Mr. F. W. DAMON, their teacher, and his wife—Rev. and Mrs. S. C. DAMON, and a new native teacher just arrived from China, to their home and labors.

New York.

BROOKLYN, U. S. NAVY YARD.

Chaplain CRANE, dating October 1st, 1884, reports that temperance work has lately advanced in earnest. "The monthly meetings are crowded and enthusiastic, and our roll of membership has increased to nearly 500. I have been effectively aided in our services by Chaplain R. RANDALL HOES, of the flag-ship *Tennessee*, now in the Yard, as well as by Christian friends in Brooklyn, as heretofore noticed.

"The Sunday morning service and the Thursday evening Service of Song at the Marine Barrack's Library, commenced last May, have been continued under somewhat unfavorable circumstances, but have increased in attendance and interest. Through the kindness of Chaplain G. A. CRAWFORD, of the flag-ship *Richmond*, which returned here from the Asiatic station in August, and went out of commission, an excellent cabinet organ, and a supply of Gospel hymn books, and a lot of camp-stools, used in his services aboard ship, were turned over to me, a much needed and timely aid in connection with my barrack's services, for which we hope soon to have more adequate chapel accommodations.—During the quarter I have distributed 11,400 pages of tracts, 2,000 papers and magazines, and 44 copies of the Bible, or Testament and Psalms.—The sudden death of our genial and universally beloved commandant, Commander THOMAS SCOTT FILLEBROWN, September 27th, has cast a gloom over this naval station, the shadow of which still rests upon us. May its solemn admonition abide with us!"

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	131
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$7,830
of which \$4,885 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$2,315 were returned to boarders.	

Receipts for September, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Compton, D. W. G. Brown.....	\$ 1 00
Hanover, Cong. ch., at Dartmouth College.....	30 20
Langdon, a Friend.....	50

VERMONT.

Brattleboro, Cong. ch., of wh. L. G. Mead, \$30 for lib'y.....	37 19
Springfield, Cong. church, of wh. a Friend, \$30 for lib'y.....	25 75

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 1st Cong. church.....	47 77
Boston, "L. F. W.".....	2 00
Chicopee, 1st Church, for lib'y.....	30 70
Conway, Cong. church.....	7 00
Mrs. D. Ives.....	1 00
Dedham, 1st Cong. church.....	70 65
Fitchburg, Cong. church.....	7 00
Rehoboth, Cong. church for lib'y.....	21 00
Rockland, Cong. church.....	19 07
Rowley, Cong. ch. and S. S., in full, for library.....	10 00
South Egremont, Cong. church.....	20 00
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and Society.....	10 00
Springfield, South church.....	18 61
1st Church.....	16 73
Memorial church.....	10 00
Wakefield, Cong. church.....	13 86
Westfield, 2nd Church, for lib'y.....	23 00
West Springfield, 1st Church S. S., for library.....	20 00
Mitteneaque.....	18 08

CONNECTICUT.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	21 72
Goshen, Cong. church.....	19 86
Hartford, 1st church.....	113 36
Mansfield, Centre ch., additional.....	40
Meriden, 1st Cong. ch., to const. Mrs. John L. Billard, L. M., \$30, and for library, \$30.....	50 00
Middlebury, Cong. church.....	8 71
New Britain, a member of South Cong. church.....	5 00
Old Saybrook, Cong. church.....	17 36
Ridgefield, 1st Cong. church.....	14 00
South Killingly, Cong. church.....	1 50
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	23 21
Westbrook, Elihu Chapman.....	30 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Miss Lucy A. Huntington..	1 00
Huntington, West Neck S. S. for general library work.....	10 00
Jamaica, Pres. church.....	42 27
New York City, Madison Square Pres. church.....	50 17
P. A. H. Jackson.....	5 00
S. M. Aikman & Co.....	5 00
Capt. S. L. Tunnell, schr. B. L. Townsend, for library work.....	2 00
Capt. E. B. Goudey, bark <i>Still Water</i> , for library work.....	1 00
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Julia P. Wickes, of wh. for lib'y \$30.....	30 00

\$886 91



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From The Well-Spring.

The Beacon Light.

BY BENJAMIN F. HUBBARD.

[The author of the following sketch, the lamented son of our honored associate in the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, had powers of mind and a Christian spirit that would have blessed this world had he continued in it,—and doubtless now enrich the other world to which he passed, last summer. The sketch has appeared as a posthumous article, although prepared some time before his death, for the pages of *The Well Spring*.—ED. LIFE BOAT.]

"It will be eight months ago to-morrow, Elsie, since your father sailed away. He said we might look for him any time after the first of June, and that was yesterday."

"Do you really think he will come soon?" asked Elsie eagerly. "I want to see him so much! He promised me a nice present if I learned to read before he got back; and I *have* learned, haven't I, mother?"

"You have, my dear," she answered, "and you will give him a pleasant surprise. I hope he will come this month, when the place looks so pretty with the flowers all in bloom." And the fond wife and mother gazed wistfully across the restless sea.

"Isn't the water still, mother?" said Elsie. "It looks just as it did that morning papa bade us good by."

But the mother, with more experience than her child, looked beyond the smooth

waters of the harbor, and seeing the rolling surf answered,—“Ah, no! my child. Look at those white caps out there, and the waves breaking on the ledge close by. It is rough outside, and I fear we shall have a bad night. Come, Elsie, let us go into the house before it gets dark.” And the two walked away.

John Lamson had been a roving sailor. Six years ago, he married his pretty young wife, and bought her a home in the seaport town of S—. He had recently been appointed mate of the *Petrel*, which was now on a voyage to some South American port, with a cargo of merchandise. His wife and little girl anxiously looked for his return; but they knew that his affection for his loved ones at home was urging him on as fast as wind and weather permitted, and, happy in this thought, they patiently waited.

“Hark! did you not hear a gun, Elsie? I hear it again, and there are

people talking. Some ship is in distress. It may be your papa. If it is, he will make the harbor, if any man can; for a truer seaman never trod the deck. I must go and find out what I can." And, bidding Elsie be a good girl, she kissed her and walked out into the darkness.

Elsie felt very uncomfortable left all alone. The blinds rattled loudly with each fresh gust of wind, seeming to emphasize more forcibly to her those ominous words of her mother,—“It may be your papa.” Bed time finally dragged around, but she did not feel like sleeping. She would not neglect her prayers, however; and, kneeling on the floor, she reverently repeated the Lord’s Prayer. Then, as if to give expression to some unsatisfied longing of her heart, she continued in a half whisper:—“And, dear Lord, if that is my papa, please tell him how to steer straight, and bring him home safe; for,—for,—we love him so! Amen.”

As she rose to her feet, an idea occurred to her; and, supporting herself by a chair, she took down the lamp from the table, and started upstairs. At the first landing, she rested a moment, and, then continuing her ascent, soon reached the attic. In one corner was a row-boat with a pair of oars attached. Opposite, near the window, stood a table. Pulling it one side, she reached up to put the lamp on it; but she was too short. Looking about, she spied a large, old-fashioned family Bible bound in leather; and, using this to stand upon, she succeeded in placing the lamp before the window. Stepping back, she drew a deep sigh of relief, and said:—“There, that will do. If papa sees it, he will know we are thinking of him, and it may help him to find the way.” Groping down stairs, she went to her mother’s room, and lying down was soon fast asleep.

Several hours had elapsed, when two figures glided to the attic. The Bible, table, and lamp told their own story. For a moment, John Lamson

looked at his wife in mute astonishment. Then he said solemnly:—“That is all that saved our lives, wife. I stood at the wheel myself. You know our house is the first one after you round the point. I saw neighbor Finley’s light, and mistook my bearings. Suddenly, this lamp flashed out in the darkness; and I changed my course just in time. Less than a quarter of a league beyond lay Hazard Reef, and no ship’s crew ever got off those rocks alive. Where is the child?”

“Go softly, John,” she answered, “you may disturb her.”

On tiptoe, the two went down stairs; and, as he approached the bed, he lifted his lantern till the light fell across Elsie’s face. Then he stood still for a moment; and, brushing back the gathering tears from his weather-beaten face, he stooped down and gently kissed the sleeping child.

“Leave the lamp where it is, wife,” he said. “Some other poor fellow may be looking for its guiding rays. Heaven help such a one on a night like this. Let us go back again.” And, leading the way, they soon reached the attic. He took up the well-worn Bible and read a psalm of thanksgiving. Then, closing the book, he offered a fervent, grateful prayer to Him “who walketh upon the wings of the winds” and “hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand.”

Ingenious Orioles.

On the western side of Central Park, New York, very near One-hundred and third street and Eighth avenue, stands a row of elm trees, difficult to approach on account of a heavy growth of syringa bushes around them. On a branch of one of the trees, about sixteen feet from the ground, a pair of Baltimore orioles set to building a nest. They chose the extreme end of the bough, with evident intention of making it a hazardous experiment for any bird-nester to attempt to molest them. But in their excess of

caution they appeared not to observe what the few persons whose eyes were keen enough to see. The first labors of the little architects proved that the branch was much too slender to support so large a nest as an oriole builds.

When the nest was about two-thirds finished the birds saw their mistake. The branch had bent so low that it was getting perilously near the grass. Work was at once stopped, and the builders sat close together for a long time, and seemed to be discussing the situation. Finally, they flew side by side to a bough about fifteen inches over the one on which their nest was, and leaning over, inspected the distance. They seemed to be satisfied, and though it was growing rapidly dusk, the birds flew away in opposite directions. In the morning it was found that they had firmly secured their habitation, and prevented the branch from bending lower, by passing a piece of white string, which they had found somewhere in the Park, over the upper bough, and fastening both ends of it securely to the nest. The building then went rapidly on, and the orioles are now engaged in hatching their eggs. Very few persons have seen the nest, and there is a fair prospect that their skill and ingenuity will soon be rewarded by a brood of young orioles.

The Baltimore oriole is a very intelligent bird, but a New York ornithologist who saw the nest, said he had never seen an achievement quite equal to this one before. He says the art of knitting fibres or string together is known to many birds. The weaver bird of India builds its nest out of a large, strong leaf, which is stitched together at the edges, making a compact and closely adhering funnel.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Unseen Hand.

"Thank you very much; that was such a help to me," said a sick woman, as she dropped exhausted on her pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be lifted or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by.

"I did nothing to help you, dear. I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without touching you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."

"That was just it," said the invalid, with a bright smile; "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear or feel you. I knew I was safe all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added,—

"What a sweet thought this has brought to my mind! It is the same with my heavenly Friend, 'Fear not, for I will be with thee,' is the promise, and thanks be to God, I know he is faithful that promise. I can neither see, hear nor touch Him with the mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are 'the Everlasting Arms.'"—*Cottager and Artisan.*

Finally, A Success.

Dannecker, a German sculptor, worked two years upon a statue of Christ. Then he called a little girl into his studio, and pointing to the figure, asked, "Who is that?"

"Some great man," answered the child. The artist simply said, "I have failed. I will begin anew."

He worked six years, and then again brought the same maiden into his studio. "Who is it now?" he asked.

She gazed at the statue long and silently. Then bowing her head, and with tears in her eyes, answered, "It is He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

The sculptor laid aside his chisel. He knew his statue was a success.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During September, 1884, thirty-six loan libraries, ten new and twenty-six reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,159-8,168, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,951, 7,954, 7,955, 7,956 and 7,965, at Boston.

The twenty-six libraries reshipped were:—

No. 1,331; No. 6,843; No. 6,580; No. 6,667; No. 6,837; No. 7,179; No. 7,251; No. 7,668; No. 7,806;
 " 5,783; " 6,438; " 6,603; " 6,714; " 7,057; " 7,188; " 7,634; " 7,699; " 8,018.
 " 5,930; " 6,543; " 6,643; " 6,780; " 7,065; " 7,203; " 7,661; " 7,763;

The Snow Prayer.

A little girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray for, my dear?"

"I prayed the Snow Prayer, mamma, that I heard in the Sunday-school."

"The Snow Prayer! what do you mean, little one?"

"I mean that beautiful Snow Prayer in the Bible, mamma; you know it: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

MR. MARSH, at a recent meeting, having referred to the fact that though many *read*, but very few really *study* the Bible, remarked that it was noted in one of the great diamond fields of South Africa, that black men got more diamonds than white men, and the reason was found to be that *they got on their knees to work*. Let us all imitate them in this respect, and search for the precious truths of God, which are hidden to the careless, but are discoverable to those who work upon their knees.—*The Lutheran.*

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

President.

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., Secretary.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., Treasurer.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKE, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

SAILORS' ^{THE} MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 56,

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 12.

From Word on the Waters, London, Eng.

“CAST THE NET ON THE RIGHT SIDE.”

Any worker entering upon spiritual work among sailors discovers himself in a field of new experience. In method, in nature, and in effect, this great work is unique. What constitutes the success of parochial pastoral work may fail to attract or arouse the transitory sailor,—a man accustomed on the one hand to months of life at sea limited by the narrow bounds of ship life, and on the other hand to a few weeks on shore of intoxicating amusements and foolish wastefulness. Spiritual work among sailors is as different from spiritual work in the usual labor field of the clergyman as a shipboard life in its circumstances, its surroundings, and its varieties differs from the life of a country homestead.

God's workers are led to employ various means. As the husbandman of the Nile Valley, casting his seed upon the waters, goes forth to sow and in due season gathers in his ripened harvest with

customs and methods far different to those of our own land, so the Chaplain to a Seamen's Mission, in a far different manner from his fellow-worker among parish surroundings, casts his precious seed upon the waters and waits for the harvest time. More than to anything else the work bears a resemblance to missionary labor, in which, however, we are more accustomed to appreciate the difficulties of the toil.

Until this innate peculiarity is recognized and understood no one can appreciate sailor work. It is absolutely necessary to know that sailor life is totally different from town life,—that sailors are wholly formed with their peculiar characteristics, and are utterly unlike landmen, and that this difference in life and thought is the groundwork of all efforts for their welfare,—moral or spiritual,—before any observer can appreciate or sympathize in the labors of a seaman's

chaplain. Does the master of a garden cultivate the lily and the rose alike? Does the sculptor employ the same methods of working and use the same tools to model a free-stone capital and a granite monument? No, for in either case the subjects of the toil are different. Just so does the sailor need a worker, a method, and an influence suited to himself.

With this knowledge, then, take a glance at this mission work in the seaport town of Newport. Here annually some 10,000 sea-faring men come and go like birds of passage.

Granted that the Chaplain is there,—the Mission Church opened,—the Institute at work,—and the Scripture-reader ready. How is the sailor to be reached? Does he seek the Mission church and the Institute on his first landing? No! Either the nearest public-house or the toils of some foul parasitical deceiver are too often his first resort. Sometimes the Mission sees him when these have utterly bled him and turned him out destitute, but it seeks to save him from them. How can this be done? The Institute, situate close by the Shipping Office where sailors always congregate, attracts some men. Steady and sober men bring others with them. But the great mass of the men have to be sought. The Chaplain and his Reader must seek,—literally seek,—the men out on their ships or in the boarding-houses,—attempt to cultivate a personal regard and sympathy with them continually, and often lead them by the arm (actually and not figuratively) to the Mission Church. It is not enough to invite the men to entertainments or service. In visiting fifty promises to attend may be had, and perhaps not half-a-dozen will be kept. If, however,

the sailor gets an interest in his visitor he will probably come. A very slight sympathetic chain will draw him. Take an instance which actually happened a short while since. A visitor has left an invitation with the only sailor he finds on board a ship,—a forbidding-looking fellow just cleaning up of a Saturday evening. As he turns to leave he offers his hand.

"My hands ain't clean enough to shake hands," says the man.

"Never mind, if it's your lot to have your hands soiled, it can't hurt another to touch them."

And the hand-shake is given. Next day that sailor attends Divine service for the first time for many long years. Nothing whatever but a personal feeling of kindness brought him,—nothing else would have done so.

The sailors then are sought by regular and continuous visiting. The first attraction offered them is the Institute, a house suitably furnished, where the men can sit as long as they please, and read, write, or play bagatelle. With this the men's confidence in the mission work rises. They reflect thus,—the man who provides these comforts for us without expense to ourselves is a true friend. Their minds are favorably disposed to what they know is another part of the same kindness,—the religious and spiritual work.

But there is yet another attraction,—a means of getting touch of the sailors. Every Tuesday and Friday an entertainment, opened with prayer and concluding with one or two good temperance addresses, stamped with the Gospel Seal, is given. Ladies come from the town to sing, gentlemen to sing and speak. Sometimes the sailors roll forth their own crude songs,—always in perfect good

taste. A few weeks ago a sailor sang "'Tis a flower from my mother's grave," with power enough to move the hearers to tears. These entertainments are kept up all the year round, and in drawing the sailors together constitute a good part of the success of the Mission.

So much for these things. They are, however, only preparatory. In many things,—as for instance in ploughing, breaking and harrowing land for wheat,—the preparatory toil is the severest portion of the labor. So it is here.

But the seed-sowing is the labor for which the soil is prepared. On Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and in the two Sailor Churches on Sunday evening, Divine service takes place. Four times a month is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered. Every morning of every week-day a band of bearded, rough-handed bronzed men, sometimes numbering fifty, sometimes but a dozen, are gathered together for a short service at the Institute, where the largest room, the service room, is but about 15 feet in length. Sometimes the staircase leading to it is crowded with men attentively joining in the service, or listening to the address. And this, too, is a week-day morning service. What shame it throws upon the two or three who too often attend such services in large, high, and sumptuously furnished churches! Then, again, on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, there is an evening service at the larger Mission Church. Besides, there are short services on board ship, and many a talk with some inquiring one.

What is the result? Perhaps a boy of many prayers, now a hardened careless man, visited and influenced, pleased by the Institute

and the entertainment, hears the service and the sermon. What a flood of memories is aroused! His soul awakes. Perhaps a drunken sailor has at the entertainment signed his pledge, attends the service, and then seeks personal conversation with the Chaplain. Perhaps a runaway youth, thoughtless, but influenced to come, is struck by the story of the prodigal son. Perhaps a heart-broken captain, mourning wife or child, hears of the mourner's comfort.

This is the work. Here can you see the good seed floating upon the waters and settling down in congenial, heaven-prepared soil. Here is the Cross of Christ uplifted. Here is the heart and soul of the Mission with its warm life-giving flood.

When the sailor is found bathed in tears mourning his sins,—when the drunkard is found clothed and in his right mind, sober, industrious and godly,—when the sailor's wife, known of old as careless and indifferent to religion, is found changed to a godly woman, foremost in every good work,—when at one service four or six men stay to seek in prayer and holy instruction the way of life,—when a godly captain and his whole crew are found together joining in hearty worship,—when the veteran sailor kneels among youths and maidens at the altar rails, for confirmation,—when bronzed and weather-beaten faces, solemn and yet joyous in their expression, kneel to take the Communion, then,—for all these cases are taken from real life, and not the product of the imagination,—then we say, "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes," and cry from the bottom of our hearts, "God bless the Mission among the sailors."

T. B. R. W.

From the Christian Union.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN LABRADOR.

Readers of the *MAGAZINE* who have followed the fortunes of the Labrador Mission, which we have aided since its establishment in 1874, will be interested in the following description of religious service in that locality, by Mr. FRANK H. CONVERSE:—

Imagine, if you can, a bleak, barren, and ledgy shore, without the slightest vestige of tree or shrub. Far inland a hazy background of greenish blue gives evidence of a belt-line of the stunted pine, fir, birch, and witch-hazel growth constituting a Labradorian forest. But along the coast the principal evidences of vegetation are only patches of gray-green mosses which crown the reddish-veined rocks older than time itself, at whose feet the ocean-surges are perpetually chafing.

I am sitting in the quiet stillness of a summer Sabbath afternoon, on an irregular mass of rock overlooking the sea, while from beneath the surf is sending up its monotonous chant as it has been doing for countless ages, as though protesting against the decree of Him who formed the rocky barrier upon which is graven in mystic letters, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." My resting-place is the breech of an ancient cannon, which, incrustured with barnacles, was recovered by some fishermen from the wreck of a French privateer, which, pursued by an English frigate, ran ashore on Wreckers' Reef, a hundred and fifty years ago, and all hands perished. Before me lies the broad Atlantic, with here and there a tiny sail in the distance, and, most interesting sight of all, scores of small icebergs from a hundred to a hundred and twenty or thirty feet high,

which, drifting down through the Straits of Belle Isle, have by the set of the current been drawn shoreward, where they have grounded in forty or fifty fathoms of water, from a mile to a mile and half from shore.

Yet the temperature of the soft south wind is unchanged by their presence. It is now midsummer, and the breeze that comes to me with healing in its wings is the same, I fancy, which gently breathes upon the loved ones a thousand miles away. This may be poetic; for, truth to tell, these loved ones of mine are residents of a city where, for the greater part of the year, the weather-vane points due east. But I like to think so, all the same.

Every now and then a distant roar and rumble, as of a coming thunder-storm, reaches my ears, as, worn and weakened by the action of wind and wave and melting rains, some great mass of ice is detached from a lofty berg, and goes crashing down into the sea. Behind me is a flagstaff, from which a blue pennant with the word "Bethel," in white letters, flutters at half mast, signifying to the few inland dwellers that a Sunday-school service will be held at three P. M.,—the regular morning preaching service being announced by hoisting the pennant to the masthead.

Though a somewhat resonant name, *Bonne Esperance* is not a town, not even a village, but an unpretentious fishing hamlet.

Some half a dozen wretchedly poor families live in scattered board buildings, called by courtesy houses. *The* wealthy man of the community occupies a comfortable-looking two-story building a stone's throw from his extensive fish sheds and wharves, all of which he has built up by his own industry since twenty odd years ago he came here, an ordinary fisherman from one of the seaboard towns of New England. A board shanty where the score or more fishermen that he hires each season in Newfoundland are lodged and receive their coarse rations, the minister's humble residence, and the little mission chapel, guiltless of steeple or bell, make the sum total of Bonne Esperance buildings. The only thing else to see is the fleet of twenty-five or thirty boats moored near the wharf, the seines drying on great tent-like frameworks, and a dozen or more big dogs of part Esquimaux, part Newfoundland blood, eager to make the acquaintance of the casual stranger. Stop! I forgot; there is something else: black flies and mosquitoes by countless thousands.

I never before have so fully realized the meaning of the expression "Sabbath stillness." For the Labradorian, as well as his opposite neighbor, the Newfoundlander, is a strict Sabbatarian, and would no more think of the most harmless form of recreation on that day than our French Canadian pilot would sail from port without devoutly attending his church and confessional. Only a short time ago, one of the residents of the place, being out of food,—too proud to beg, too poor to buy,—ventured out in his boat after fish on a Sabbath afternoon. On the following morning a num-

ber of fishermen, who had seen him set forth, banded together, and deliberately destroyed his boat,—the only means of subsistence he had,—as an act of retributive justice.

I had not intended going to the Sunday-school. An unshaven face, blue shirt, and the year or two old suit of clothes affected by the average yachtsman are hardly the correct thing for a church interior. But seeing one or two sturdy fishermen with soiled trousers tucked into the tops of their heavy sea boots, and otherwise appareled in striped jerseys and sou'westers, entering the door, I take heart of grace, and follow on.

Taking my seat in a remote corner, I glance around. The walls are of unpainted boards, against which hang two or three framed mottoes. Three small windows on either side admit the light. There are wooden settees and chairs enough to seat nearly a hundred; but I learn, later, that even the annual attempt at a church festival fails to fill much more than half of them.

Presently two swarthy young men, with rather high cheek bones and stiff black hair, appear in the chapel entry, bearing between them a pocket edition of the Mason & Hamlin organ, which they carry up the aisle and put in position. While I am speculating as to the cause of this precautionary measure (for at the close of each service the organ is taken to a neighbor's house for safe keeping), more of the congregation begin to arrive. There are four young girls who have walked nearly as many miles over the precipitous ledges and through the steep sheep paths between their humble homes and the chapel. They are neatly dressed, and I notice that

even in the remote and waste places of Labrador there is an attempt to follow,—at a distance, and in a very humble manner, to be sure,—the decree of last year's fashion. Then, too, boy nature seems very much the same in Labrador as elsewhere it probably has been since the world began.

For I hear without the half-suppressed whooping and shouting of the irrepressible Boy, followed by a vigorous thumping upon the side of the building with a stick. All at once there is a sudden cessation, the cause of which is quickly made manifest by the appearance of a pleasant-faced young woman, who ushers in a straggling collection of red-cheeked boys, very much tousled as to their heads of unkempt hair, and with faces shining by reason of recent ablutions. The foremost boy has a dilapidated cap pressed against, and partially into, his mouth, evidently to suppress his unseemly mirth at the apprehension and capture of himself and companions in mischief. They seat themselves with the usual amount of scuffling and pushing which seems a component part of the from eight to ten year old youth, and a decorous silence ensues as the tall and somewhat bent form of good Mr. ROBERTS, the minister, enters. As he looks over his list of hymns, I study his face attentively. It is a good face, and, after hearing his opening prayer, I tell myself that, if not a brilliant scholar, Mr. Roberts is an earnest Christian man, of deep convictions, whose life of self-denial in this barren land, as I afterward learn of it, tells more forcibly than words do of his determination to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified.

The hymn which follows is one

of those which, unlike some of the ephemeral and so-called sacred songs of the day, will live through coming ages. The small organ is badly out of tune, the organist not a thoroughly accomplished musician, and the singing is not in perfect accord; but somehow, as the tenderly familiar words of "Sweet Hour of Prayer" ascend heavenward, I am insensibly carried in spirit back to a prayer-room familiar to other days, and, to my own surprise no less than to the intense gratification of the small boys before alluded to, all of whom turn with one accord and stare me wonderingly in the face, I find myself joining in the familiar hymn with a voice that is distinguished far more for strength than sweetness.

I am invited to join the Bible class, which is composed of the two fishermen alluded to (one of whom cannot read, while the other has advanced as far as words of three letters, having attended the mission school in the winter), the two young men with a suspicion of Esquimaux or Indian blood in their veins, and the three young women. I notice that the pleasant-faced girl has her class of boys in admirable training, and their bright, eager questions and answers regarding the Bible lesson show that there is good foundation being surely if slowly formed, upon which hereafter shall be built the superstructure of a Christian life.

I could have wished that the day's lesson might have been other than the chapter in Exodus descriptive of certain of the plagues sent upon King Pharaoh by the hand of the Almighty. For my own part, in consonance with my present surroundings, I should like to have talked over, or heard

talked over, the fishing scenes by Lake Gennesaret, or listened to a practical exegesis of the chapter wherein He walked by the seaside holding sweet converse with those who afterward became fishers of men. But, of course, I say nothing of all this, and as the good pastor's strong sense of duty forbids the omission of a single verse of the chapter, we all listen in respectful silence to its exposition; and as he asks his scholars no questions to draw out their own particular line of thought, I venture to propound a question or two to Mr. Roberts, and also to suggest one or two very brief thoughts which have been drawn from the lesson itself, rather to the astonishment of the others, who regard me with open-mouthed curiosity, as one who has had the temerity to depart from established customs.

The lesson is finally finished, and the congregation of a baker's dozen file decorously out, each receiving a hand-shake and kindly word from the pastor, who stands in the aisle, speaking to each and all as they pass him.

After the organ has been carried away, I stand talking with Mr. Roberts. He tells me that for seventy miles to the northward and sixty miles south of Bonne Esperance there is not a Protestant church in Labrador; that his mission chapel numbers fourteen male members, the most of whom are away in summer, fishing, while in winter the weather is so severe that many of them who live at a distance are kept from attending the service, so that oftentimes he preaches to but two or three, parishioners and church members included.

He tells me of the godly man who some years since conceived

the idea of mission work in this benighted land of stolid ignorance; of his untiring efforts to interest the wealthy Protestant people at St. Johns, N. B., in its behalf, and his joy when the mission was finally established; of the mission school connected with it, where old Johnny Colton, the Esquimaux, sat side by side with lads of a tender age, learning to print the alphabet on a broken bit of slate; of the heroic lady teacher from New England who volunteered her services and gave her life to the work, after which she went home to heaven. Reservedly enough, as I tried to draw him out a little, he spoke of his own privations at times,—of the hard, cold, cruel winters when drifting snows and bitter cold begin the last of October and last till May; of hunger and sickness and suffering in his own family. "But it was nothing as compared with the sufferings of the poor creatures about us," he said, sadly.

"A sterile soil in which to plant the good seed," I said, glancing involuntarily about me at the treeless, rocky land, the cheerless-looking dwellings, and calling to mind the heavy, impassive faces of most of the Labradorians I had seen.

"True," answered the good pastor, mildly, as with earnest eyes he looked thoughtfully out over the sea (most fitting emblem of eternity); "but has not the Master commanded to 'sow beside all waters?'" And I was silent, while for the moment, as I bade the minister adieu, and walked slowly away in the direction of my vessel, I fully recognized my own littleness as compared with this man's self-denying greatness, especially upon learning afterward

that he had given up a far more lucrative pastorate in Canada that he might come down to this desolate region and break the bread

of life to those who stand so sorely in need of it. And thus ended my first Sabbath in Labrador.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

HOW ONE SEAMAN CAME BACK TO GOD.

The deep interest of the following record, lately handed to us by a friend, will be manifest to every reader, and draw them to its careful perusal. It is dated,—

S. S. GULF STREAM,
AT SEA, September 7th, 1884.

Rev. A. H. B——,

Dear Sir:—I have often wished, since my conversion, that I could meet you and relate the wonderful experiences that I have passed through in my short Christian life. I was first moved by the Holy Spirit under a sermon that you preached at May's Landing, N. J., I should think more than twenty years ago. The text was:—"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I prayed that night for the Lord to remove certain sins, not knowing that His blood could cleanse me from all sin. I thought I had to save myself by stopping one thing at a time,—not realizing that the work had been done by our blessed Savior on the Cross, that it was finished, and it only remained me to believe it and accept Him as my personal Savior.

This seed sown then laid dormant until the 21st of March, 1881, when the scales fell from my eyes in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Tabernacle. My conversion was very quick, but left no doubts in my mind of the power of Jesus to save. It was about half past 9 o'clock when I was moved from my seat by the Spirit, notwithstanding I held to the pew until

my grip was broken. After going to the front-pew in the church, I fell down upon my knees, and was blinded so that I could not see. My strength left me and I felt myself sinking down lower and lower until I cried to the Lord in prayer. My prayer was,—*Lord help me.* I repeated this three times, when my sight came back. It was like coming out of a dungeon into the blaze of an electric light,—and I knew that minute that Jesus saved me, and I declared it there.

Things that I hated when I came into church I now loved, and things that I loved I now hated. I was a completely changed man. I went home that night and read the Bible until one o'clock in the morning, when my wife woke up and asked me if I were not coming to rest. I replied that the Bible was such a blessed book to me that I cared nothing about sleep. It has been a precious book to my soul ever since.

The Lord led me out next morning in the work of saving souls, and as far as I can judge by human knowledge, I have been the instrument in his hands of bringing hundreds of souls to Christ. They are scattered in various churches, and some in missionary work. Numbers have been brought into this glorious

light on different vessels I have commanded. I was soon taught to put my whole trust in Jesus,—taught that I could not do anything in my own strength. I have had, moreover, wonderful answers to prayers, that I should be pleased to relate to you should we ever meet.

I was a child of many prayers. I often think now how Lucy E—— used to plead and pray for me. Her life comes up before me now as plain as though it was but yesterday. I can now understand why she was so interested in my salvation and I understand that joy and peace that she possessed in her last moments on earth. I can also understand why my dear teacher J. C——took such a deep interest in me and prayed over me when I was violating the Sabbath.

How much I want to see him and tell him what the Lord has done for me, and how his prayers have been answered! Will you kindly give me his address if you have it? Our late brother H. J——labored with me from time to time also.

I have so much to thank the good Lord for in His sparing my life to come unto Him. My great desire now is the salvation of souls and, as I have said, the Lord has graciously blessed my work. I have eight professing Christians on board. Three of them first knelt with me in prayer, and are now workers in His vineyard. My work in Charleston is chiefly in the prison and hospital, and among the poor in the outskirts of the city. Almost every day of my life is spent in such service of the Lord. He has used me successfully in the reformation of the drunkard. One man was

who had been a drunkard eleven years, and his three children were in the Orphan House. He is now attending Divine service, clothed and in his right mind.

My prayer for the sick has been answered when one had been given up by five physicians, and after it had been decided that she could not live a day longer. She walked on the third day from my ship to a carriage. She was brought on board in a bed and could only whisper.

Should we ever meet, I could tell you of Him. He has used me in the market and on the ferry-boat, and on the street. I was so timid when first converted that I would go to the church-door and then turn away, go the second time and turn away again for fear that the ministers would call on me to pray or speak. But, blessed be God! “perfect love casteth out all fear.” I am willing, now, to be used. Rev. Dr. TALMAGE used to call me out before four or five thousand people when I was only a week old in my Christian life. It was the same in other churches and missions. And I am now thankful that they did, for it made me stronger in the Lord. Well, I have written more than I thought I would when I commenced, but it seems that the Lord has been so good to me that I must tell it. I know that Jesus saves me now, which gives me great joy. To-morrow does not trouble me. All I have is the Lord's, and the blessed Savior bought me with His precious blood. He died that I might live. Praise His dear name! I will be pleased to hear from you when convenient to write.

Yours respectfully,
L. W. P.

"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

I PETER, v. 7.

What! all our burdens—every little trial,—
 The cares that seem so very, very small?
 We know that heavy griefs he soothes and lightens.
 But does He note, and will He carry all?

When at our waking, everything seems dreary,
 And all day long our spirits are at strife
 With little, never ending, ever changing
 Annoyances that fill the thread of life;

And when we do our best, yet fail of pleasing,
 And they to whom our very lives are given,
 So little comprehend, so little heed us,—
 Do these things touch the heart of Christ in heaven?

And may we tell Him all things, nor offend Him?
 Will He not weary of our ceaseless 'plaint?
 And does He care to have us bring before Him
 Our every need with child-like unconstraint?

Oh, yes! Thou never yet hadst any trial,
 However trivial it has seemed to be,
 That did not hold the sympathy of Jesus,
 And bind His heart still closer unto thee.

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
 Doing the little things, or resting quite,
 May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
 Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
 Clearing a path that every eye may see!
 Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence,
 Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
 By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
 But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
 Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee!
 Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!
 'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
 If in it all we sought to do His will.

Christian Standard.

SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and a warm arm-chair in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth he had that afternoon received in his counting room the agent of one of the principal charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not well know how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he, "that I am made of money, I believe; this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expense,—building and fitting up this house,—carpets, curtains,—no end to new things to be bought,—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity. Then there are the bills for the girls and boys; they all say they must have twice as much as before we came in to this new house: wonder if I did right in building it?" and Mr. A—— glanced up and down the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and drowsy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed,—he was asleep.

In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it,

and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then, turning to Mr. A——, presented him with a paper.

"It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he, "you know all of the wants of that cause that can be told you. I called to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some minutes silent before he could reply at all, and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the excuse which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before,—the hardness of the time, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, etc.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegances and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society. Have you anything to add to it? You know how much it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A—— was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the mild manner of

the stranger that restrained him, and he answered that, although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to *any* of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do *nothing more* for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate. Now the objects increase every day: all call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as in another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled to his soul:—

"One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying; you could not sleep for agony. Upon whom did you call all that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed upon him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that awed and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the

brink of the grave and thought that if you died then you would leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone,—"*Do you remember fifteen years since,—that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent days and nights in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?*"

"It was my God and Savior!" said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. "O yes, it was He."

"And has *He* ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a tone of reproachful sweetness. "Say," he added, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of *Him*, if *He*, from this night, will ask no more from you?"

"O never, never," said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but as he spoke those words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

It Is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood; he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And thar's Mrs. Brown; she's put down \$5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet

ain't any of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her own son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for a while, but she'll pay it."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate. He went on: "There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North district and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience the time she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul, and where he works you'll generally see the fruits in giving. And there's John Baker, he put down \$1, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning, \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. C. Williams, \$10. Good for him. He said the other night to prayer meeting that he'd been reading his Bible more than usual lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful and didn't want to be in his company."—*The Advance*.

The Shipwrecked Sailor and His Treatment.

This sailor was converted in the Mariners' Church, New York, and there related the following account of his shipwreck:—

The ship left London bound

for Bombay, twenty-six men all told. The captain was a young Englishman of twenty-six years old. One night when on the lookout, about twenty minutes past ten, I discovered we were in shallow water among the rocks near the shores of Portugal, 300 miles out of our course. I gave the alarm but no captain appeared on deck, as he and the officers were intoxicated in the cabin. The sailors hastened from their berths with their clothes in hand, but all efforts to save the ship were in vain, and in five minutes from the alarm the ship struck an immense boulder. All went down.

In less than three minutes seven of us were on the surface of the water; all the rest perished. We swam for a boat that had become detached from the ship, and was a short distance away. One of our number, the engineer, was immediately killed in the boat, by the sea striking him, and another was washed overboard. I shall never forget the heartrending shriek he gave as he rose for the last time, and we were unable to save him.

I, with the other four, remained in the boat, which was tossed about half full of water, and we had nothing to bale it out with. It being cork, it could not sink. A little after four o'clock in the morning we realized more fully our condition from the faint dawn, and the lighthouse on the cape, and all leaped from the tossing boat into an immense roller; then I cried out, "Now, boys, everyone for himself!" The roller carried us in near the shore, and when our feet touched the sand we started to run, with the water up to our waists.

I never shall forget my feelings as I touched sand, and in my excited condition I felt that the

waves were following me! The others pressed on until they reached the shore; some lay down exhausted on the grass; others, not able to go further, lay on the beach. The Signal Service officer soon came and took us to the station, gave us dry clothes and hot coffee, and we all lay down on the floor for rest.

The next day an English nobleman came by request of the King of Portugal, and conducted us to the large reception room of the king's country residence. A number of members of the Court, and ladies and gentlemen were assembled, 200 or more. The interpreter asked us questions, and the king, who spoke good English, and the ladies also questioned us. The king noticed something in my

breast pocket, and asked, "What is that?" I said, "It's the word of God," and showed him the little Testament you gave me nearly two years ago. It was pretty well weather-stained, and they passed it round, all looked at it, and then returned it.

I saved my life, the clothes on my back, and my Testament, but lost everything else.

The ladies and gentlemen collected about £15 for us, and after being there about two hours we came away.

The English minister sent for us to go to Lisbon that night; and after several days' trial by the laws of the Admiralty we were put on board a steamer as cabin passengers to London, and so got safely home.—*Chart and Compass.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

For the three months ending September 30th, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT reports that besides other labor, he visited 106 vessels. In July, at Stockholm, he met several Seamen's Missionaries, among them Messrs. ERICKSSON and LJUNGBERG, our own laborers, and conferred with them. By God's blessing upon his preaching, a young man who had previously resisted the truth was brought to the feet of Jesus, as was also a woman who was a "sinner." Several men-of-war were at anchor in the roadstead during the summer, and the captain of one, the *Norrköping*, inviting Rev. Mr. H. to preach on board, he found among the crew several "believing Christians." At Ramlosa, six miles south of Helsingborg, where has been great ungodliness, and where Rev. Mr. W. has

wrought, several souls were converted. "Dear brethren," he concludes, "pray for me that I may be able to get many, many souls to the Kingdom of God."

— — —
GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERICKSSON, sailor-missionary, writes, October 2nd, that during the previous three months, besides laboring at G., he had visited Stockholm, Soderhamm, Hudickswall, and adjacent harbors, visiting vessels and distributing to their crews the Word of Life. He reports favorable reception, save that one Austrian sailor "would throw a scoop of hot water over me, but he miscarried." The Lord did not leave his servant without witness, for "some sinners were awakened out of their sleep in sin, and led to inquire for salvation."—"A sailor converted at Skutskar last Whitsuntide was found to be "grow-

ing in grace and very glad and happy in God."—"I have also met with several (seamen) this summer who told me that eighteen years ago they were 'pricked in their hearts' when listening to my preaching and now they have given their hearts to Jesus." The work of the Temperance Unions has been good, among the sailors.

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

From Buttle and Wisby, JOHN LINDELIUS, sailor-missionary, reports that his great age has prevented his doing much work, although he did, in the summer, visit nearly a score of vessels. "I will do what I can," he says, "and pray to the Lord for His servants, and for the progress of His Kingdom. He has promised to listen to our prayers."

France.

MARSEILLES.

The last letter received from Chaplain HUNTINGTON was dated October 1st, but reached us too late for use in the November MAGAZINE. As a portraiture of experience during the cholera plague, and of manly, resolute discharge of duty in peril, we have been so much interested by it, as to print it almost entire:—

"Thank God, I and mine have, as you hoped, all passed unscathed through the fiery trial of the last three months. It was not so much the epidemic which was so hard to face, as the terrible panic and abject terror which seized all minds. The week, commencing July 6th, will long be remembered as the week of terror. Seventy thousand people fled, many shops were closed, all at sunset; business was at a stand-still. Everywhere there was an all-pervading smell of phenic acid and other disinfectants; bon fires were lighted in every street and boulevard, which left a red and lurid canopy over the town by night. I had made arrangements at the end of June to visit England, (which I have not seen for nine years), when the first few heavy drops which precede the coming storm warned me that I must not be absent from my post. Our Scripture Reader who was

fagged and frightened, and was suffering from inflammation in the eyes, owing to the glare of the port, needed rest, so I gave him a six weeks' holiday and undertook the whole duty myself. The Sailors' Home was virtually closed, as the men, owing to the epidemic, were not allowed to come on shore; indeed, round many ships a cordon of policemen was stationed to prevent them from landing. The consuls refused to sanction the discharge of any sailors, or to allow them to be left behind during the epidemic. The evening services at the Home were consequently discontinued and instead of them I had a service each Sunday evening on board some ship in the port.

"It was a golden opportunity. I was sure to find the men all on board their ships, and all sober, and I enjoyed a warm welcome at such a time from both officers and men. The former I supplied with books and newspapers, the latter with tracts and magazines. Many pleasant hours I have spent in the fore-castle chatting with the men, telling them stories and sometimes ending with a short service. I have distributed about 300 tracts and books, supplied by the Religious Tract Society and the Christian Knowledge Society, besides many others sent me for distribution from America. To these I may add forty of Moody and Sankey's Hymn Books, 200 of Spurgeon's Sermons, and a large number of single Gospels, the penny edition. It has been my experience that men who will not read their Bibles will often read quite through a single Gospel, and thus sometimes I would hope a desire for the whole book is suggested.

"The fetid and pestilential state of the water in the harbor, and the almost tropical heat made the daily visitation of the shipping a work of much fatigue and some risk. Three of the ships were visited by cholera, others were attacked after leaving port. On one occasion I had arranged for a service to be held on Sunday evening, July 20th, on board the *Rishanglys*. On going thither at 7 p. m., the captain, leaning over the bulwark, said:—'I am sorry, sir, to disappoint you, we cannot have a service this evening, we have had a case on board, and we are in quarantine. The men from other ships have been told that they are not to come on board.' I replied, 'why should we not have a service on your ship?' He looked surprised and said,—'I did not expect you would like to come on board, sir, and the men are not dressed, but if you don't mind, I'll see what I can do.'

We had service in his cabin. I addressed them from *Titus 2, 11-14*. It was a very earnest service, the sermon and prayer *ex tempore*. The captain was a Wesleyan. Fourteen of the crew were present, and I gave them each a copy of Moody and Sankey's hymn book as a remembrance.

"Of those who attended the service I met two afterwards at the Pharo. or Cholera Hospital. A third died there before I knew that he had been taken ill. During the months of July and August we had only five men as boarders in the Home,—two who had been left behind at the General Hospital, two others who came from the Pharo, convalescent, and whom we kept a long time, as no captain would take them from fear of infection, and one poor fellow whom I took out of charity, as he was destitute and unable to find a ship.

"The epidemic is almost entirely over; there are still some two or three cases a day, but it has left the town in a healthier condition than it has ever known, and it is a proof of what may be done by giving a town a good cleansing and attending to sanitary regulations."

China.

HANKOW.

A new building, to be used for a "Sailor's Rest," the result of labor in the collection of funds in England and in Hankow, by Mrs. JOHN, wife of Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN, was recently dedicated and opened for its beneficent uses. It has three rooms, one for a service and song room, one for a library and reading room, and one for a dining room. Should occasion require, folding doors allow all the rooms to be thrown into one. Without, under a separate roof, are a store-room, kitchen and office, and the donor, Mrs. JOHN, in a few words "expressed her wish that the Home should be assumed as the joint possession of all the missionaries of whatever denomination for benevolent work among the blue jackets, that it might be in reality a home for all."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Opportunities for labor on behalf of seamen are not as good in the summer as

at other times, and the fleet of U. S. war vessels, the *Trenton*, *Juniata* and *Enterprise* were not long in harbor this season, owing to the threatening aspect of public affairs in China, but on the only Sunday (in July) when they were in port, Chaplain HOLWAY, of the *Trenton*, gave to Mr. AUSTEN, our sailor-missionary, the evening service on the flag-ship, who writes us that Rev. S. C. DAMON, of our mission at Honolulu, H. I., being in attendance on the same Sabbath, spoke upon *Naaman the Leper* at another service, held on the *Juniata*. Captain BRAY, of the A. B. C. F. M.'s vessel *Morning Star*, visited Mr. Austen and his work during the same month.—In September a typhoon did much damage.—In the same month,—we quote,—“the Swedish frigate *Vanadis*, having on board H. R. H. Prince OSCAR of Sweden, came into port, and during her stay I arranged, at the request of the chaplain, for a communion service to be held on shore,—at which seventy-two of her crew communicated. It was a very solemn and impressive occasion.

“I continue to meet with uniform kindness from the shipmasters and their men in my visits and labors among them. Everything has worked smoothly and pleasantly during the quarter, and we are now feeling quite settled in our new abode, and find it very suitable for the needs of the work.”

We make a short extract from Mr. Austen's last circular concerning his “Mission and Free Reading Room,” which is open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., that has reached us:—

“Meetings are held as follows:—*Sunday*, Bible Class, 4 p. m.; Service of Sacred Song, 6-30 p. m.; at 7-30 coffee and cake are served *free of charge*.

Monday night, Mrs. Austen entertains the visitors with music, etc.

Tuesday, Temperance meeting, 8 p. m.

Friday, Preaching in Japanese for Japanese seamen, at 7-30 p. m.

Daily, (Sunday's excepted) Gospel service for prayer and praise from 5-30 to 6 p. m.”

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

During the absence of Mr. G. W. SMART, seamen's missionary, in England, last summer, two American men-of-war, in port, were visited by his wife, who had much encouragement in regard to a part of the crew of the surveying ship *Pater-son*. The men came to the "Rest," and "there is every reason to believe that some are now leading better lives and trusting in the Lord Jesus for their salva-

tion, as the result of Mrs. SMART's efforts for their spiritual welfare." As a testimony of their gratitude £15 was sent by them to the "Rest," with the photographs of five of the men. On the day of his writing, Mr. S. had visited and labored upon a Russian man-of-war, then in harbor. He regards his distribution of "Scripture Portions," which were eagerly received, and read, as of special importance, in view of the fact that Protestant Evangelists are now shut out from the Russian Empire.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

In July, August and September, Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER labored, as usual, in South Brooklyn, in Brooklyn, E. D., and in New York city, on the water front between Grand and Stanton streets, besides visiting sailor boarding-houses in the Fourth and Seventh Wards of this city. He speaks with much interest, also, of his visits to the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, and the U. S. Naval Hospitals in Brooklyn.

As to the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, Mr. Slater remarks:—

"The large and commodious reading room adjoining the Chapel at the Home with its large table and desk, with writing materials, (for the free use of its boarders), is at all times amply supplied with a variety of good religious and secular reading. Many men take advantage of these during their quiet respite from sea life. While some are engaged reading, others in deep thought may be seen writing home. Perhaps it is the first letter after an absence of many years, bearing with it the message of 'glad tidings,' giving great joy to the heart of the longing parent, like that of the poor Scandinavian mother, as she held high with delight the open letter from her long absent sailor-boy, exclaiming in answer to the question, 'has he sent you any money?' asked by her rustic neighbors,—'No, no, something better. He tells me of his conversion to God.'"

The missionary touches, in his report,

upon "*The Dingley Shipping Bill*," saying:—

"As one of many interested in the temporal and spiritual good of the sailor, my attention of late has been directed to carefully notice the effect of the 'No Advance Bill,' both upon his character and his interest financially. By closely observing him and the places of questionable resort, I find evidence of good already, and am led to believe that the bill, under the blessing of God, like 'the little leaven,' will, in time, work incalculable good in his behalf."

BROOKLYN—U. S. NAVY YARD.

The first anniversary of Chaplain CRANE's appointment took place on Sunday, November 2nd, and was very fully attended by seamen and others. He reviewed the work of the year, which has been very encouraging. The U. S. Naval Temperance Union monthly meeting on the following Wednesday evening was the largest and most enthusiastic yet held. Stirring addresses were delivered by the Chaplain and Rev. ALEXANDER MILLER, of Brooklyn, and a fine musical entertainment was given by the La Fayette Amateur Orchestra, and Miss J. F. MATTHEWS, who sang two solos very sweetly. Thirty seamen signed the total abstinence pledge and were added to the roll of the Union, which now numbers nearly six hundred members.

The new Commandant of this Naval Station in place of the lamented Commo-

dore (not Commander, as last month's MAGAZINE had it), THOS. SCOTT FILLBROWN, has not yet been appointed. Captain KIRKLAND is, in the meantime, Acting Commandant.

STAPLETON, S. I.

Over date September 30th, Chaplain KIP, of the U. S. Marine Hospital says:—

"During the last three months I have regularly visited the wards, striving to instruct the ignorant, to urge the impenitent to seek the salvation promised by Christ, to comfort the afflicted, and to strengthen the faith of those who hopefully trust in Christ for redemption.

Stated Services—Incidents.

"Our Sabbath afternoon services have been regularly observed, and I have not been left without encouragement to prosecute my work.

"A colored sailor was for several months a patient in the Hospital, gradually going down to the grave. He was a Christian, confident of an interest in Christ. His submission to the will of God, and his patience under bodily sufferings were marked. In my frequent interviews with him it was delightful to hear his ascriptions of praise to the Lord for his dealings with him. A room-mate told me that on the evening of his death, as he turned himself over on his bed and with the uttered prayer 'Lord, have mercy on me!'—his spirit returned to God.

"One Sabbath, as I was about commencing my usual service, a Swedish mariner sent for me. He appeared to be very ill. I conversed and prayed with him, and subsequently visited him several times. His health improved and he left the Hospital. He told me that two months previously, while in the Hospital at Portland, Maine, he had, he trusted, given himself to Christ.

"With two other cases of interest, to myself, I will close this report:—A young man, an American, was a patient for a short time. When informed that his case was hopeless he returned to his home in New Jersey. He was a frank, pleasant man, but appeared to be totally careless respecting his soul's interests. From his home he afterwards wrote to a

friend in the Hospital:—'*Charlie*:—I am trying, by the help of God, to lead a far better life than I did. When you see Dr. Kip, remember me kindly to him. Tell him I often think of him, and that I still carry the little Testament that he gave me, and that I find great comfort in reading the word of God from its sacred pages. I do pray for you many times a day, that your life may be spared, if it is God's holy will, but if not, that you will give Him your heart. Put your whole trust in Him, and He will not turn you away empty. Knock at the door, and it shall be opened unto you, seek and you shall find. Are you safe in the fold? Oh, pray for me that I may ever be found faithful, ever be pressing onward, and at last get safe to Heaven!'

"A few weeks afterward he wrote to the same friend:—'I hope you are trusting in the Lord, and that you have given up yourself wholly to the care of Jesus. There is no one who can do as much for you as our dear loving Savior. If you have not given your heart to Him, do let me beseech you not to put it off any longer,—for what would it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul? O *Charlie*, I hope I have found that dear Savior. I feel that He is very precious to me in my time of affliction.'

"Finally:—A young man, a Hollander by birth, has been in the Hospital for several months. Unacquainted with our language it has not been easy to converse with him, though the difficulty has been gradually diminishing. I gave him a Testament in his own language, as soon as he entered the Hospital, and whenever I passed through the wards I found him reading it. From the conversations I have been permitted to hold with him, I believe him to be a Christian. Broken down in health, he is to be sent back to his own country this week.—Rev. Dr. SAWTELLE takes much interest in our Sabbath exercises, and is frequently an attendant upon them."

Grateful.

The following is a characteristic sailor's epistle:—

LYTTELTON, N. Z., April 25th, 1884.
American Seamen's Friend Society, New York:—

"According to promise I now take the liberty of writing you respecting the

library 8,008*, which you put on board the *Ralph M. Hayward*, for a voyage around the world. The books are a choice collection of good reading, and have been the source of many hours' pleasure to all on board, and I have faith to think they have been used for great good. We are now loading for London. I hope, before the voyage is over, to see a manifest change in all my crew. Some have already shown it by attending the army evening meetings held here every night. We all join in giving thanks to the donors of the seamen's library, and those who devote their time to taking care of and distributing them. Hoping you will reap a rich reward for such labor,

I am very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BAXTER,

Master of the bark *R. M. Hayward*."

The School-Ship St. Mary's.

At the tenth annual examination and presentation of prizes, which took place on the ship, foot of E. 23rd street, this city, October 15th, addresses were made by Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, President WALKER of the City Board of Education and other gentlemen.

The boys, under the direction of Commander E. M. SHEPARD, made, reefed and furled sail. The prizes were then presented to the winners, as follows:—

Prizes presented by the New York Chamber of Commerce:—*First*,—Silver medal, won by Hudson K. La Forge, best scholar. *Second*,—Bronze medal, won by Albert H. Jones, second best scholar. *Third*,—Bronze medal, won by Ralph Kittson, third best scholar. *Presented by Naval Ship St. Mary's*:—"Luce's Seamanship," won by Albert H. Jones, best seamanship. *Presented by Lieutenant M. K. Schwenk*:—"Bowditch's Navigator," won by H. K. La Forge, best navigator. *Presented by George W. Blunt*:—"Bowditch's Navigator," won by George H. Kemp, best journal of cruise; "Bowditch's Navigator," won by

Ralph Kittson, second best navigator. *Presented by John D. Jones*:—"Sextant," won by H. K. La Forge, best average. The graduates' cup, presented by the alumni of the United States Naval School to the most popular graduate was won by Warren K. Vanderveer.

"Sailors' Rest" At Smyrna, Turkey.

Ed. Sailors' Magazine:—

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE when received and read, is sent by me each month to the Smyrna Rest, read there and then put into sailors' bags for the different ships. I want to ask you to write a short note for the December MAGAZINE, inviting sailors who go to Smyrna, and also to Constantinople, to make themselves at home at the Rests there, where they will receive a cordial welcome. Papers in the different languages, books and writing materials will be found. Singing services are held nearly every evening. A sailor on the U. S. man-of-war *Keearge* was converted at one of these meetings, recently. Very truly,

L. S. CRAWFORD.

Good Testimony.

A Brooklyn (N. Y.) boy who shipped in the U. S. Navy, a year or more ago, sends to his father from Hong Kong, China, dating September 5th, 1884, the following testimony to the value of a book which is used in our loan libraries to a considerable extent:—

"I received the 'Character Building' last night and have nearly read it through. It is just the book I have wanted and need,—something I can turn to once in a while as a 'reminder.' I am trying to walk as straight as I can, but it is up-hill work in the Navy."

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

OCTOBER, 1884.

Total arrivals.....	142
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$5,660
of which \$2,789 were sent to relatives and friends, \$500 were placed in Savings Bank, and \$1,994 were returned to boarders.	

* Contributed by S. S. Cong. Church, Lee Mass.

Planets for December, 1884.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the afternoon of the 1st at 5h. 15m., and south of west $34^{\circ} 45'$; is twice in conjunction with Mars during the month, the first time in the forenoon of the 4th at 11 o'clock, being $1^{\circ} 28'$ south, and then again at midnight on the 20th, being now $2^{\circ} 25'$ north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 14th, when it sets at 5h. 48m., and south of west $33^{\circ} 42'$; is at its greatest elongation on the evening of the 17th at 7 o'clock, being $20^{\circ} 12'$ east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 19th at 6h. 46m., being $6^{\circ} 27'$ south, is stationary among the stars in Sagittarius on the forenoon of the 25th at 10 o'clock.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 1m., and south of east $14^{\circ} 7'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 14th at 4h. 49m., being $1^{\circ} 15'$ south.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 32m., and south of west $33^{\circ} 53'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 18th at 1h. 47m., being $5^{\circ} 59'$ south.

JUPITER is due south on the morning of the 1st at 5h. 47m., being $10^{\circ} 29'$ north of the Equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 8th at 11h. 4m., being $4^{\circ} 10'$ north; is stationary among the stars in Leo at midnight on the 20th.

SATURN is due south on the 1st at 42m. past midnight, being $21^{\circ} 42'$ north of the Equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, being $3^{\circ} 15'$ north, and then again at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th, being now $3^{\circ} 18'$ north; is in opposition with the Sun at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, at which time is at its greatest brilliancy.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for October, 1884.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brentwood, Cong. church.....	\$ 3 00
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	25 62
Manchester, 1st and Franklin St. S. S. for library.....	20 00
New Ipswich, Children's Fair.....	1 00

VERMONT.

Orwell, Cong. ch. and Society.....	15 02
Springfield, Rev. T. M. Boss.....	8 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashfield, Cong. church.....	8 75
Boston, Mrs. J. Spaulding, for lib'y.....	20 00
Borford, Rev. Wm. P. Alcott and wife, for library.....	20 00
Bridgewater, Central Square church.....	28 11
Fitchburg, Calv. Cong. church.....	48 65
Rollstone, Cong. church.....	25 00
Franklin, 1st Cong. church.....	9 52

Gardner, Cong. church, for lib'y.....	20 00
Granby, Cong. church.....	15 00
Harvard, Cong. church.....	18 50
Holyoke, 2nd Cong. church.....	22 64
1st Cong. church.....	6 00
Lenox, Cong. church, for library.....	20 00
Marshfield, Cong. church.....	18 12
Neburyport, Bellville ch., Capt. J. Hale, for lib'y, \$30.....	47 00
Orange, A. B. Foster.....	10 00
Palmer, 2nd Cong. church.....	10 00
Rehoboth, Cong. ch., additional.....	4 59
Royalston, Miss Candace Bullock.....	20 00
Springfield, 1st Cong. church.....	15 34
South church.....	12 00
Wenham, Cong. church.....	2 25
West Boxford, Cong. church.....	8 91
Worcester, Piedmont church.....	18 00
Central church, Friends.....	2 28

CONNECTICUT.

Brooklyn, estate of Mrs. Mary J. Crosby, deceased, per Henry T. Crosby.....	26 00
Darien, Cong. church.....	18 00
Fairfield, Cong. ch. of wh. S. S., \$30, Edward Sturges, \$30, and O. B. Jennings, \$30, for lib's.....	94 00
Hartford, Park church.....	57 07
Madison Cong. church.....	6 00
New Haven, 1st church.....	70 48
United church.....	27 50
Norwich, Broadway Cong. church.....	72 20
Park Cong. church.....	74 22
Rocky Hill, Cong. S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00
South Britain, Cong. church.....	10 00
Stratford, Cong. church.....	28 00
Wallingford, Cong. church.....	11 90

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. church.....	114 69
Robert Marshall, Jr., for a lib'y to be called the "Marshall Library," in memory of his mother.....	20 00
Chateaugay, C. C. Torrey.....	5 00
New York City, Brown Bros. & Co.....	100 00
John Dwight.....	100 00
W. H. Parsons & Co.....	50 00
Arthur W. Benson.....	25 00
R. H. Olyphant.....	20 00
Mrs. Harriet N. Pond, to provide lib'y No. 8, 172, for Life Saving Station at Newport, R. I.....	20 06
Benj. H. Field.....	15 00
Wm. Alexander Smith.....	10 00
Edwin Mead.....	10 00
Bates, Reed & Cooley.....	10 00
Marston Niles.....	5 00
A. C. Hall.....	5 00
Hugh Auchincloss.....	5 58
Peekskill, 2nd Pres. church.....	33 15
Poughkeepsie, 2nd Ref. church.....	20 00
Saugerties, Ref. S. S., for library.....	20 00
South Oyster Bay, Rear Admiral M. Smith, U. S. N.....	5 00
Westchester, Wm. Abbott.....	1 00

NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church.....	72 74
Jersey City, Lafayette Ref. church.....	20 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	4 75
Princeton, "a Friend".....	100 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Scranton, Miss Ella J. Platt, for lib'y.....	20 00
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ILLINOIS.

Waverly, Boys' Mission Society, for library.....	20 00
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\$1,885 68



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Katie's Mama Speaks.

BY REV. GEORGE L. SMITH.

"Mama, won't you tell me some more about that which we were talking about the other day; won't you tell me how I am to be saved?" said Katie to her mama one day.

"Well, you know," answered her mama, "how it is that Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners, so that what He did is reckoned as if the sinner had done it himself."

"Yes, mama; but every one is not saved because Christ died; and I want to know who will be, and how I can be."

"No; all may not be saved, but all *can* be, if they will. Let me remind you of what the Bible says, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This tells you two things. It tells you that you may be saved if you will; for it says, '*Whosoever*,'—that, of course, means you and everyone. Then it tells you how you are to be saved. It is by *believing*. It says that '*whosoever believeth in Him*.'"

"That, mama, is very plain; but what is meant by *believing* in Him. I do believe all that the Bible says. I do

believe that Jesus died that I might be saved; but is that all?"

"Do you, my dear Katie, just believe that Jesus died for you really, and that therefore you are saved? That he died for you, Katie, just as much as if there was no other sinner in the world? Others have illustrated this believing, which is necessary, I think, by the case of the slaves in the South. Let me see if I can't make you understand how it is. There were, you know, a great many slaves in the South; but when the law was made, by which they could have their freedom, there was an opportunity for every one of them to be free if he would. Because it was for every one it was none the less for each one, and any poor slave who might live in some poor hut out in the swamp, in one of those Southern States, might feel that that law was made for him, just as much as if there was no other slave in the world. But before he could really and actually receive the benefit of that law he must hear of it and believe it. He must take the freedom. If he did not know it, or did not believe it, he might just go on in his bondage. We read of a lady who, in

traveling through the South, after the proclamation of freedom to the slaves, found a poor wretched-looking colored woman who did not really know that she was free. She had heard that they were, but her master had tried to make believe that they were not, and so she was afraid to go. But when she heard from the lady how the matter really stood; how they really were free if they would take their freedom, she believed it, and seemed to be very happy as she walked out of the room with an air of the utmost independence, saying as she went, 'I'se free! I'se ain't a-going to stay with ole massa any longer!' She had at last received her freedom, and she had received it by faith. Now, as this colored woman believed what the lady told her, and acted upon it,—took her freedom,—so you should do in this matter of being saved,—just believe what the Bible tells you, and take that everlasting life which is offered you. Jesus Christ has really died that you might be saved if you would; now just believe that, and let him save you,—take eternal life."

"I think, mama, I can begin to see how it is. Christ has done all that is necessary for my salvation, and He will save me, only I have just to believe that He is saving me, and then He will."

"Yes, I think you have the true idea of believing. Let me give you another illustration, such as I have seen or heard before. Now suppose, Katie, you were up stairs and our house was on fire, and you could not get down the stairs, But your father outside should call to you and tell you to jump out of the window and he would catch you. Suppose you should stand by the open window and should hear your father call, and you should say, 'I know that papa can catch me, and I do not believe that he would deceive me, but I believe that he would catch me;' but still all the while you just stood still and did not move. That would do you no good,—you might stand there and say that you believed, and still perish. If you would be saved you must

jump into your papa's arms. So it is in this other matter,—the Savior is able and willing to save, and He is ready now to receive you; but if you receive the benefit of this you must just cast yourself into His arms and He will save you."

"Then, mama, the Savior just says He will save me, and I have only to let Him; that's the way isn't it?"

"Yes, just believe Him, and rest there."

Ten Reasons

Why a Boy who intends to go to Sea should be a Teetotaler.

1st. Because it is right and pleasing in the sight of God, and we should always try to please God.

2nd. Because God has said, "No drunkard shall enter heaven," and if we stick to our pledges we shall never be drunkards.

3rd. Because a sailor always requires a steady head, and hand, and he will not have these if he is a drunkard.

4th. Because alcohol makes the body weak, and renders it more liable to disease; while a good healthy constitution, which is acquired by abstaining from strong drink, resists the attacks of disease.

5th. Although his comrades may laugh at and jeer him, when they see that he sticks to his pledge they will respect him for it.

6th. By abstaining from drink he will keep out of many a scrape or quarrel, and he will thus preserve a good character, which is of the highest importance.

7th. When his ship is paid off, instead of spending his money in drink, like too many of his messmates, he can take it home to his parents, or put it by for a "rainy day."

8th. If his officers find out that he is a steady-going man they will entrust him with more confidence than they would if he was a drunkard.

9th. Because by his example he may influence others to become teetotalers.

10th. When he grows up, and has a family of his own, he will be better able to support, and keep them respectable, than he will be able to if he spent his money in strong drink, and he will be a better and a happier man besides.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1884, fifty-five loan libraries, sixteen new and thirty-nine reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,164-8,174, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,957, 7,958, 7,960, 7,962 and 7,964, at Boston.

The thirty-nine libraries reshipped were:—

N. 2,175; N. 5,819; No. 6,518; No. 6,938; No. 7,387; No. 7,546; No. 7,814; No. 7,868;
 " 3,413; " 5,978; " 6,619; " 7,023; " 7,337; " 7,647; " 7,825; " 7,940;
 " 4,046; " 6,003; " 6,814; " 7,027; " 7,876; " 7,748; " 7,850; " 8,021;
 " 5,546; " 6,470; " 6,893; " 7,221; " 7,418; " 7,793; " 7,851; " 8,024.
 " 5,730; " 6,483; " 6,921; " 7,232; " 7,438; " 7,812; " 7,865;

Something He Forgot.

A little boy named Frederick
 One day not long ago,
 Sprang brightly up at peep of day,
 With rosy cheeks aglow.
 He felt so happy, well and strong,
 So fearless and so free,
 A braver boy than Frederick,
 You would go far to see.
 He washed his face, he combed his hair,
 His coat he buttoned tight,
 And forth he strolled with merry steps,
 A vallant little knight,
 And all day long he meant should be,
 Without a stain or spot,
 Alas, this little Frederick
 Had something quite forgot!
 And so, for all his brave intent,
 The day went wrong with Fred,
 And folks were cross, and blame was
 poured
 Upon his youthful head.
 He failed in school, he failed at home,
 His heart grew very sad,
 And up to bed at night he crept,
 A mournful little lad.
 I wonder what the reason was!
 Perhaps the angels knew,
 Who watched him with their loving eyes
 When sleep came soft as dew.
 "Our Father," by his bed he said,
 Because the dark was nigh,
 And in the dark who does not need
 The gracious Friend on high?

Ah well! 'tis not at night alone
 We need our Father's care!
 How can we meet the busy day
 Without a word of prayer?
 'Twas this our little Frederick
 In morning's prime forgot,
 And this that dimmed the happy day
 Where humble prayer was not.
 Oh, not alone in strength of man
 Must he go forth to fight
 Who in this world of sin would be
 A true and vallant knight.
 But aye when morning's silver ray
 Awakes the joyous life
 Remember, only those who pray
 Shall conquer in the strife.

Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Children's Prayers.

A writer in a recent number of the *New York Evangelist* says:—

"There lies before me a sheet containing prayers for the use of children, composed by my friend, the late J. M. PLATT, D. D., of Bath, N. Y., for his class, which breathe in a remarkable manner the childlike spirit, which, in him, was combined with high Christian manliness. It can but prove instructive and helpful to quote a few of them. We know of

nothing published which equals them in simplicity and spirit." We extract:—

LORD JESUS, I take Thee as my only Savior. Come and dwell in my heart while I am on the earth, and may I dwell forever with Thee in Heaven. Amen.

LORD JESUS, cleanse me in Thy precious blood, and keep me faithful to Thee as long as I live, and then take me to Thyself. Amen.

LORD JESUS, make me wholly like Thyself. Let Thy peace rule in my heart. Be to me all in all. Amen.

HEAVENLY FATHER, I praise Thee that Thou hast called back and pardoned Thy wayward child. Strengthen me to do all Thy will, and keep me from going astray from Thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

HEAVENLY FATHER, I have gone astray from Thy ways like a lost sheep. But Thou hast sought me and found me. And now, for Thy name's sake lead me and guide me. Amen.

LORD, teach us how to pray. Grant us a spirit of earnest prayer, and may we know that Thou hearest us when we call upon Thee. Grant this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

DEAR SAVIOR, it is but little that we can do serve and please Thee. Help us to see whatever presents itself in our own daily path, and to attend to it heartily as something we may do for Thee; and Thy name shall have the praise. Amen.

HEAVENLY FATHER, we desire to forsake every sin, but we can do it only in Thy strength. Lord, deliver us from all evil, and strengthen us to live a new life. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Hide Thy face from my sins and blot out all my iniquities, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

LORD, show us how to refrain from anger and envy and spite towards others, and to do good to all. Help us Lord, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

HEAVENLY FATHER, lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Jesus' sake. Amen.

LORD JESUS, who wast tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, be near when we are tempted and strengthen us to overcome evil with good. Amen.

BLESSED LORD, let me not be satisfied with having a good work begun within me. Let me grow in Thy grace and con-

tinually bring forth more of the fruit of Thy Spirit, to the glory of Thy name. Amen.

"These are good specimens of the fifty most appropriate prayers contained in the leaflet, and will help to answer the petition, 'Teach us how to pray.'"

—•••—
From Manchester, Vt.

The German Emperor's Age. *Ed. Life-Boat:—*

I find that on page 335 of *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, (LIFE BOAT), for October, it is said that "Emperor William of Germany has celebrated his eighty-fifth birth-day." It should have been his eighty-seventh. He is now in his eighty-eighth year.

Yours,

A.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Secretary.

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., Treasurer.

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

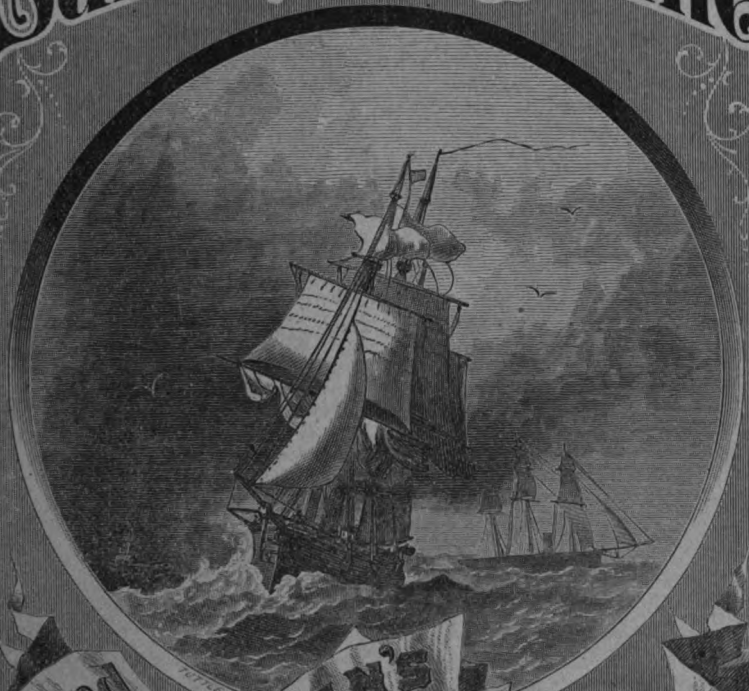
The LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars, contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

from the LIBRARY of the City of New York

1828 1883

The

Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LV.
No. 1

JANUARY, 1883.

Whole No.
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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1838.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars, at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is sent, when asked for, gratuitously, to Life-Members and Life-Directors, upon annual request for the same. It is also sent, gratuitously, to pastors of churches which take a yearly collection for the Society.

Form of a Request.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Loan Libraries For Ships.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible-Society, 150 Nassau Street.

Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	David Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored)	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ..	Seamen's Aid Society	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Miss Ellen Brown.
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Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street	Baptist	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, Van Brunt, n. President St.	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society....	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Salem St. (No. 171) Bethel	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
PORTLAND, ME., Port St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society....	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian	" J. V. W. Schenck.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard....	Baptist	" " "
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Cor. Light and Lee Streets	Baltimore S. B.	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK	American & Norfolk Sea. }	" J. B. Merritt.
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WILMINGTON, Church, n. Water St....	Wilmington Port Society...	" James W. Craig.
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to save their souls.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to the chaplains in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the BERMUDA ISLANDS, the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will employ others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board, on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among men and others.—The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—The provision of *LOAN LIBRARIES*, composed of carefully selected, instructive, entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1st, 1882, is 7,499. Calculating 7,717 reshipments, their 407,583 volumes have been accessible to more than 291,198 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these have been provided by special contributions from Sunday-schools, and are frequently heard of as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, and distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c. The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is under the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, repaired, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any *SAILORS' HOME* in the world. It accommodates 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many men have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the *HOME*. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.

1823 1883

The

Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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